

(happentobe)
- people of different backgrounds

- (how she came to be on
the floor was a mystery
to Orlando)

white people problems
what about Summer
if for about Summer
Summer was the baby phone
your teenage parents had beaten
to death. Nobody confessed, so
neither served
time,

~~Summer~~ The fact that
the sheriff had called to
~~Andrew~~ say that Tomer was
out of jail probably meant
he'd broken out. (Probably
100, 812)

me - Slater 395, 441, 442 2 hand
papers
Corrine Foul 213, 214
Susanne Cole 512, 119, 540, 875, 853
Tomer 314, 163
Latest 160, 159
Tomer look
Catherine
why doesn't
Bay
Chow yet
on Amazon

arely
sweety

papers to go

of Simon - a notebook
- open brown book
- pinkish paper
- ink to go with
- ink to go with

Wetmore
pine shadow

the right of the
the right of the
the right of the

1914

the right of the
the right of the
the right of the

1914

the right of the
the right of the
the right of the

1914

the right of the
the right of the
the right of the

Diagnosis

similes

voice (keep Mary's work)

mood - Mary's sad life

While giving a shot to ~~end~~ the
blind girl the child had
~~seized~~ sprung like a snake
and bitten her on the arm.
Dalardo's first thought had been
to slap her. She didn't. She looked
at the white mother, ~~then~~ hugging the
little girl. "Time out of yo - don't behave,
sweetie."

Wetmore

JANIC826@BELLSOUTH.NET

From: "Dr. Patricia Miller" <pmiller@valdosta.edu>
To: "Engfac" <engfac@lighthouse.valdosta.edu>
Sent: Monday, November 03, 2003 9:25 AM
Subject: [Engfac] Job opening for student

Please let me know if you have any students interested in the project described below. Cheryl is one my ex-students.

Thanks.

Hi, Dr. Miller. I hope you're enjoying the cooler days of fall. A friend of mine, Kun-Young Chiu, who owns an engineering firm in Valdosta, has written a book about his experiences in Taiwan. He needs an editor. I simply haven't the time to give proper attention to the project so I've offered to help him find someone else for the job. (He will pay of course.)

Do you know of a student or faculty member who might be interested? There are 159 pages of manuscript (written in journal form); because of his difficulty with English, he needs someone to correct spelling & grammar. It's really quite interesting and shouldn't pose too great a challenge.

Thanks for any suggestions you might have.

Cheryl

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Engfac mailing list
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<http://lighthouse.valdosta.edu/mailman/listinfo/engfac>

*Angie, I thought this job might interest you. I would help. Left on e-mail for you to reply.
Love,
Mom*

11/3/2003

247

call Dalores
Gait

imp
be sure to
Parrish in
thank to

in Acknowledgments
add Dalores
"Several"

~~247 - 8080
Metro - [unclear] submission
publisher @ Valdostametro.com
local author & writer in
residence at VSB
Add to address book~~

Harley and the Beavers

CORPS

email - -

One of my heroes and best friends is Harley Langdale, Jr., the most successful timber man in the South, I've been told. After his father died, Harley Junior took the lead for his generation of brave and committed Langdales, whose ancestors had conquered a wilderness and carved for them all a fortune out of pines. Invoking a heritage of wisdom, hard work and forthrightness, they continue to buy up undervalued, neglected South Georgia land for reforestation, saving us from the mutinous glut of mobile home parks, waste dumps and industry under the guise of progress. Yellow streaks of paint on stalwart pines remind us daily of the Langdales' legacy and gift.

e-mail addressed to Jeff & Delores Parrish in general thanks to

In his nineties now, Harley Junior has never lost a battle, to my knowledge, when it comes to his dealings with man. Nature is another matter though.

✓ I've just learned that in the 1960s, when beavers were first discovered in these Okefenokee fringes of the flatwoods, Harley Junior declared if it was the last thing he did he would get rid of those greedy hairy timber-killers. In JUST DOLL, book one of my STATEN BAY trilogy, set in 1870-1900, I included a scene with a beaver dam in what's called the Big Arm of Toms Creek, in Echols County. After the bound galley proofs came out, and the publication date of the book had been set in stone for April 28, my husband told me that beavers hadn't been sighted around here till much later. Thanks, dear! And that's when he told me about Harley Junior's battle-cry after discovering acres of prime timber drowning in water backed up by beaver dams.

Men with guns, my family included, set out to hunt them down. We set traps; we wrecked their dams. Harley Junior even made a public proclamation of war, and the newspapers in various parts of Georgia spread the word.

Sorry, Harley Junior, but the beavers have bested you. Signs of their engineering can be seen in almost every creek, ditch and river swamp. They are still erecting dams to back up water on your trees so they can feed off the tender light skin beneath the bark. Everywhere I'm seeing tree trunks gnawed off sharp as pencils. They

Hey, Harley Junior, there's something to be said for duck ponds too. Timber prices are at a lull anyway. So, maybe we'd be better off charging admission to hunt and fish.

✓
have created ponds where there were none, and they are still boasting their triumph over you and the other timber owners by slapping their tails on the water, resounding like gunshots at a military celebration. Like fireworks on the Fourth of July.

In a ditch along one of our property lines, divided by a county-maintained dirt road, a dam constructed by the beavers was causing swamp drain-water to overflow, washing gullies with branching runnels of rusty-colored water. Following each hard rain, the county work crew would have to haul in a load or two of dirt to fill up the gullies. They would bring in a tractor and break the dam. They were bound and determined to wear the beavers down. But by the following day the beavers would be hard at it again, rigging another dam with carefully ricked logs and tangles of brush chinked with mud the consistency of concrete. Again, the county hauled in dirt, repaired the road, broke the dam.

This went on for about a year, then finally the county crew gave up and set a large pipe under the road to drain the water off into a branch running to the Alapaha River.

A few months ago, one evening, when the river was up, rushing fast, dark and furious on its route to the sea, I sat on a sandy bank and watched what looked like a large black hairy dog swimming downstream. Right past me, not 30 feet from shore. His short pointy ears were swept back, tips just above water; his leathery nose and button eyes looked like a Teddybear's. His long hair floated below the surface, exaggerating the size of his body, hard at work against the current below. I thought at the time that he didn't see me, and apparently couldn't hear or smell, because of the water streaming around his ears, eyes and nose. But then he paddled up to a fallen tree along the west bank, only a rock toss from where I was sitting, and began diving, gyring and rising, attacking a green branch of the log.

✓
At good dusk, as I started to leave, he spun and slapped his paddle-like tail on the water. I think now he was showing off, showing me that Harley Junior and the rest of us had lost and he and his Army Core^S of Engineers had won.

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From: "Sara Sumner" <ssumner@wild-adventure.com>
To: "Ammy Glasgow" <ammyglasgow2@msn.com>; "Bob Gemert, Jr." <bobg@winterhavenfl.com>; "Janice Daugharty" <janic826@bellsouth.net>; "jean mitja" <jcmitja@hotmail.com>; "Jill Sumner" <jillsumner@mindspring.com>; "Kay Harris" <kay.harris@gafnews>; "Mr. Dean Poling" <dean.poling@gafnews.com>; "Tamela Myers" <tmyers@ambling.com>
Sent: Wednesday, November 26, 2003 9:29 AM
Subject: Fw: Funeral - I feel guilty for laughing!

----- Original Message -----

From: <emily.b.gardner@gm.com>
To: <elleny@med.umich.edu>; <ssumner@wild-adventure.com>
Sent: Wednesday, November 26, 2003 9:35 AM
Subject: Funeral - I feel guilty for laughing!

- > DON'T SKIP THE PRAYER AT THE END...IT'S PRICELESS!
- >
- > FUNERAL PROCESSION:
- >
- > A woman was leaving a convenience store with her morning coffee when she
- > noticed a most unusual funeral procession approaching the nearby
- > cemetery.
- >
- > A long black hearse was followed by a second long black hearse about 50
- > feet
- > behind the first one. Behind the second hearse was a solitary woman
- > walking
- > a pit bull on a leash. Behind her, a short distance back, were about 200
- > women walking single file.
- >
- > The woman couldn't stand her curiosity. She respectfully approached the
- > woman walking the dog and said, "I am so sorry for your loss, and I know
- > now
- > is a bad time to disturb you, but I've never seen a funeral like this.
- > Whose
- > funeral is it?"
- >
- > "My husband's."
- >
- > "What happened to him?"
- >
- > The woman replied, "My dog attacked and killed him."
- >
- > She inquired further, "Well, who is in the second hearse?"
- >
- > The woman answered, "My mother-in-law. She was trying to help my husband
- > when the dog turned on her."

> A poignant and thoughtful moment of silence passed between the two
> women.

> "Can I borrow the dog?"

> "Get in line."

> A Woman's Prayer: Dear Lord, I pray for:
> Wisdom, To understand a man
> Love, To forgive him and
> Patience, For his moods
> Because, Lord, if I pray for Strength
> I'll just beat him to death.

A poignant and thoughtful account of efforts by and between the two women

"Can I borrow the dog?"
"Get in line."

A Woman's Prayer: Dear Lord, I pray
Wider, to understand
how to forgive but not
forget. For his words
Because, and it is
I had not had to do

lean on the edge of the chisel -
open with a shlop of pale yellow butter.
Immediately, it began to sizzle, and she
snapped the handle & shuffled the black iron
pan on the grate. An unpeeling racket with
the wind bending around the north west corner
of the house.

~~Jumped clear legs to tell to pulled his wife~~
~~Jumped clear legs to tell to pulled his wife~~
~~Jumped clear legs to tell to pulled his wife~~
~~Jumped clear legs to tell to pulled his wife~~
~~Jumped clear legs to tell to pulled his wife~~

MISSOURI
727
Bellefontaine
St. Louis
Mo
Mrs W. A. H. B. 52074

How sweet the soil is that
H. W. S. W. C. @ V. A. L. D. O. S. T. A. - E. D. C.

You could say they have
Wells, and that the sturdiest...
In lands -- sweet soil like that.

look back over what was done,
& see her progress before she began
washing & rinsing & draining the glassware,
each squeaky clean and sparkling as
she set the stack of plates into the
hot suds.

It was at that point that she
looked up & out the window, white
trim with many panes, and
spied a big, boogery black man
stumbling from the west woods &
across the plowed field with a
dust devil spinning behind him.
(car out front)



Keeping to her notion of
order; - not habit, not
ritual, which ~~was~~ ^{was} entirely
of a different mind set. ~~to~~
she ran a good hot sink
full of water; ~~put~~ soap in
first to suds properly under
the ~~hot~~ ^{sputtering} ~~gushing~~ of the faucet;
~~carefully placed~~ all glasses &
cups ~~to~~ ^{placed carefully} in soak. ~~stacked~~ plates
on the counter ^{stacked} along side, then
pots left over from supper (you
guessed it, the wife never did
dishes at night); ~~wiped~~ she wiped the
round oak table, circular &
then with the grain. She scoured
the white stone till it gleamed & showed
not a trace of ever having been used. Now she →

from the ~~pass~~ ^{live oak} tree in the back yard ~~were stuck~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~wind~~ ~~shield~~. Brown stains ^{up} ~~tot~~ ~~too~~ ~~juice~~ from where leaves have stamped ^{their} ~~the~~ ~~slid~~ ~~down~~.

She recognized her little girl's low scared mewling from inside the car; sounds like the kitten beneath her feet & the softness combined with the helplessness caused her to snatch ~~open~~ at the door handle. ~~It~~ ~~didn't~~ ~~give~~. ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~locked~~.

"Open the door, you..." So cruel would only frighten the children ~~more~~ ~~out~~ ~~both~~ ~~of~~ ~~them~~ ~~staring~~ ~~wide-eyed~~ ~~at~~ ~~her~~. She ~~peered~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~window~~ ~~with~~ ~~her~~ ~~big~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~face~~ ~~behind~~. A good boy, ~~did~~ ~~everything~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~told~~. Too good because ^{now} he ~~was~~ ~~skying~~ ~~his~~ ~~monster~~ ~~father~~ in the front seat with a pistol pointed at ~~them~~. ~~Then~~ ~~her~~ ~~head~~ ~~then~~ ~~swinging~~ ~~round~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~little~~ ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~baby~~, ~~looked~~ ~~low~~ ~~d~~ ~~sobbing~~ ~~into~~ ~~her~~ ~~hands~~. ~~The~~ ~~pink~~ ~~rubber~~ ~~on~~ ~~her~~ ~~stuck-out~~ ~~brake~~ ~~gum~~ ~~rubber~~. Light coming on from the sun behind the clouds, ~~leaving~~ ~~shadow~~ ~~gum~~ ~~rubber~~. Every ~~thing~~ ~~quivering~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~air~~ ~~speaking~~ ~~of~~ ~~Mad~~ ~~Mad~~ ~~Mad~~ ~~nerve~~.

Steadying herself, she stopped pounding on the window. "Just let them go," she said, speaking to the spot of white in ~~the~~ ~~hair~~, the white of his eyes flared. "This is between us. Please let them out."

The car door lock click, and ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~little~~ ~~boy~~ popped ~~open~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~and~~ ~~bailed~~ ~~out~~, his sister scolding behind him. Saying back, then ahead at her mother. Easing out ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~little~~ ~~car~~ ~~with~~ ~~her~~ ~~small~~ ~~white~~ ~~tear~~ ~~with~~ ~~flickering~~ ~~reflector~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~hood~~. ~~She~~ ~~hated~~ ~~rock~~.

"Yo, mama's dead, y'all say word," ~~Truman~~ ~~shouted~~ ~~and~~ ~~barked~~.

The little car ~~was~~ ~~full~~ ~~of~~ ~~him~~, his broom

I'd ^{found} ~~found~~ her in
 the ~~river~~ ^{river}, almost playful.
 Next quite.
 Then ~~rolled up~~ ^{rolled up} he
 said, "I can't in no word."
 said, "I'll do that to a man."
 "I know for a fact you
 were in jail for beating or a
 Subward; that for the kind
 to temper her voice; her ~~head~~
 was ~~burning~~ ^{burning} up. "Had nothing to
 do about with not paying me."
 not paying child support.
 The ~~harm~~ ^{harm} of the ~~poor~~ ^{poor} ~~see~~ ^{see}, then
 fell on a ~~cab~~ ^{cab}'s ~~patrol~~ ^{patrol} car
 instead ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~side~~ ^{side} about
 toward ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~post~~ ^{post} ~~them~~ ^{them}
 with a ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~looking~~ ^{looking}
 through the ~~London~~ ^{London}.

I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~middle~~ ^{middle} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~looking~~ ^{looking}
 toward ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~post~~ ^{post} ~~them~~ ^{them}
 with a ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~looking~~ ^{looking}
 through the ~~London~~ ^{London}.
 I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~middle~~ ^{middle} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~looking~~ ^{looking}
 toward ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~post~~ ^{post} ~~them~~ ^{them}
 with a ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~looking~~ ^{looking}
 through the ~~London~~ ^{London}.

I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~middle~~ ^{middle} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~looking~~ ^{looking}
 toward ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~post~~ ^{post} ~~them~~ ^{them}
 with a ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~looking~~ ^{looking}
 through the ~~London~~ ^{London}.
 I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~middle~~ ^{middle} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~looking~~ ^{looking}
 toward ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~post~~ ^{post} ~~them~~ ^{them}
 with a ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~looking~~ ^{looking}
 through the ~~London~~ ^{London}.

voice, his smell of sweat & filthy clothes --
 old gray sweat shirt & navy turtl pants tight in the thigh.
 "Play with the kittens, babies, I'll be back." ~~Maybe~~
^{used before} ~~casca~~ ^{into} the front seat & jam felt for the squat
 key with the black plastic cap. That trouble fitting the
 sharp end into the ignition ~~hole~~, slot. Brown-faced,
 for the young children ^{foot on the back} she switched on the car off &
 put it in reverse & began backing out of the drive.
 "God, don't let me run over a cat."
 "Make it good," Froman said & laughed low in
 his throat.

Make it good ~~stepping~~ the pistol ^{supported on} his left thigh,
 she ~~the~~ ^{pointed} at her body. (pocket book dropped
 out of sight, pointed at her body. pocket book dropped
 on concrete)
 Driving forward up the street & side by
 side cheap ~~from~~ buck & frame house, she
 could see in the rearview mirror (? the boy)
~~chicken~~ ^{her} pocket book & her baby with her
 a clutch of buttons.

Her must body lotion ~~can't~~ ^{couldn't} compete with the
 strongman ~~scant~~ ^{scant} ~~of~~ ^{of} Froman.
 Rounding the head curve of the cul de sac, she
 being in a glad, though sad, when she can no
 longer see the children. ^{But} ^{though} ^{her} ^{terror}
 really ^{take} ^{hold}. "Dear ^{you} ^{got} ^{you} ^a ^{brother} ^{where} ^{been} ^{from} ^{the} ^{divorce} ^{you} ⁸ ^{years}"
 Froman's muddy ^{work} boots ^{are} ^{turned} ^{on}
 their sides, legs wide open, the way he used
 to look when they were ^{you} ^{some} ^{where} ^{of} ^{arms}
 cocked in the window. She always drove ^{because}
 his drivers license had been taken away for DUI charges.

not yet. That had come later, (2)
from just being in the same office,
day after day. Close proximity.
She Oklands figured that even a
man less pretty, a man less sweet
would have drawn her to him ^{if he had} in
a sexual way, streaking fire inside
them every time their arms brushed
or their eyes met. A curious
thing, and foolish too, that ~~was~~
people were so simple really, so
surface and physical. It made
her wonder if there was some
spirit at work to throw two
people together man or woman,
simply because they happened to
be ~~there~~ when they happened?
Someplace to be. ~~That~~ Kate worked
the same way. Ever death.

at first ~~W~~ Oklands had ⁽¹⁾
figured that he must be gay --
the pretty-boy types most
always were. Besides, what
kind of man would become a nurse,
a children's nurse at that? Then
she'd learned that he had a song
which wasn't always proof that a
man wasn't gay. Then she'd learned
that his wife had left him with the
little boy. But what broke her heart,
what softened her to Tony, was
working with him on a tiny ~~black~~
boy only 2 years old whose anus
had been ripped open by the mother's
boyfriend. Together, she and
Tony had plucked pubic hairs from
the boy's bloody rectum. Later, she'd
found Tony sitting on the back
steps to the clinic crying into her
his fine ^{light} hands.
Still, she hadn't been in love,

... he came alive out of a dead sleep, cursing and shouting and snapping for the pistol she had a grip on, for all the good it would do her, it was pointed at the windshield, the ^{first} ~~first~~ ^{thrust} grass of the ditch going down, him sliding on top of her, heavy ^{solid} as an iron man, then both of them tumbling inside the car, glumps of green pines & brush palmetto, turning with her. Crunchy metal & chattering glass, then nothing.

~~I join the game to ^{keep} progress~~

Sun (^{no} streaming) beaming thru the haze of the open highway running west into the ^{lonely} pine woods. She hoped Froman didn't tell her to turn left; if he did, that would mean he planned to shoot her & leave her body where it might never be found.

Hope:

Light coming on from the
sun coming up over the
roof across the street

Orlando never behind
eyes

P 7
edit

~~Something Soft~~
~~Diane~~

D. Sander @ UGA REGS.
UGA EDO
Diane Carl
Sander

her grand mother on her daddy's side
to fear that at some point when
the tears did burst, the truth
would also. So, she sent Mae's
~~baby girl~~ four year old baby to
a sister in Orlando. She never
cried. But she ~~couldn't~~ lost her
voice, lost her name, then
returned home to the ~~grandmother's~~
as ~~Orlando~~. A few years later
in school, a teacher said the
word Orlando & she repeated it.

①
a sort of sickness
she'd been born with:
she hadn't ever cried after
her mother had been shot
accidentally, or by her father -
her cause of death had never
been determined by the law, and
didn't matter because both had
been drinking on a Friday night,
following a full day of setting
out pine saddles for the
white man in whose shack they
were living on his place.
Orlando never cried, though
she had vivid recollections of that
night and the noise and the blood
splattering around the shape of her
mother's stout mother. She remembers
the funeral, the chanting - - the
day Mae died be a happy day in
Story - the day Mae died...
Still, she hadn't cried. Which caused →

She was always in charge of routine matters. He was always in charge of her. Well, ^{the} beatings were routine.

When she got to the dead end street, facing the low red brick school where ~~the children go~~ she would have dropped off the children, she had to wait for the yellow school buses to pass & turn in at the north entrance, nearest town.

"Which way?" Her voice cracked.

"Toward Valdosta." He pointed ~~with~~ the pistol still on his thigh. Toward Valdosta. She used to correct him till she

learned better. ~~She~~ children in bright clothes ^{with backpack} ~~unloaded~~ from the buses walking toward the entrance of the school. Their bright chatter, pushing, shoving, playing. She ~~would~~ never again see this, she ~~knows~~, ~~but~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~this~~ ~~vision~~, ~~seem~~ this scene she'd watched a ~~million~~ ~~times~~ ~~over~~ seemed blessed & beautiful; ~~it~~ ~~held~~ ~~on~~ ~~her~~ ~~mind~~, something to hold to.

Harvey's Grocery on the Cornville (Ferman's subdivision)

The light at the crossing ^{was} green, ^{on} ^{the} ^{right} the ^{post} office, on her left, the courthouse & the American ^{flag} ^{blowing} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{wind} from its tall pole.

The Delta ^{across} the street & farther up the Holiday Market. She needs gas. Had planned to gas up before heading to Valdosta where she worked for her children's doctor.

Where ~~they~~ still waiting with her pocketbook & ^{the} ~~patterns~~ like she told them? Yes, they'd be too scared to move

JANIC826@BELLSOUTH.NET

From: "Diane Howard" <dhoward@valdosta.edu>
To: <dsdavis@valdosta.edu>; <janic826@bellsouth.net>
Sent: Wednesday, October 15, 2003 2:50 PM
Subject: CHS

Deborah and Janice,

Just talked with Molly Daugharty at Clinch County High. She is most excited about our coming to her class next week. Here are the details:

- 25 students, senior English Comparative Lit. class, 1:35-3:05 PM
- Monday, Oct. 20, Deborah, Diane, and Janice (if you can join us)
- Tuesday, Oct. 21, Deborah
- Wednesday, Oct. 22, Diane

If you can't join us, Janice, we will understand. We love you.

Diane

*9:30
20th reach
By Stephen Corey*

 Diane W. Howard
 Department of English
 Valdosta State University
 1500 North Patterson Street
 Valdosta, GA 31698
 Office: Nevins Hall #1108
 1-229-333-5985 or 1-229-333-5946

because they knew this man, Staddy, ~~and~~ what happened when he was on a rampage. Boy had the memory of a broken arm from his daddy wounding it ~~behind~~ last time he defended his mother in a fight.

On the open stretch of highway to Valdosta, Froman sighed & layt his head back, eyes closed, pistol on her. (have him say something else) Maybe he would fall asleep. He looked tired. She watched the highway ahead, then the pistol braced on his

leg. Two miles farther, she saw his hand relax, ~~the~~ thumb let up and the pistol lay on its side. She looked at his round face; his eyes were open, watching her. (white horse on left farm house - near Valdosta) A little ways farther, about half way to town, she dared another look & the pistol was dangling from ~~his~~ hand (left handed) & his eyes are closed. Head is rolled away toward the other window. ~~His~~ he staring out or sleeping? She couldn't see his eyes.

Passing an old white farm house, set back from the highway, she felt ~~see~~ the pistol slide onto the seat. A blue metal car was draped up the line, between wire fences, ~~down~~ ^{foot} away from her. She garning of car vibrated ~~the~~ pistol closer to the edge. She had to grab it now. She had to do some thing. This was maybe her last chance. rain

She ~~grabbed~~ it. But just as she placed her hand on the ~~the~~ ^{night} ^{before} pistol, Froman came alive, cursing and kicking and ~~and~~ This arm swung out across her face. The

or shattering glass & crunching metal 8

~~any more~~

Blinking, she ~~was~~ facing tall pine & then a bare field and then tumbling, tumbling with his great body ~~covering her~~. She ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} hard,

When she ~~came to~~ to, he ~~was~~ ^{reaching} her through by her arm overhead, backwards through the woods & the bears & low brush; the sky above ~~was~~ blue with racing ^{white} ~~raggy~~ clouds.

No jet tracks that have shred. She wondered which. ~~When is he taking~~ she ~~can~~ taste blood ~~next~~.

She closed her eyes. She had to play dead. For a fast ~~she can taste blood~~ ^{her head was throbbing} & her ears throbbed, ~~make the sound of her body dragging over~~ stubble too loud, but thankfully ~~unreal~~ ^{her arm felt it}.

At last he lets her arm go. She ~~is~~ ^{is} there still, death like. She recalled seeing on TV ~~about~~ a man telling that this best defense against a bear ~~was~~ to play dead.

But Froman's breathing was now gusts of foul foul air on her face. His huge hands ~~locked~~ ^{locked} around her neck & ~~Atkinson~~

~~Atkinson~~ ^{squeezed} her hands flew up prying at the bear's.

~~Go back~~ ^{Go back} dust devil chasing a metallic blue car up the lane between ^{mailbox - red flag raise to signal mail carrier to pick up mail} wire fence; ^{to neck story}

[no rain here?]

more should be said here - more dialogue -
more threat. (spring or fall)

story

1. Proximity "What are the chances?"
~~Anxiety~~
~~Arch of Death~~

- no authorial interference - 2 different women's stories (3rd person)
- ~~was~~ tormented & killed by black man. (Labeland - strange coincidence)
- 2 parts - arch of ^{eternum} soul arching over woods to other woman in house where she works. first story (death) second story
- this is about predestination, fate, or just being in the wrong place at the wrong time - how death finds us - -

The Spirit Knows

2nd part of Proximity
What Are the Chances?

Part tense
This woman, the housekeeper, is like the colored -
tall, boxy body - wears house dress & apron - broad
shoulder, square hips - bad feet, orthopedic shoes -
bossy, loud - refuses to give man keys to car -
- has just mailed her light bill - "acidic" - funny
- offers the man food, coffee - watching out of corner
of her eye - cutting eyes accusingly - [shaming him
for what she's not sure] - cutting the fool. "God'll
get you!"
- still fooling around when he conks her over the head
with the heavy skillet, straddler & chocker her.
"God'll get you!" last words (Froman Peterc)

- he comes to screen door of screened porch
"Well, you ~~just~~ come on in or just stand
out there playing with it?"
"Wha--t?"
(She has seen him thru kitchen window walking out of
woods, creeping around house to back door.)

The Colonel had just come in the house she kept for the Harper couple (always off to work & if they weren't working, they were going -- burning up the highways) and started doing the breakfast dishes when she saw ^{through the kitchen window} a big boogey black man, crashing out of the woods to the SW corner of the backyard.

Like a man blinded, he stumbled across the mowed grass (weird, more like it) and headed for the back porch.

She watched him till she lost sight of him, now at the back of the house, then drying her hands on her white apron she stepped to the door of the screen porch and saw him stooping, creeping toward the porch door. ~~Just~~ His nose was bleeding (real red on a black man) and blood trickled from his scalp, tinged the white patch of hair red, like a dab of paint. The rest of his nappy hair ^{glittered} ~~black~~ or of wet -- blood. Course, with all that hair you couldn't tell.

Just as he reached for the door handle, she called out from the kitchen door, "Well, you gone just stand out there all day or you coming in?"

He jerked his head away as if the door pull was hot, peering with those great big terrible eyes the better to see her behind the screen.

"You up to no good," said the Colonel, "but I ain't to feed you any way." She turned her boxy backside to him & glommed inside. A big ^{loud} woman, tall with broad shoulders & an old timey print house dress that would have looked better on man. Regardless, she never wore but ones. She had bad feet -- bunions -- so the black ortho pedic shoes suited her just fine.

~~As she heard him~~ Back to her dish washing, she leetered for him to step onto the back porch & ease to the screen door. "You can wash up in there," she called out, and swung her left arm out to signal to the room off of the kitchen.

But when she looked back around, he was ~~just~~ still standy in the doorway, husky, rigid with a frown on his face.

She cut her eyes at him, as if to shame him for what she didn't know. "God'll get you," she said & sucked air through the corner of her mouth as if cutting the fool with somebody she knew. But she meant it. ^{front door of screened porch} So back just began to the car, then

"Where yo car, lady?"

~~She~~ She hung her head still twisted round & graining now to, "What you mean where's yo car keys?" He lunged toward for the table in the middle of the room & collapsed in one of the ladderback chairs. Head rests on his arms & breathy hard

"You take it black?" The Colonel was pouring
him a cup of coffee from the glass karaf on
the Mr. Coffee maker.

He raised his head. "Lady, I ain't fooling with
you. Now Simone them keys."

"I ain't got all day." She stood poised with the
cup of coffee, ready to spoon in the sugar.

"I ain't got all day neither." He started to
stand but stayed seated. Blood on the white
lacy place mat where before him.

She crossed the kitchen & set the coffee
down before him (~~making~~ wouldn't touch that
blood stain unless you put in cold water
right away). "Now ~~you~~ ^{straighten up & act like somebody,} ~~drink~~ I'll make you
make some eggs." "I'll make you
drink you a coffee while I

He watched spell bound as she finically
lifted the place mat below ~~her~~ ^{the} thumb &
middle finger & holding it away from her
bounced over to the sink, dropped it & turned
on the faucet (describe but check briefly -
~~new~~ ^{new} young decorator designs)

Then she crossed the kitchen to the ~~fridge~~ ^{fridge},
opened it and took out a chrome basket
of brown eggs. When back to the counter
sink & began cracking the eggs ^{one-handed} & dropping
them into a blue bowl. Beaty with her ^{wire} whisk,
her whole huge body shook.

Froman drank the coffee, watching her (5)
~~place~~ ~~heat~~ the black iron skillet on the stove, ~~slap~~
~~a spatula~~ turn on the gas - a ring of blue
fire, & swirl it around.

"My house, I would have the gas & electricity
cook more even. Course young folks,
what do they know?" (what's his pistol)

Froman looked like an over sized school boy,
dumb as he was told.

"Where you from?" she asked pushing with
a spatula the cooked eggs apart for the
raw to float to the bottom of the pan. Cook,

"You one crazy ~~white woman~~ ~~or bitches~~" said Froman.

He laughed low.

"What they tell me," She laughed too, dumping
the ^{cooked} eggs onto a white plate.

~~Left hand side~~ ~~the right~~, she
(Got a fork)

She set the plate before him, went back
to a drawer in the counter, got a fork &
then the black pepper from the shelf over
the stove. "Salt air? good for you, but
here's the pepper." She stood over him,
wiping her hands on her ^{white} apron. "Can I ~~move~~
I'll begin pepper your eggs, eyes on her.

pistol
Back
maybe
lost
it

"Am I ~~never~~ met a man yet don't
pepper his eggs."

Froman began eating furiously.

"~~Yes~~
"Bad sign."

"What?" he said with his mouth full.

"You being left handed," she said.

He looked down at the fork in his hand,
up at her, then scooped more eggs on
the fork. "Wonder somebody ain't billed you
already." "That mouth!"

"God'll get you." She nudged in her
heavy black shoes -- SAs, cost about
a full week's work pay.

Washing dishes while he ate, she kept cutting
her eyes back at him. Cutting the fool with
him? He couldn't tell.

Done, he pushed his plate back &
emptied the dregs of his coffee in his
mouth. "Now, them keys." (~~pick up~~ pistol)

"Bart how high does your light bill run
ever month?"

"What light bills?" He reared back on
the chair legs & crossed his arms over his
massive chest.

"Well, I just mailed mine & will tell
you, it was a whopper. A Hundred dollars & the
cent."

"Onk!" she said & snatched it away & dropped
it into the sink of water again.
March-dust devils - plowed field, playing
farmer, young couple - (windy)

(8)
Dust Devil

He stared ^{mean} at her, wrinkling his purpleish ^{forehead} ~~forehead~~
The his mean stare was lost on her because
she was now staring out the window at ~~the~~
~~the~~ dust devil ^{spinning} like a top across
the plowed field. "It's the bestest thing!
One ole dust devil and it just keeps going."

"I'm ~~in~~ gotta get out of here. Give me the
keys or I'm gonna have to kill you."

"Just watch it, will you?" She laughs,
fascinated, leaned over the sink to peer out the
window. ~~The~~

The dust devil spun toward the house, just
beyond the window. Unseen it she could ~~see~~ ^{see}
~~the~~ a dark core, looked like the image of
a young woman. (fidgety, jerking)

"You see that?" She didn't look at him
but she could feel him looking. (He is scared to
death.) (more should be revealed)

"Shit!"

She reached into her broom & pulled out a single
key on a string loop of white ^{cotton} ~~laine~~. "Take it"
D. He grabbed for it, missed it. It landed on
the floor. As he bent down to retrieve it

"A hundred dollar ^{Bill} he clanked the front legs of the chair to the floor. "Damn if I can't pick em."

"These folks here run up more like two hundred. Both of em work - Can afford it. Poor people like us what hurts."

Next time she cut her eye around, he was standing at her back. "You wanta step back over there. I said I'll hit you with my elbow."

details

"Where your pocketbook at?"
"It looks like the type for a pocketbook?"

"Don't tell me."
She smiled (thin lips, tight lips)

"I said I don't."
"You're queer or what?"
"Nope. Just look like it. How come they call me the Colonel?"

"You do look like a man, now if think about it. A Colonel?"
She could smell ~~the~~ the blood, like sweat warm etc
orange Koolaid (something else) ~~parachute~~ scorched orange juice
"Nurse in the Army of Vietnam."

(should tell thru conversation more about him, hard couple she keeps house for)
"Lady, I don't give a shit about where you been or what you are is or ain't." He picked up the dripping bloody ~~thing~~ placemat & mopped his brow where blood was trickling from his hair.

9

she caught him under the chin with a quick-jacked knee. He fell back, upper part of his body caught on his elbows. Then he took her down, arms about her legs & struggling. The windows of the old house shook on their frames & the dishes in the cabinets rattled like in an earth quake.

Inevitably, the two of them, he finally gained a grip with his knees straddling her broad body, hand though it appeared soft. His hands flew up to her neck & locked around it. ~~God's~~
"God'll get you," she said.