









P 12 edit

ATMOSPHERE

✓ Linda's oldest boy, Dean, for example is wearing her down with demands for the latest brandname clothes. A Gap outlet store had moved into the Albany mall near Sylvester. The prices weren't much higher than Walmat and the trendy clothing were well made. Then all the kids who had to dress like the TV rich went to Abercrombie and Fitch. Dean was sure if he moved up, he would become part of the in-crowd, a non-Crandell. Dean acted like it was his right to be rich, not have to become but to be. Velda had pointed out to Dean that he was like a cat chasing his tail—the more he chased the farther his tail got away from him. But the truth was, he was just as well off to keep circling with the tip of his tail every 9 out of reach. He was a Crandell and doomed to be pitied and shunned. The charm, the taint, was ingrained in Dean's younger brother and cousins. They took the grades given and used the pity to advantage. Velda wouldn't live to see and didn't want to see the outcome. One of the gifts of aging she would be spared the results of her grown grandchildren. It comes to her like a hard wind that she hasn't been spared, that Willis is and has been all along a result of the very pity and compensation.

✓

AT JACKSON, TOWN OR PRISON, NEED TO KNOW WHERE AND WHAT LOOKS LIKE,

INTERNET

END: FLANNERY O'CONNER. VELDA REALIZES THAT ONE OF HER OWN COULD BE LYING THERE DYING -GET TIME STRAIGHTENED OUT

It is riaing, about to storym, when the Crandell clan gets to Jackson, and Velda thinks that it should be.

Lightening streaks the blackened sky in the west and big drops of rain begin to fall, spotting the dusty red trunk of Lind'a car, brightening the faded paint in polka dots.



The guard at the gate checks each car through, an oblivious look on his square jawed face. No sign of recognition, but he knows them, he knows who they are.

Title of Manuscript: (If Published)

SECURITY FENCE LACED WITH BARBED COILS ON TOP. PROTESTORS CARRYING SIGNS.

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Velda can see him pointing out directions for parking to Linda with her arms crooked in the window, her nodding her auburn head—she knows where to park, next to the small gray brick building east of the large main building, the place where the prison takes inmates to die. Steep by steep, cell by cell, moving up to the smaller hooked on building and the gas chamber.

Phone Number: 229-242-3917

Already other cars are there and women and men with cameras in fair gear. Two guards talking with them, signalling them away for the family to get parked and get out and go inside.

Country: United States of America

Postal Code: 31649

All gather around Velda, ever the bereaved mother and widow. Hers is a fixed and permanent role, like a queen born into her reign. GO BACK AND MERELY MENTION GOING TO DENNY'S TO EITHER CELEBRATE JACOBOS DEATH OR MOURN HIS LIVING. But really they just love to eat; it's maybe their only pleasure. Reminds Velda of the dead Crandells, but that's about the only resemblance she can detect in the children.

State/Province: Ga

City: Stockton

Address Cont: [Redacted]

Evrybody seems to know Velda and her family, though the Crandells have never seen these newspaper people or even the warden and guards before. They have their roles too. Roles passed down in the thirty-one years of passing.

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Only the Crandell children look new. All dressed up as for Sunda school, but here at Jackson to view a killing. Eager to be off to Denny's to celebrate or not-celebrate.

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THUNDER, RAIN, LIGHTENING, FLASHBULBS—DEAN THE ONLY CHILD WHO HAS BEEN THERE BEFORE, OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER

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The two guards in gray uniforms usher the crandells into a small room and they file along the  
tows of chairs facing a wall-sized window with drawn green curtains. Same as at a funeral with the  
honored widow and her children seated on front. Mumbling member of the press, flashbulbs replacing  
the lightning outside—smells, sounds. Cool as a morgue inside

Behind Velda, Dean is clearing his throat, rimming the neck of his white shirt with a finger, and  
before her, on her knees and whispering a newspaper woman with bushy dark hair till the guards make  
rher leave.

Velda hadn't heard a word she said but knows both questions and answers: how does it feel to  
finally get to see Jacob's die? He'll get a stay.

When the curtain opens, they are presented with a sidelong view of Donald Jacobs lying strapped  
on a narrow metal bed, like a gurney. Dressed all in white and iv tubes leading from his right arm up to a  
clear bag of what looks like glucose. His shaved head turns toward the window and the Crandell's  
behind it. He is all eyes and ears. His dark blared eyes make him look shocked, but he doesn't seem  
scared. Maybe <sup>he's</sup> as used to this as the Crandells are, or figuring like them that he'll get a stay.

Velda's eyes never leave Jacobos eyes, except to glance at the giant blackrimmed round clock on  
the wall behind the gurney that seems like a reflection of his eyes.

Willis seated on her right takes her hand in both of his and squeezes.

WHAT DOES THE WARDEN SAY, RESEARCH DEAD MAN WALKING. GO BACK TO  
FIRST, WHAT TIME DOES HE DIE; MENTION DUSK OUTSIDE EXCEPT FOR CLOUDS.  
VALDA HAS NEVER EVEN BEEN TO A FLORIDA BEACH, HAS SAVED ALL HER ENERGY  
FOR THE TRIPS TO JACKSON—speakers in corners of room

Finally, the warden, a bullnecked man, broad across the body, steps front and center of the  
window, with his hands clasped over his groin area. He rocks back on his heels and when his lips begin



to move his muffled voice sounds from the black-box speakers in the corners of the viewing room. "If anybody wants to leave before we proceed..." He leaves it at that. He doesn't say proceed with what. Then he turns to face Donald Jacobs whose eyes have fixed dead on Vlda, or so it seems to her. Really, he's not looking at anybody, she thinks. He's just looking, waiting for the phone to ring in the next room and somebody to come tell him he has gotten another stay. But they eyes are mean and threatening to Velda, though she's long gotten over thinking he might break out of prison or be released and come back to Sylvester to kill her and the rest of her family. LAST MEAL hamburger, french fries, chocolate ice cream REEQUESTed but HE DIDN'T EAT and HAS REFUSED THE USUAL PREACHERS BY HIS SIDE NOW WHICH GIVES VELDA HOPE THAT HE'S SCARED, THAT HE KNOWS THIS IS HIS LAST CHANCE

The clock on the wall shows one minute till six and the second hand is swinging round

"You want to say something?" the warden asks Jacobs.

Jacobs neither nods nor speaks. His eyes remain wide as if taking in the last sight of the living world, these people, the Crandells, who he has dommed to a life of pity, and advantage, fame.

"Say something," Velda says.

"Mama," says Willis.

"May <sup>B</sup>God have mercy on your soul, Donald Jacobs." The warden looks at the clock on the rear wall, the second hand swinging toward the 12 mark at the top. (JACKOBS LOOKS YOUNGER THAN 41)

All hold their breath as the clock hand swings over the 12. "It's good as done," Willis whispers in a choking voice.

then the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

Eyes still on his views, especially Velda, Jacob's body jerks then his eyes close slowly. Sleeping.



Nobody moves, nobody speaks. They watch before them the miracle of death wrought by death.

Linda, on the other side of Willis begins to cry. Dean behind Velda slumps over. "He's fainted," one of the aunts whisper as if she might wake Jacobs, because indeed he <sup>does</sup> looks asleep.

Still, Velday watches the body before her. The curtains close. "Was that it?" she says. Not *is* that it? Was that our life?

She stands and walks to the window, pressing her nose to the cold glass. "You should have eat what they brung you," she says.

Living for Death—Going to Jackson Again--NOTES: MERGE PARTS OF THE FIRST SECTION WITH SCENE—INTERMITTENT—START WITH SCENE—CHANGE NAMES LATER—CRANDELLS (ALDAYS) JACOBS (ISACS); ALDAY CHILDREN HAVING LIVED THEIR WHOLE LIVES HEARING, BREATHING, EATING SLEEPING THE STORY OF THE ISSACS KILLING THERE GRANDPARENTS, AUNTS, UNCLES. HOW HAS IT AFFECTED THEM? FAMILY REUNION—MAKE IT REAL. SOMEBODY PRAYING FOR LOST LOVE ONES KILLED BY ISSACS AND OTHERS, THAT ISSACS WILL DIE TOO. IRONY. SEE STORY



Every blessing over food, every prayer always either beginning or ending with the Jacobs' name on their lips, a prayer for Thy will be done but not meaning it, not a bit.

Today, Tues, May 6, 2003, 7 pm Donald Jackbos would either die by what the courts called "lethal injection" or be giving a "stay of execution" by some judge or the Georgia governor.

It's a school day in Nortonville, but no school for the Crandell children. GET PLACE STRAIGHT. This afternoon they would all pile in the old Ford cars and pickups for the 2 hours pilgrimage to Jackson to see *it* done or not done.

This will be Kenny's second trip to Jackson—he's ten now. The first time he'd been a baby in his mother's arms or riding high on his daddy's chest, there to witness the execution. He couldn't recall it, of course, but he'd been told over and over about the bare-eyed killer with the shaved head and winged ears being strapped into the huge square electric chair, watching the Crandells through the viewing window, them watching him and him watching themn, then at the last minute a man in uniform unstrapping Jackogs from the chair and four other officers leading him from the room, back to his cell on deathrow.

"Sorry, folks, the gov'nor called a stay at the last minute," the uniformed warden said. "Sorry."

The story went that the warden had hung his head, hands clasped before him as if praying.

Donald Jacobs had been nineteen when he and one of his brothers and two buddies had ran out of gas in front of the great-granddaddy's trailer. Old Ned and his four sons and one of their wives, had been hoeing tobacco in the back field while the Jacobs and their crew were burglarizing the trailer. Not much to take of value, which must have made them mad.

When the Crandells got home for lunch, they had found the gang inside the house, snatching out drawers of dressers, smashing grocery-store dishes, doing whatever they were doing and the only way anybody learned what it was that they had been doing was by the aftmath of the burglary—evidence—



sheriff's records, and Donald Jacobs and the others statements to the law. Only Donald Jacobs, at nineteen, had told the turth, and that was something, wasn't it? But the way he told it was something else: "I'd do it all over again, I'd kill them mullafuckers." Only, that was after his younger brother had turned what's called State's evidence and gotten a lesser sentence.

CRANDELLS DON'T MINGLE WITH OTHER PEOPLE, NO ROOM IN THEIR LIVES. EVEN THE KIDS MINGLE ONLY WITH OTHER CRADELLS' FOR THE MOST PART

Before Kenny and his younger cousins even knew hwat the word "rape" meant, they had heard over and again about "Mary" being raped, first at the house and then out in the tobacco filed she'd been hoeing, not an hour before. The fact that she'd been shot afterwards never had the holding power of the rape. It seemed to Kenny to be what everybody clung to, to remember, and why they would all be going to Jackson yet again for the execution of Donald Jacobs, the longest-serving death-row inmate in the nation. Mary's rape. CROSSES ON LATTICE PANEL WITH NAMES—2 CONVICTIONS AND DEATH SENTENCE—SEE NEWSPAPER FOR OTHER RESONS DONALD JACOBS HADN'T BEEN EXECUTED YET.NEED TO ESTABLISH FAMILY—GRANDMOTHER IN LATE SEVENTIES—TIME TO LET IT GO AND GET ON WITH RAISING THE CHILDREN AND LIVING DAY TO DAY—

BOYS AND COUSINS THROWING ROCKS AT OLD SCHOOL BUS—BYPASSING MEMORIAL AT OLD FALLENDOWN CORN CRIB—WHAT WOULD BE THE NATURAL OR USUAL OUTCOME OF KIDS RAISED TO LIVE FOR DEATH? RYAN AND KYLE AND BILLY—LITTLE CRANDELLS BECOMING JACOBS—KYE IS STORY TELLER, QUIETER, MORE INTROSPECTIVE—12 and 10—KYLE 10—BILLY 14—HE IS MEANER, FROM MACON—COME TO LIVE WITH GRANDMOTHER AFTER PARENTS DIVORCED—BREAKING WINDOWS OUT OF OLD SCHOOL BUS THAT BELONGED TO NED TO STORE CORN IN—COWS,—EXCUSE



OF BAD CHILDHOOD FOR DONALD JACOBS. LIKE BILLY MAYBE—DADDY’S PLACE,  
RIVER, RED-HORSE SUCKERS. USE FIRST PART AS PRELUDE TO SCENE,

- PRESENT TENSE, RESERVING PAST TENSE FOR PAST FOR EFFECT ALSO TO  
SEPARATE TIME—RAT-GNAWED BONES OF COWS THAT USED TO ROAM THE FIELD  
AND PASTURES OF THE OLDHOMEPLACE, TWO HUNDRED ACRES NOW DWINDLED  
BY QUICK SALES WHEN ONE OR THE OTHER OF THE CRANDELLS NEEDED A LITTLE  
CASH TO GET BY

Billy throws the first rock at the windshield of the old school bus, and it is fascinating to Kyle how the blue-tinted glass erupts into a starburst, totally intact. How the on-again, off-again sun strikes each crack like light from a diamond on a TV commercial.

A dove coos in the west off the river and before another rock breaks through the star another dove coos in echo. Eyan, Kyle’s older brother is a good aim.

Kyle never takes up a rock, but he can smell the stale dry corn from inside the bus, like letting something out that’s been held inside so long it’s practically sacred.

“Grandma’s gonna have our hides for this,” Billy says, at the same time drawing back with a rock like a baseball and letting fly at one of the side windows. Bull’s eye! Bull’s eye and another starburst.

“Damn stuff must be coated in plastic.” Ryan steps back for a better view.

“It’s granddaddy’s old bus,” says Kyle. “I say let’s leae it alone.”

“Hey, man, he’s been dead 31 years,” says Billy, “ or haven’t you noticed?”

“Yeah, ain’t never laid eyes on him neither. None of us has.”

“Ain’t no reason to upset Grandma. Not today, anyway.”



“Aw, she ain’t come out here in this field in a coon’s age.” Billy is fourteen and smart, two years older than Ryan and four older than Kyle. A city cousin, from Macon. Onlly reason he is here in the country is his parents got divorced and he got in trouble with the law and had to come live with his grandmother.

#### GET TIME AND AGES STRAIGHT

The sun is bearing down between clouds and the field is thick with the teaming of locusts. The big square field is surround by pines, rocking and sighing in the wind.

GO BACK—INSERT PARTS ABOUT TORNADOES, THE ONE THING BILLY IS TERRIFIED OF. THE OTHER COUSINS WHAT THEY FEAR

It’s about ten o’clock now and by two PART ABOUT GOING TO JACKSON, NOT GOING TO SCHOOL

When every window of the bus is shattered and splintered and dropped in great splinters to the ground, they go inside and kick around in the corn dust and rat droppings and glass. It is so hot Kyle feels faint. Plus, the fact that his brother and cousin, and he himself by association PARALLEL FOR JACOB” BURGLARY AND VIOLATION OF FAMILY HOUSE) have violated something sacred, as surely as if they” wrecked the new memorial to the murdered Crandells: a white panel of latic nailed to two posts and rigged with slat crosses, one for each of the six members of the family, the victims of the massacre.

Billy swings out the back door of the bus, leaping to the ground, and heads out running across the field of bitter weed and white mounds of gopher holes and fire ant mounds, and heads out running toward the wood and the river. He has black curly hair, is big for 14.

Ryan with bright blond hair of all the other Crandell children takes off behind him Kyle follows, feeling sick OUT OF SCHOOL FOR THE DAY



ATMOSPHERE—RIVER PASTURE-RED HORSE SUCKES. THEN HOME TO GET  
READY TO GO TO JACKSON—WHOLE FAMILY-PLAY BY PLAY OF  
PILGRAMGAGE—GETTING THERE—EXECUTION—DONALD JACOBS NEVER  
CLOSES HIS 7EYES, THOUGH HIS IS PRONOUNCED DEAD –BODY SHUDDERS AND  
HE STARES AT THEM, MUMBLES TOMETHING.

“Damn!” says billy.

CELEBRATION—EATING AT Denny’s—grandmother says it’s time to get on with living, let  
it go—she and kyle take down memorial. He wants to tell  
her about the bus windows.

TMOSPHERE-DETAILS-SIMILIES-REPEATED WORDS: TIME, LONG, LAST—WILLIS  
WHER HE WORKS WHAT’S HIS LIKFE LIKE, HIS FAMILY, DETAILS WHAT’S IN THE  
CAR . flashback to electric chair carried around to schools to show children, willis’s reaction  
after daddy and all die

Going to Jackson