

We came up to the new place late that evening--I would say about five o'clock. The men had been killing hogs, and now the men was standing in the yard talking. The White man was there with them. He told Joe to take us round the back and tell the women in the kitchen to give us a good feeding. I could smell that good hog meat from way cross the yard, and, Lordy, didn't it smell tasty. The people say it ain't good for you, but I don't know. I done ate a mighty heap of it and it ain't done nothing to me yet. (Course you got to cook it right.) The women was making hog head cheese and blood pudding. They handed us a big pan of food and we sat out there on the grass and ate. When we got through, almost too full to move, we went back round the house. The White man told Joe he wouldn't need him till Monday, so Joe could take us on home. The cabin wasn't any bigger than the one we had left, but we had made a new start and everything looked much, much better. After the children went to bed, me and Joe sat at the firehalf talking. We was so proud we had moved, so happy for the good meal we got soon as we got here, every time we looked at each other we had to grin. Sore feet, aching backs, but grinning like two children courting for the first time. We didn't want look at each other. I looked at the firehalf, Joe looked at the crack in the wall; I looked at the crack in the wall, Joe looked at the firehalf. When we couldn't find nowhere else to look, we looked at each other and grinned. No touching, no patting each other on the knee, just grinning.