

The Short Biography of Miss Jane Pittman

They were not ready to begin yet. They would begin later. But they did not know that they would begin later. ^{but} They did not know that they would talk about her at all. It would come up like the wind. It would begin slowly and then it would begin. But they did not know that it would begin at all. Yes, they did know it would begin. It would begin, but when would it begin, and who would begin it.

There were only three of them on the gallery ~~and~~. They sat in silence, ^{watching} ~~looking at~~ the people returning from the cemetery. The old people who returned from the cemetery were still sad. They walked along the sidewalk and then together ~~and~~ and the people on the gallery could hear them talking to each other; but in their talking and their walk there was sadness. These were sad because they had just buried someone whom they had known for a long time.

But the young people who walked in front and behind the old people were not sad at all. They were laughing and talking and ~~they~~ they were returning from a ball game or

from a dome. My dog had never seen the
dark gray color that the old people
were. The boys were new types fitting into
their gold or silver imitation jewel or
silver cuff links and colorful ^{and} pebbles.
The girls were red, yellow, green over-
coats with hats to match them. As they
went by the house where the ^{old} people sat,
the ^{old} people watched them, ~~but not one of the~~
was remained silent.

One thought - "You are. your day will
come."
~~It seemed no thought - "If you only
knewed this far, you would have
regret."~~

The third no thought - "Let me see
a show, eh? Well, let's see if you will have
that man falling you. Coffin."

~~But all these of the remained silent
and only look. Let me remember and a
cold after noon in November, and the
old people sat on the gallery in ^{silence}
and ^{quiet}. The sun had shifted to
the right side of the house, being only
a little sun on the gallery. Two of the
old people sat - the man. One sat on~~