

*Rever*  
 "What was all that blabbing about?" Louis ~~Guerin~~ asked.  
 "What has she done for the family, what has she done for Edna?"

"She worked up here most of her life," Henri Pichot  
 said. "I suppose she's done favors for everybody in the family. *or more*  
 But when they get that old, I hardly listen to anything they say. *by the way*"

"You're calling Sam?" Louis asked.

"Yes. I don't want her up here on her knees," Henri said.

"You think he'll go along?" *Sam 's let hi come up tho?*

"I have no idea," Henri Pichot said.

He thrust out his arm. Inez went to him to get the  
 glass. She took Louis ~~Guerin~~ *Rever*'s glass, and left the room. When  
 she returned with the drinks, she asked Henri Pichot if she  
 could leave.

*you* "I suppose you're in a hurry to ~~get home to~~ start  
 blabbing," Henri said to her.

"This ain't none of my business, Mr. Henri," Inez said.

"Be sure and keep it that way," Henri told her. "Yes,  
 you can leave. Wait. Call Edna. Tell her I want to speak to  
 Sam if he's at home."

"Yes sir," Inez said. "~~then~~ *then* that'll be all?"

"That'll be all," Henri Pichot said. "Good night, Inez."

She made the telephone call and left. She was glad to  
 get away. She still had to cook supper for her husband who  
 worked as a yardman farther up the river. *Rare*

The next day at four-thirty, Louis ~~Guerin~~ came back to  
 the house. Inez served drinks in the library. Henri Pichot

was sitting at a small mahogany desk writing in a ledger, and Louis <sup>Guérin</sup> sat in a wing-back chair several feet away from the desk with his legs crossed.

"What time is Sam getting here?" he asked.

"After five," Henri said.

"I have to run up to Morgan, but I won't miss this for the world," Louis said. "I tell you what?"

Henri had been writing in the ledger, but when he raised his head and took the drink off the tray which Inez held before him, he also looked at Louis <sup>Guérin</sup>.

"You ever read that book by Bernard Shaw called Pigmalion?" Louis asked.

"Can't say I have," Henri said.

"About this professor in London, trying to make a lady out a gutter snipe," Louis explained. "Funny, funny--I mean funny. Reminds me of this situation. Another fellow, friend of the professor, bet the professor he couldn't do it. You want a bet?"

"<sup>I</sup> Never read the book," Henri said, and drank.

"I'll buy the whiskey a year if he can do it," Louis <sup>Guérin</sup> said.

<sup>Well</sup> "That all depends," <sup>over it?</sup> Henri said.

"On what?" Louis asked.

<sup>the</sup> "What's a man?" Henri asked him. "Someone who can pick ~~two~~ hundred pounds of cotton a day, or someone who can recite Keats?"



Inez left the room. She was in the kitchen when I came up the back stairs and knocked on the door. She ~~left~~<sup>let</sup> me in, and I could see that she had been crying. She had wiped the tears from her cheeks, but I could see the marks under both eyes.

"Do you know why he wants ~~to see me?~~<sup>me up here?</sup>" I asked.

"Mr. Sam coming here at five," she said.

I glanced at my wrist watch. It was ten minutes to five.

"Can I get you a cup of coffee?" she asked.

"No, thanks, Miss Inez."

"You want to sit down?" she asked.

"Would it be all right?" I said, remembering how my aunt and Miss Emma had stood the night before.

Inez looked at me sadly. I could still see the trace of tears just under her eyes.

"I'm all right, I don't mind standing," I said.

"I just don't know," Inez said, shaking her head.

"Now, Mr. Louis in there trying to get a bet."

"A bet on what?" I asked.

"You can't ~~get~~<sup>make</sup> him ready to die."

"I didn't know I was supposed to," I said. "Henri Pichot didn't take that bet, did he?"

"I left them in there talking about it."

"I'm sure he's too smart for that bet," I said.

Inez looked even sadder. I don't know whether it was because of my cynicism or for what I had to do. She turned

*the fat man found mainly as fair Roger, as fair Roger was fair's duty of me. ~~Roger did not~~ look or read at all, but in some way received some*

The fat man and Louis Guerin looked at each other. They

found it ~~amusing.~~

"What can I do for you?" Sam Guidry asked.

Louis <sup>Roger</sup> Guerin sipped from his brandy. He still thought everything was amusing. The fat man waited for my answer. Henri Pichot standing next to Sam Guidry also waited, but he, unlike the other two, did not see anything amusing about the question.

He looked tired. *Not nearly as nervous as he was this before with me. maybe he nervous all the*

"It's about Jefferson, Sheriff Guidry," I said. "His nannan--" I almost said Godmother, but that might have been showing too much intelligence"--would like me to visit him."

"What for?" Guidry asked.

The fat man drank from his glass. Both he and Louis <sup>Roger</sup> Guerin thought this was all amusing. I knew they were both betting against me.

"She's old," I said. "She doesn't feel that she has the strength to come up there all the time."

"She doesn't, huh? Sam Guidry asked me. He emphasized the word doesn't. I was supposed to say don't instead of doesn't. I had made a mistake, I had showed too much intelligence.

"Yes sir," I said. "She doesn't feel that she can."

I used the word doesn't again, but I did it intentionally this time. I wanted him to say he didn't want me coming up to the jail. My mind definitely would have been relieved.

"What's wrong with that preacher in the quarters?" Guidry asked. *"what's he called? more?"*

*I could see that Roger kept the guerin and by a very angry day*

*remains she had returned for the family and the year.*