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"What day it is?" he asked, without looking at me.

"It's Friday, Jefferson," I said.

"Friday," he said to himself. "Friday."

He was quiet for a moment, then he slowly let his feet slide to the floor as he sat up on the bunk.

"Look like it's pretty out there," he said, looking up at the window.

"Yes, it's a nice day," I said. "No clouds anywhere.

Just blue."

"You think it's go'n be like that that day?" he asked.

I didn't answer him. He was looking out of the window when he said it. Now he looked at me.

"I hope it's the kind of day you want, Jefferson," I said.

"The kind of day I want?" he said. "The kind of day I want? I never got nothing I wanted in my whole life. Now I'm got a whole day?"

I didn't know what to say. He looked at me a while, then he looked out of the window again.

"Do you like fruits, Jefferson?" I asked him. "I can pick up some fruits-and some pecans?" Ice cream? Funny books? Things like that."

"I want me a whole gallona ice cream," he said, still looking out of the window. I saw a slight smile come on his face, and it was not a bitter smile. Not bitter at all. "A whole gallona vinilla ice cream. Eat it with a pot spoon. My

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last supper. A whole gallona ice cream." He looked at me again.
"Ain't never had enough ice cream. Never had more than a nickel cone. Used to run out in the quarter and hand the ice cream my nickel, and he give me a little scoop on a cone. But now I'm go'n get me a whole gallon. That's what I want—a whole gallon. Eat it with a pot spoon."

"I can bring you some ice cream anytime, Jefferson," I said.

"I'm go'n wait," he said. "I'm go'n wait. I want a whole gallon. Eat it with a pot spoon. Every bit of it—with a pot spoon."

He smiled. Not cynically as he had done other times when we had talked. He smiled now because he had something pleasant to look forward to though it would be that last day. And he would save it until that very last moment.

"You want to hear about the news from the quarter?" I asked him. "Stella had that baby."

He looked at me, not as he had done in the past, in pain, with hate. He looked at me with an inner calmness now. Was it the ice cream?

"He favor Gable?" he asked.

"With little babies, they don't favor anybody too much," I said.

"Other descriptions of the said, and smiled to himself. "Got hisself a baby, got hisself a baby." Then I saw the face changing. He was no longer smiling, but staring at the wall. "We was suppose to go hunting that day."

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