

for the Marshall plantation, but when it come to share-cropping, nom they give the best land to the Cajuns who had never ~~kkk~~ even set foot on th s land before." He stopped and looked at Candy. Candy leaned back against the end of the gallery with her arms folded and her legs crossed. She wasn't looking at him, but she was listening. She knowed he was telling the truth. "I a n't accusing this young lady here of that," he said. "All she ever done since she been here is treat her people right. She done done all she could to make up for what her own people done us. No, I ain't b~~l~~aming her. I'm just stating the facts. 'Cause this here is the day of truth, and I will speak the truth, without fear, even if it mean I have to stay in jail the rest of my life."

Mapes grunted. *good*

"Yeha, you can grunt all you want," Tucker said. to Mapes. "But all you can do is lock me up. Here, you want lock me up now," he said, coming up to Mapes with his fist balled and his hands out. "Here, I'm ready."

"I wish I was the sheriff, and you told me to lock yoo up," the deputy said to Tucker. He had just come back in the yard.

"What would you do, no butt?" Tucker said to the little deputy.

The people laughed. That little deputy tured red. You could see his face trembling.

"Shut up," Mapes said. "You got Hilly?"

"You go'n get yours," that little deputy said to Tucker. "I'll remember you."

"Did you get, Hilly?" Mapes asked the deputy again.

"He'll keep out trouble," the deputy said, looking at Tucker, not at Mapes.

you when <sup>He better</sup> to move," Mapes said. "And you, you mind. I'll tell