

TO KILL A *Mockingbird*

HARPER
LEE

Adapted and Illustrated by Fred Fordham



A
GRAPHIC
NOVEL

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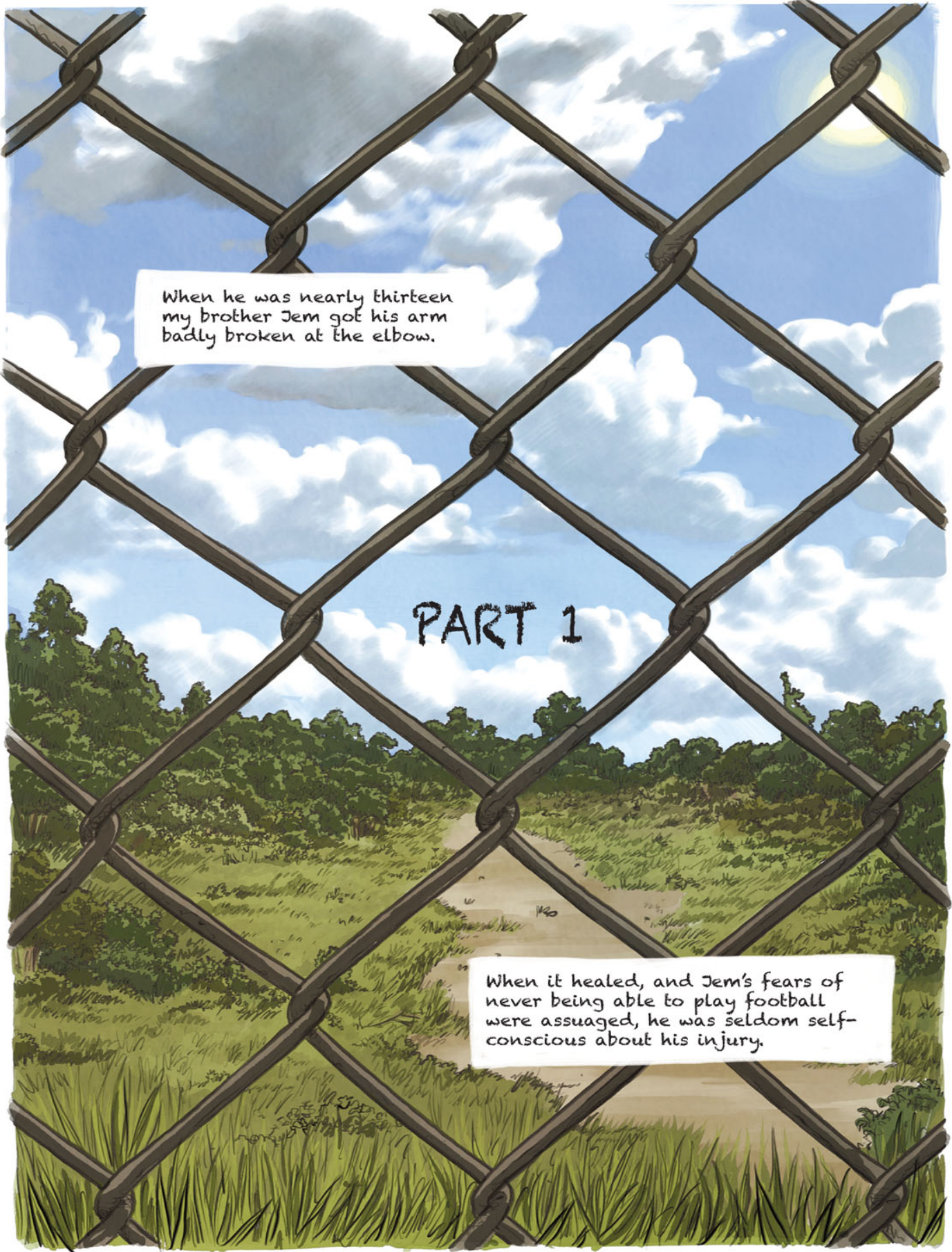
HARPER

An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers

TO KILL A
Mockingbird

'Lawyers, I suppose, were children once.'
- CHARLES LAMB





When he was nearly thirteen
my brother Jem got his arm
badly broken at the elbow.

PART 1

When it healed, and Jem's fears of
never being able to play football
were assuaged, he was seldom self-
conscious about his injury.

Maycomb, Alabama
1933



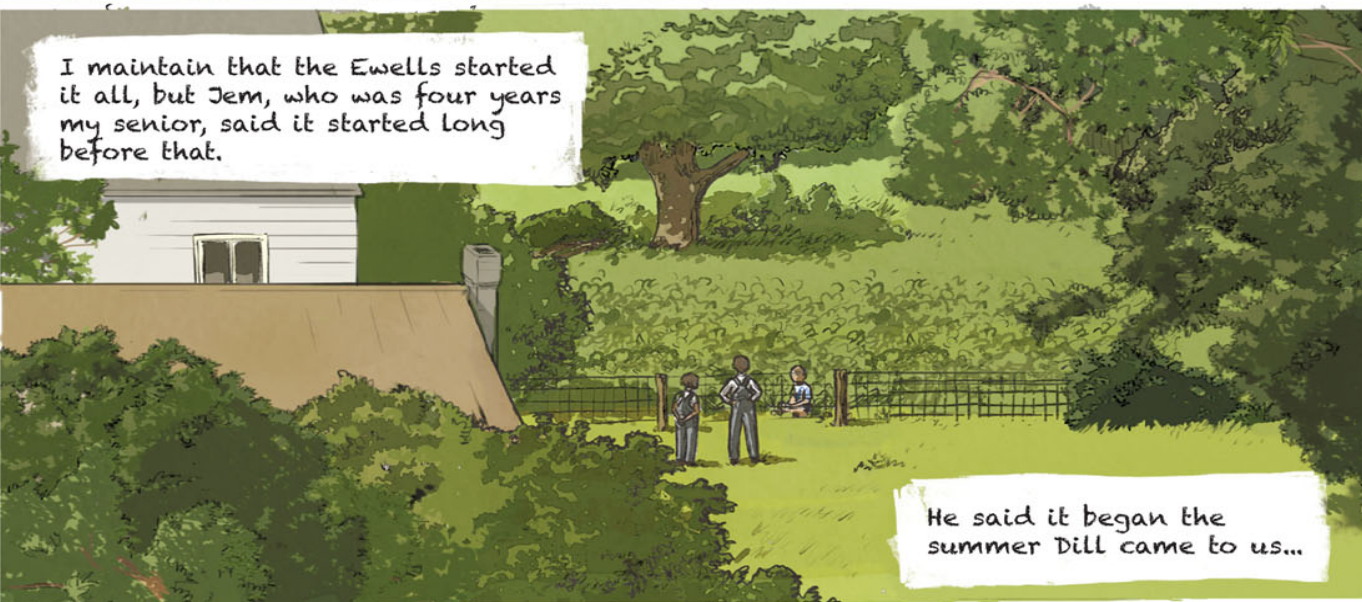
His left arm was somewhat shorter than his right; when he stood or walked, the back of his hand was at right-angles to his body, his thumb parallel to his thigh.

He couldn't have cared less, so long as he could pass and punt.

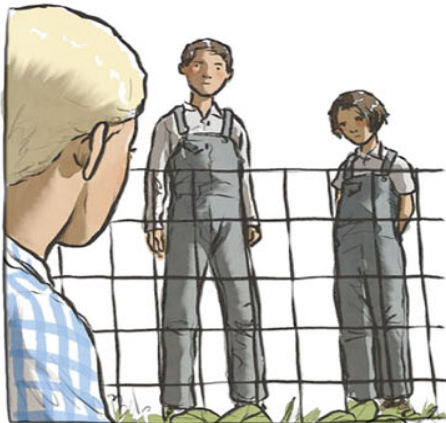


When enough years had gone by to enable us to look back on them, we sometimes discussed the events leading to his accident.

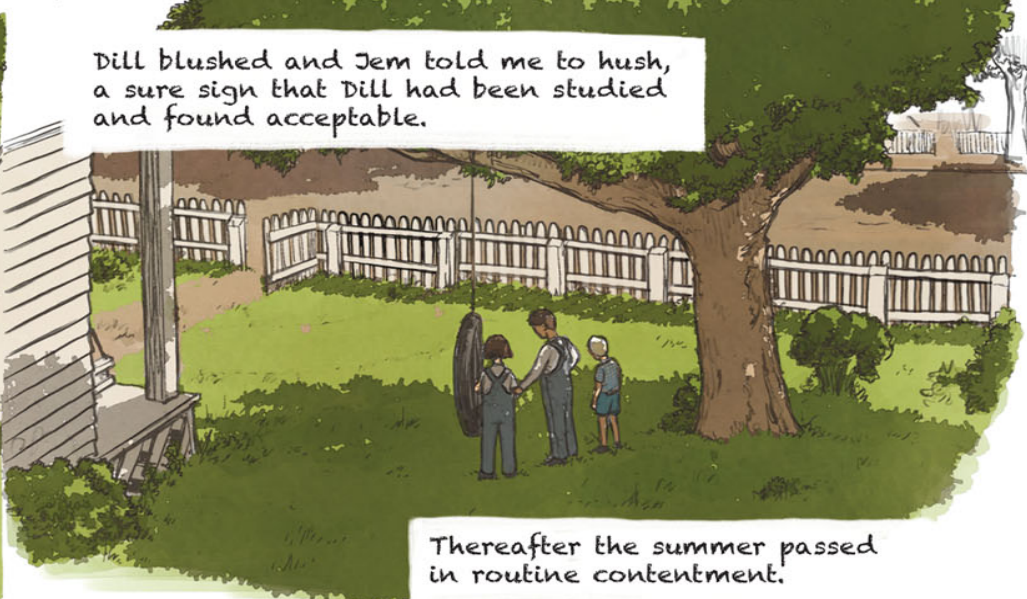
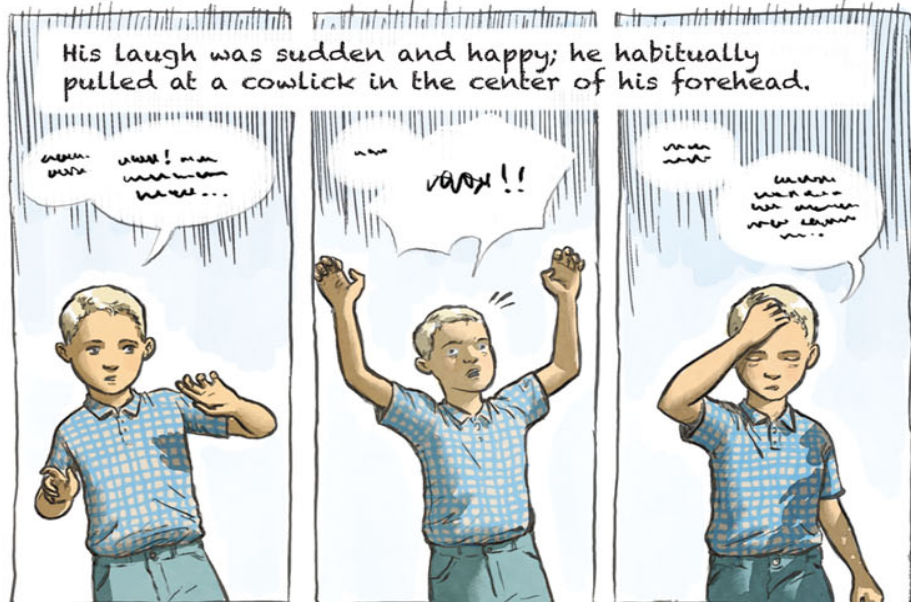
I maintain that the Ewells started it all, but Jem, who was four years my senior, said it started long before that.

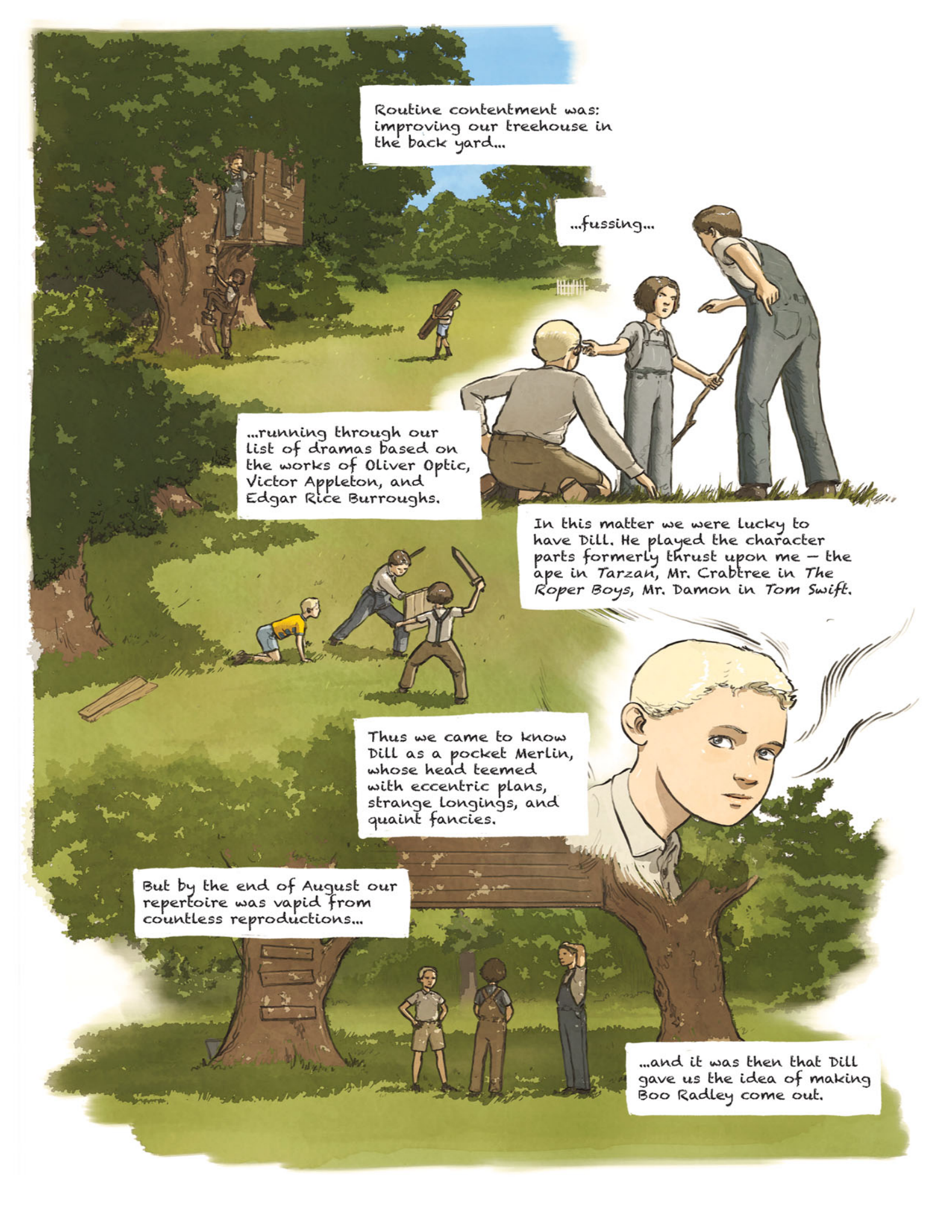


He said it began the summer Dill came to us...









Routine contentment was:
improving our treehouse in
the back yard...

...fussing...

...running through our
list of dramas based on
the works of Oliver Optic,
Victor Appleton, and
Edgar Rice Burroughs.

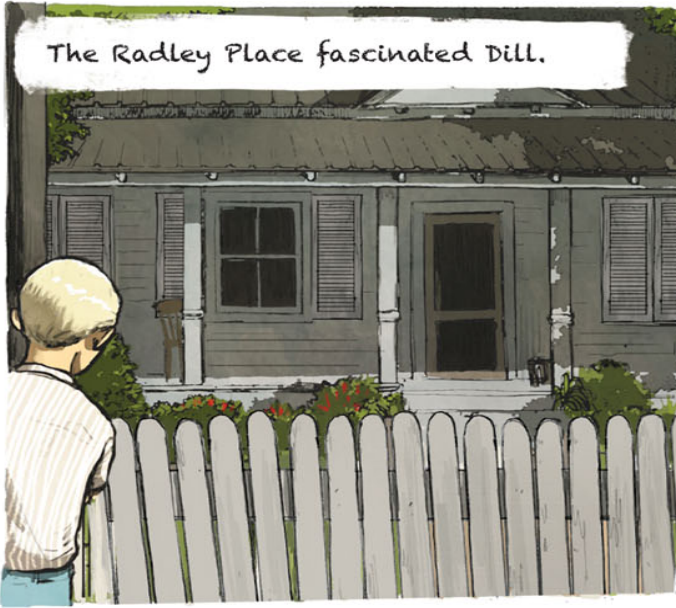
In this matter we were lucky to
have Dill. He played the character
parts formerly thrust upon me — the
ape in *Tarzan*, Mr. Crabtree in *The
Roper Boys*, Mr. Damon in *Tom Swift*.

Thus we came to know
Dill as a pocket Merlin,
whose head teemed
with eccentric plans,
strange longings, and
quaint fancies.

But by the end of August our
repertoire was vapid from
countless reproductions...

...and it was then that Dill
gave us the idea of making
Boo Radley come out.

The Radley Place fascinated Dill.

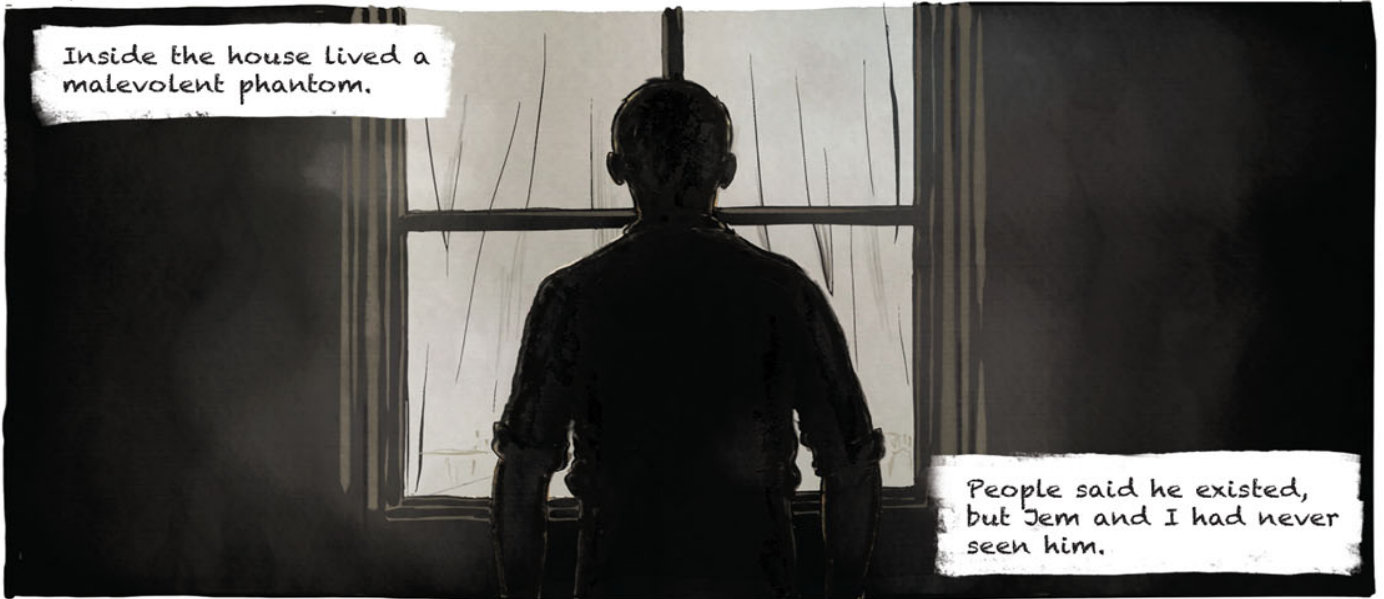


In spite of our warnings and explanations it drew him as the moon draws water.

But drew him no nearer than the light-pole on the corner, a safe distance from the Radley gate.



Inside the house lived a malevolent phantom.



People said he existed, but Jem and I had never seen him.

People said he went out at night when the moon was down, and peeped in windows.



When people's azaleas froze in a cold snap, it was because he had breathed on them.

Once the town was terrorized by a series of morbid nocturnal events: people's chickens and household pets were found mutilated; although the culprit was Crazy Addie, who eventually drowned himself in Barker's Eddy, people still looked at the Radley Place, unwilling to discard their initial suspicions.



A Negro would not pass the Radley Place at night, he would cut across to the sidewalk opposite and whistle as he walked.



The Maycomb school grounds adjoined the back of the Radley lot; from the Radley chickenyard tall pecan trees shook their fruit into the schoolyard, but the nuts lay untouched by the children: Radley pecans would kill you.



A baseball hit into the Radley yard was a lost ball and no questions asked.



The misery of that house began many years before Jem and I were born. The Radleys, welcome anywhere in town, kept to themselves, a predilection unforgivable in Maycomb.

According to neighborhood legend, when the younger Radley boy was in his teens he became acquainted with some of the Cunninghams from Old Sarum, and they formed the nearest thing to a gang ever seen in Maycomb.



One night, in an excessive spurt of high spirits, the boys backed around the square in a borrowed flivver, resisted arrest by Maycomb's ancient beadle, Mr. Conner, and locked him in the courthouse outhouse.



The boys came before the probate judge on charges of disorderly conduct, disturbing the peace, assault and battery, and using abusive and profane language in the presence and hearing of a female. When the judge asked Mr. Conner why he included the last charge he replied that they—

—cussed so loud I reckon every lady in Maycomb heard 'em.



The judge decided to send the boys to the state industrial school, where boys were sometimes sent for no other reason than to provide them with food and decent shelter: it was no prison and it was no disgrace.

Mr. Radley thought it was.



If the judge released his boy, Mr. Radley would see to it that Arthur gave no further trouble. Knowing that Mr. Radley's word was his bond, the judge was glad to do so.

The other boys attended the industrial school and received the best secondary education to be had in the state.

The doors of the Radley house were closed and Mr. Radley's boy was not seen again for fifteen years.



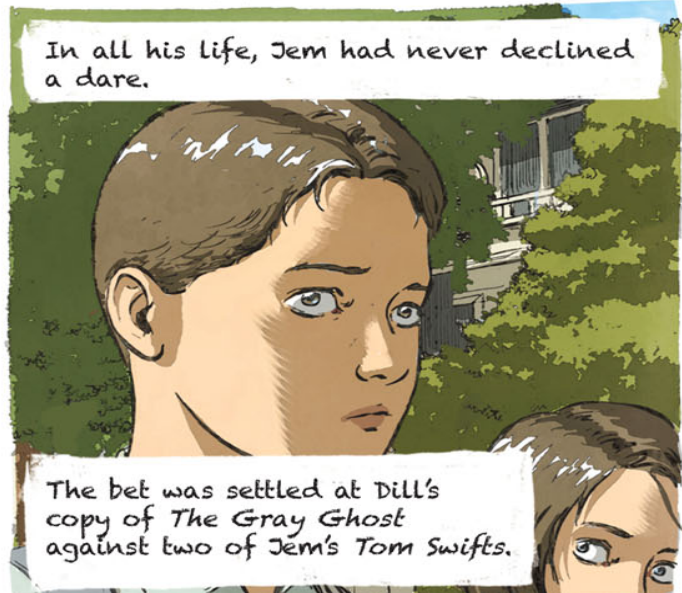
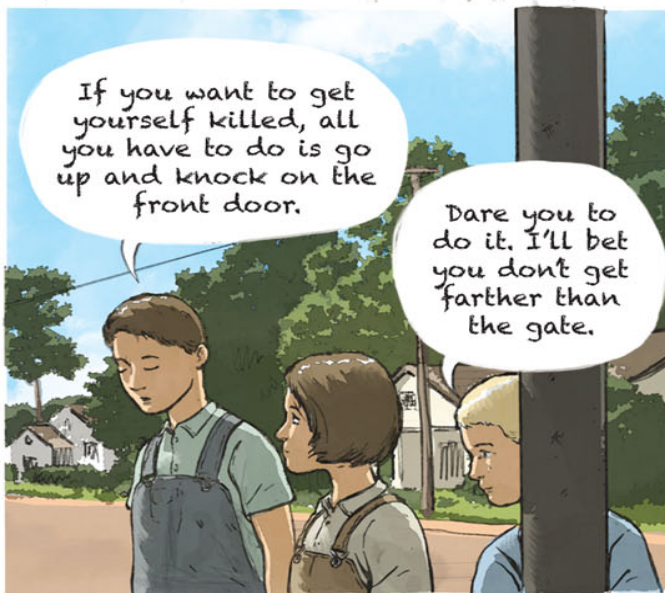
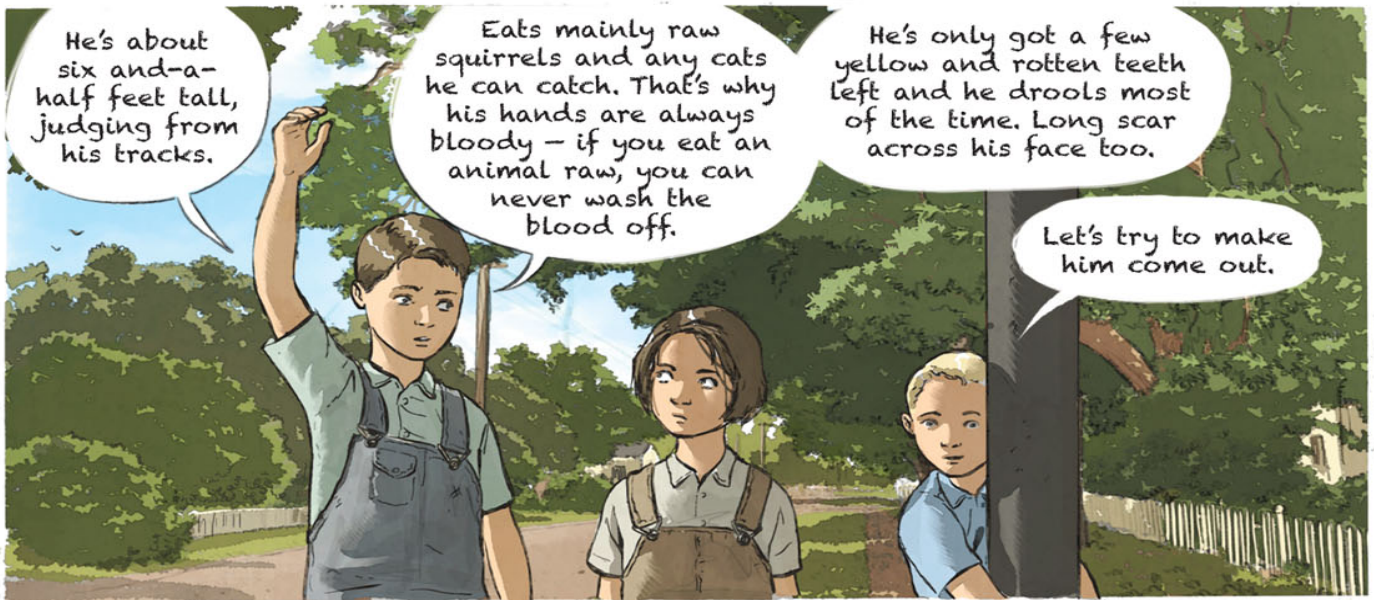
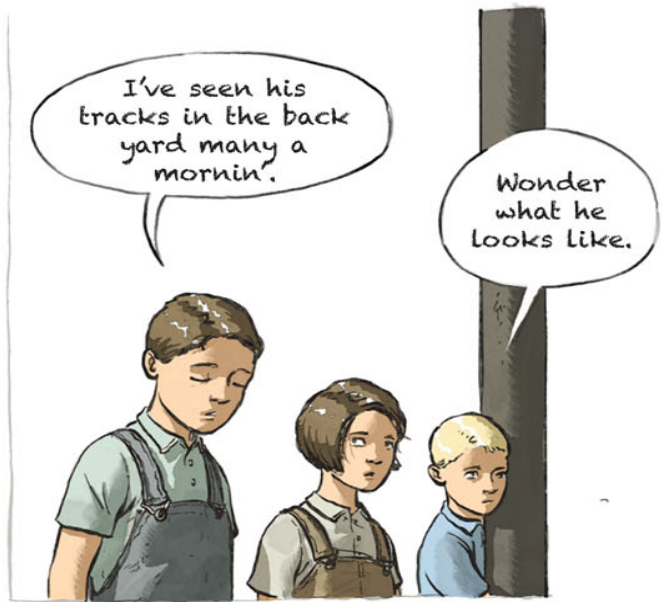
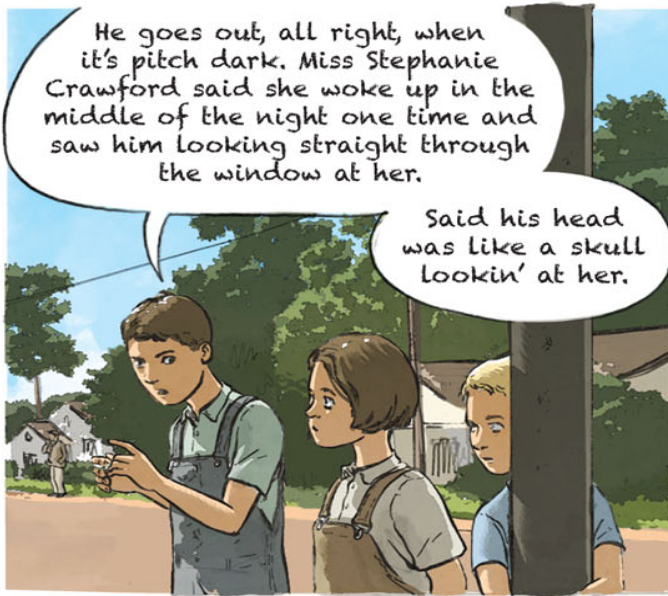
When Mr. Radley went under we all thought Boo would come out.

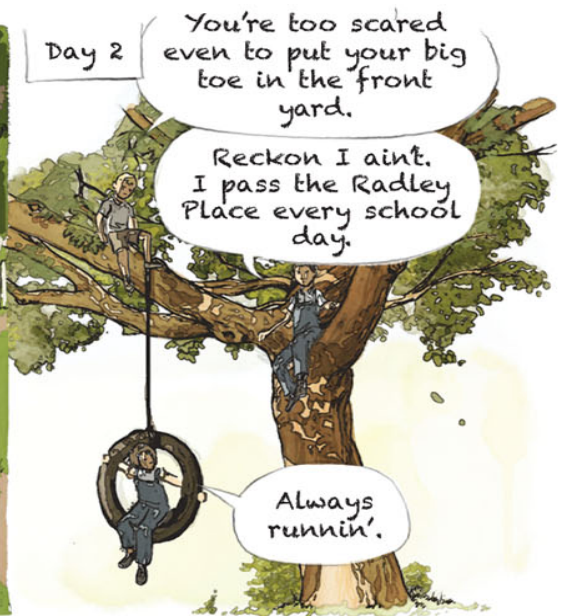
But Boo's older brother Nathan took his daddy's place.

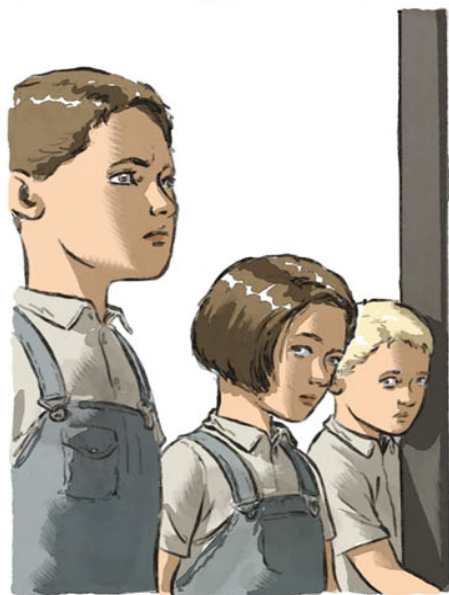
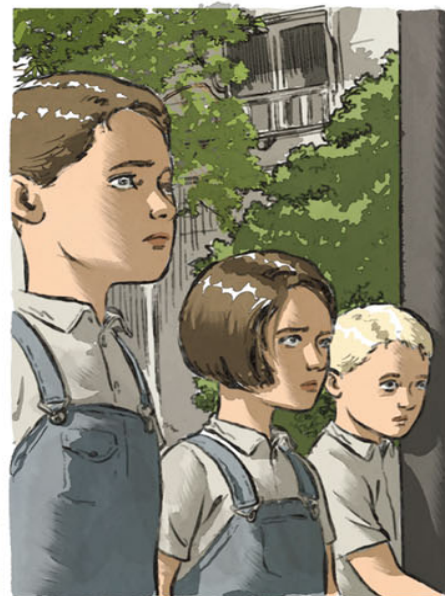
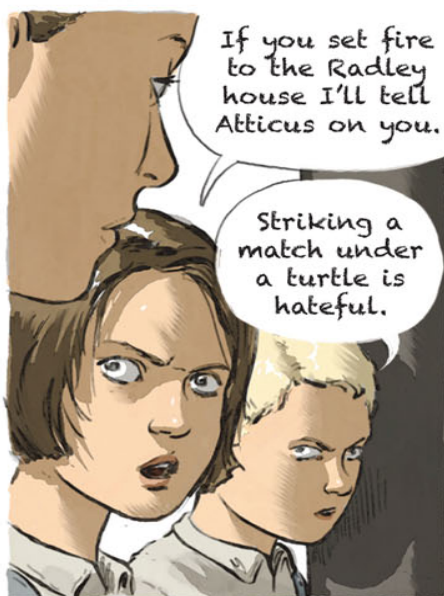
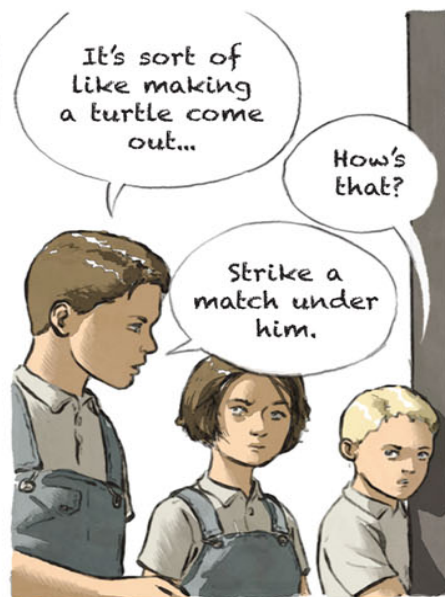
Wonder what he does in there.

Looks like he'd just stick his head out the door.

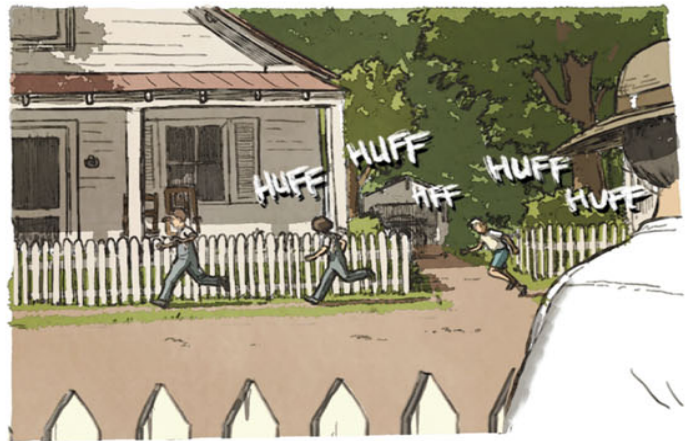
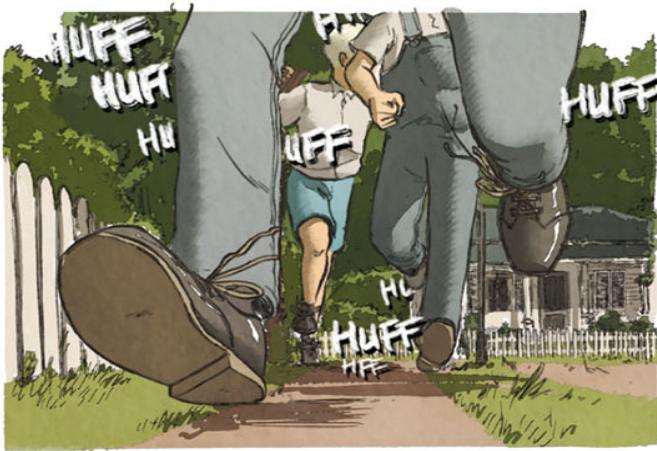




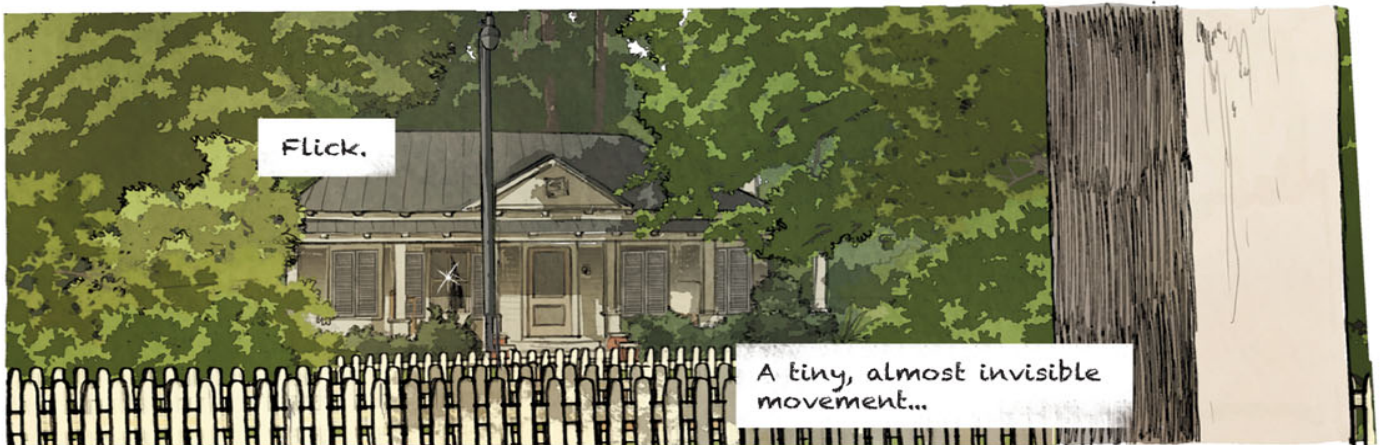








As we stared down the street we thought we saw an inside shutter move.

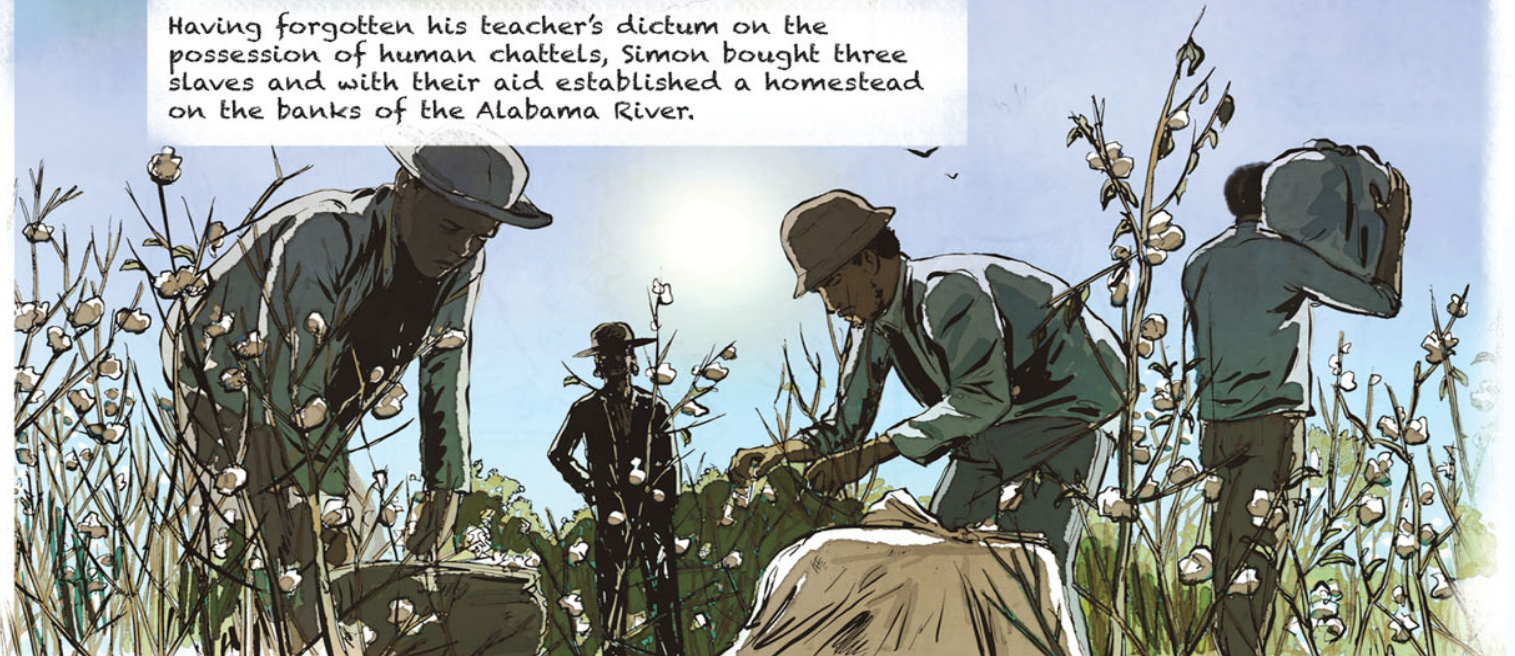



Being Southerners, it was a source of shame to some members of the family that we had no recorded ancestors on either side of the Battle of Hastings.

All we had was Simon Finch, a fur-trapping apothecary from Cornwall whose piety was exceeded only by his stinginess.

He worked his way across the Atlantic to Philadelphia, thence to Jamaica, thence to Mobile, and up the Saint Stephens.

Having forgotten his teacher's dictum on the possession of human chattels, Simon bought three slaves and with their aid established a homestead on the banks of the Alabama River.





The tradition of living on the land remained unbroken until well into the twentieth century, when my father, Atticus Finch, went to Montgomery to read law, and his younger brother went to Boston to study medicine. Their sister Alexandra was the Finch who remained at the homestead, Finch's Landing.

We lived on the main residential street in Maycomb – Atticus, Jem and I, plus Calpurnia our cook.

She had been with us ever since Jem was born, and I had felt her tyrannical presence as long as I could remember.

Our mother died when I was two, so I never felt her absence, but I think Jem did.

He remembered her clearly, and sometimes in the middle of a game he would sigh at length, then go off and play by himself behind the car-house.



Dill left us early in September,
to return to Meridian.



I was miserable without him until
it occurred to me that I would be
starting to school in a week.

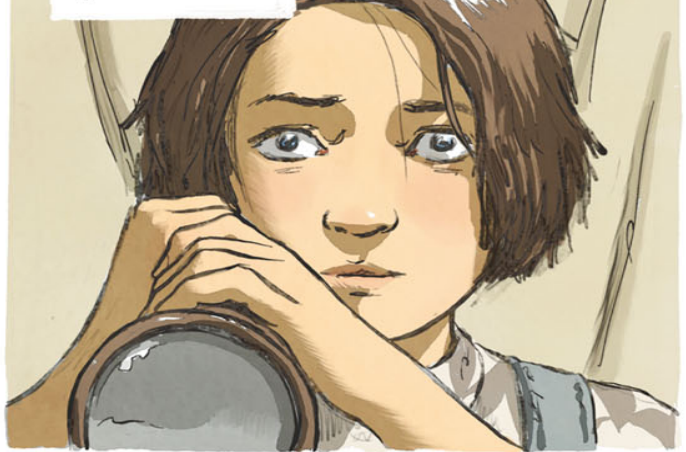


Hours of wintertime had found me in the treehouse, looking
over at the schoolyard, spying on multitudes of children
through a two-power telescope Jem had given me...

...learning their games, secretly sharing their misfortunes and minor victories.



I longed to join them.



Jem condescended to take me to school the first day.



He was careful to explain that during school hours I was not to bother him, I was not to embarrass him with references to his private life, or tag along behind him at recess and noon. In short, I was to leave him alone.

You mean we can't play any more?

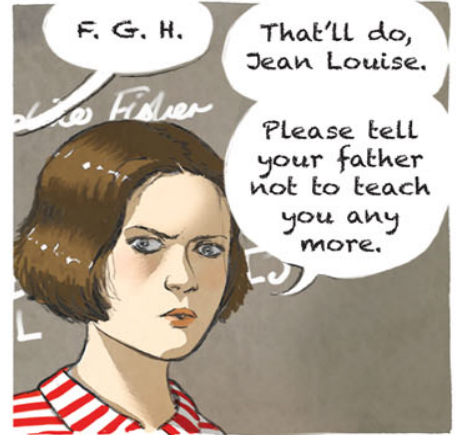
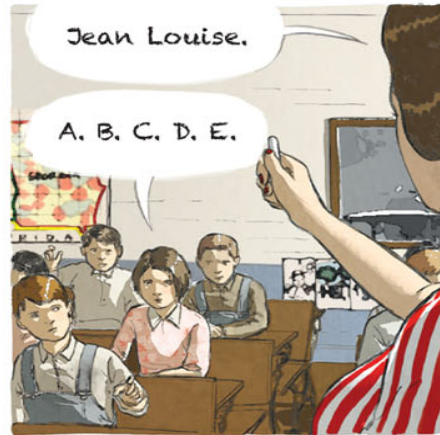
We'll do like we always do at home.

But you'll see - school's different.



It certainly was.





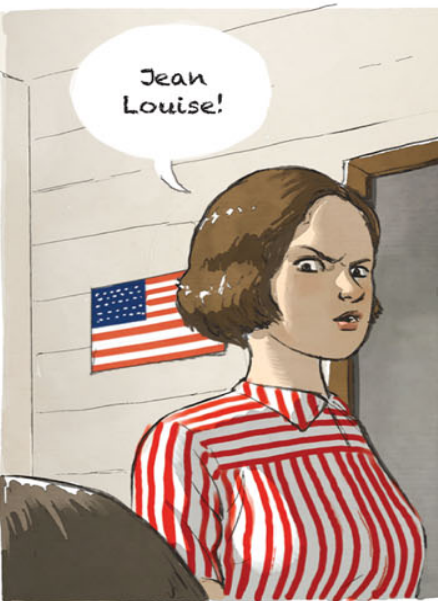
I never deliberately learned to read, but somehow I had been wallowing illicitly in the daily papers.



I could not remember when the lines above Atticus' moving finger separated into words, but I had stared at them all the evenings in my memory, listening to the news of the day, Bills To Be Enacted into Laws, the diaries of Lorenzo Dow – anything Atticus happened to be reading when I crawled into his lap every night.



Until I feared I would lose it, I never loved to read. One does not love breathing.



Jean Louise!

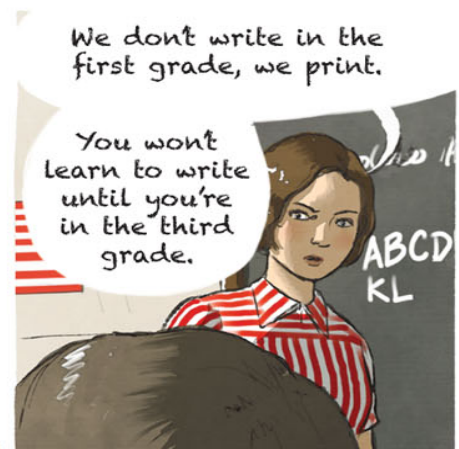


Yes, Miss Caroline?

What's that?

It's—it's a letter, Miss Caroline. To my friend, Dill.

You must tell your father to stop teaching you, Jean Louise!

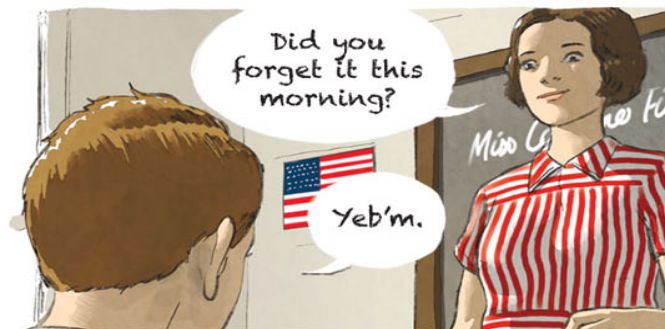
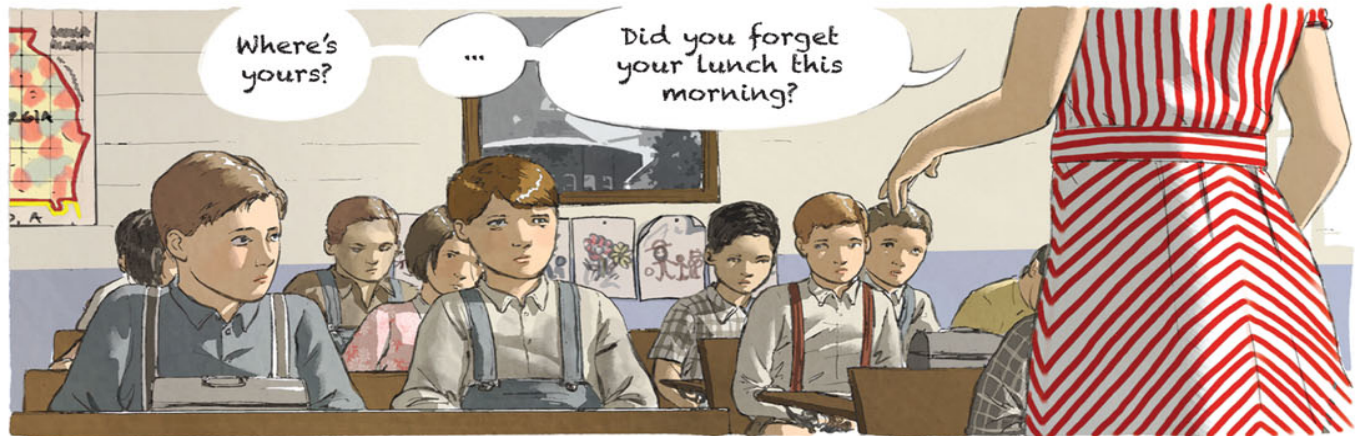
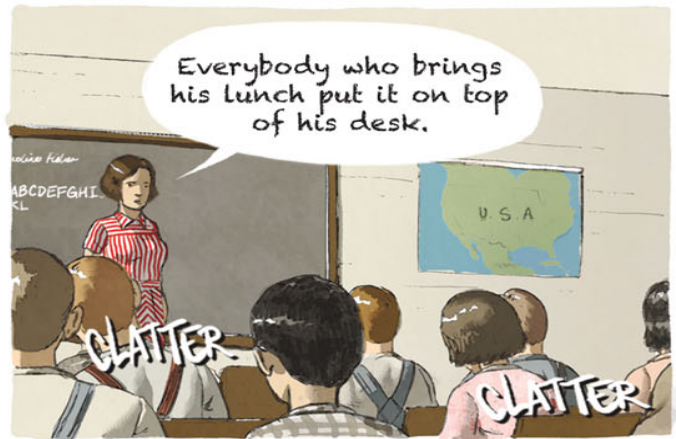


We don't write in the first grade, we print.

You won't learn to write until you're in the third grade.

ABCD
KL

Calpurnia was to blame for this. Setting me writing tasks kept me from driving her crazy on rainy days, I guess.



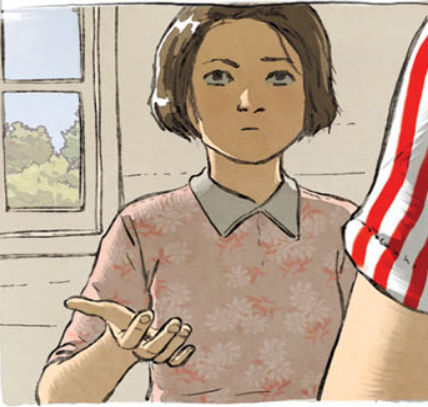
He didn't forget his lunch, he didn't have any. He had none today nor would he have any tomorrow or the next day.



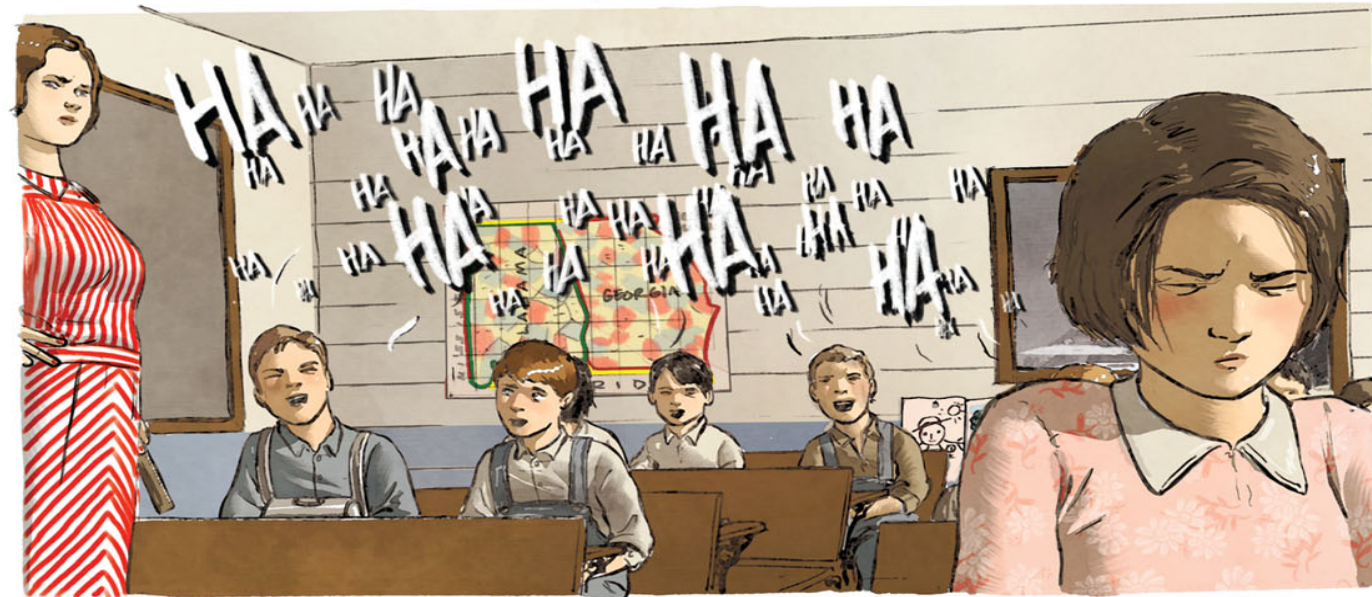
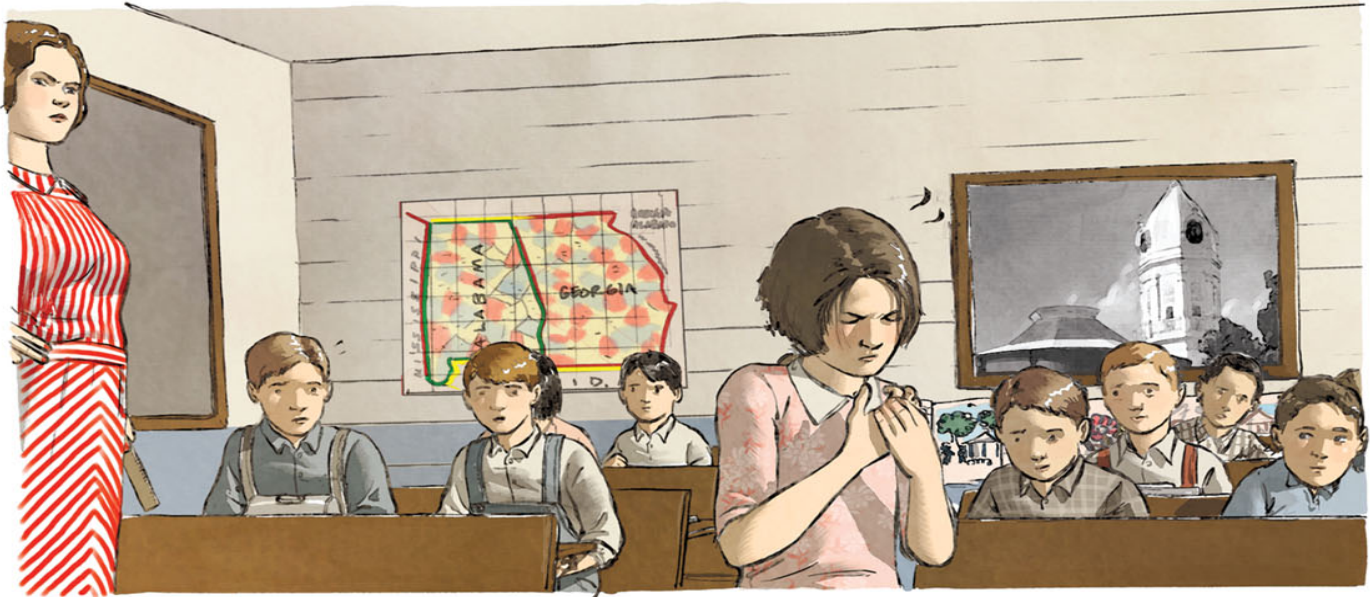
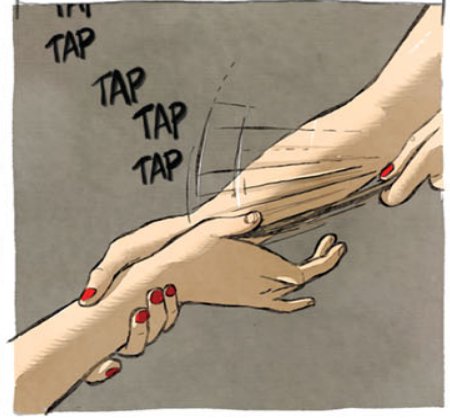


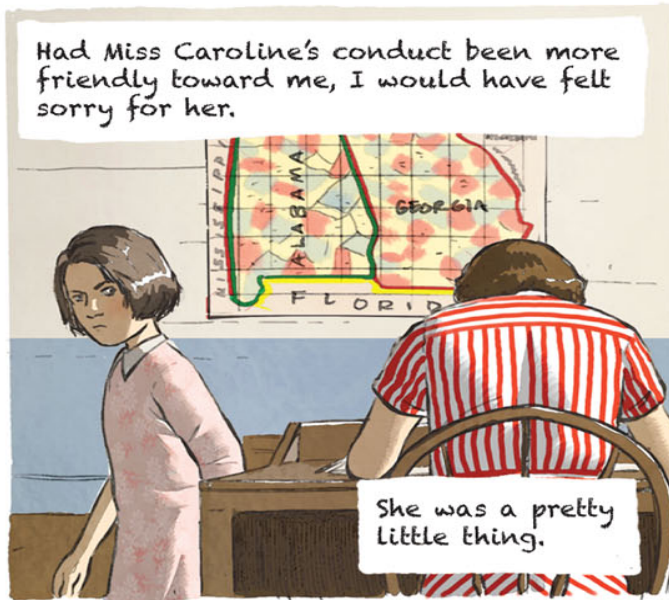
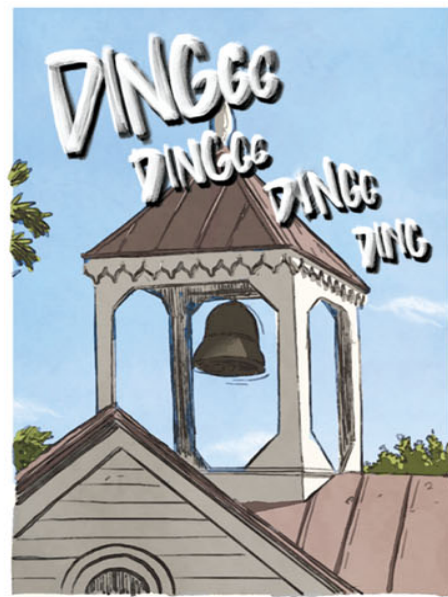
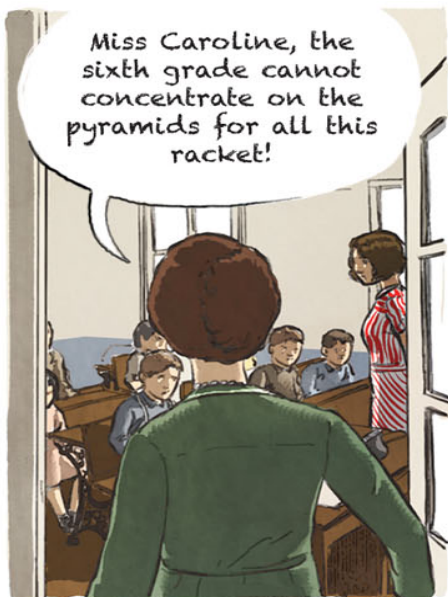


I thought she was going to spit in it, which was the only reason anybody in Maycomb held out his hand: it was a time-honored method of sealing oral contracts.



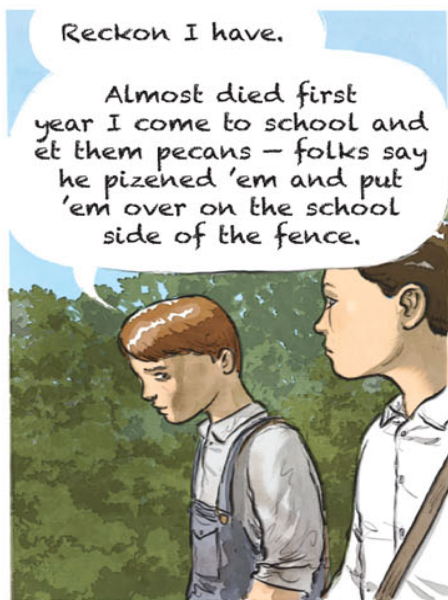
But Miss Caroline picked up her ruler and gave me half a dozen quick little pats, then told me to stand in the corner.





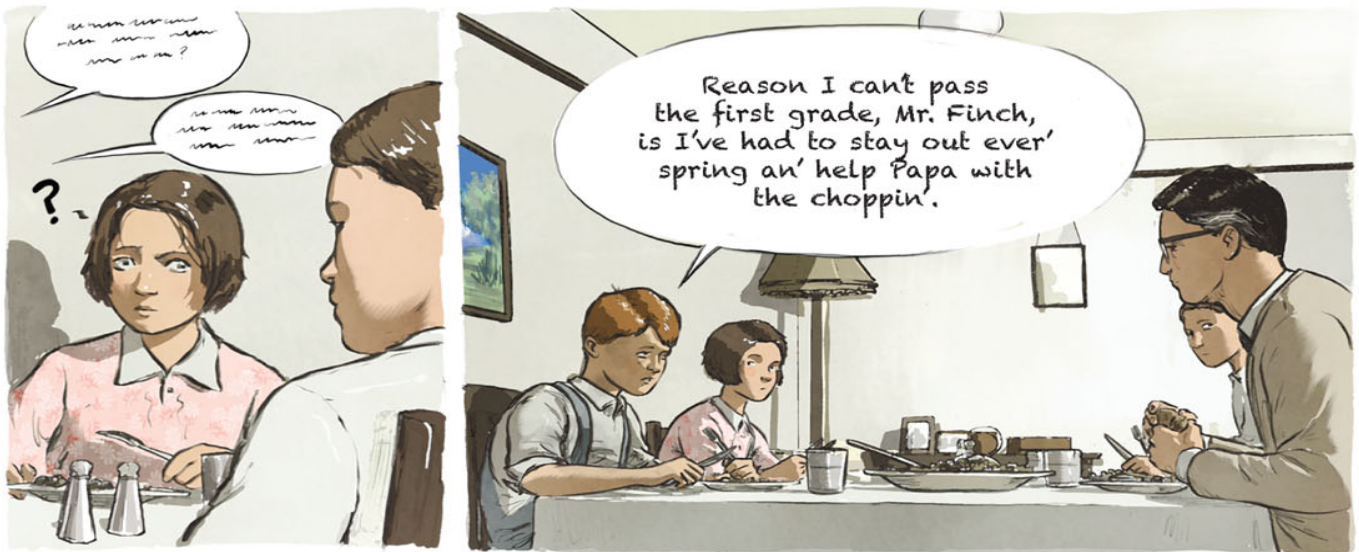






By the time we reached our front steps Walter had forgotten he was a Cunningham. Jem ran to the kitchen and asked Calpurnia to set an extra plate, we had company.





My special knowledge of the Cunningham tribe was gained from events of last winter. Walter's father was one of Atticus's clients. After a dreary conversation in our livingroom one night about his entailment, before Mr. Cunningham left he said:



When I asked Jem what entailment was, and Jem described it as a condition of having your tail in a crack, I asked Atticus if Mr. Cunningham would ever pay us.



One morning Jem and I found a load of stovewood in the back yard.

With Christmas came a crate of smilax and holly.

That spring when we found a croker-sack full of turnip greens, Atticus said Mr. Cunningham had more than paid him.

Why does he pay you like that?

Because that's the only way he can pay me. He has no money.

Are we poor, Atticus?

We are indeed.

Are we as poor as the Cunninghams?

Not exactly. The Cunninghams are country folks, farmers, and the crash hit them hardest.

...There's another'n at the house now that's field size.

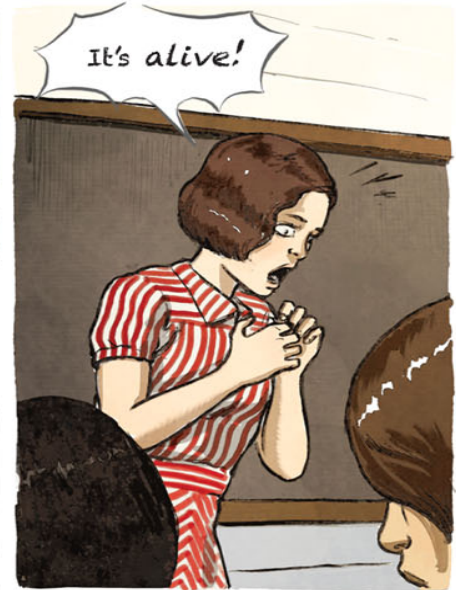
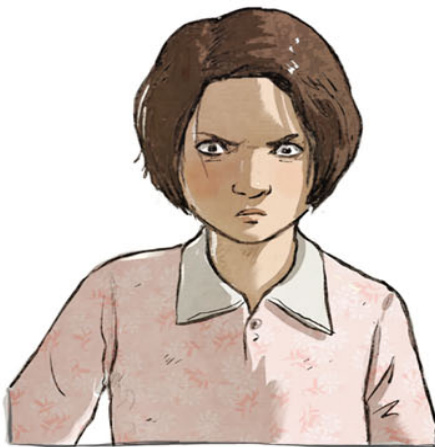
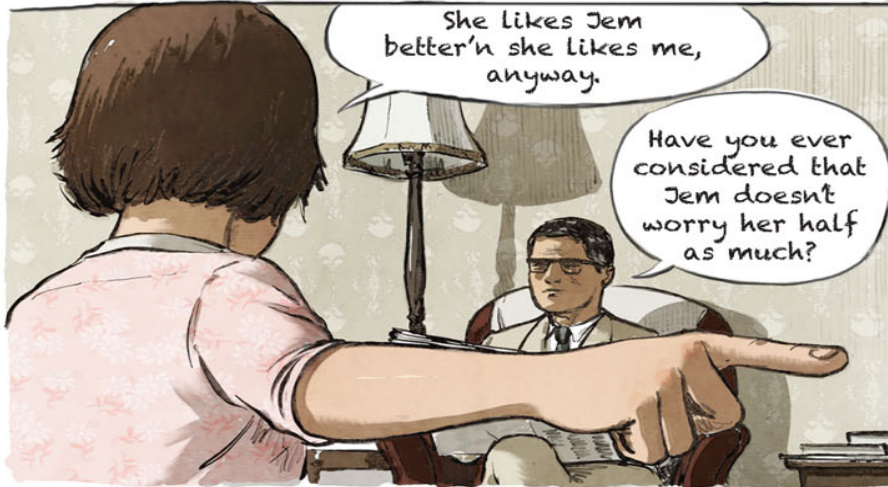
Did you pay a bushel of potatoes for him?

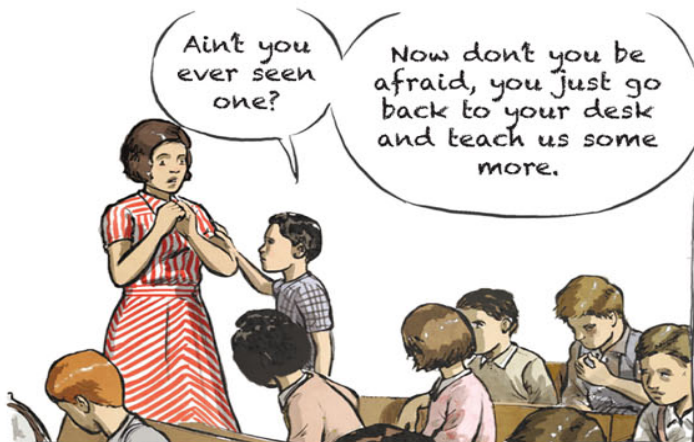
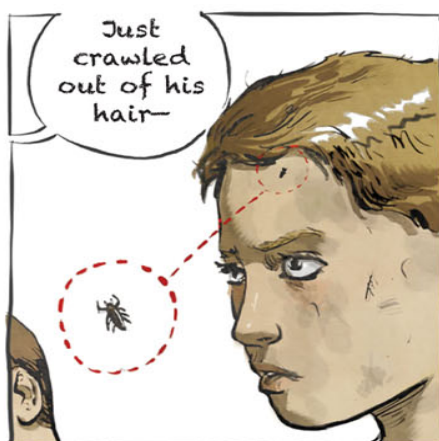
If I could have explained these things to Miss Caroline, I would have.





Jem and Walter returned to school ahead of me: staying behind to advise Atticus of Calpurnia's iniquities was worth a solitary sprint past the Radley Place.





Little Chuck Little was another member of the population who didnt know where his next meal was coming from, but he was a born gentleman.





Aint got no mother. And their paw's right contentious.

Been comin' to the first day o' the first grade fer three year now.

Reckon if I'm smart this year they'll promote me to the second...

Sit back down, please, Burris.

You try and make me, missus.

Let him go, ma'am.

He's a mean one. He's liable to start somethin', and there's some little folks here.

Watch your step, Burris.

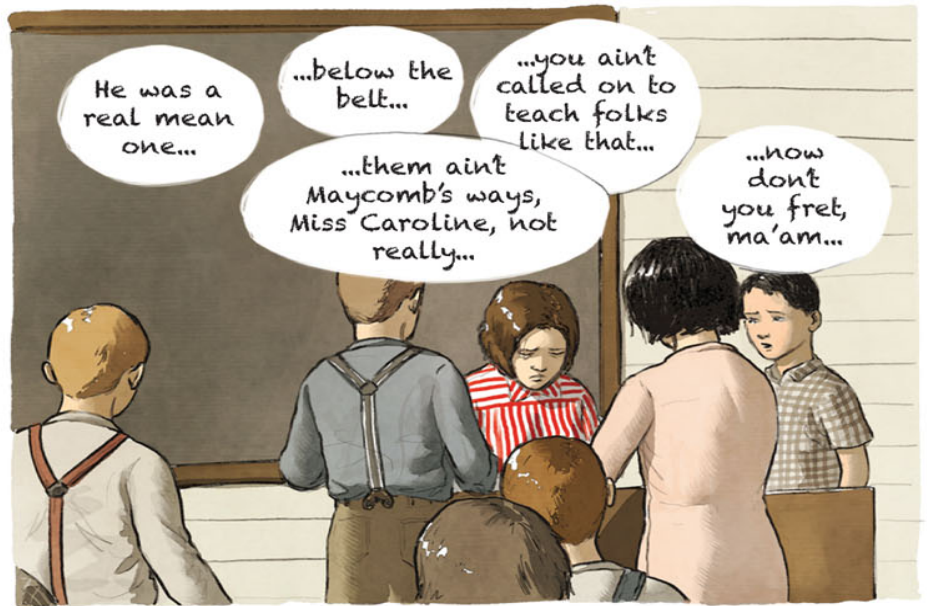
I'd soon's kill you as look at you. Now go home.

Burris, go home. If you dont I'll call the principal. I'll have to report this, anyway.

Report and be damned to ye! Aint no shot-nosed slut of a schoolteacher ever born c'n make me do nothin'!

You aint makin' me go nowhere, missus. You just remember that.

When he was sure she was crying, Burris shuffled out.

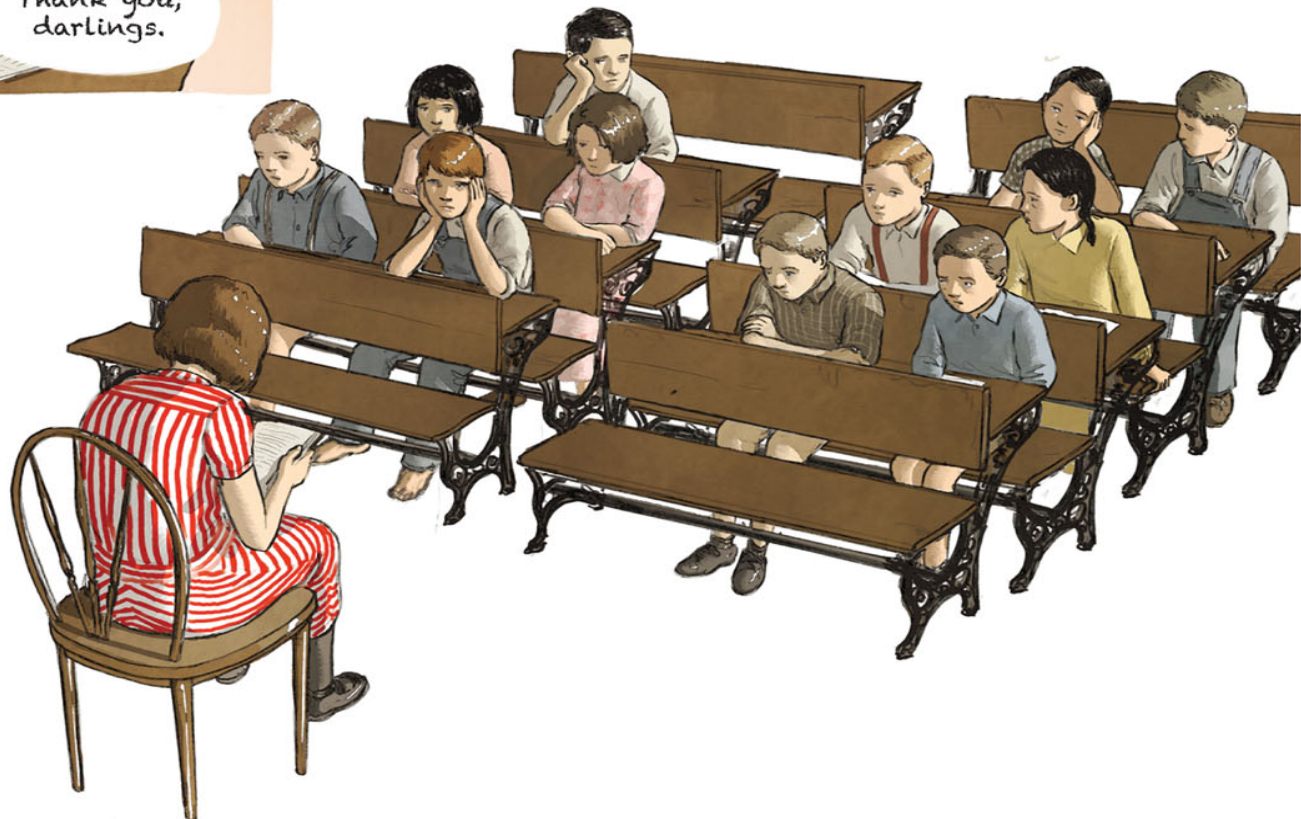


Miss Caroline, why don't you read us a story?

That cat thing was real fine this mornin'.



Having dispersed us, Miss Caroline opened a book and mystified the first grade with a long narrative about a toad-frog that lived in a hall.





Scout, ready to read?

...

Something wrong, Scout?



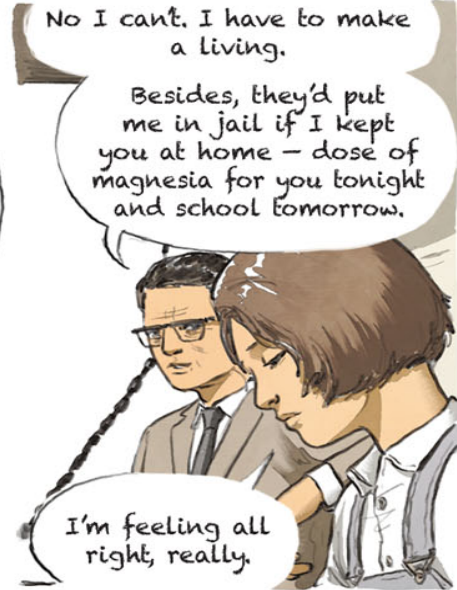
Atticus, I don't feel very well.

I don't think I'll go to school any more if that's all right with you.



You never went to school and you do all right, so I'll just stay home too.

You can teach me like Granddaddy taught you'n Uncle Jack.



No I can't. I have to make a living.

Besides, they'd put me in jail if I kept you at home - dose of magnesia for you tonight and school tomorrow.

I'm feeling all right, really.



Thought so. Now what's the matter?

Bit by bit, I told him the day's misfortunes.

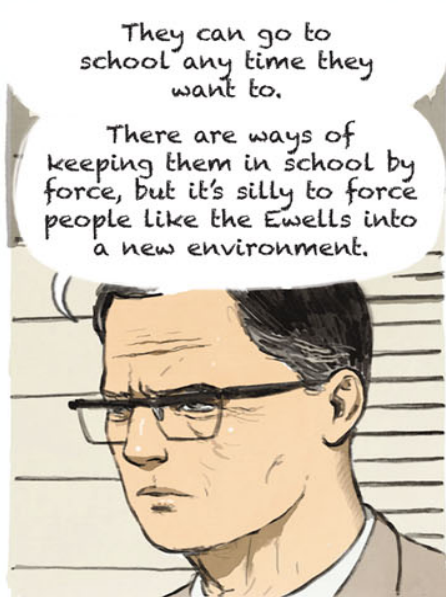
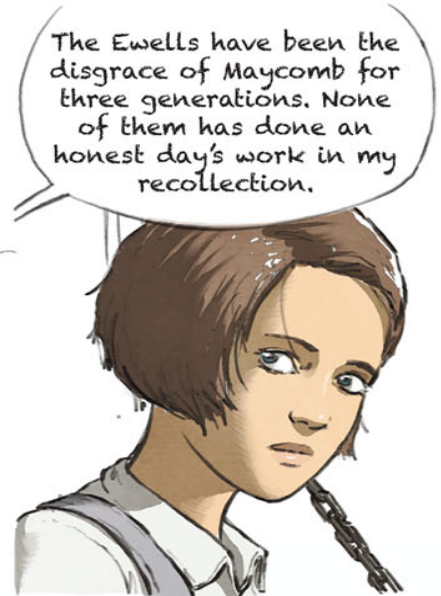


...and she said you taught me all wrong, so we can't ever read any more, ever.

Please don't send me back.



Please, sir.





Atticus kept us in fits that evening, gravely reading columns of print about a man who sat on a flagpole for no discernible reason.



1934

As the year passed, I was released from school thirty minutes before Jem, and I ran by the Radley Place as fast as I could, not stopping until I reached the safety of our front porch.

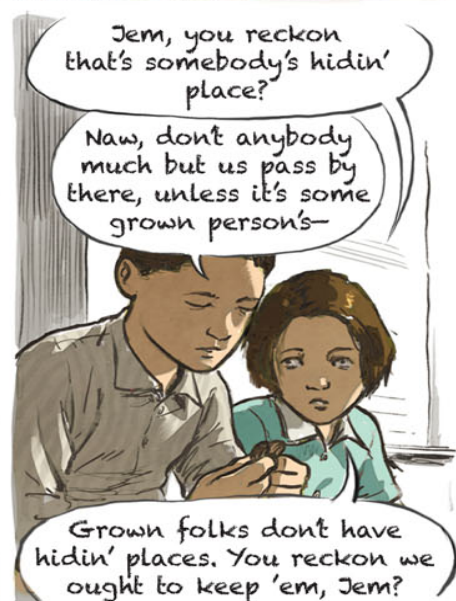


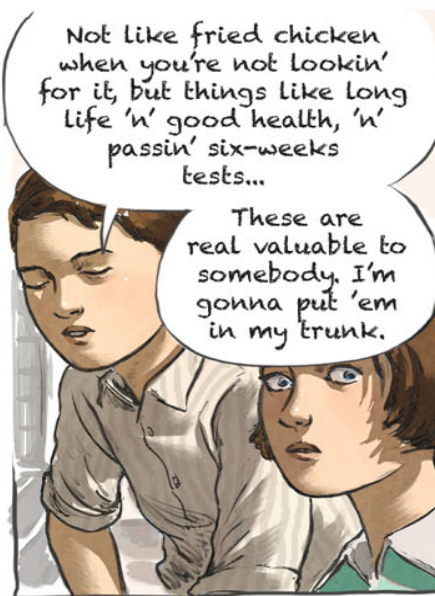
One afternoon as I raced by, something caught my eye...





Summer was sleeping on the back porch in cots, or trying to sleep in the treehouse; summer was everything good to eat; it was a thousand colors in a parched landscape; but most of all...











I'm first.

Oughtn' I be first seein' as how I just got here?



How about Scout goes first an' you get extra time?



Until it happened I did not realize that Jem was offended by my contradicting him on Hot Steams.

He rewarded me by pushing the tire down the sidewalk with all the force in his body.

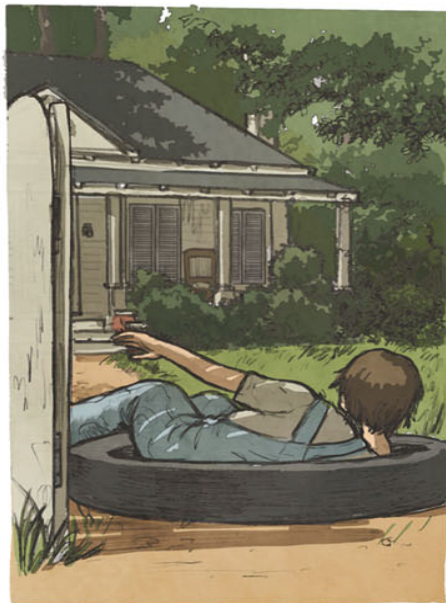
Ground, sky and houses melted into a mad palette.

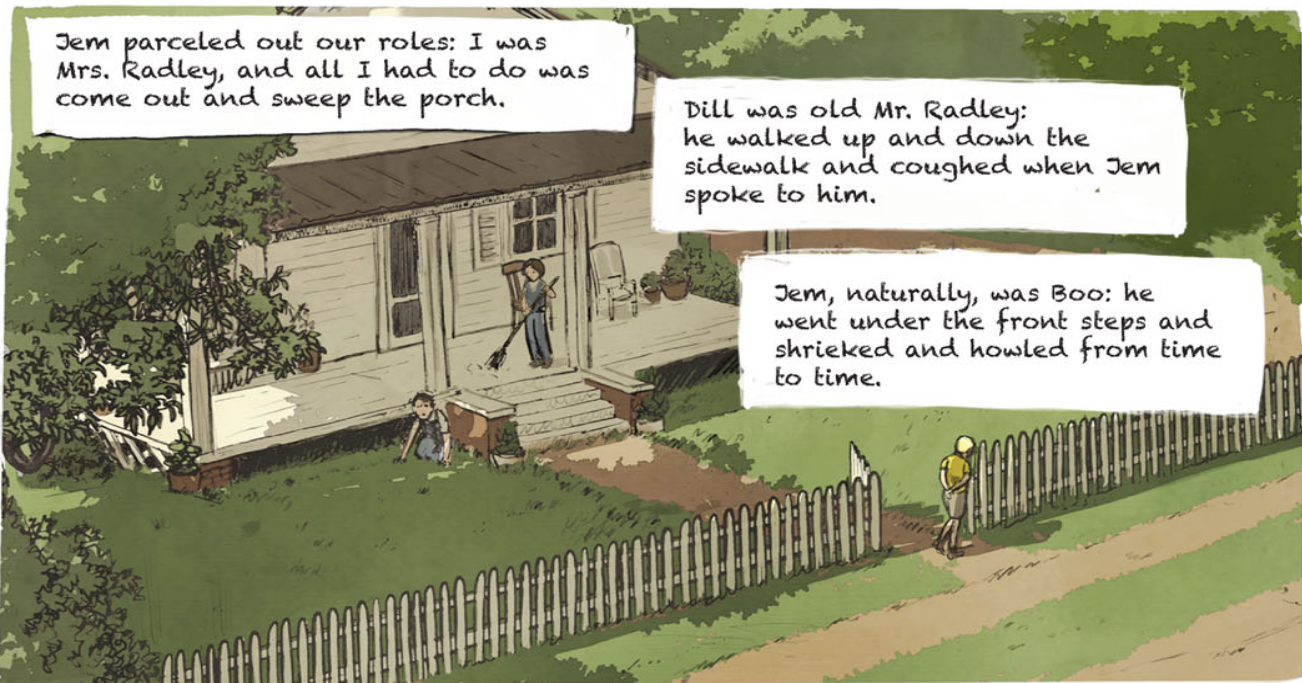
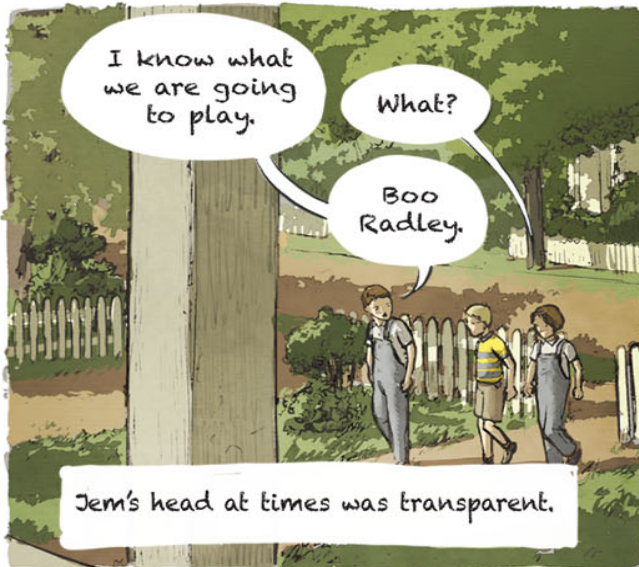
My ears throbbed.

I was suffocating.

Scout, get away from there, come on!

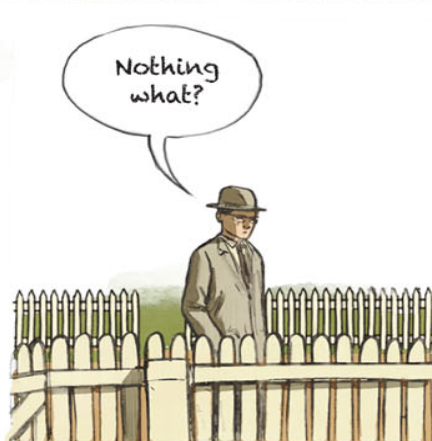
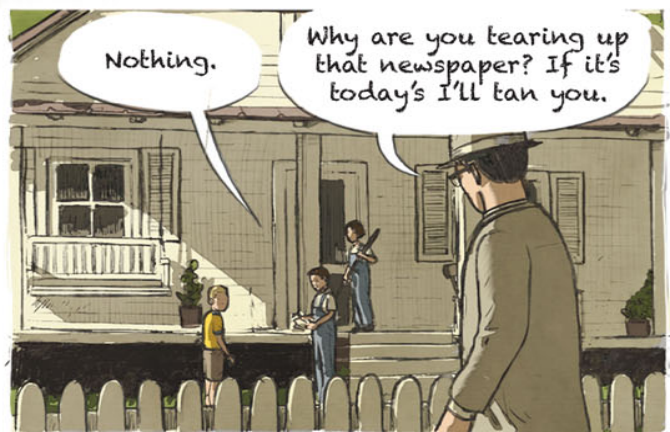
Come on, Scout, don't just lie there!





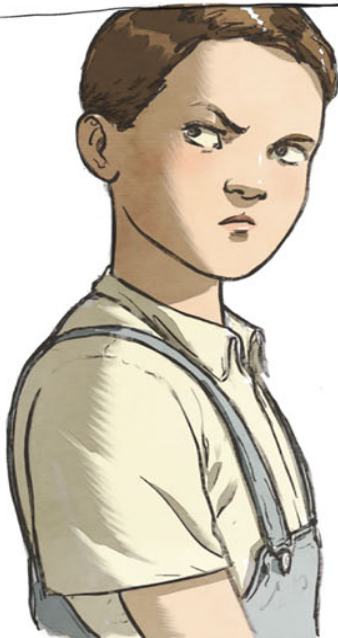
As the summer progressed, so did our game. We polished and perfected it, added dialogue and plot until we had manufactured a small play upon which we rang changes every day.

I reluctantly played assorted ladies who entered the script.





The first reason happened the day I rolled into the Radley front yard.



Through all the head-shaking, quelling of nausea and Jem-yelling, I had heard another sound, so low I could not have heard it from the sidewalk.



Dill was becoming something of a trial.

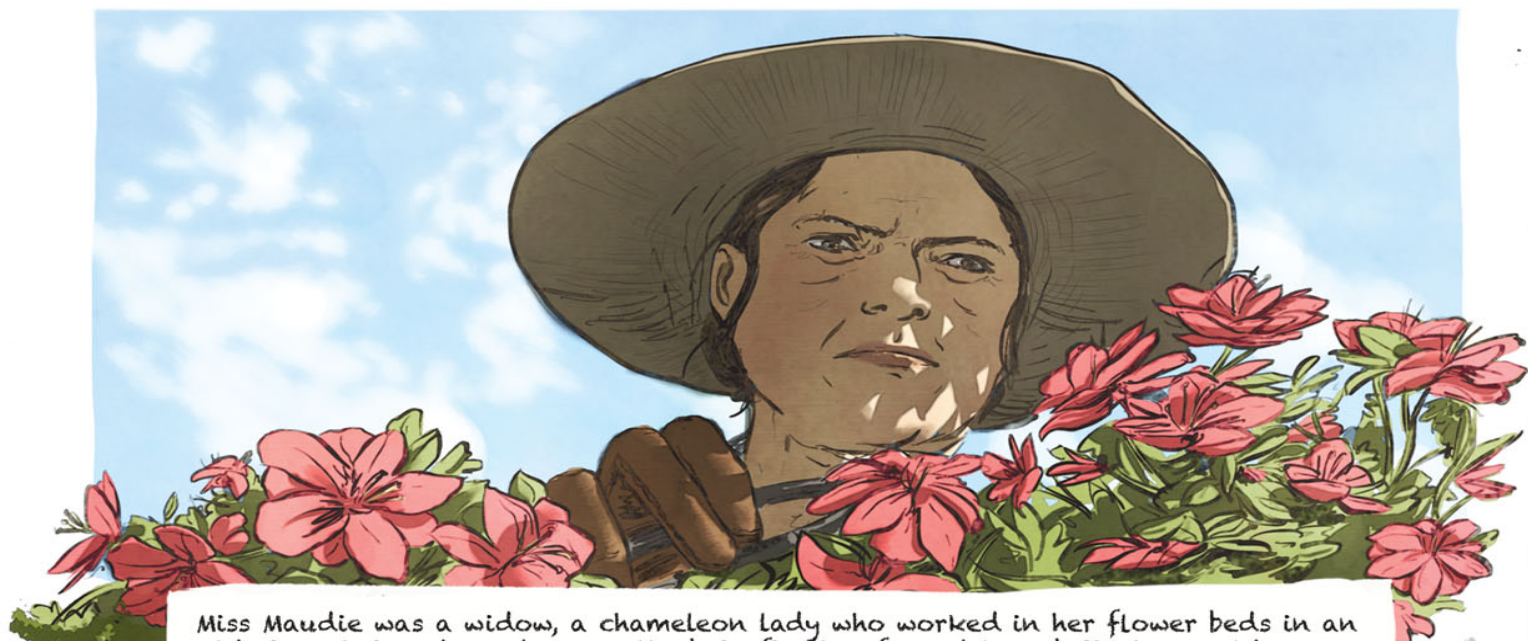
He had asked me earlier in the summer to marry him, then he promptly forgot about it. He staked me out, marked as his property, said I was the only girl he would ever love, then he neglected me.



I beat him up twice but it did no good, he only grew closer to Jem.



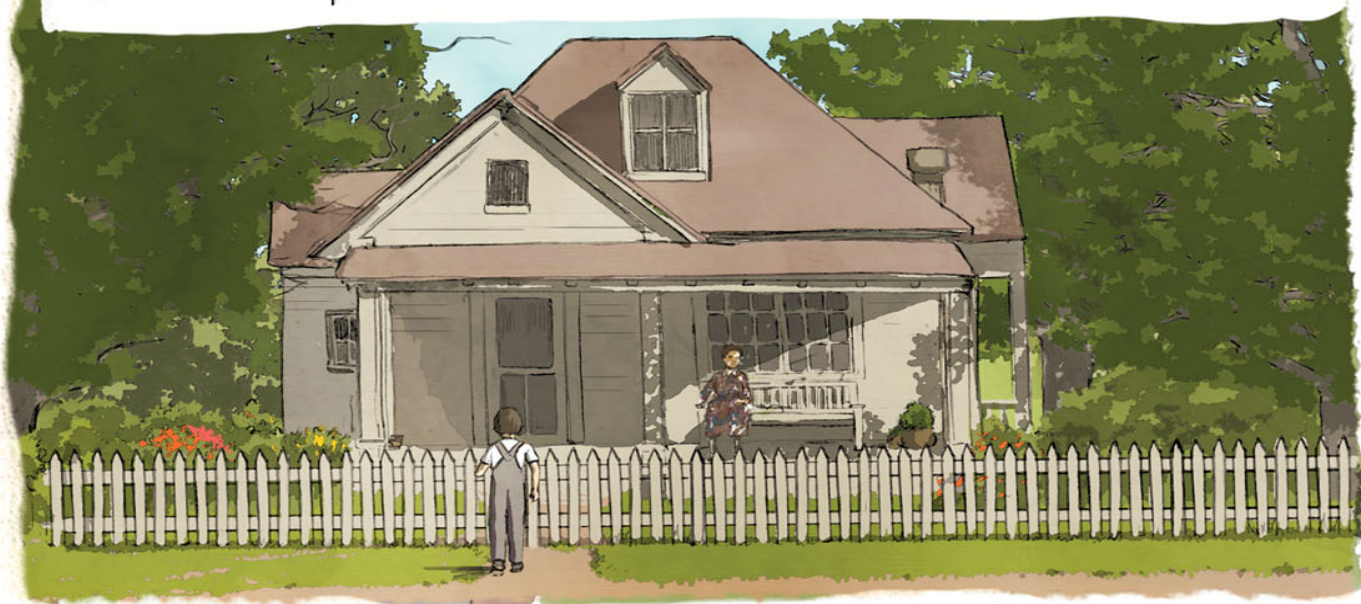
I kept aloof from their more foolhardy schemes for a while, and on pain of being called a girl, I spent most of the remaining twilights that summer sitting with Miss Maudie Atkinson on her front porch.

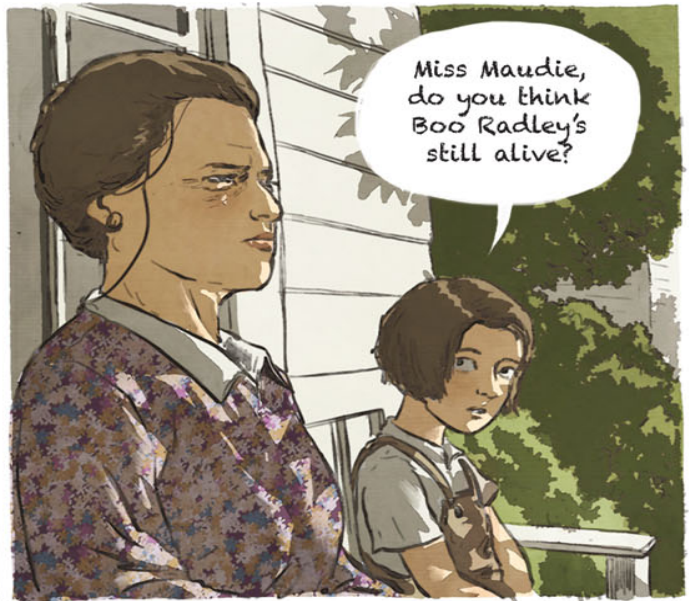


Miss Maudie was a widow, a chameleon lady who worked in her flower beds in an old straw hat and men's coveralls, but after her five o'clock bath she would appear on the porch and reign over the street in magisterial beauty.

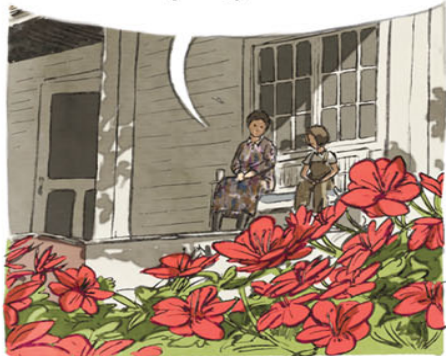


Our tacit treaty with Miss Maudie was that we could play on her lawn, eat her scuppernongs if we didn't jump on the arbor, and explore her vast back lot, terms so generous we seldom spoke to her, so careful were we to preserve the delicate balance of our relationship, but Jem and Dill drove me closer to her.



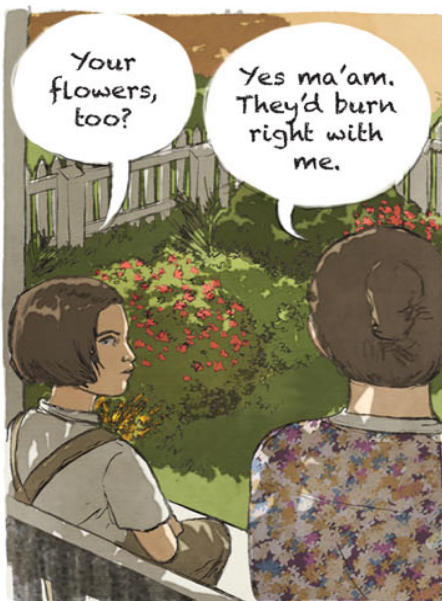


You know old Mr. Radley was a foot-washing Baptist. Foot-washers believe anything that's pleasure is a sin. Did you know some of 'em passed by this place and told me me and my flowers were going to hell?



Your flowers, too?

Yes ma'am. They'd burn right with me.



That ain't right, Miss Maudie. You're the best lady I know.

Thank you ma'am.



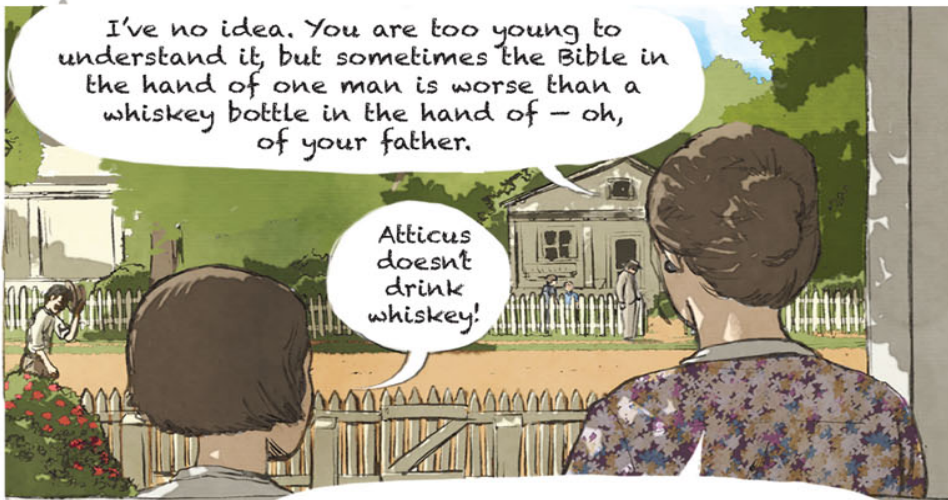
Thing is, foot-washers think women are a sin by definition. They take the Bible literally, you know.

Is that why Mr. Arthur stays in the house, to keep away from women?



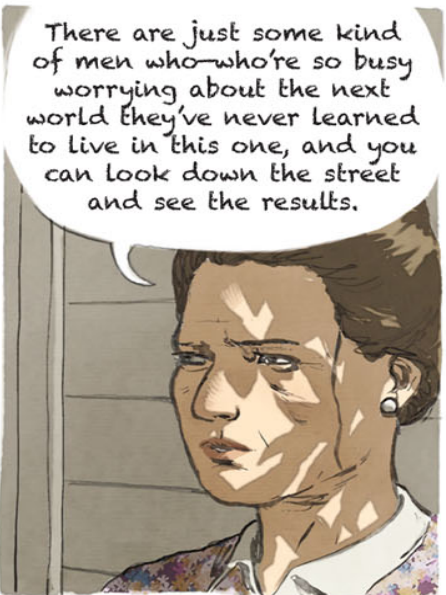
I've no idea. You are too young to understand it, but sometimes the Bible in the hand of one man is worse than a whiskey bottle in the hand of — oh, of your father.

Atticus doesn't drink whiskey!



What I meant was, if Atticus Finch drank until he was drunk he wouldn't be as hard as some men are at their best.

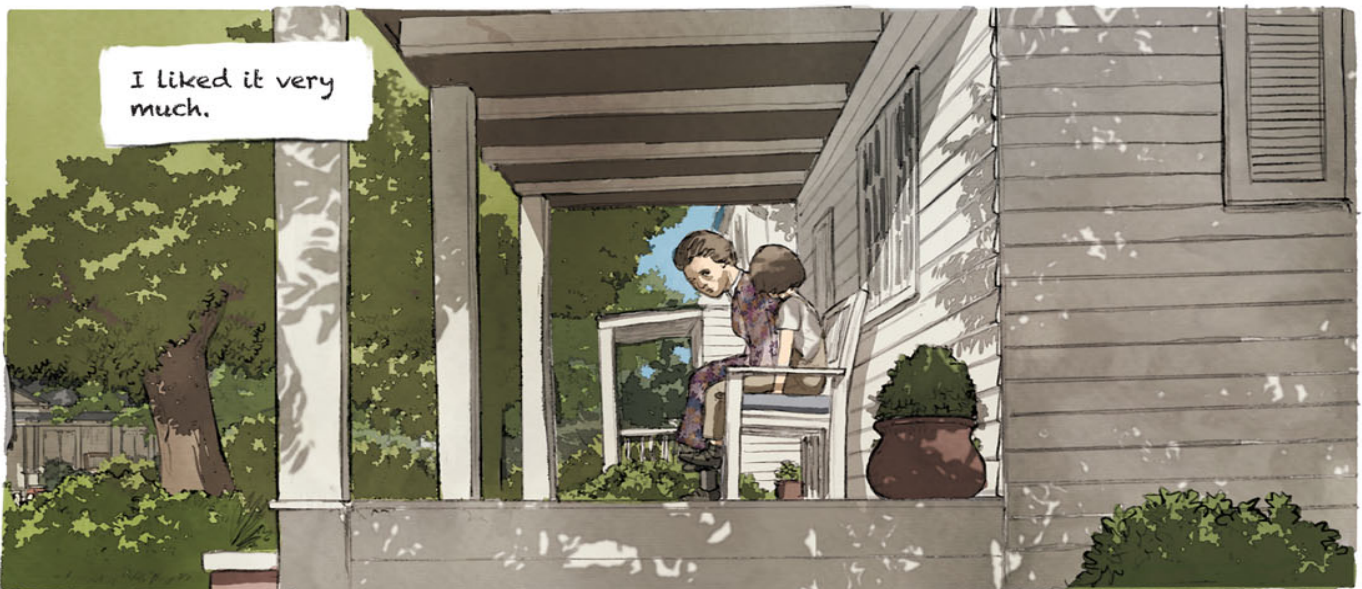
There are just some kind of men who—who're so busy worrying about the next world they've never learned to live in this one, and you can look down the street and see the results.



Do you think they're true, all those things they say about B— Mr. Arthur?

That stuff is three-fourths colored folks and one-fourth Stephanie Crawford.





Next morning when I awakened I found Jem and Dill in the back yard deep in conversation.



Go away now, Scout.



Will not. This yard's as much mine as it is yours, Jem Finch.



...
If you stay you've got to do what we tell you.

We-ll.
Who's so high and mighty all of a sudden?

If you don't say you'll do what we tell you, we ain't gonna tell you anything.



You act like you grew ten inches in the night! All right, what is it?

We are going to give a note to Boo Radley.

Just how?



We're gonna put a note on the end of a fishing pole and stick it through the shutters is all. If anyone comes, Dill'll ring the bell.



Jem—

Now you're in it and you can't get out of it, you'll just stay in it, Miss Priss!



What'd you write him?

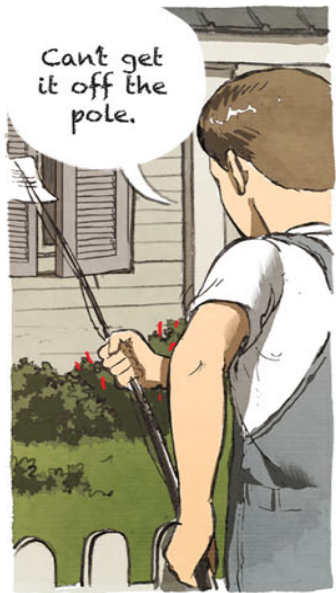
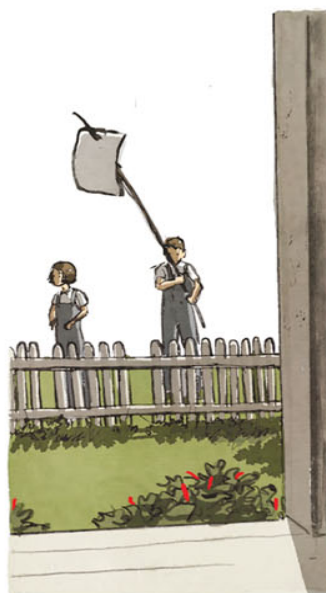
We're askin' him real politely to come out sometimes, and tell us what he does in there—

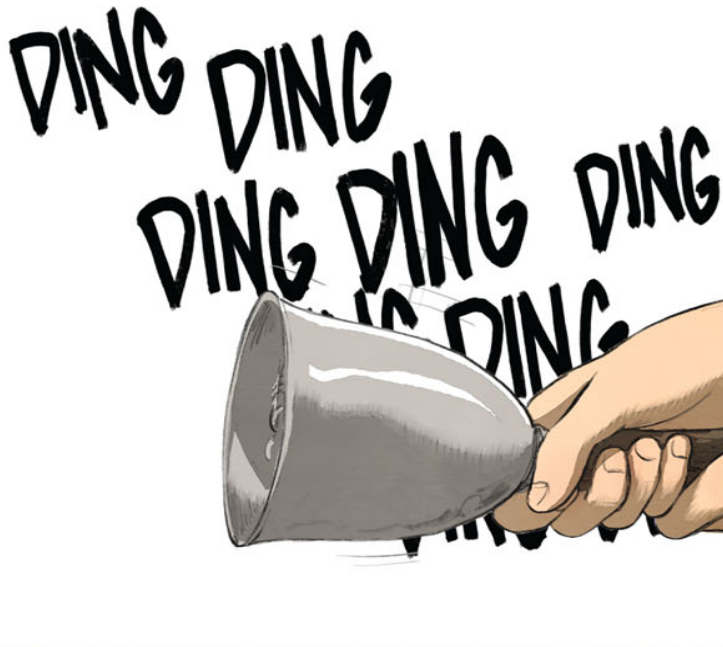


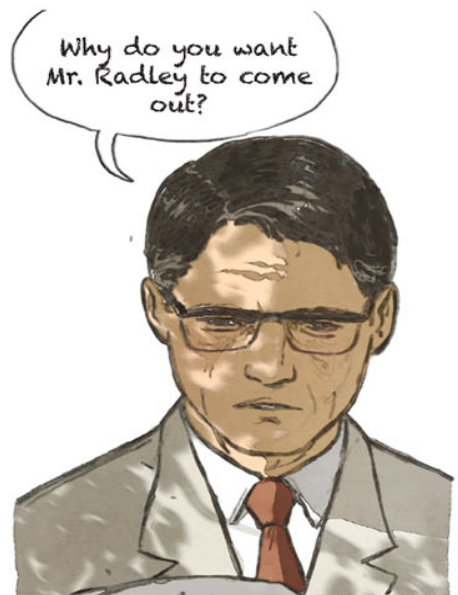
You all've gone crazy, he'll kill us!

It's my idea. I figure if he'd come out and sit a spell with us he might feel better.









On Dill's last night our father
had permitted us to sit out
by Miss Rachel's fishpool.



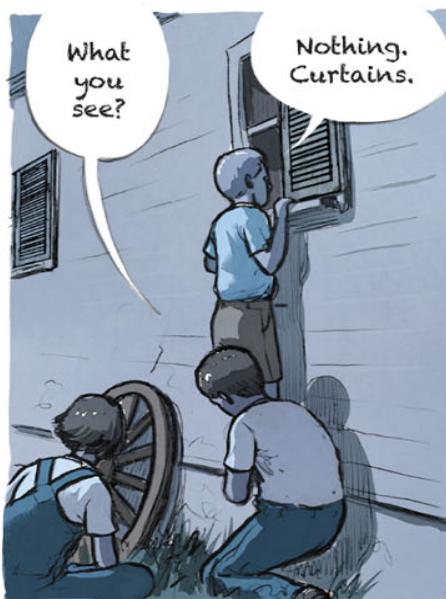
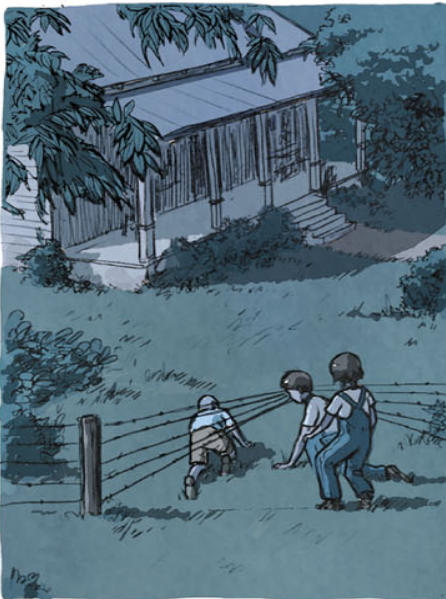
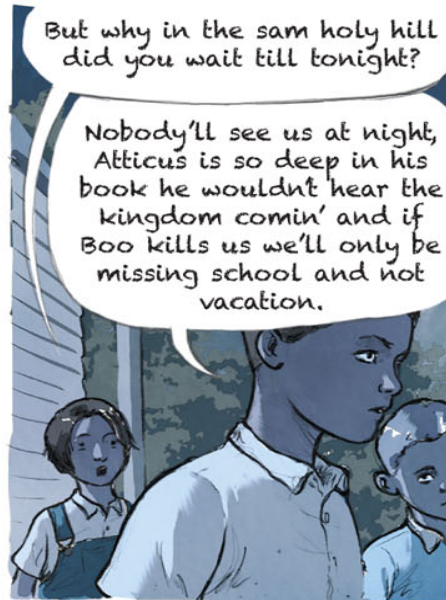
I know what,
let's go for a
walk.

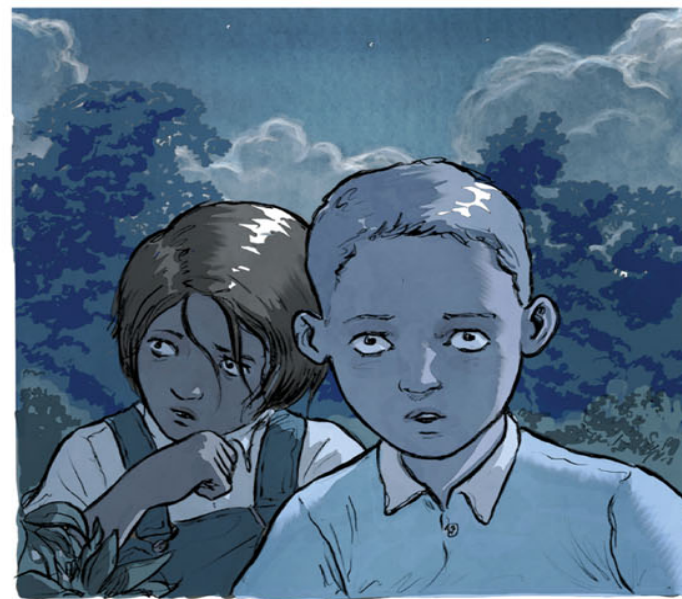
Where
to, Dill?

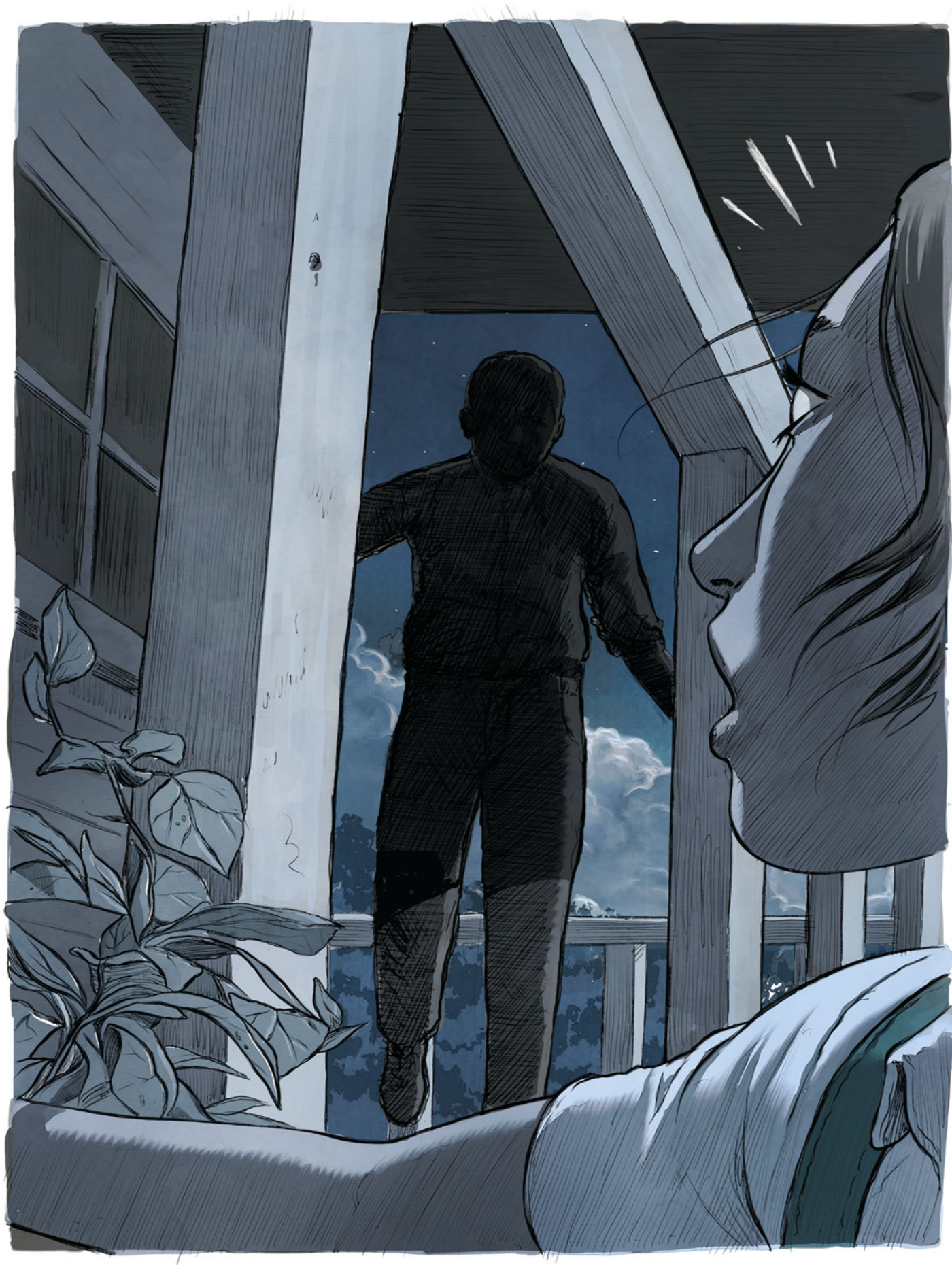
Jus' down to
the street light
and back.

But
Atticus said
we—

You don't
have to come
along, Angel
May.

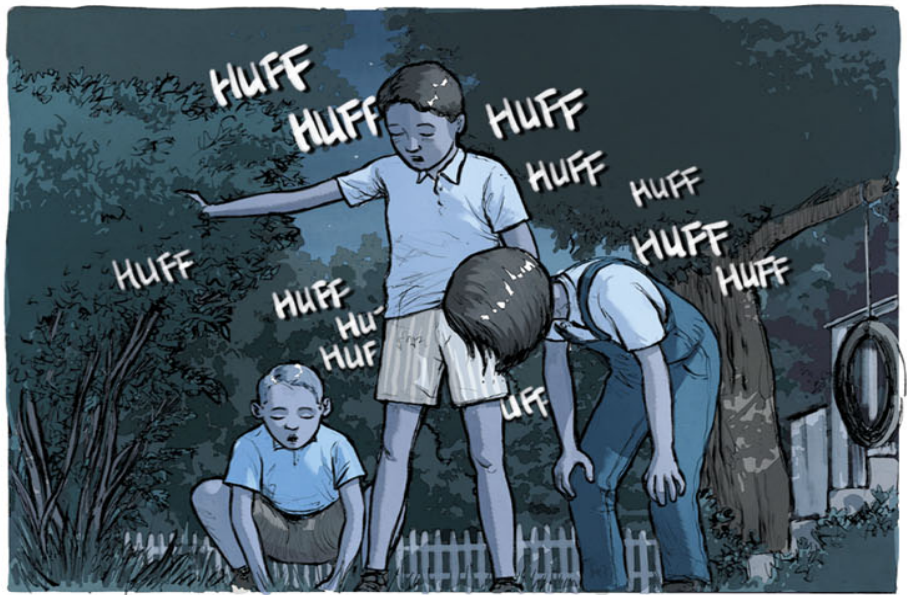
















Don't worry, Dill she aint gonna get you. He'll talk her out of it.

That was fast thinkin', son.



Dill was comforted, but Jem and I weren't. There was the problem of Jem showing up some pants in the morning.



Dill offered a pair of his own but Jem said he couldn't get in them.

We said good-bye, and Dill went inside the house.



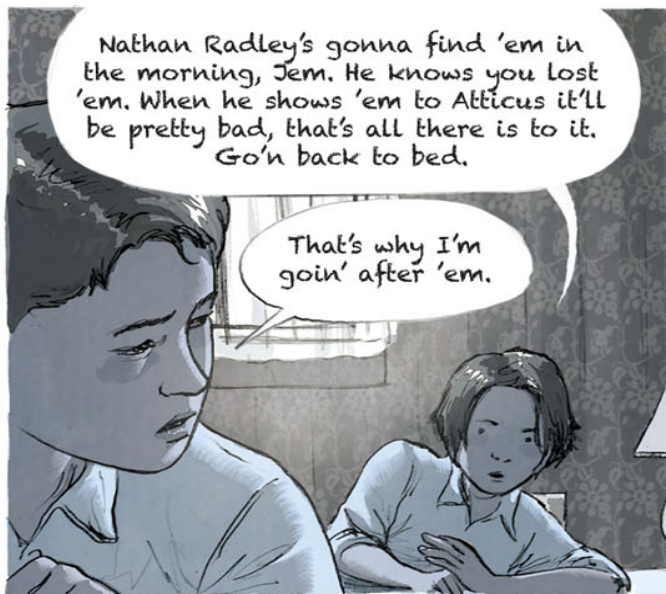
He evidently remembered he was engaged to me, for he ran back out and kissed me swiftly in front of Jem.

-pek-



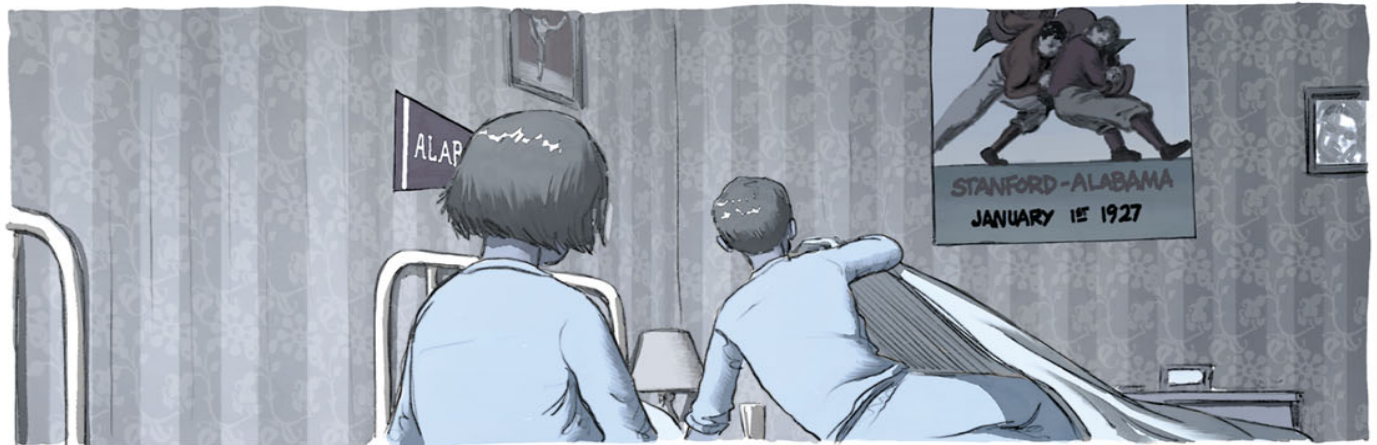
Yawl write, hear?











Jem stayed moody and silent for a week.



As Atticus had once advised me to do, I tried to climb into Jem's skin and walk around in it: if I had gone alone to the Radley Place at two in the morning, my funeral would have been held the next day.

One afternoon when we were crossing the schoolyard toward home, Jem suddenly spoke:

There's something I didn't tell you about that night.

You've never told me anything about that night.



When I went back for my breeches they were folded across the fence...

Like they were expectin' me.

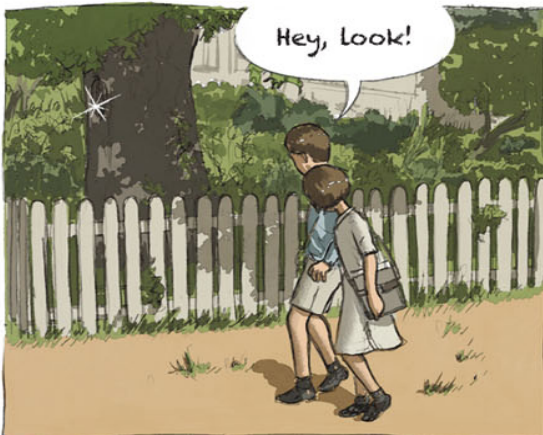


An' they'd been sewed up. Not like a lady sewed 'em, like somethin' I'd try to do.

Like somebody was readin' my mind...



Hey, look!



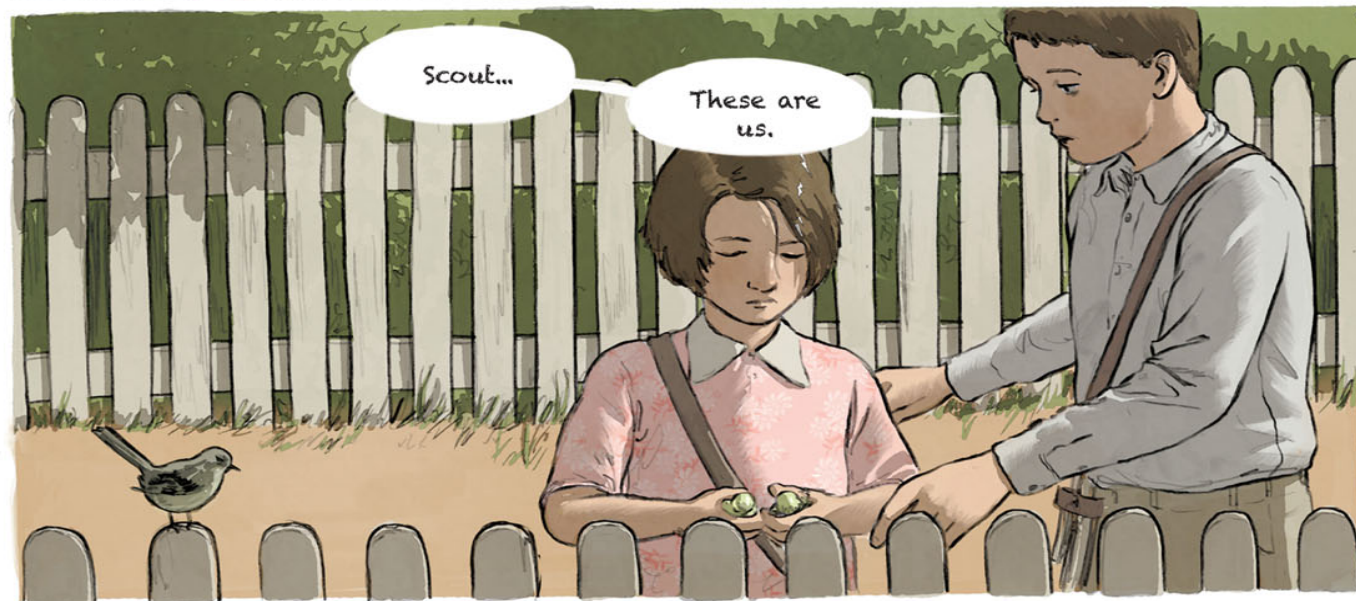
Don't take it, Jem.

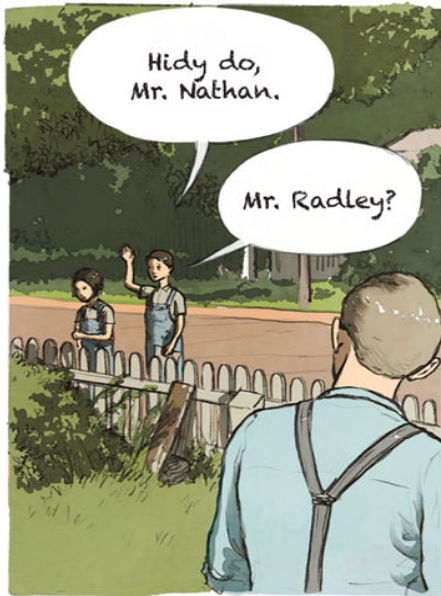
This is somebody's hidin' place. Somebody like Walter Cunningham. Listen, let's leave it and wait a couple of days. If it aint gone then, we'll take it, okay?

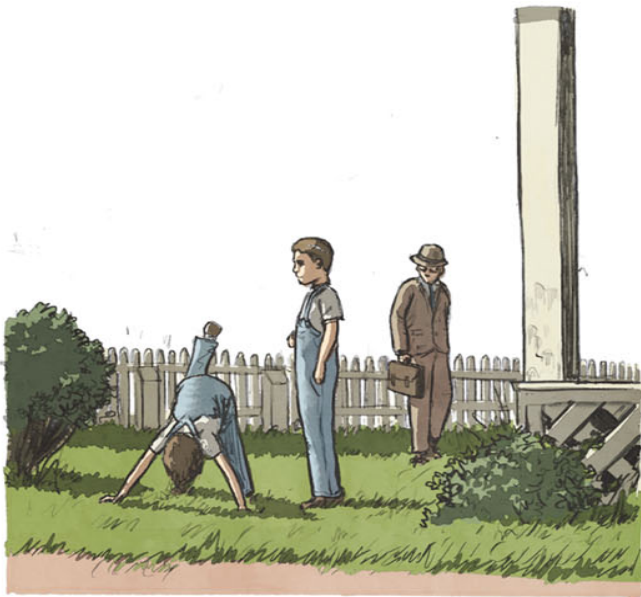




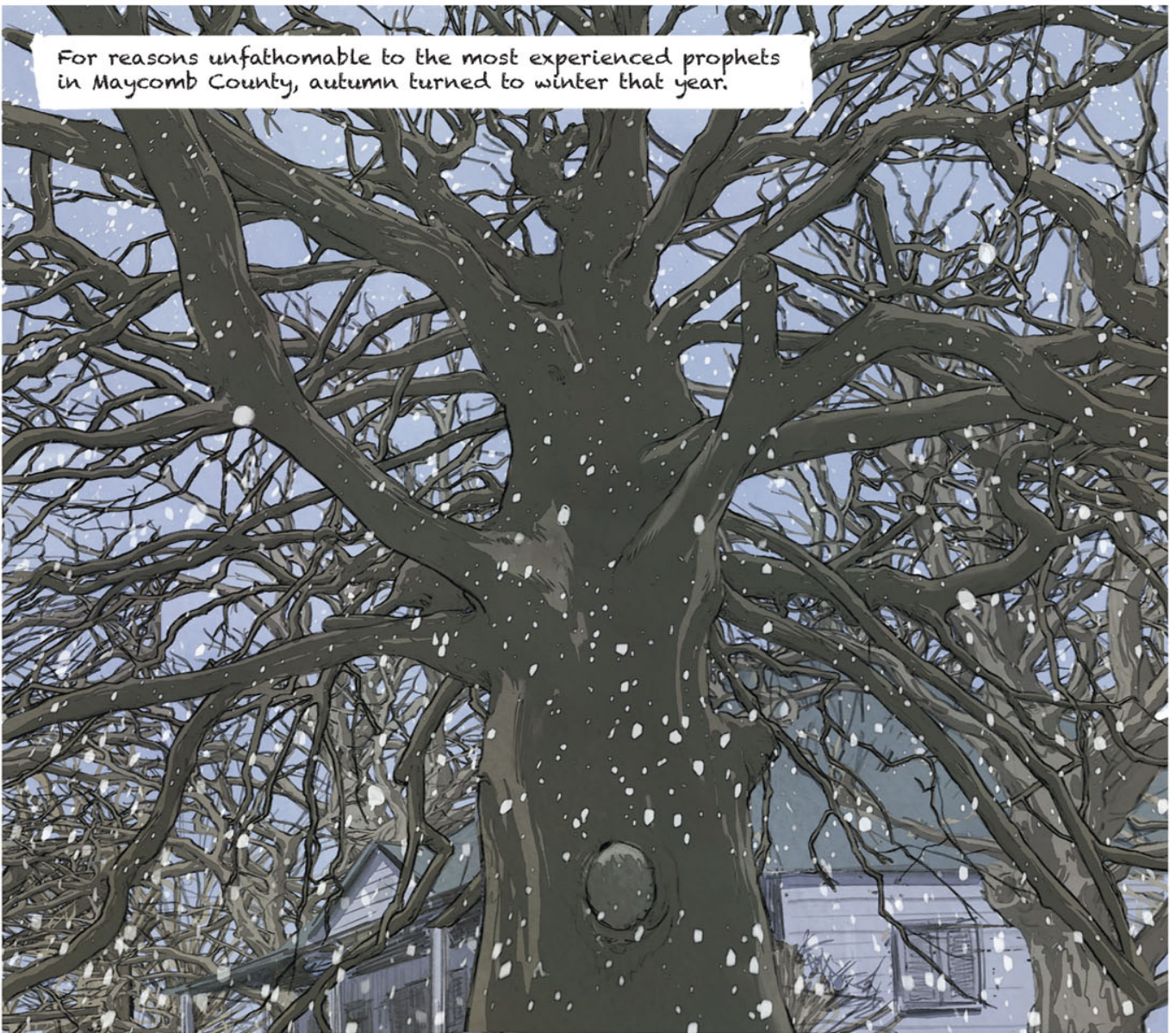
From then on, we considered everything we found in the knot-hole our property: a tarnished medal, a pack of gum, a watch and chain and, one day in October...

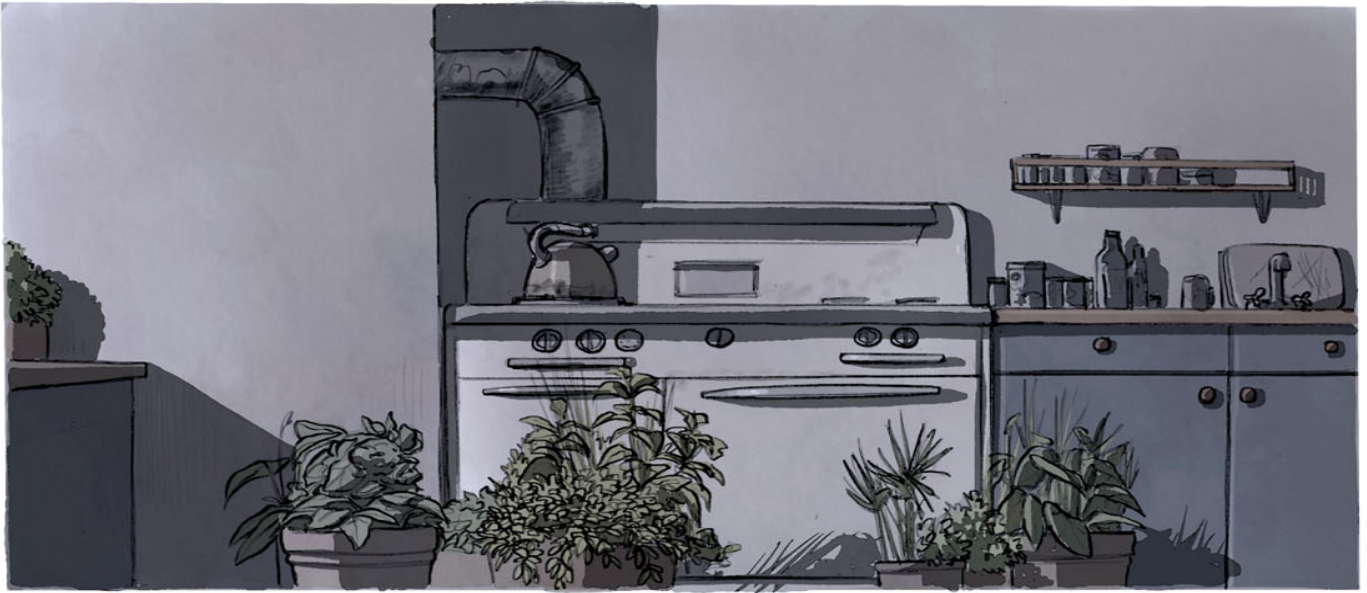


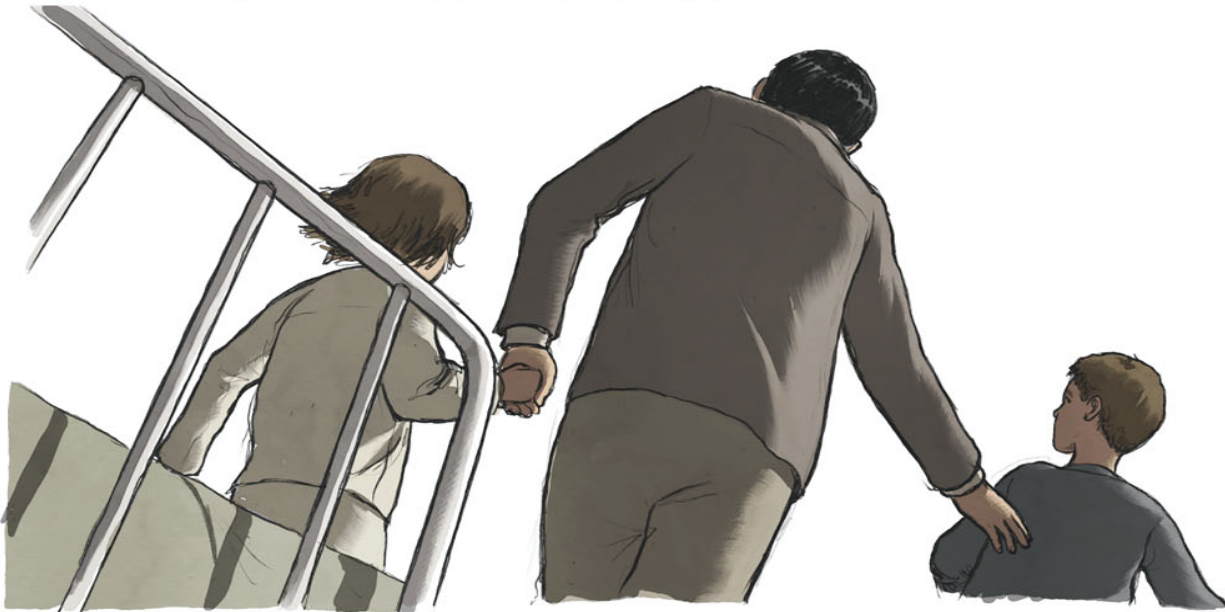
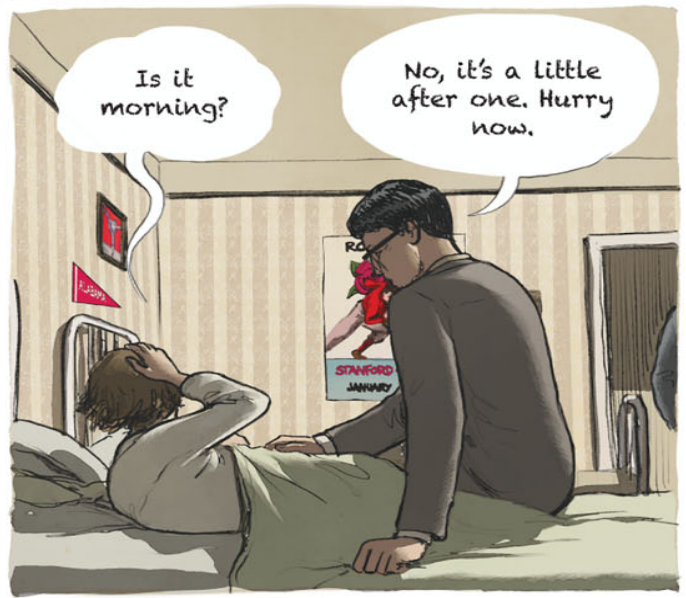
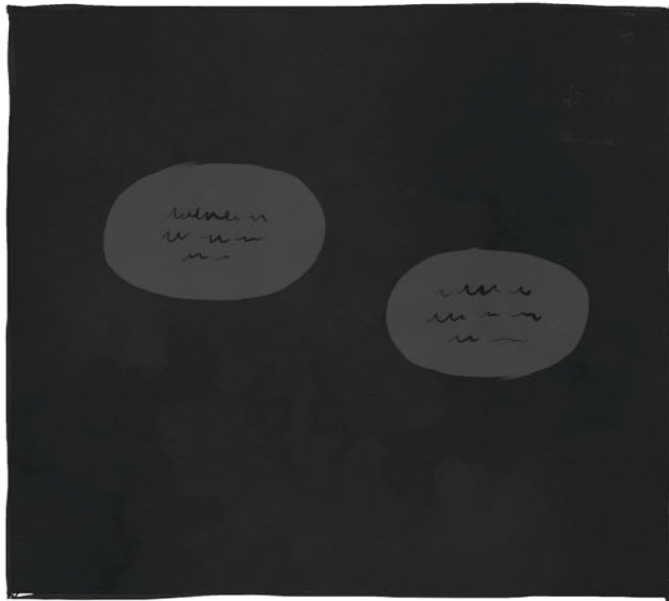


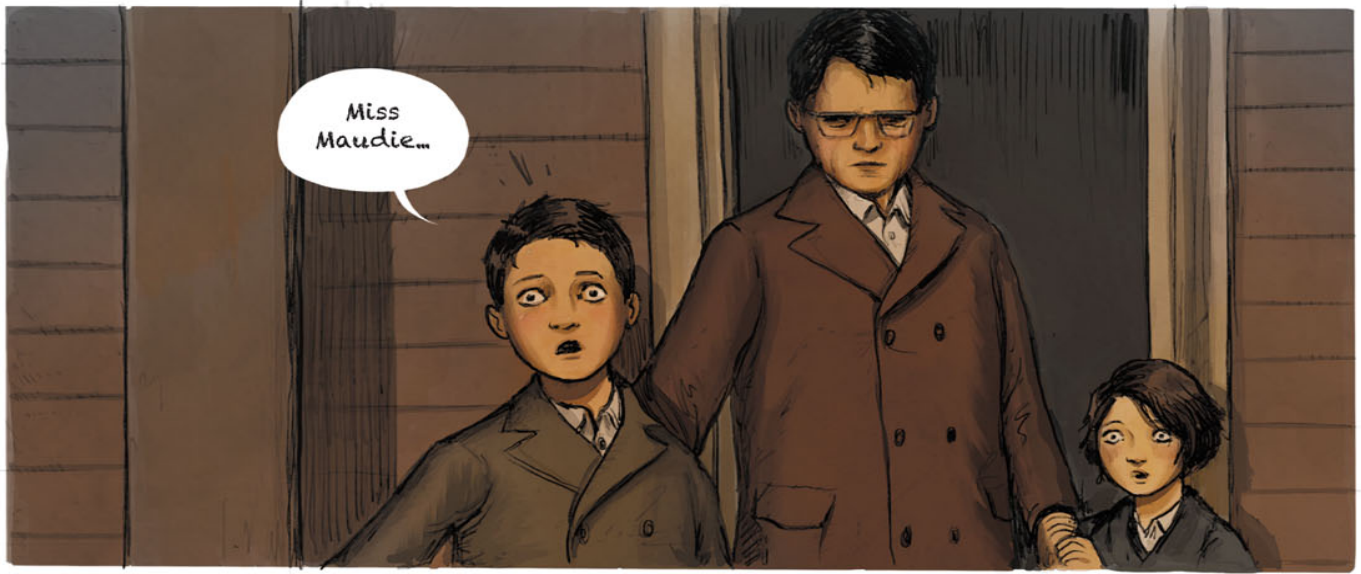


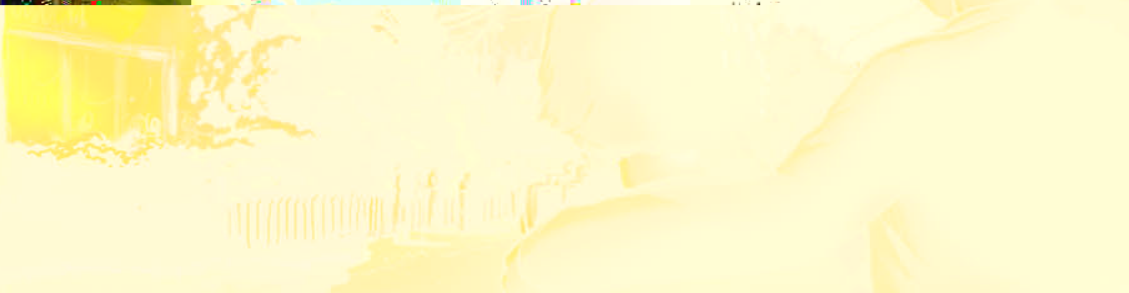
For reasons unfathomable to the most experienced prophets in Maycomb County, autumn turned to winter that year.







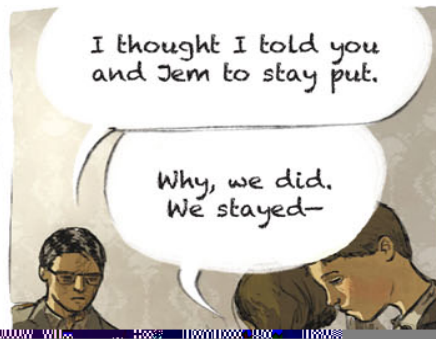
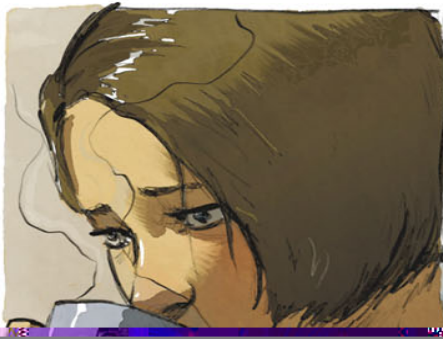


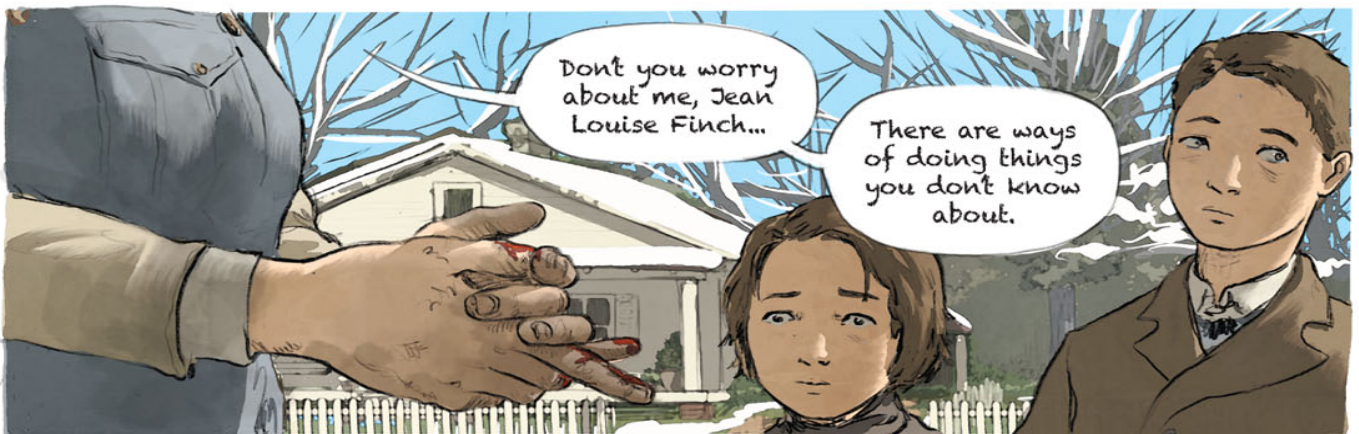
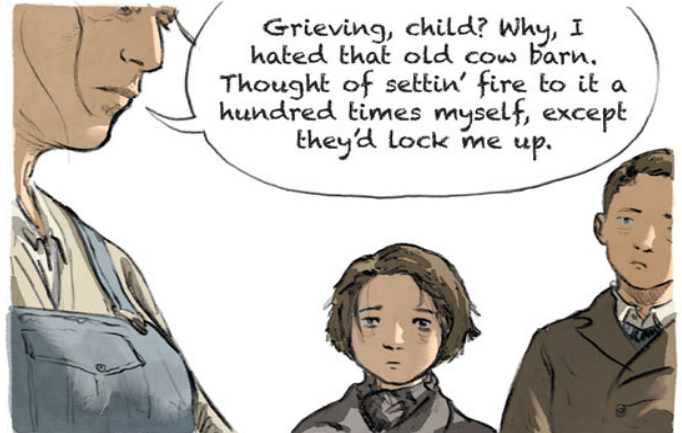


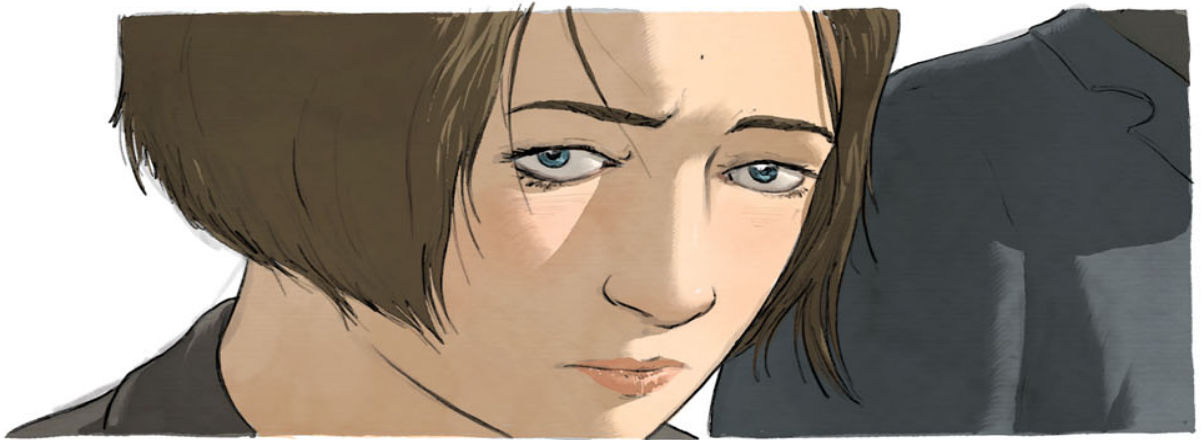
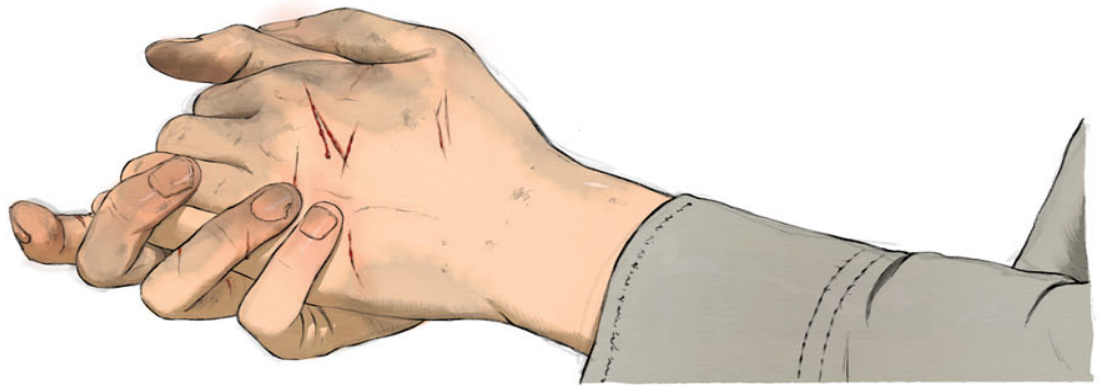




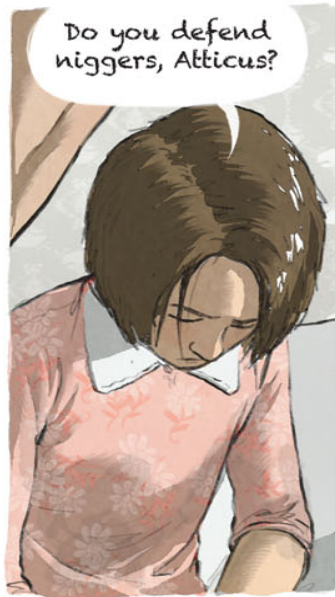


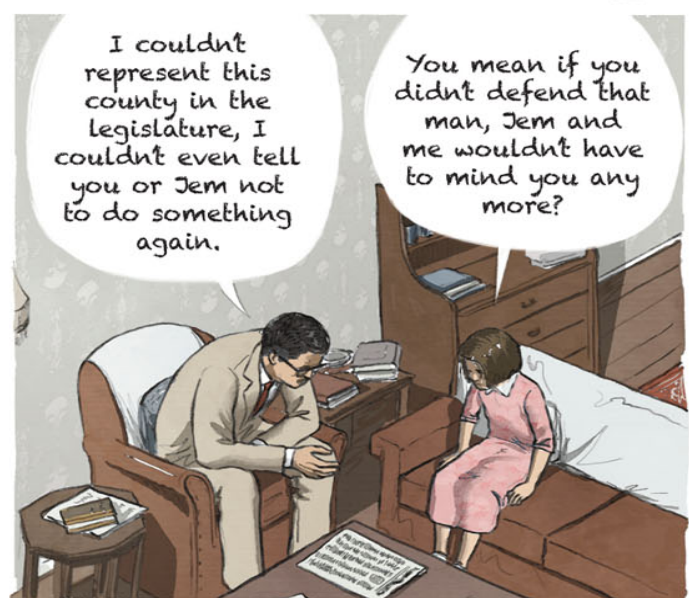
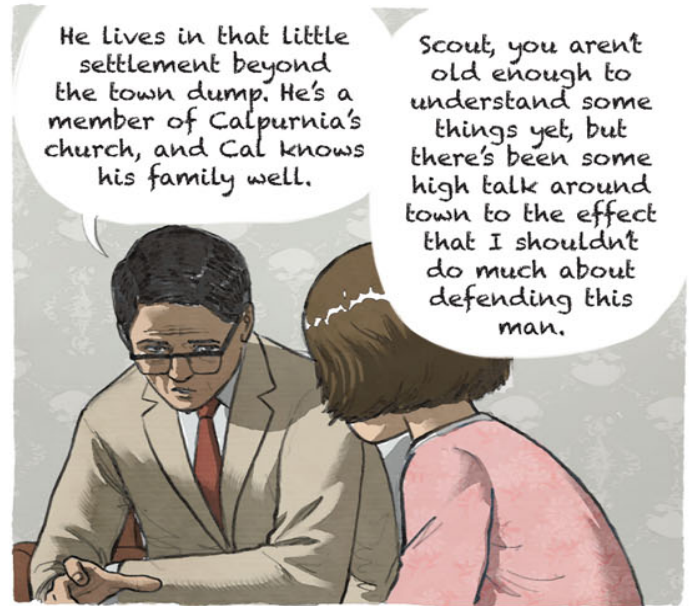
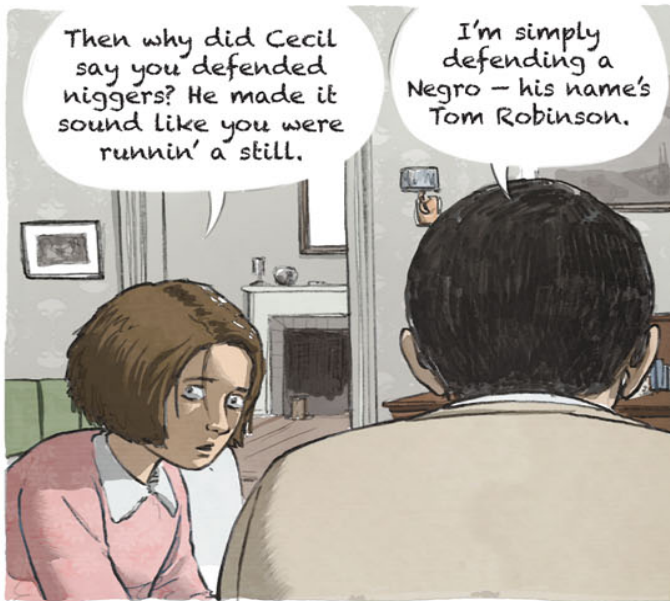














No, honey.

Then, why



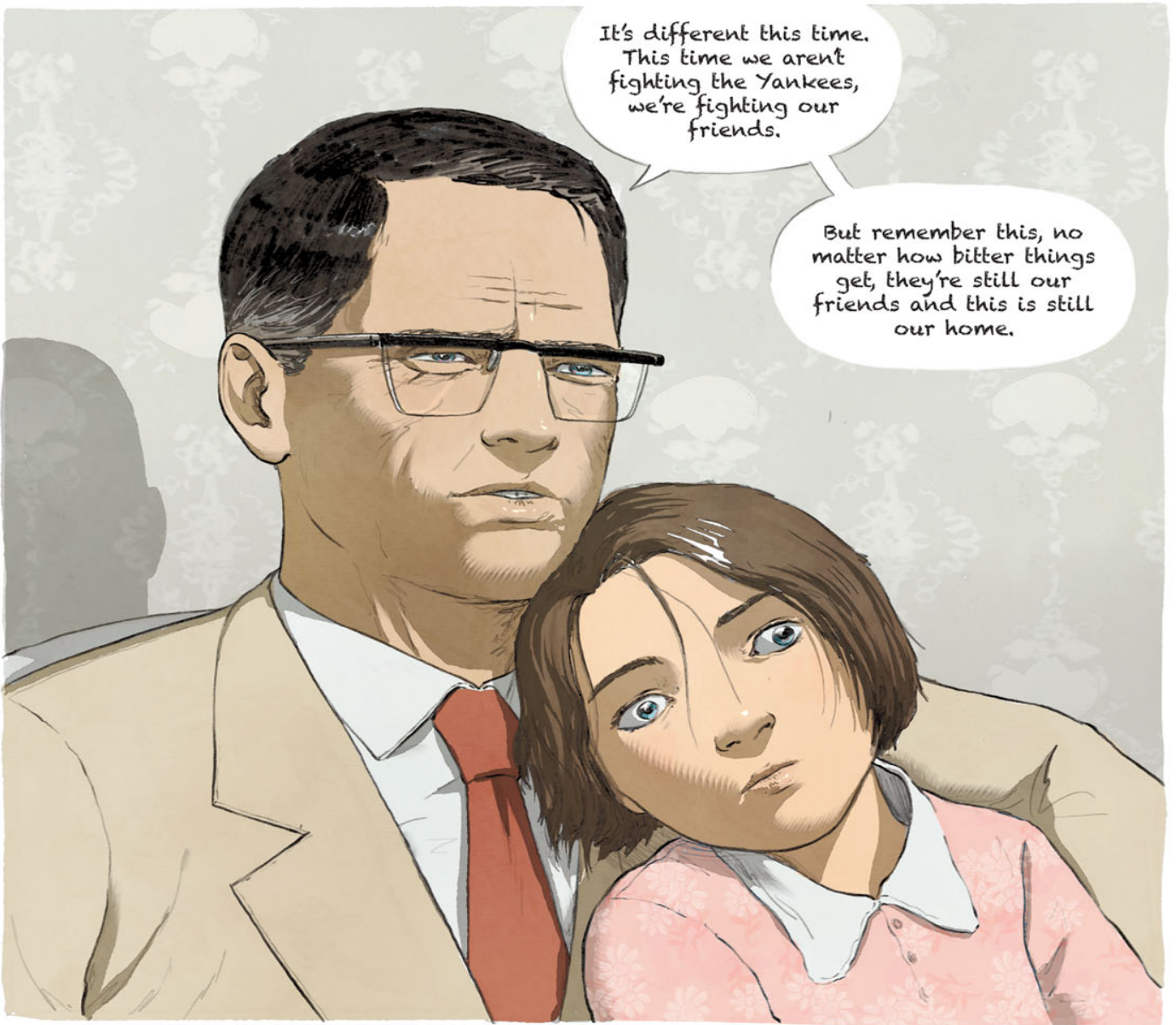
Simply because we were licked a hundred years before we started is no reason for us not to try to win.

You sound like Cousin Ike Finch.

Cousin Ike Finch was Maycomb County's sole surviving Confederate veteran.

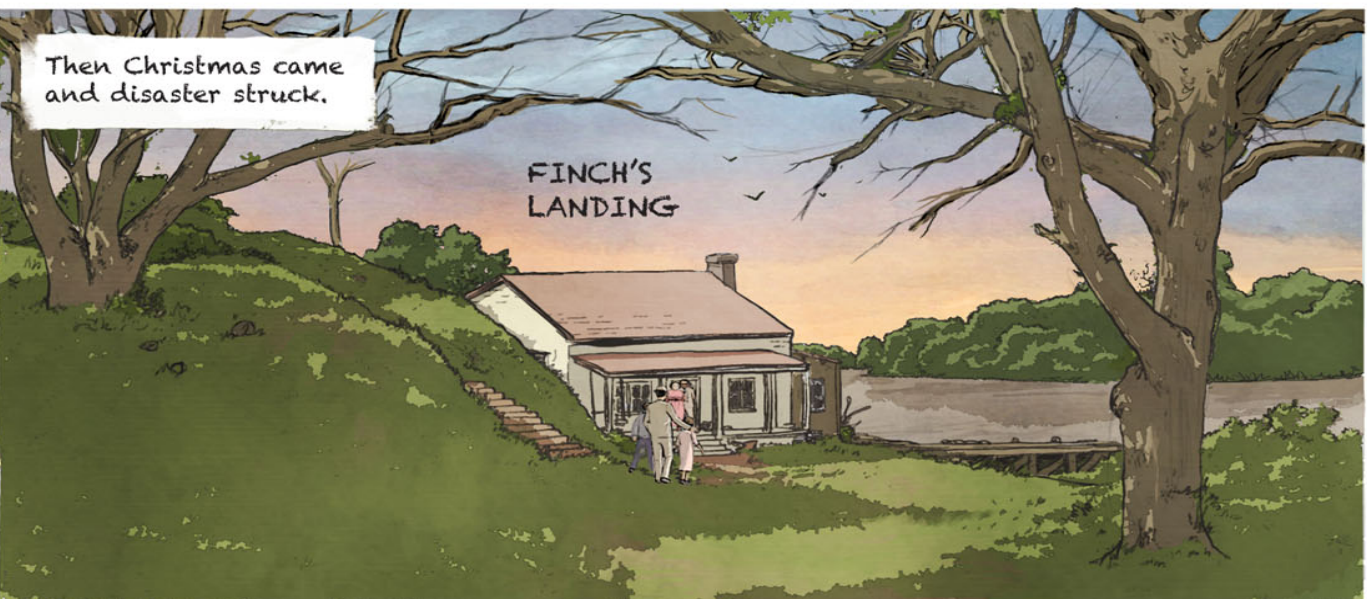
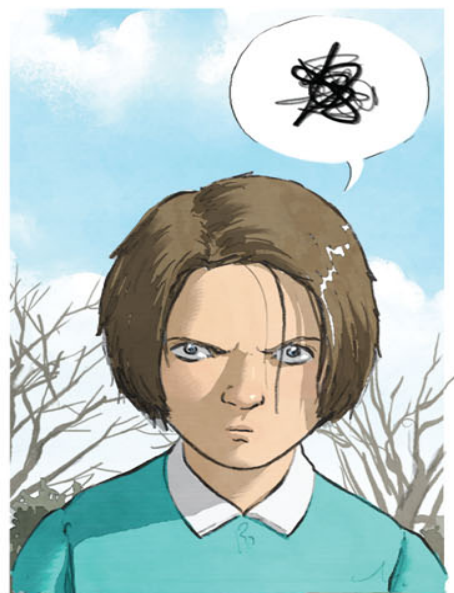


Come here, Scout.



It's different this time. This time we aren't fighting the Yankees, we're fighting our friends.

But remember this, no matter how bitter things get, they're still our friends and this is still our home.



Jem and I viewed Christmas with mixed feelings.



The good side was the tree and Uncle Jack Finch.

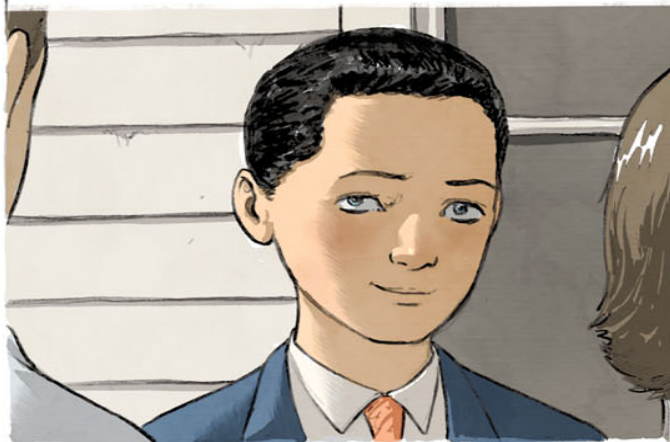


A flip of the coin revealed the uncompromising lineaments of Aunt Alexandra and Francis.

Had I ever harbored the mystical notions about mountains that seem to obsess lawyers and judges, Aunt Alexandra would have been analogous to Mount Everest: throughout my early life, she was cold and there.

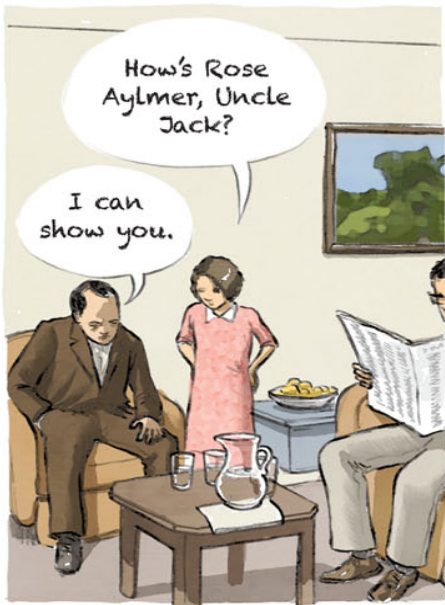


Francis was a year older than I, and I avoided him on principle: he enjoyed everything I disapproved of, and disliked my ingenuous diversions.



How's Rose Aylmer, Uncle Jack?

I can show you.



She's gettin' fat.

I should think so. She eats all the left-over fingers and ears from the hospital.

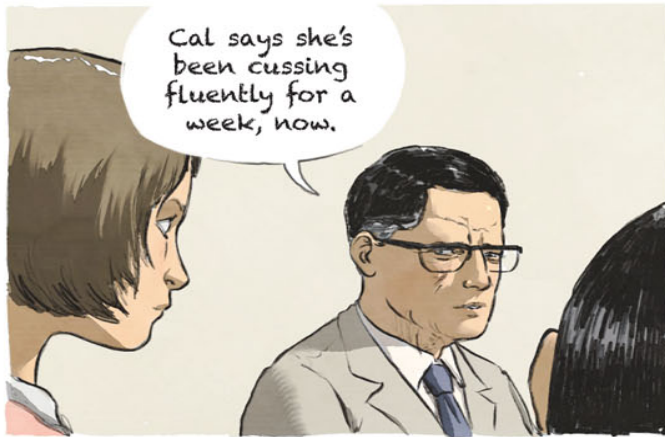
Aw, that's a damn story.



I beg your pardon?

Don't pay any attention to her, Jack. She's trying you out.

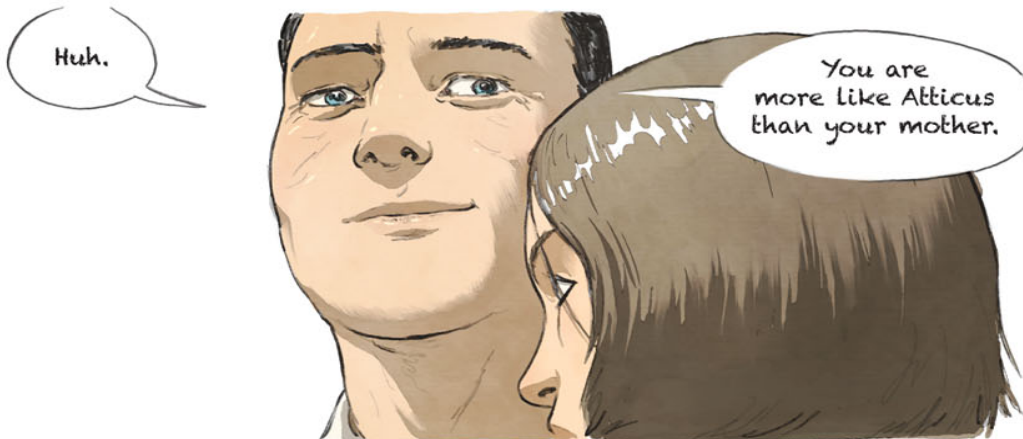




At supper that evening when I asked him to pass the damn ham, please, Uncle Jack pointed at me.



I was proceeding on the dim theory, aside from the innate attractiveness of such words, that if Atticus discovered I had picked them up at school he wouldn't make me go.



On Christmas morning Jem and I dived for the two long packages Uncle Jack had deposited beneath the tree.



Don't point them in the house!



You'll have to teach 'em to shoot.

That's your job.



I had already begun to think of shooting Francis, but Atticus said if we made one false move he'd take them away for good.

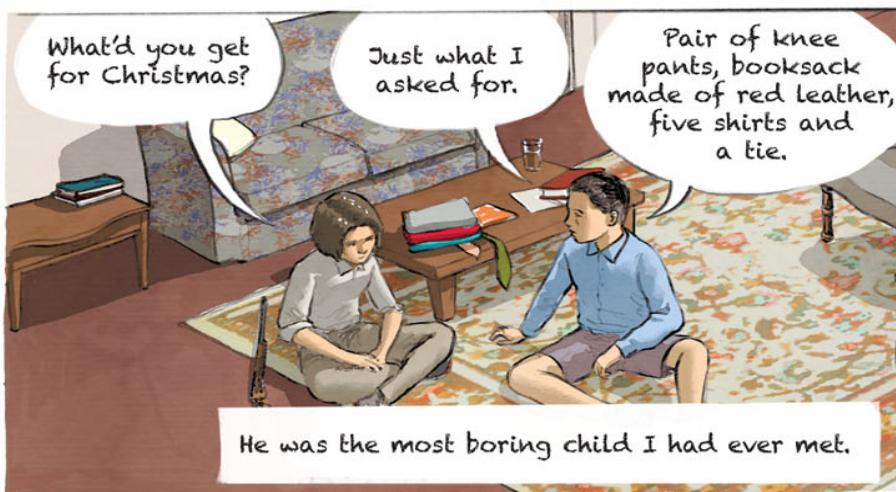


Jem felt his age and gravitated to the adults, leaving me to entertain our cousin. Francis was eight and slicked back his hair.

What'd you get for Christmas?

Just what I asked for.

Pair of knee pants, booksack made of red leather, five shirts and a tie.



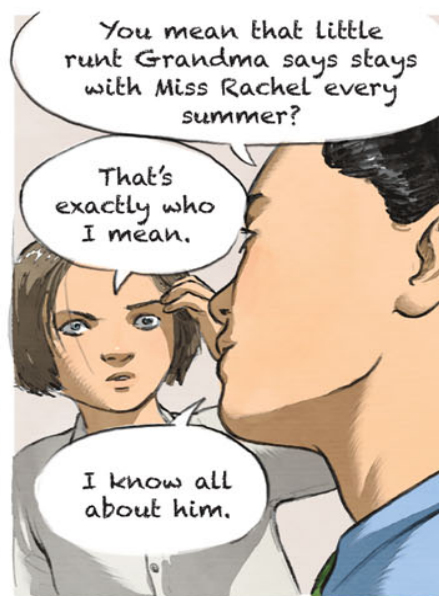
He was the most boring child I had ever met.

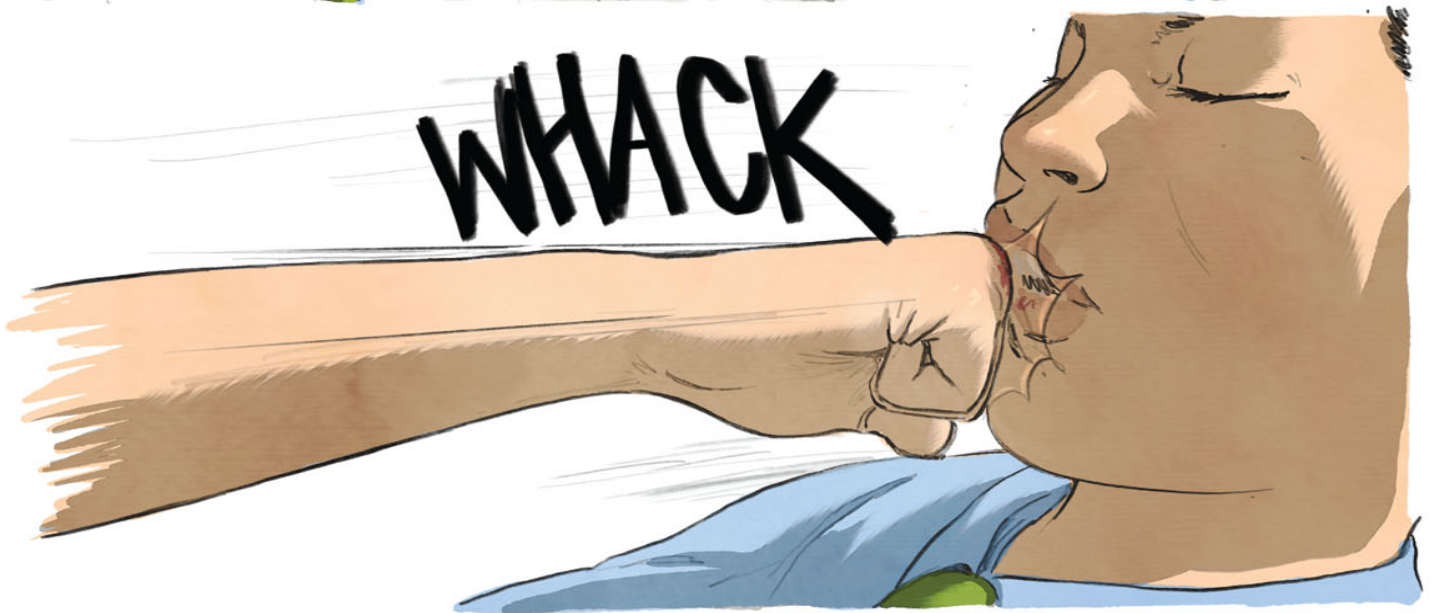
That's nice.

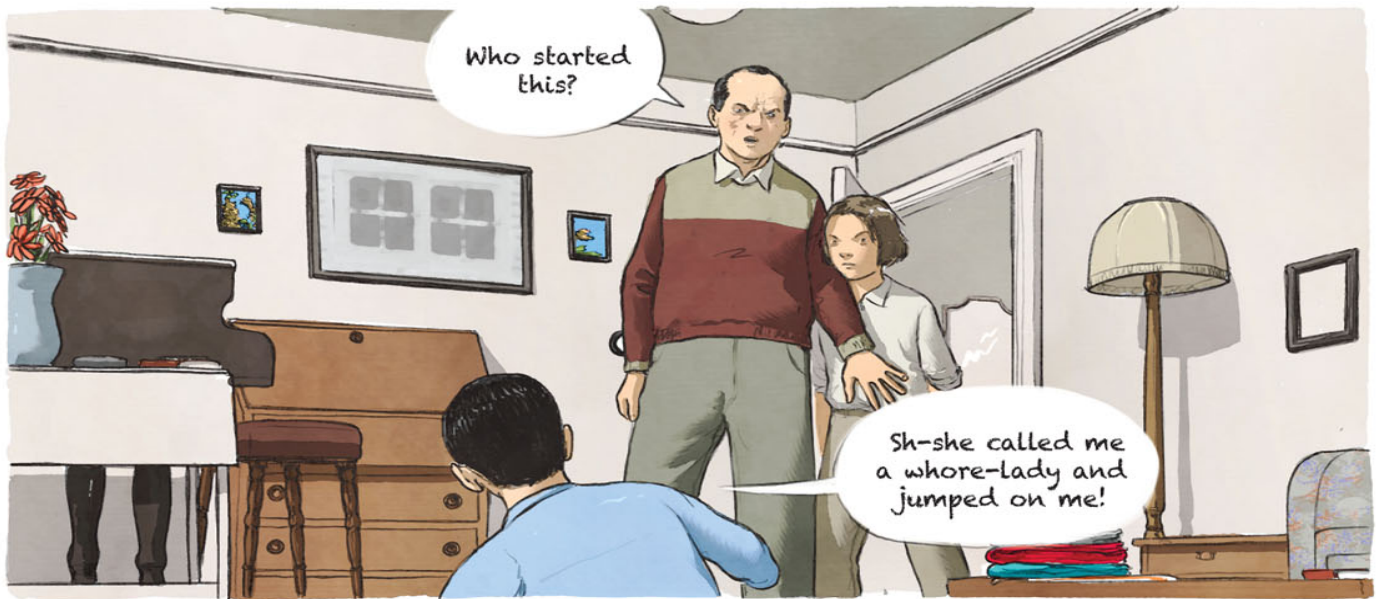
Jem and me got air rifles, and Jem got a chemistry set—

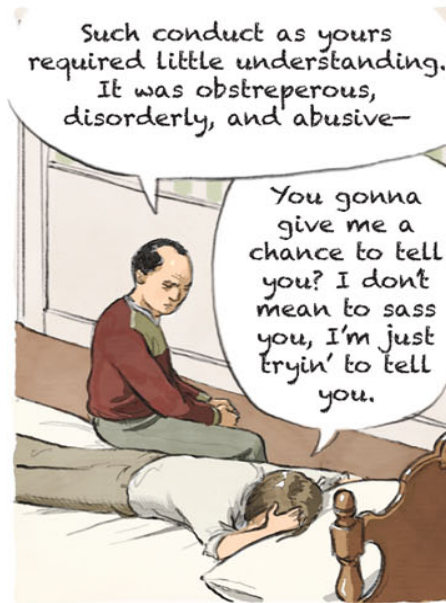
A toy one, I reckon.













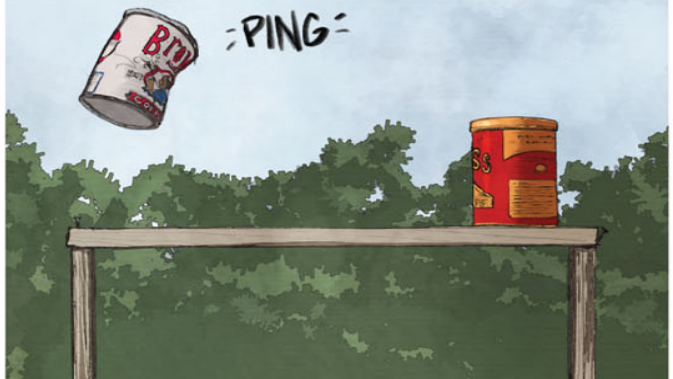
1935



He was nearly fifty. When Jem and I asked him why he was so old, he said he got started late.

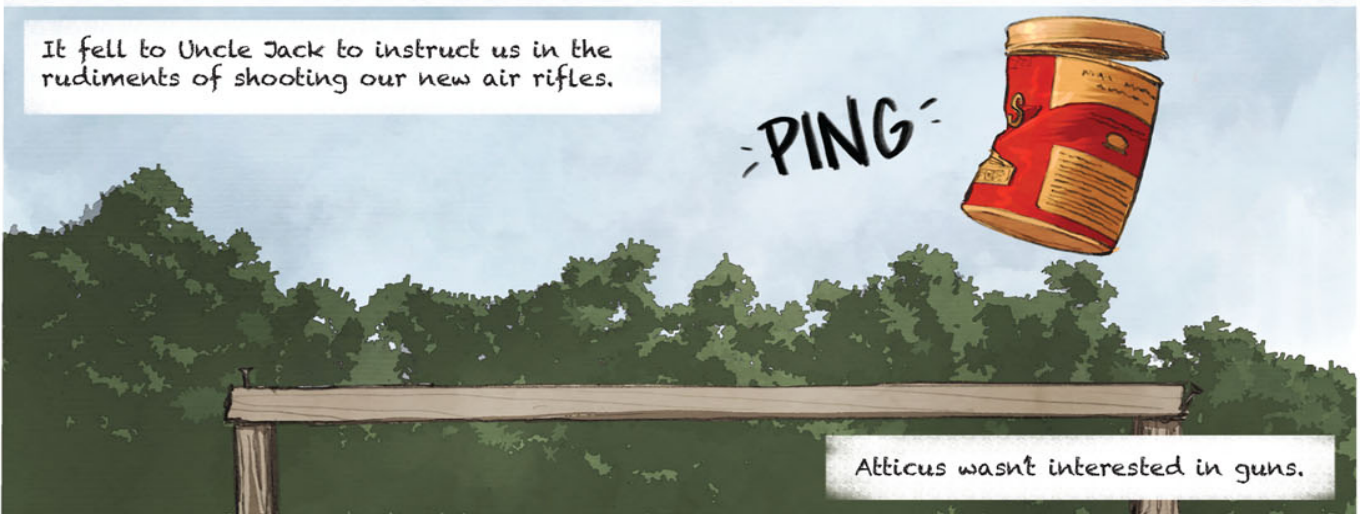


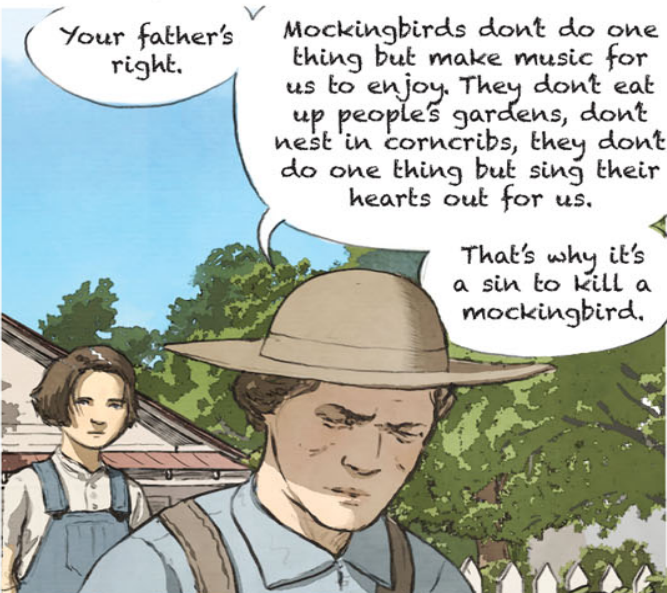
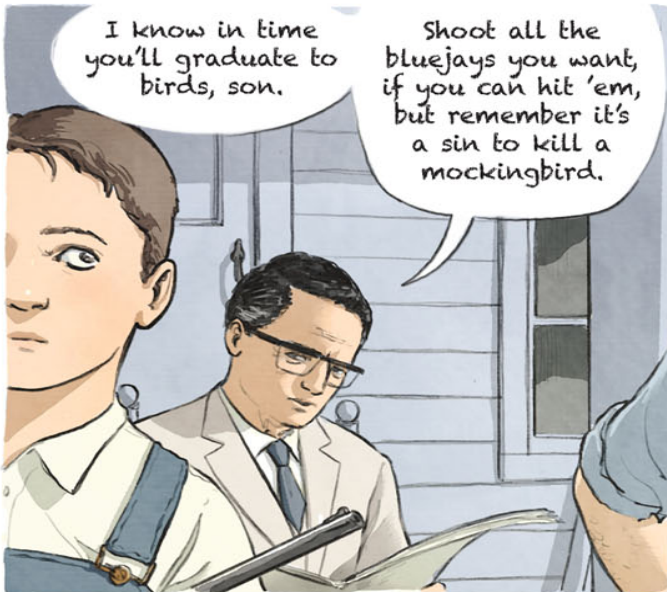
Jem was football crazy. Atticus was never too tired to play keepaway, but when Jem wanted to tackle him Atticus would say, "I'm too old for that, son."



He did not do the things our schoolmates' fathers did; he never went hunting, he did not play poker or fish or drink or smoke. He sat in the livingroom and read.

It fell to Uncle Jack to instruct us in the rudiments of shooting our new air rifles.



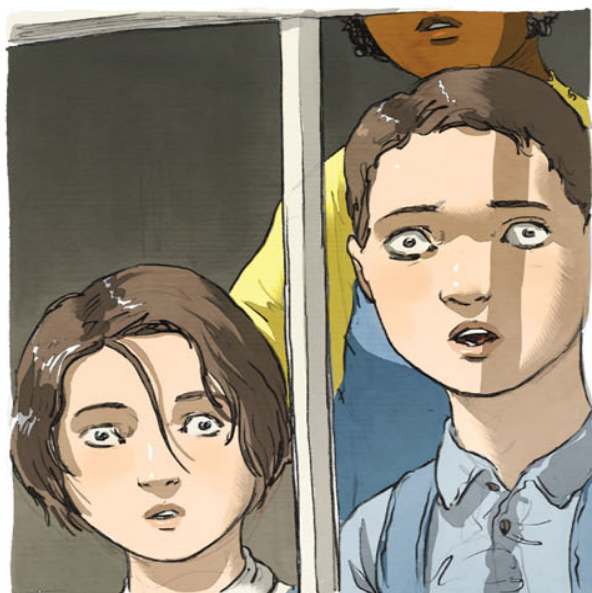




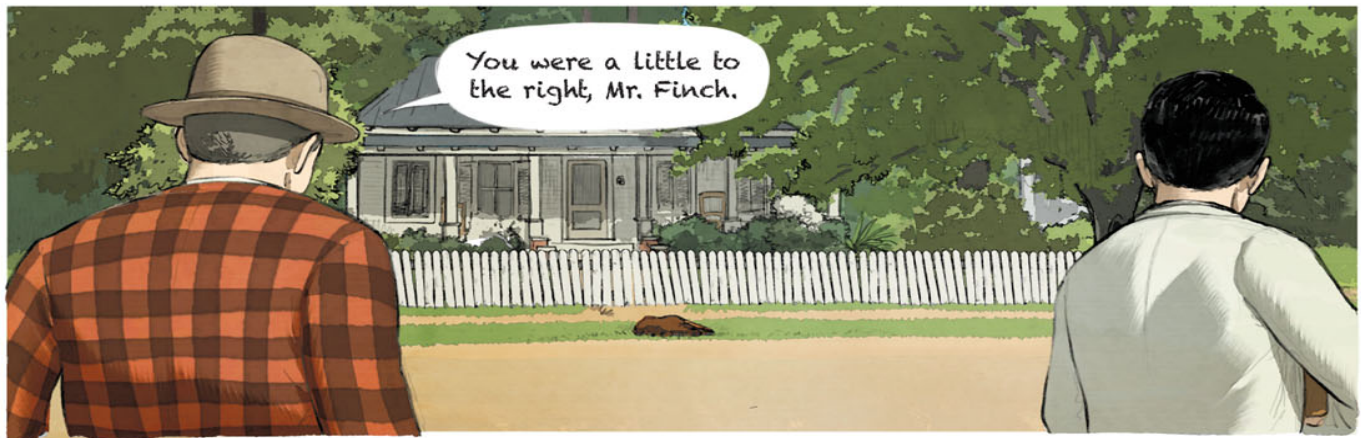














I saw that,
One-Shot
Finch!



I'll have Zeebo collect him.

You haven't forgot
much, Mr. Finch. They
say it never leaves
you.



Jem, Scout, don't you
go near that dog, you
understand? Don't go near
him, he's just as dangerous
dead as alive.

Y-yes, sir.

Atticus?

What, son?

...

Nothin'.

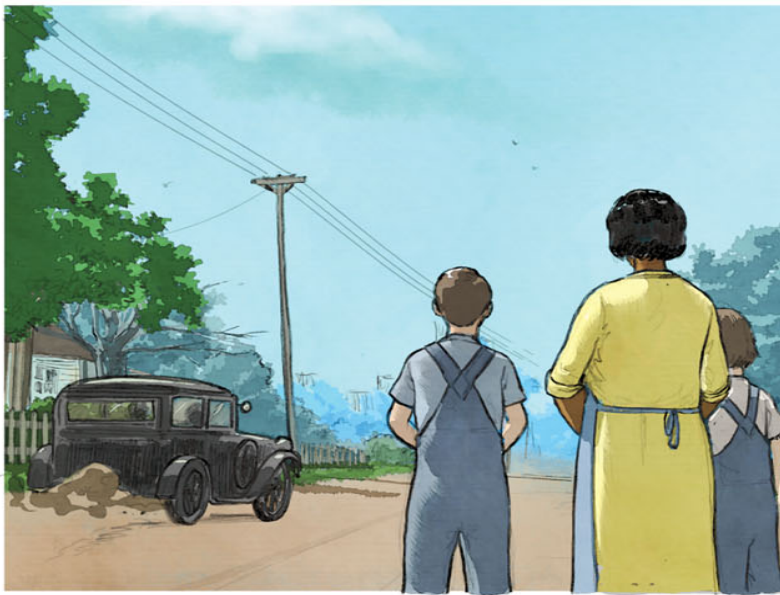


What's the matter with
you, boy? Didn't you know
your daddy's—

Hush,
Heck.



Let's go back
to town.



We'll sure have a story to tell at school on Monday. Aint everybody's daddy the deadeast shot in Maycomb County.

Don't say anything about it, Scout.



I reckon if he'd wanted us to know it, he'da told us.



Maybe it just slipped his mind.

Naw, Scout, it's something you wouldn't understand.



Atticus is real old, but I wouldn't care if he couldn't do anything - I wouldn't care if he couldn't do a blessed thing.

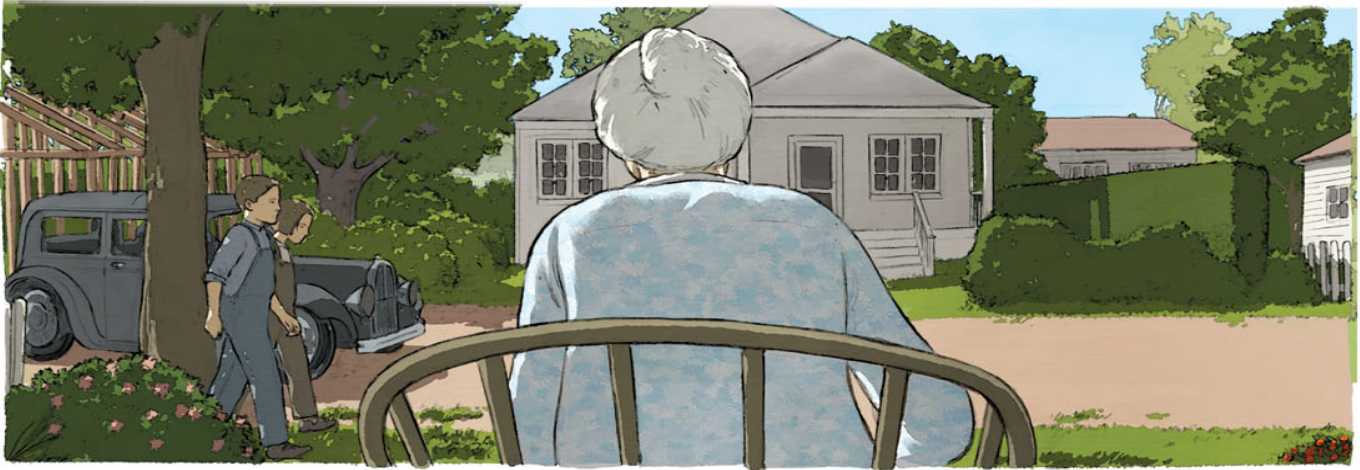


Atticus is a gentleman, just like me!





When I was well into the second grade at school and tormenting Boo Radley became passé, the business section of Maycomb drew us frequently up the street past the real property of Mrs. Henry Lafayette Dubose.



Jem and I hated her. If she was on the porch when we passed, we would be raked by her wrathful gaze, subjected to ruthless interrogation regarding our behavior, and given a melancholy prediction on what we would amount to when we grew up, which was always nothing.

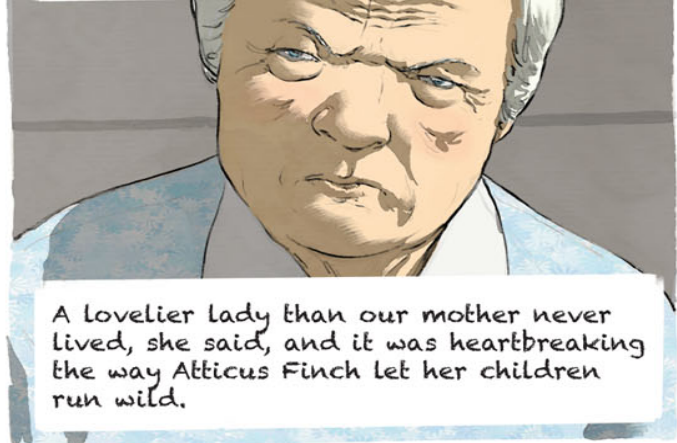


Hey,
Mrs. Dubose!

Don't you say hey to me,
you ugly girl! You say good
afternoon, Mrs. Dubose!



She was vicious. Once she heard Jem
refer to our father as "Atticus" and
her reaction was apoplectic.



A lovelier lady than our mother never
lived, she said, and it was heartbreaking
the way Atticus Finch let her children
run wild.

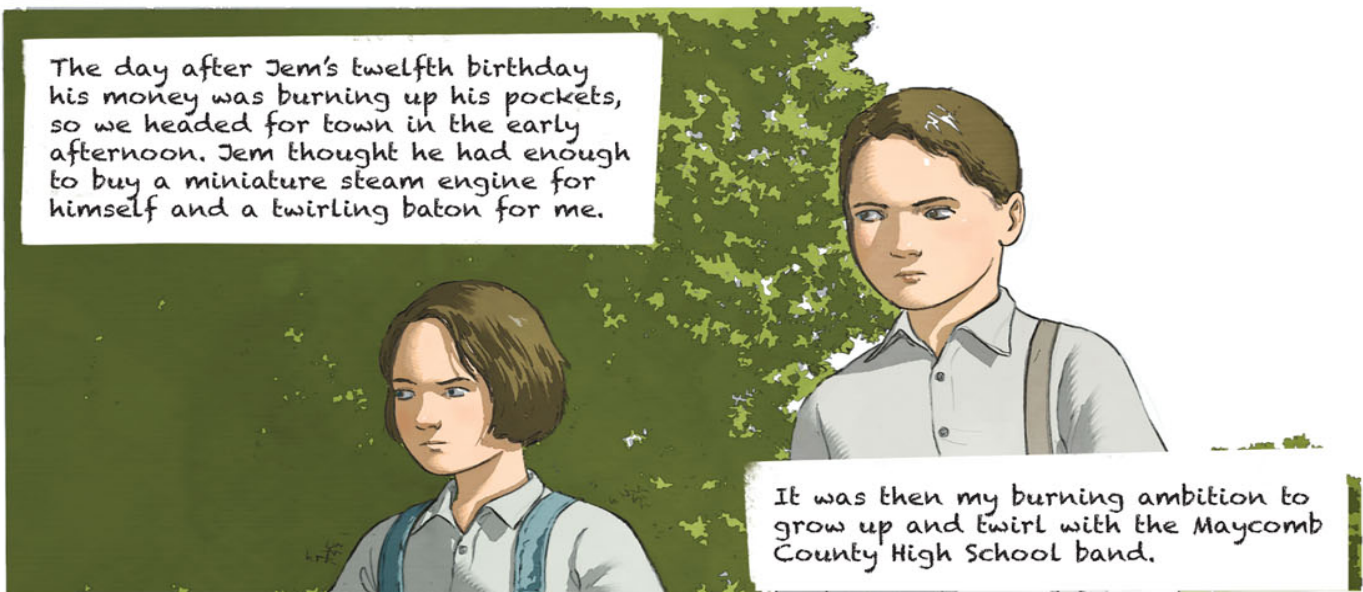
Countless evenings Atticus would find Jem furious at something Mrs. Dubose had said when we went by.



She's an old lady and she's ill. You just hold your head high and be a gentleman. Whatever she says to you, it's your job not to let her make you mad.



The day after Jem's twelfth birthday his money was burning up his pockets, so we headed for town in the early afternoon. Jem thought he had enough to buy a miniature steam engine for himself and a twirling baton for me.



It was then my burning ambition to grow up and twirl with the Maycomb County High School band.

What are you doing in those overalls? You should be in a dress and camisole, young lady! You'll grow up waiting on tables if somebody doesn't change your ways.



Come on, Scout.

Don't pay any attention to her, just hold your head high and be a gentleman.



Not only a Finch waiting on tables but one in the courthouse lawing for niggers!



Your father's
no better than the
niggers and trash he
works for!



I had become almost
accustomed to hearing
insults aimed at Atticus.
But this was the first one
coming from an adult.



On the way home Mrs.
Dubose was not on the
porch.



In later years, I
sometimes wondered
exactly what made
Jem do it.

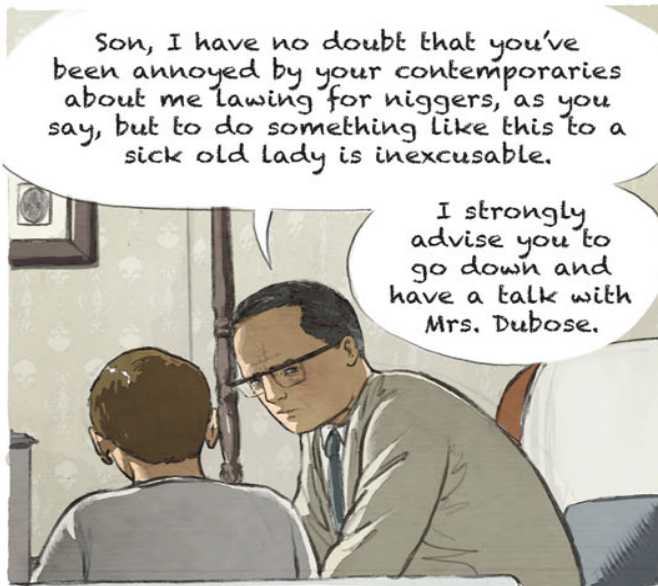


Jem had probably
stood as much guff
about Atticus lawing
for niggers as had
I, and I took it
for granted that he
kept his temper —
he had a naturally
tranquil disposition
and a slow fuse.

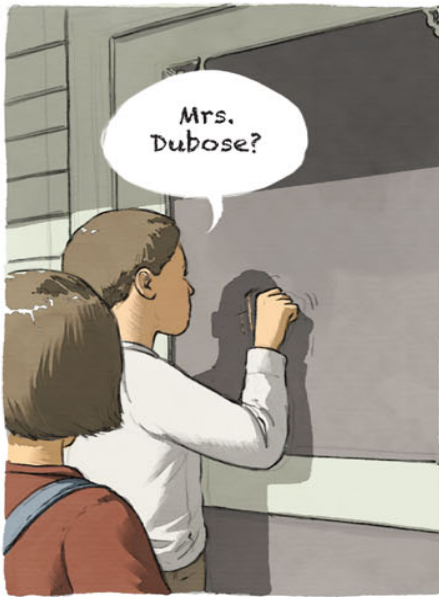


At the time, however, I thought the
only explanation for what he did was
that for a few minutes he simply went
mad.











Atticus had two yellow pencils for me and a football magazine for Jem, which I suppose was a silent reward for our first day's session with Mrs. Dubose. Jem told him what happened.



The next afternoon at Mrs. Dubose's was the same as the first, and so was the next, until gradually a pattern emerged.

Everything would begin normally — that is, Mrs. Dubose would hound Jem for a while on her favorite subjects, her camellias and our father's nigger-loving propensities...



The alarm clock would ring, Jessie would shoo us out, and the rest of the day was ours.



Her fits passed after a time and she was in every other way her old self.

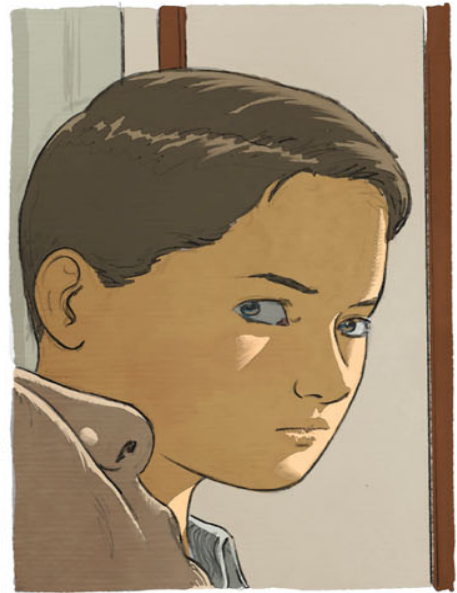
Jeremy Finch, I told you you'd live to regret tearing up my camellias. You regret it now, don't you?



Thought you could kill my Snow-on-the-Mountain, did you? Well, Jessie says the top's growing back out. Next time you'll know how to do it right, won't you? You'll pull it up by the roots, won't you?

I certainly will.

Don't you mutter at me, boy! You hold up your head and say yes ma'am. Don't guess you feel like holding it up, though, with your father what he is.



That'll do.

And that's all.

Good-day to you.



It was over. We bounded down the sidewalk on a spree of sheer relief, leaping and howling.



That spring was a good one: the days grew longer and gave us more playing time.

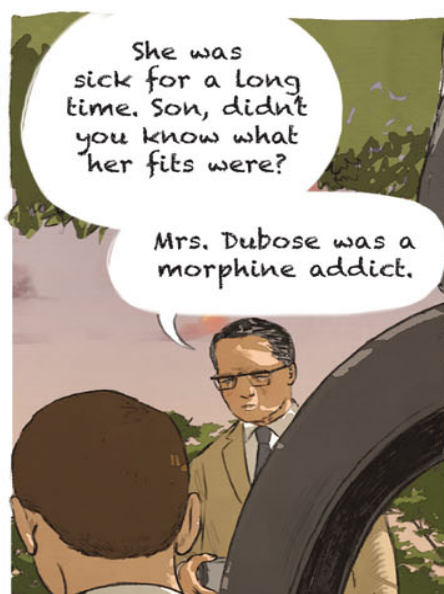
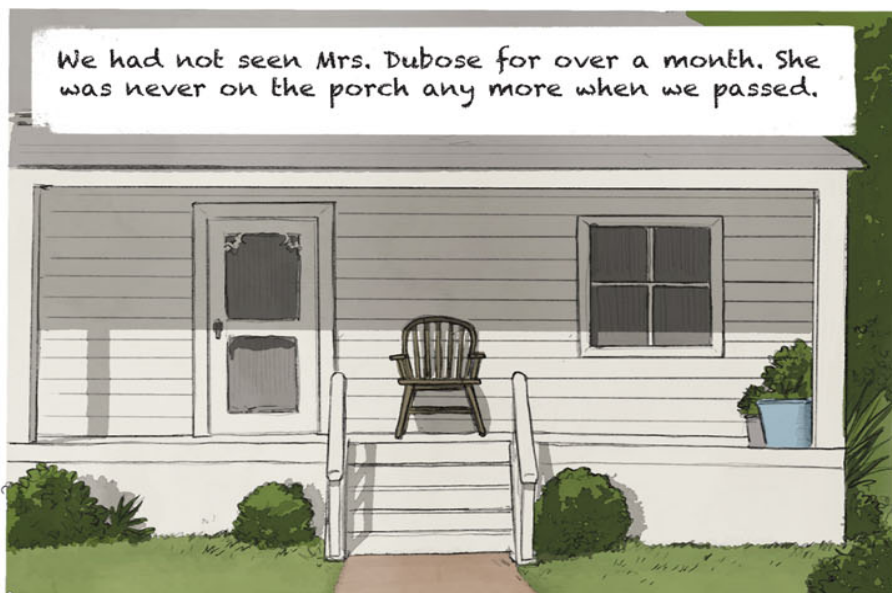


Jem's mind was occupied mostly with the vital statistics of every college football player in the nation.

I'm going down to Mrs. Dubose's for a while.

I won't be long.







Old hell-devil, old hell-devil!

Why can't she leave me alone?



Sh-h.

I think that was her way of telling you - everything's all right now, Jem, everything's all right.

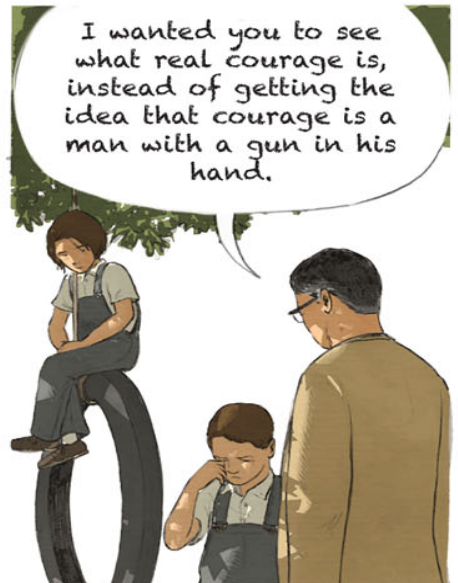


You know, she was a great lady.

A lady? After all those things she said about you, a lady?



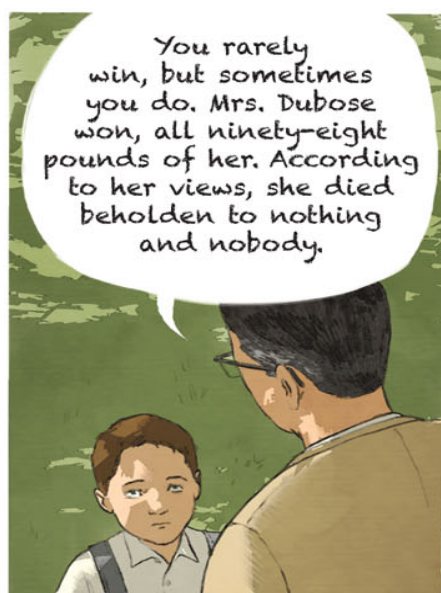
She was. She had her own views about things, a lot different from mine, maybe... Son, if you hadn't lost your head I'd have made you go read to her.



I wanted you to see what real courage is, instead of getting the idea that courage is a man with a gun in his hand.



It's when you know you're licked before you begin but you begin anyway and you see it through no matter what.



You rarely win, but sometimes you do. Mrs. Dubose won, all ninety-eight pounds of her. According to her views, she died beholden to nothing and nobody.



She was the bravest person I ever knew.

PART 2



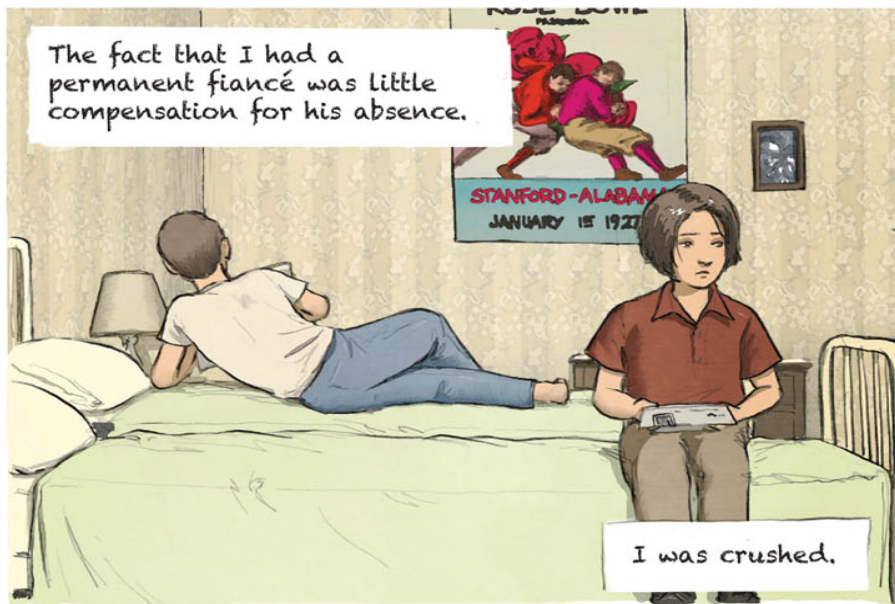
Dear Scout,

I hope that this letter finds you well. I have a new daddy ~~who~~ whose picture you will find inclosed. He's a ~~lager~~ lawyer like Atticus. I will be staying here in Meridian this summer on account of we are going to build a fishing boat together.

I'm awful sorry not to see you this summer but just know that I love you and dont worry I will come and get you and marry you as soon as I have enough money.

yours very truly,

Dill



The fact that I had a permanent fiancé was little compensation for his absence.

I was crushed.



Jem was twelve. He was difficult to live with, inconsistent, moody.

Atticus said I must be patient with him and disturb him as little as possible.

After one altercation when Jem hollered, "It's time you started bein' a girl and acting right!" I burst into tears and fled to Calpurnia.



Don't you fret too much over Mister Jem—

Mis-ter Jem?

Yeah, he's just about Mister Jem now.



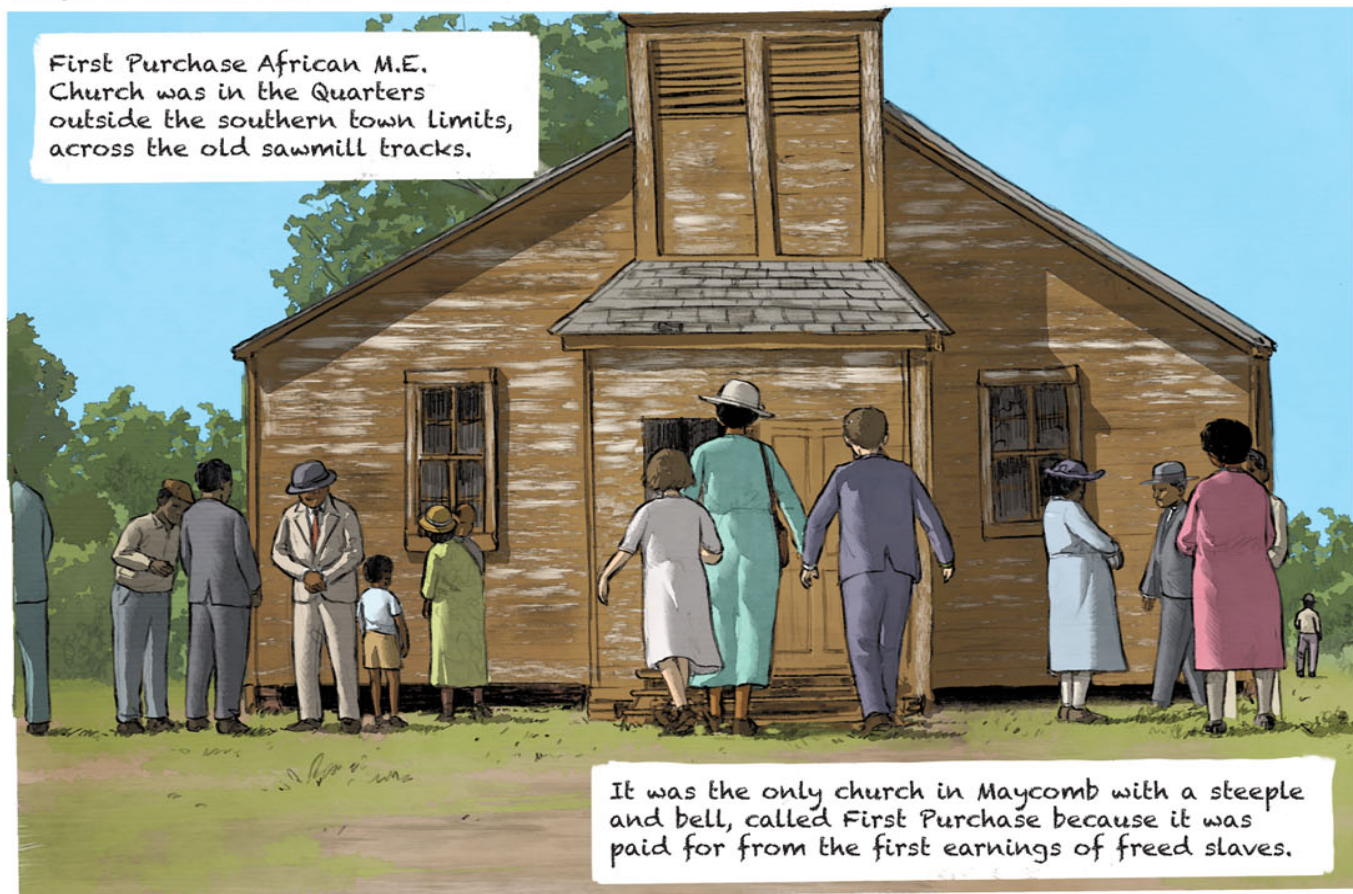
He aint that old. All he needs is somebody to beat him up, and I aint big enough.

As if this were not enough, the state legislature was called into emergency session and Atticus left us for two weeks.

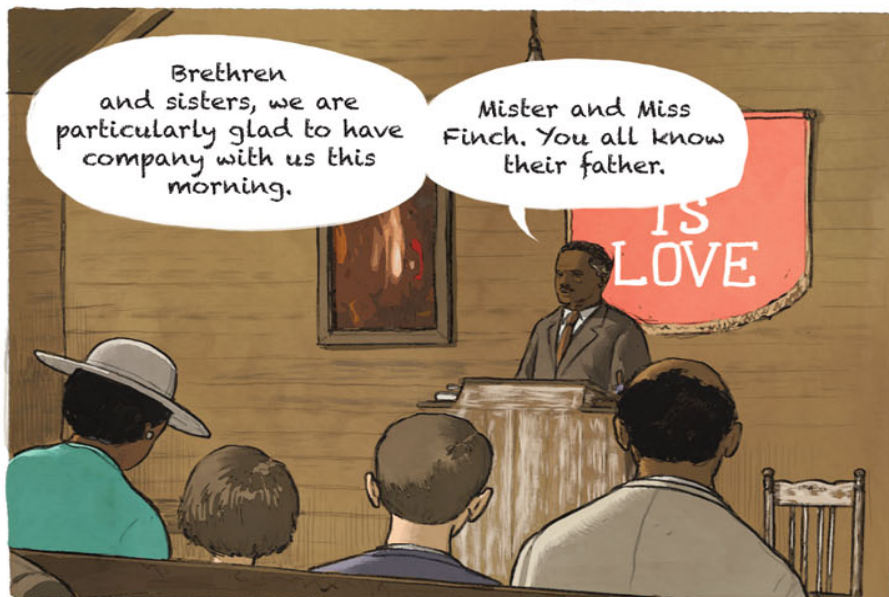
How'd you and Mister Jem like to come to church with me tomorrow?

Really?

How 'bout it?









And we only reach that shore by faith's decree;
One by one we'll gain the portals,
There to dwell with the immortals,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing.
Don't you hear the angels singing?
'Tis the glory hallelujah Jubilee.
In that far off sweet forever,

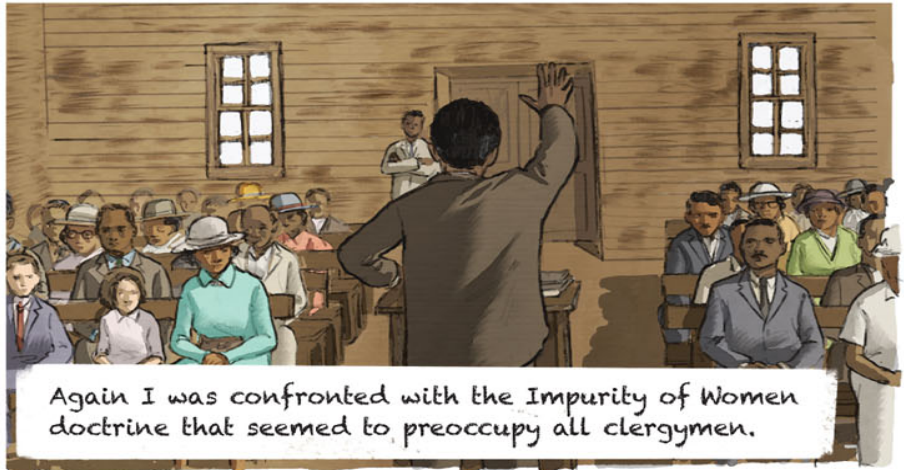
Just beyond the shining river,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.



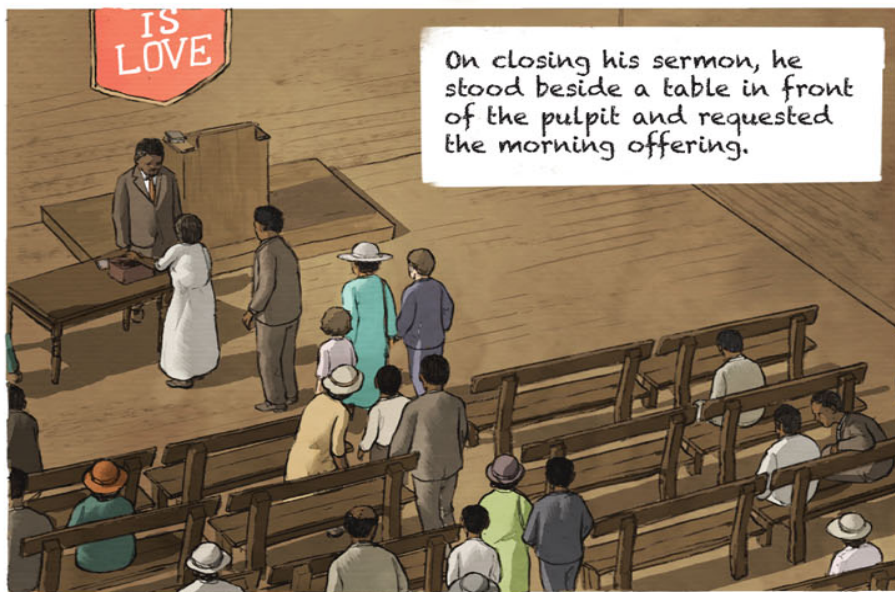


Lord, bless the sick
and the suffering...

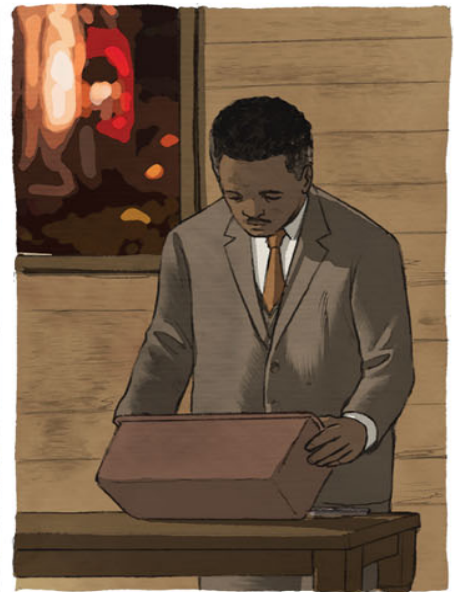
The Reverend Sykes' sermon was a procedure no different from our church practice: a forthright denunciation of sin, a warning against the evils of heady brews, gambling, and strange women.



Again I was confronted with the Impurity of Women doctrine that seemed to preoccupy all clergymen.



On closing his sermon, he stood beside a table in front of the pulpit and requested the morning offering.

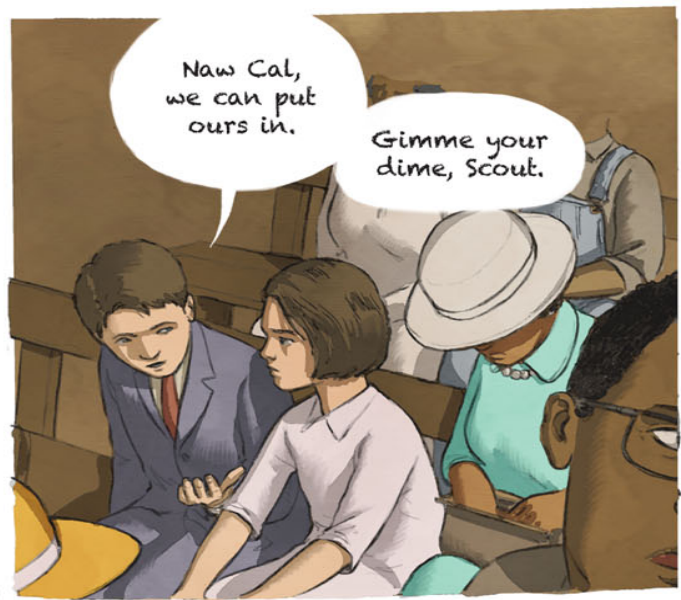


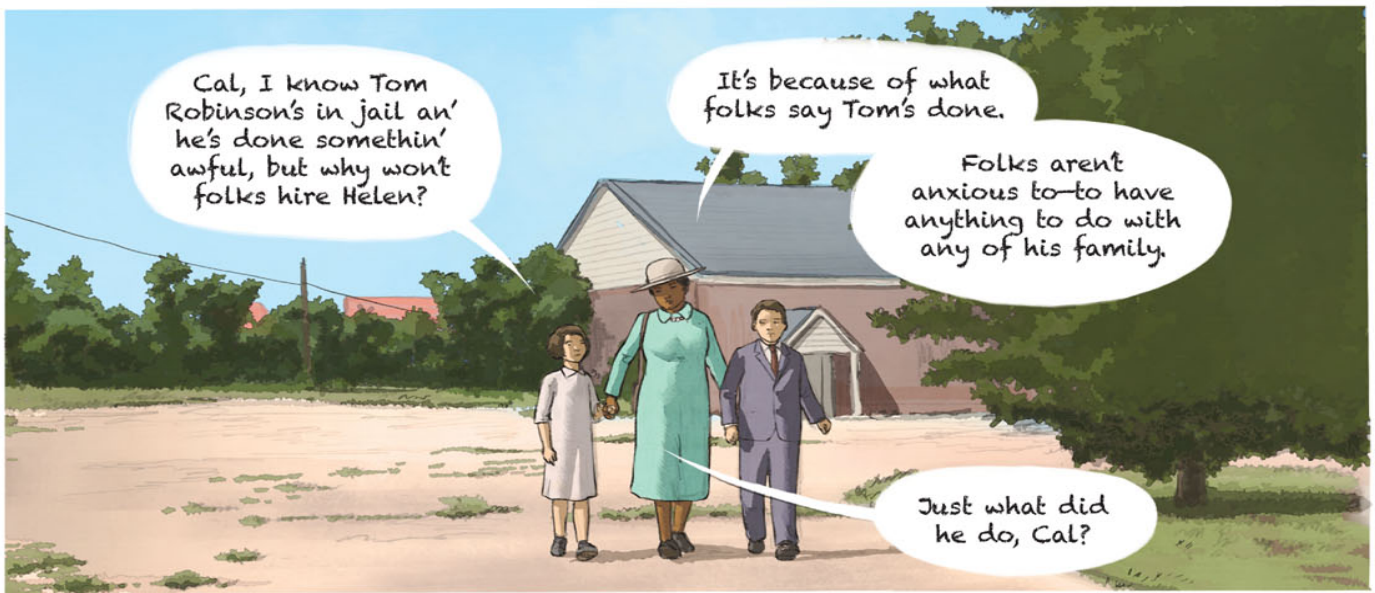
This is not
enough, we
must have ten
dollars.

You all
know what it's for
— Helen can't leave
those children to
work while Tom's
in jail.



Alec, shut the
doors. Nobody
leaves here till
we have ten
dollars.





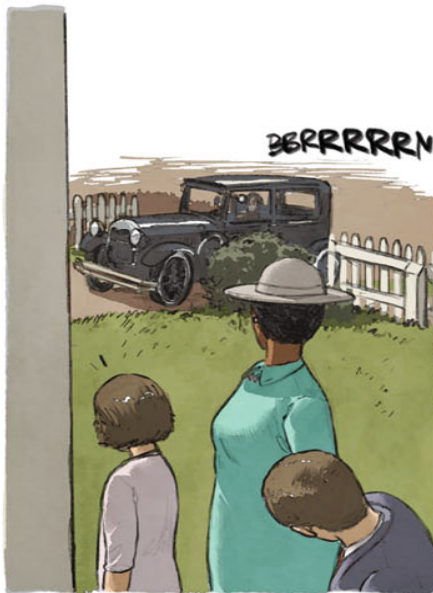






I could think of nothing else to say to her. In fact I could never think of anything to say to her, and I stood thinking of past painful conversations between us...



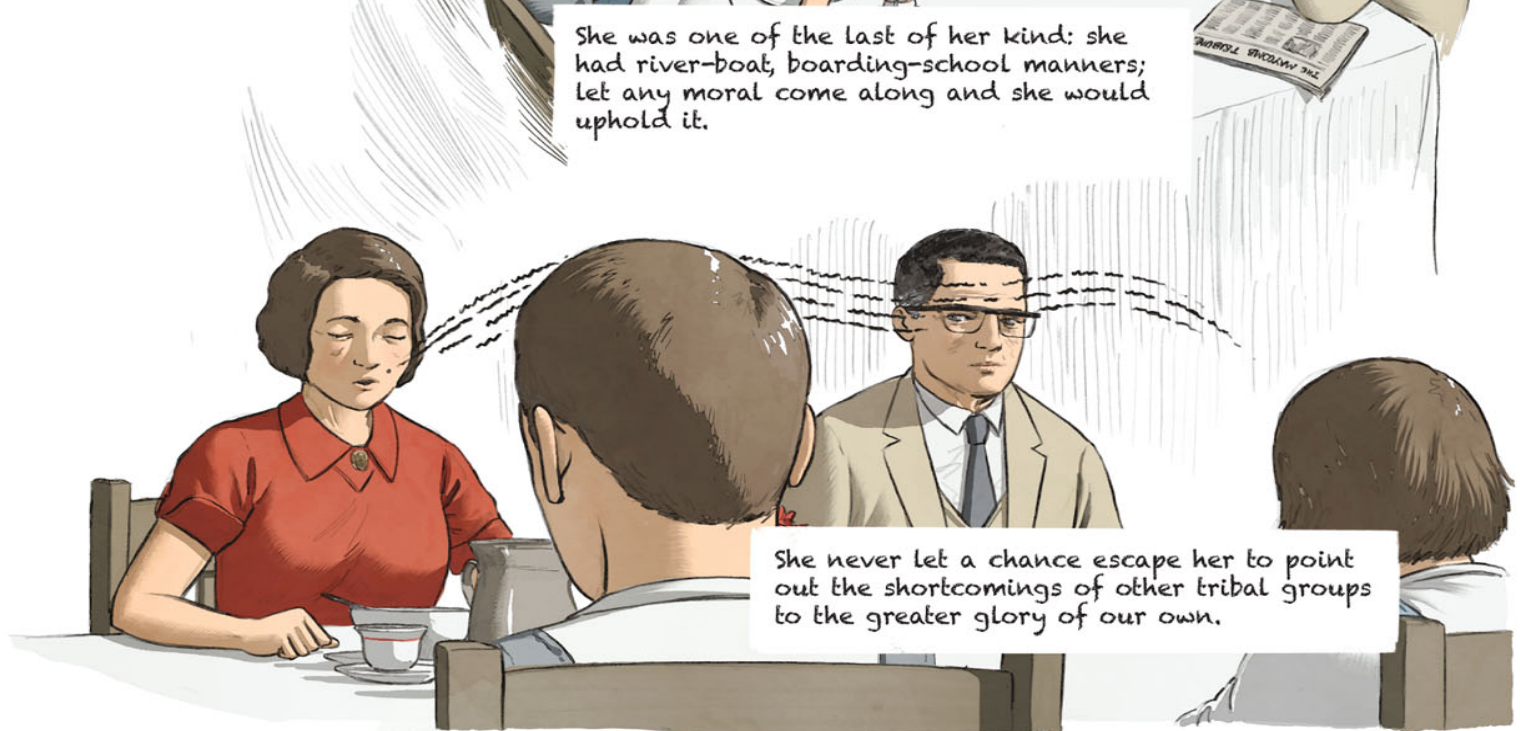


I understood not a word he said.

Aunt Alexandra had a way of declaring *What Is Best For The Family*, and I suppose her coming to live with us was in that category.



She was one of the last of her kind: she had river-boat, boarding-school manners; let any moral come along and she would uphold it.



Let a sixteen-year-old girl giggle in the choir and Aunty would say, "It just goes to show you, all the Penfield women are flighty." Everybody in Maycomb, it seemed, had a Streak: a Drinking Streak, a Gambling Streak, a Mean Streak, a Funny Streak.

Sister, when you stop to think about it, our generation's practically the first in the Finch family not to marry its cousins. Would you say the Finches have an Incestuous Streak?

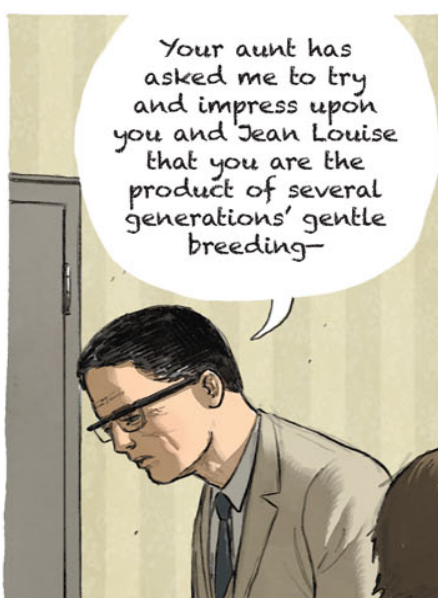
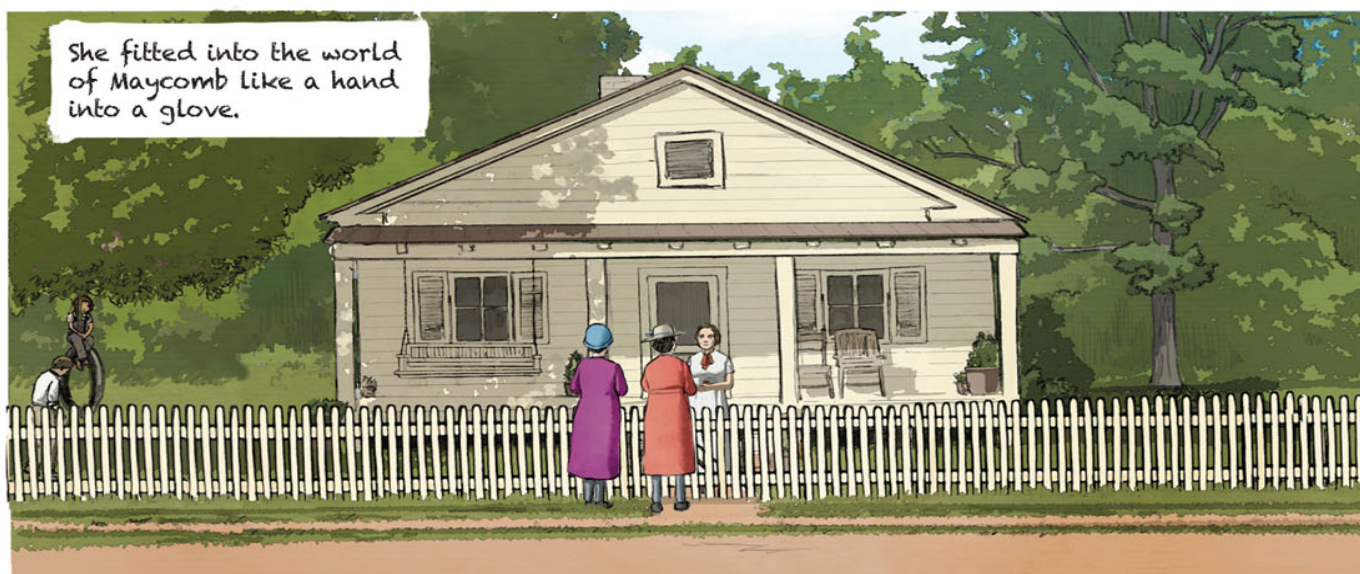
No.

When Aunt Alexandra went to school, self-doubt could not be found in any textbook, so she knew not its meaning.

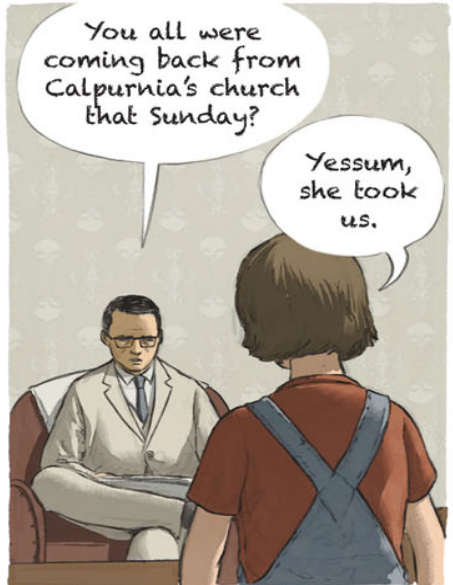
I never understood her preoccupation with heredity. Somewhere, I had received the impression that Fine Folks were people who did the best they could with the sense they had, but Aunt Alexandra was of the opinion, obliquely expressed, that the longer a family had been squatting on one patch of land the finer it was.

That makes the Ewells fine folks, then.

I so often wondered how she could be Atticus's and Uncle Jack's sister that I revived half-remembered tales of changelings and mandrake roots that Jem had spun long ago.

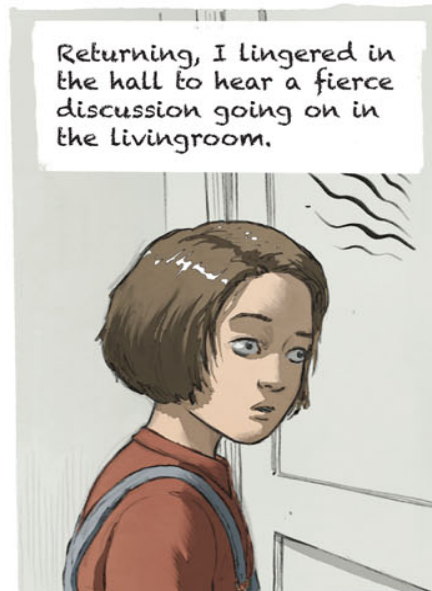








I pondered a while, and concluded that the only way I could retire with a shred of dignity was to go to the bathroom.







Scout, try not to antagonize Aunty, hear?



You tryin' to tell me what to do?

Naw, it's—

He's got a lot on his mind now, without us worrying him.



Like what?

It's this Tom Robinson case that's worryin' him to death.



Atticus doesn't worry about anything. 'Sides, that case never bothers us 'cept about once a week and then it don't last.



That's because you can't hold something in your mind but a little while.

It's different with grown folks, we—



His maddening superiority was unbearable these days.

Jee-crawling-hova, Jem! Who do you think you are?



Now I mean it, Scout, you antagonize Aunty and I'll—

I'll spank you.

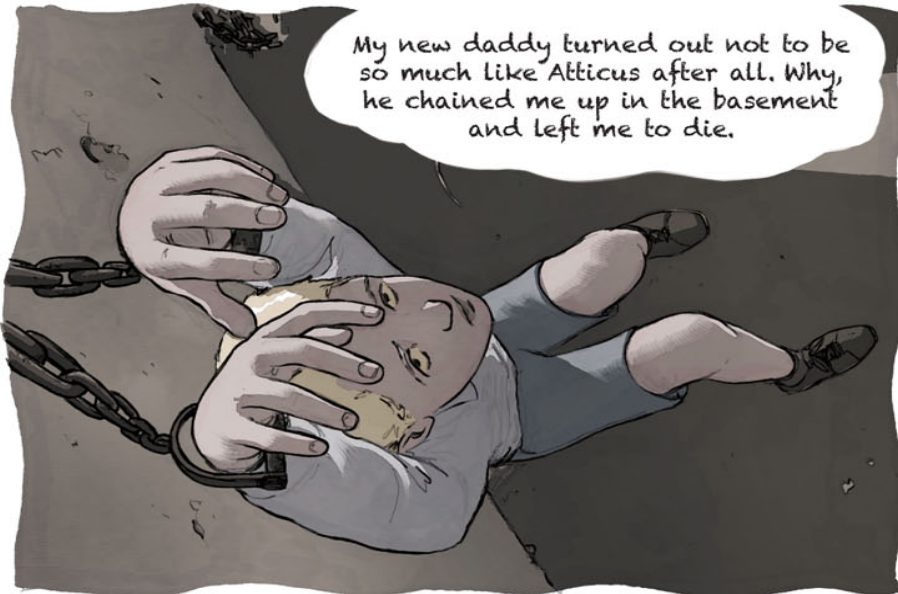


With that, I was gone.

You damn morphodite, I'll kill you!









An' sneaked out when it was dark, then walked all night till I came upon a travellin' animal show.

They gave me a job washing the camel and I travelled all over Mississippi with 'em till I realised I was right close to Maycomb. So I parted comp'ny and here I am.



How'd you get here, Dill?



I took thirteen dollars from mother's purse and caught the nine o'clock from Meridian.



They must not know you're here.

Think they're still searchin' all the picture shows in Meridian.



You oughta let your mother know where you are.



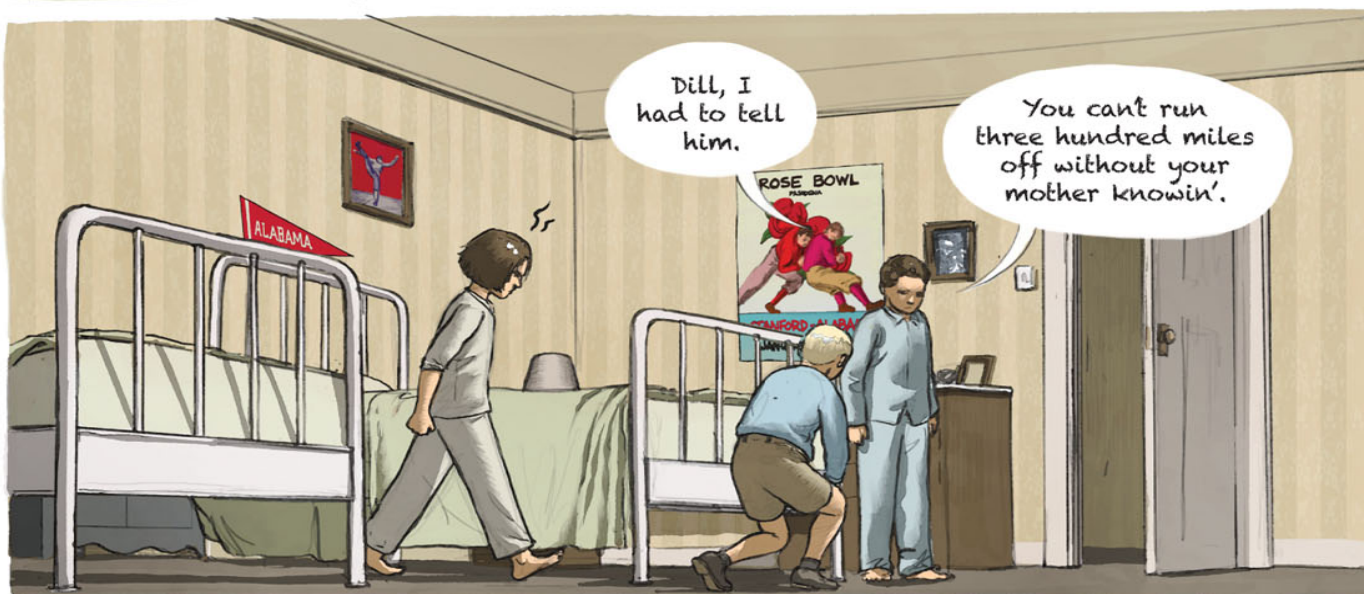
And with that, Jem broke the remaining code of our childhood...

Atticus...

Atticus, can you come here a minute, sir?

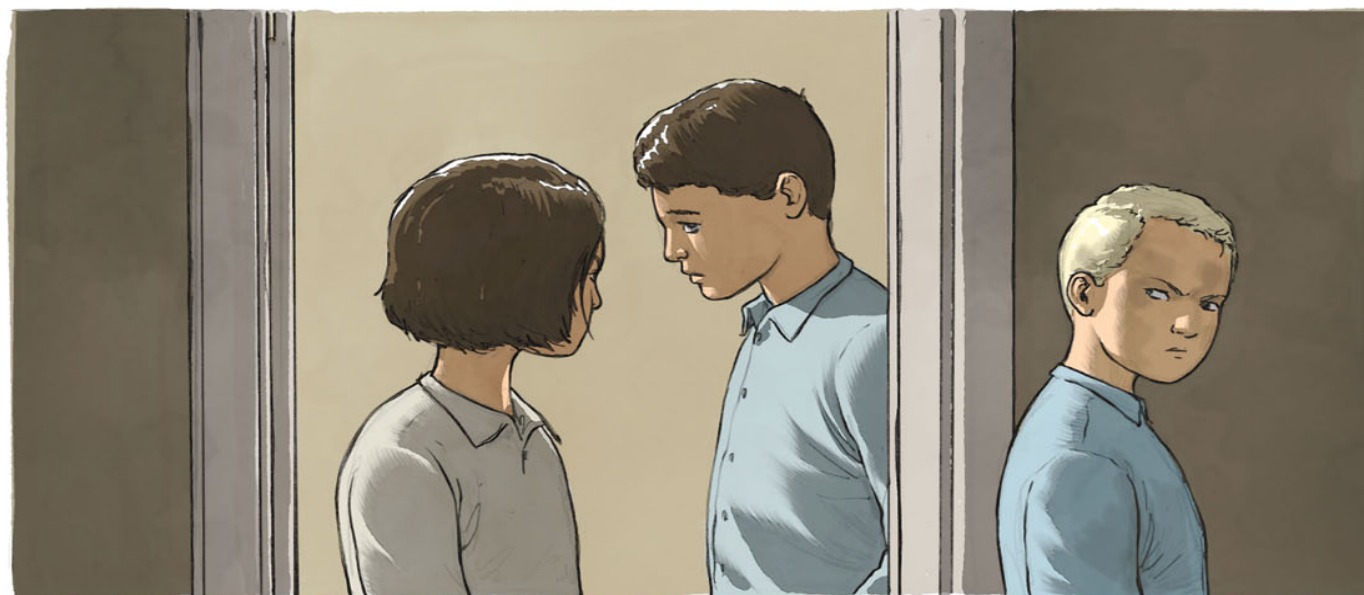






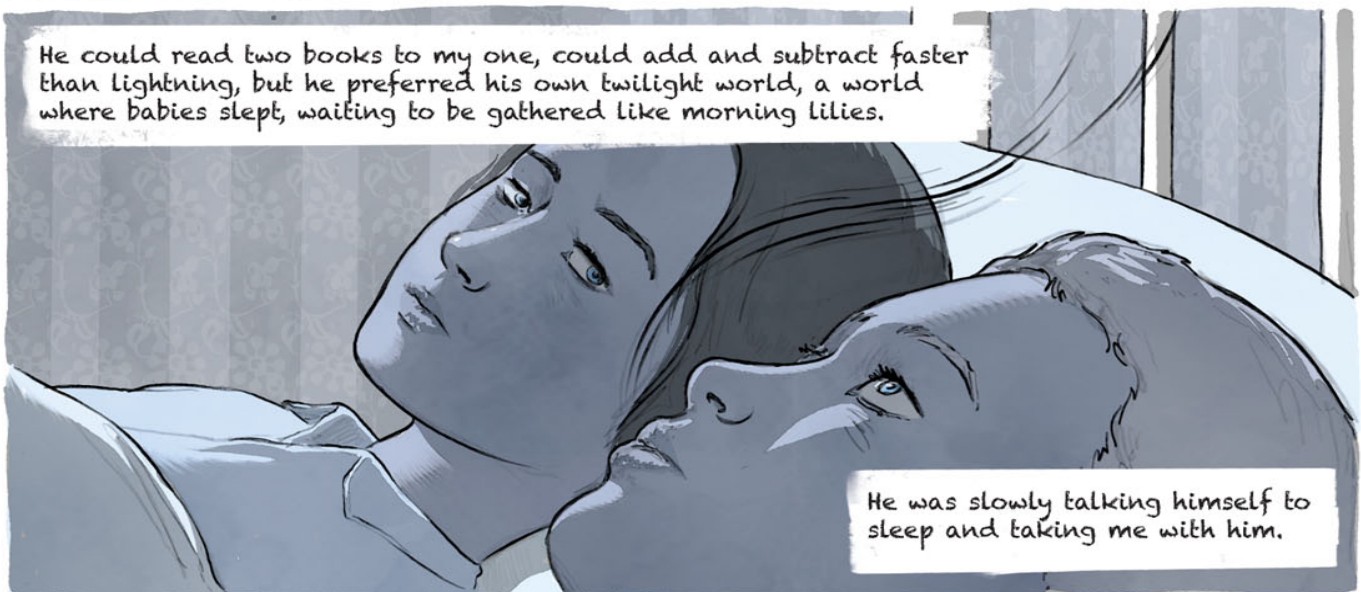
Dill, I
had to tell
him.

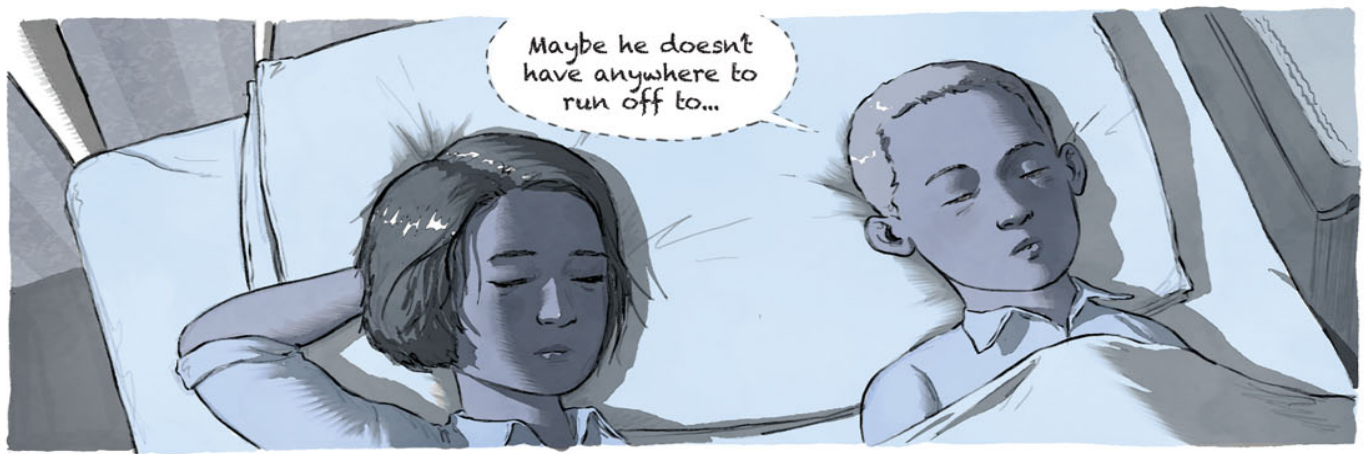
You can't run
three hundred miles
off without your
mother knowin'.











After many telephone calls, much pleading on behalf of the defendant, and a long forgiving letter from his mother, it was decided that Dill could stay.

We had a week of peace together. After that, little, it seemed.

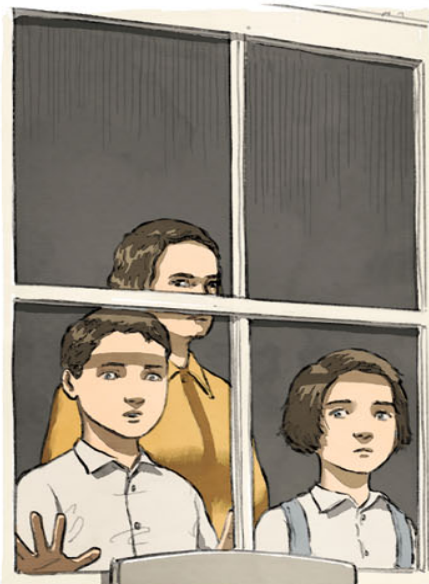
A nightmare was upon us.

They're movin' Tom to the county jail, Mr. Finch.

I don't look for any trouble, but I can't guarantee there won't be any.

Don't be foolish, Heck. This is Maycomb.

Nobody around here's up to anything, it's that Old Sarum bunch I'm worried about.



You're not scared of that crowd, are you, Link?

Know how they do when they get shinnied up.



They don't usually drink on Sunday, they go to church most of the day.

This is a special occasion, though.



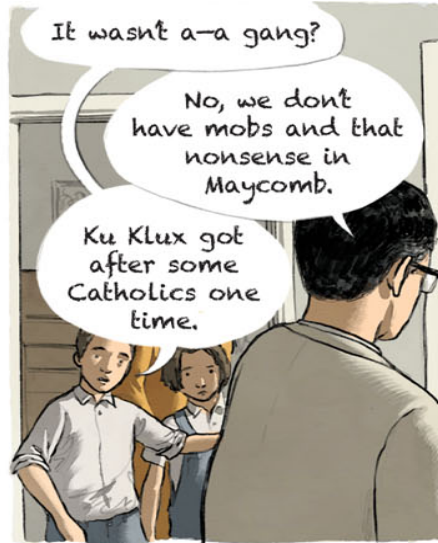
Don't see why you touched this case in the first place.

You've got everything to lose from this, Atticus. I mean everything.



Link, that boy might go to the chair, but he's not going till the truth's told.

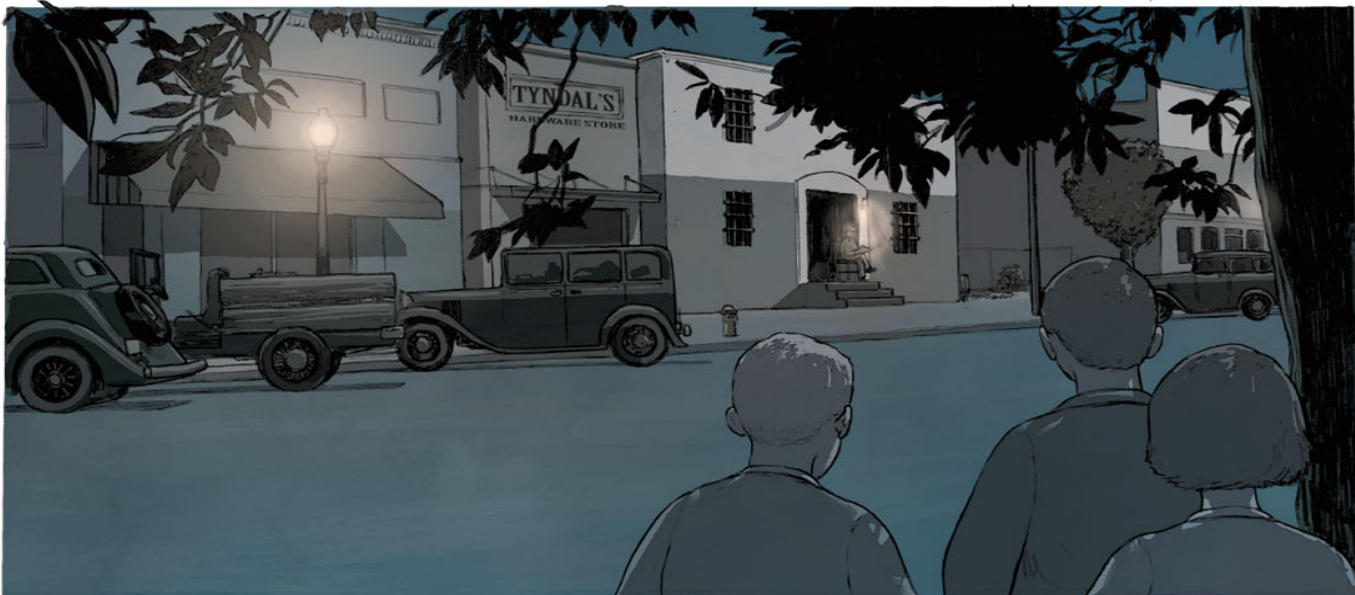
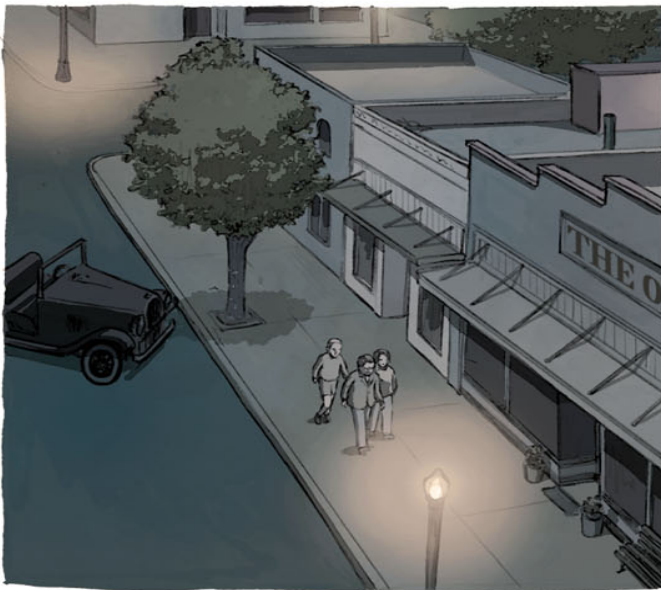
And you know what the truth is.

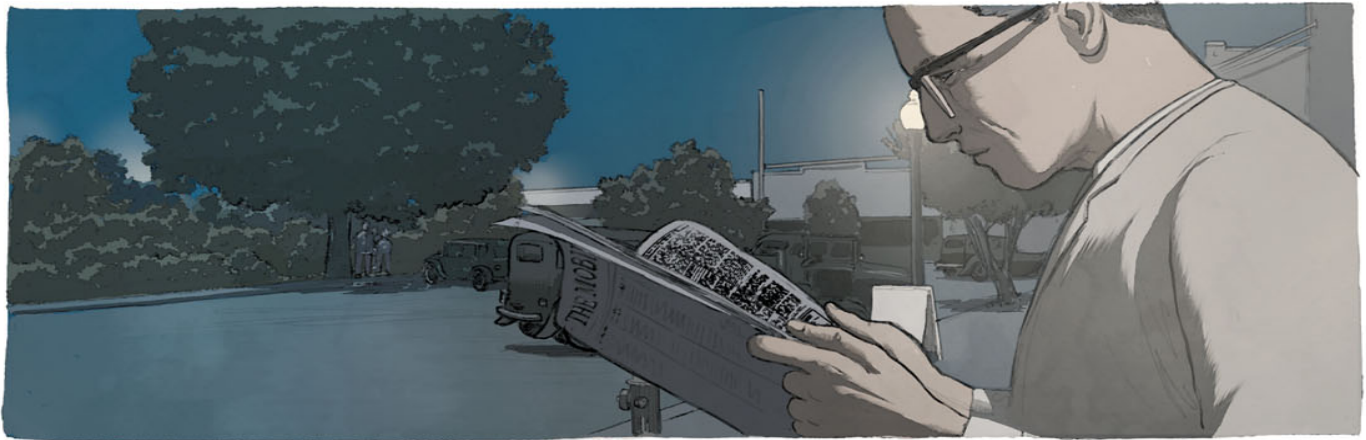




Our father had a few peculiarities: one was, he never ate desserts; another was that he liked to walk.

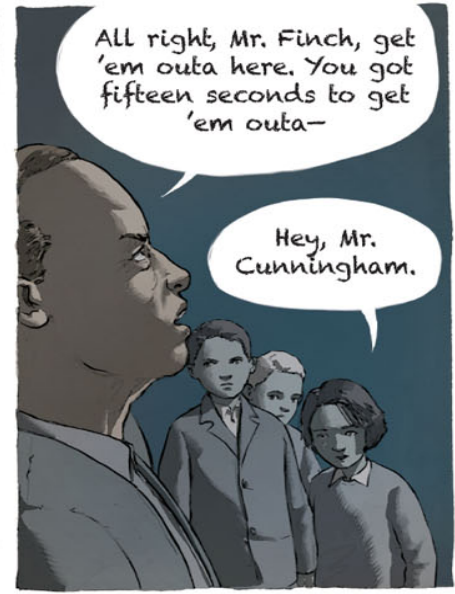






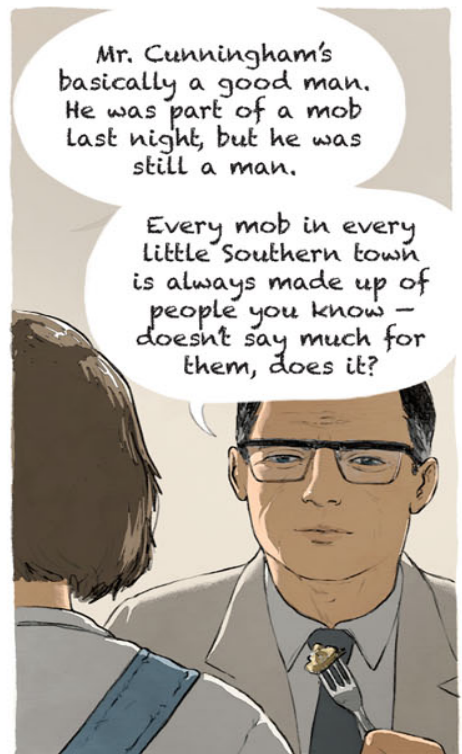
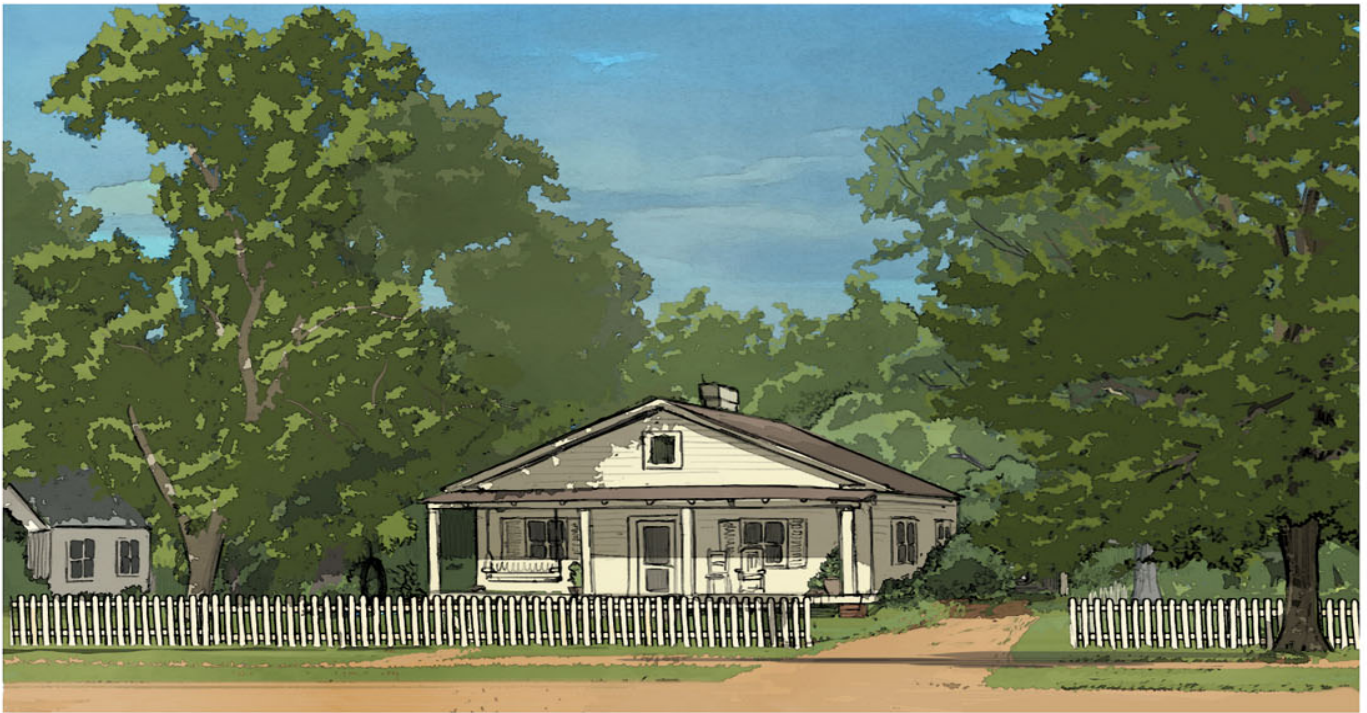


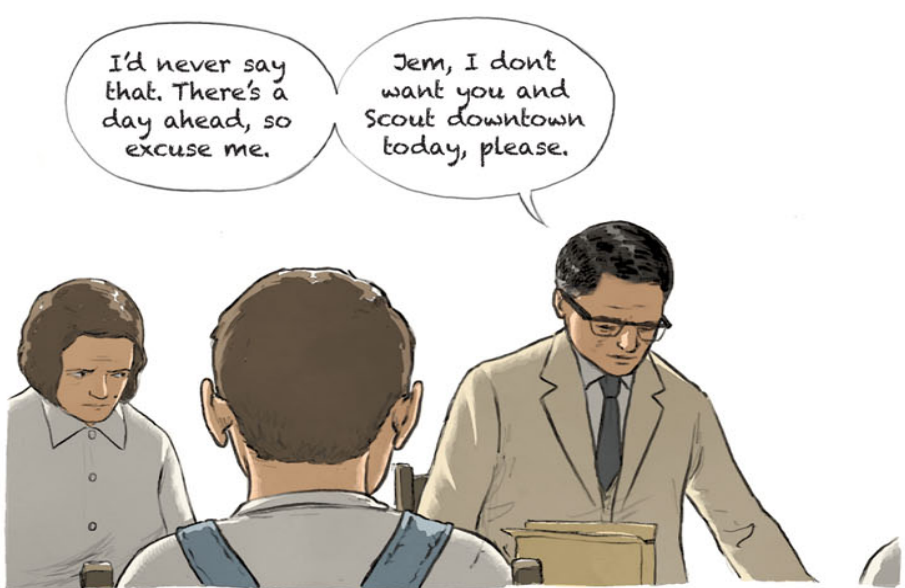
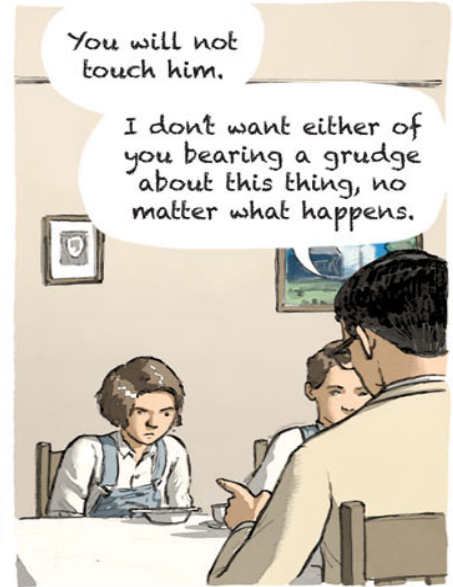


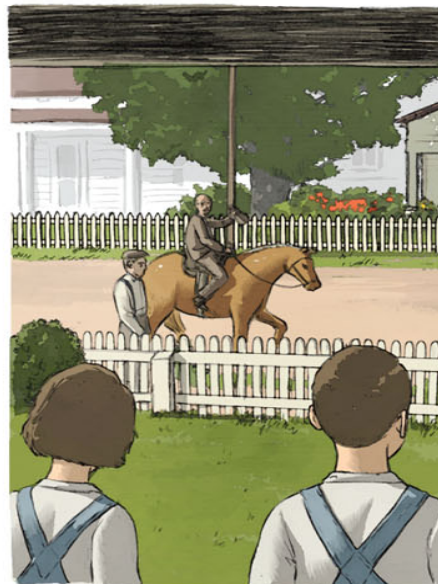


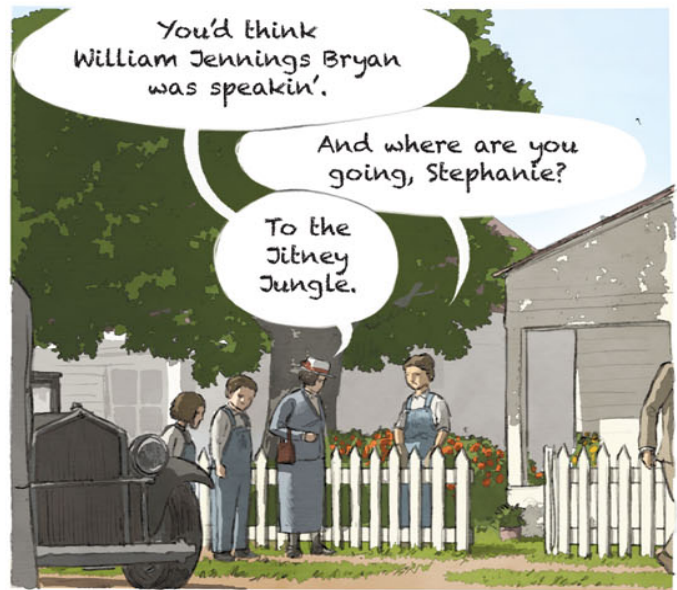










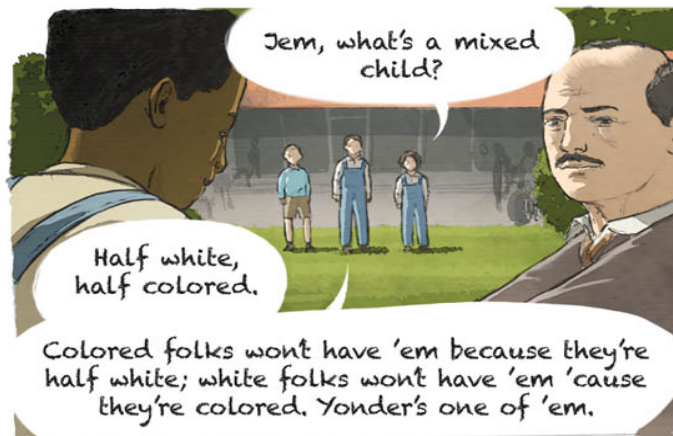
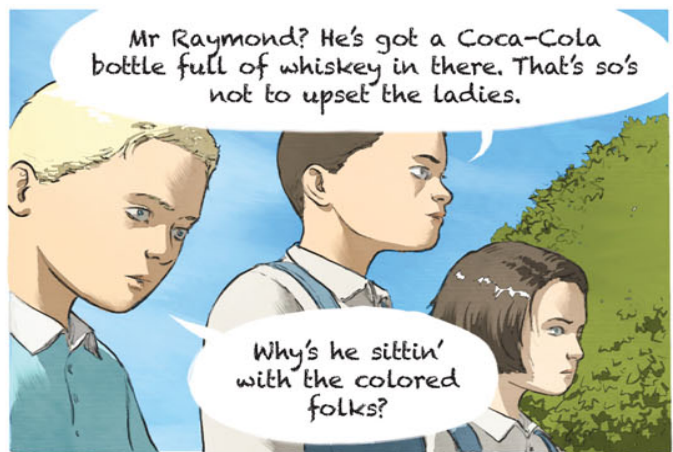


We held off until noon, when Atticus came home to dinner and said they'd spent the morning picking the jury.



It was a gala
occasion.





We knew there was a crowd, but we had not bargained for the multitudes in the first-floor hallway.



Can't you all get in?



Hey Reverend. Naw, there aint a space left.

Do you all reckon it'll be all right if you all came to the balcony with me?

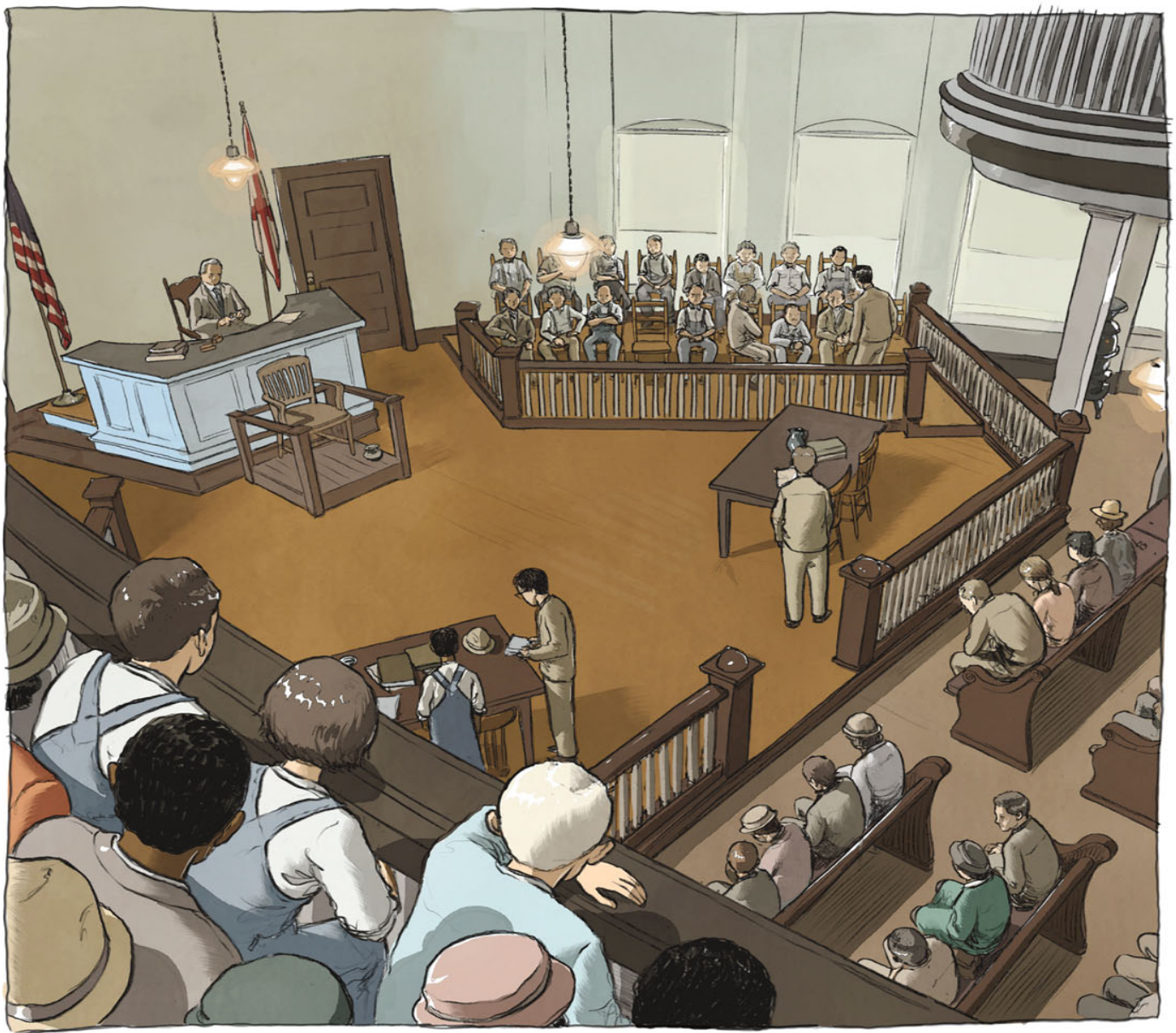


Gosh yes!



The Colored balcony ran along three walls of the courtroom like a second-story veranda, and from it we could see everything.

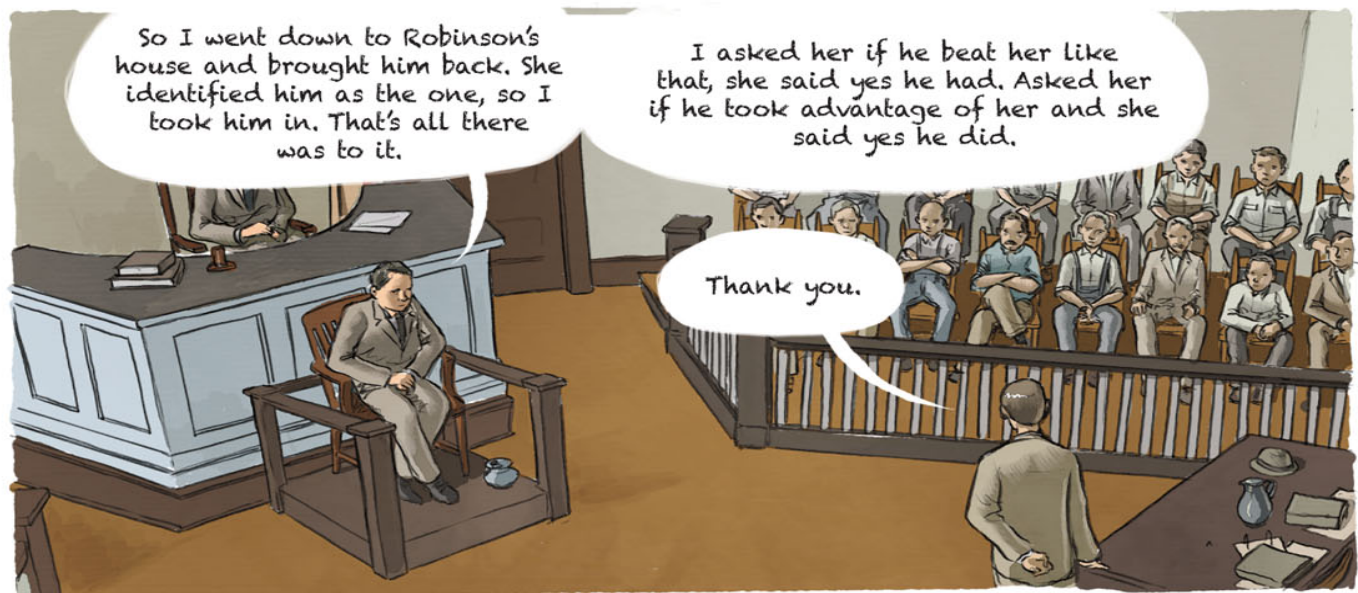
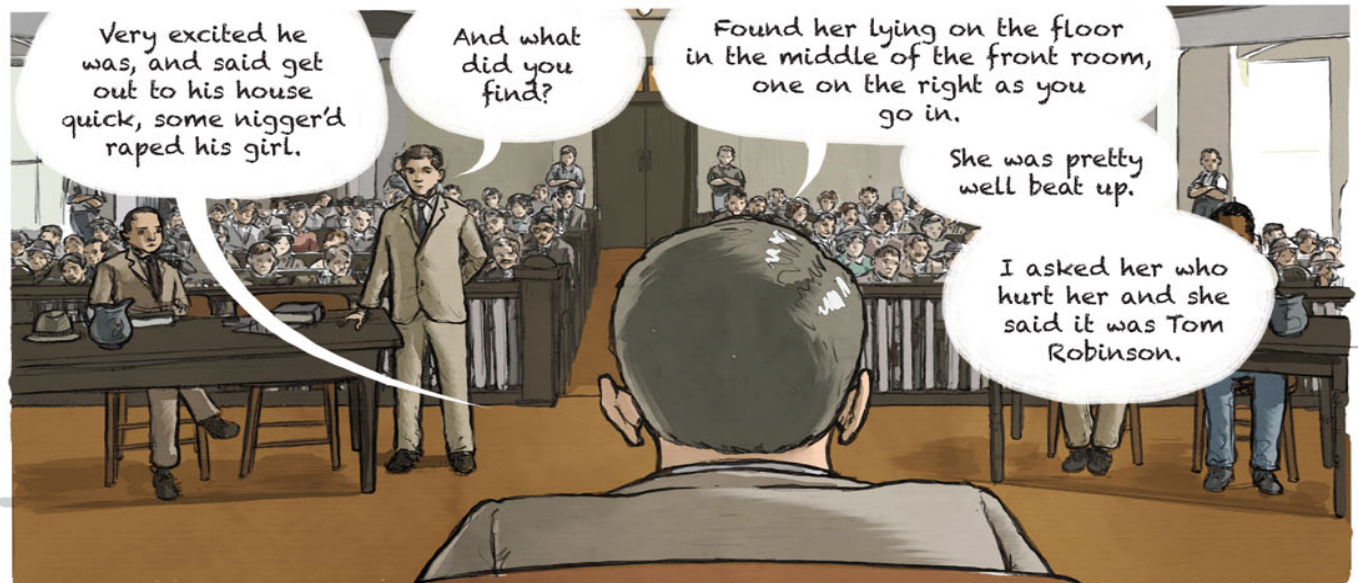
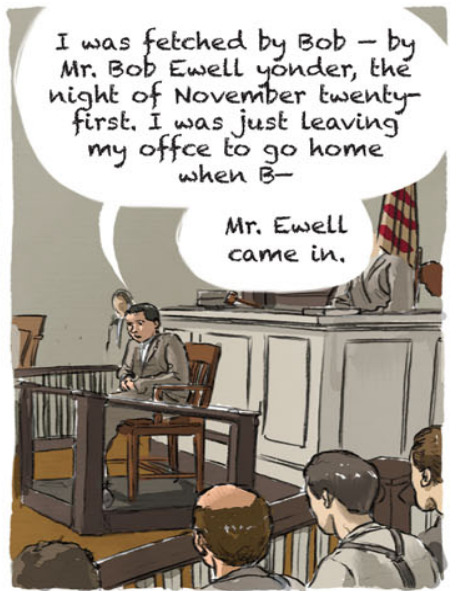


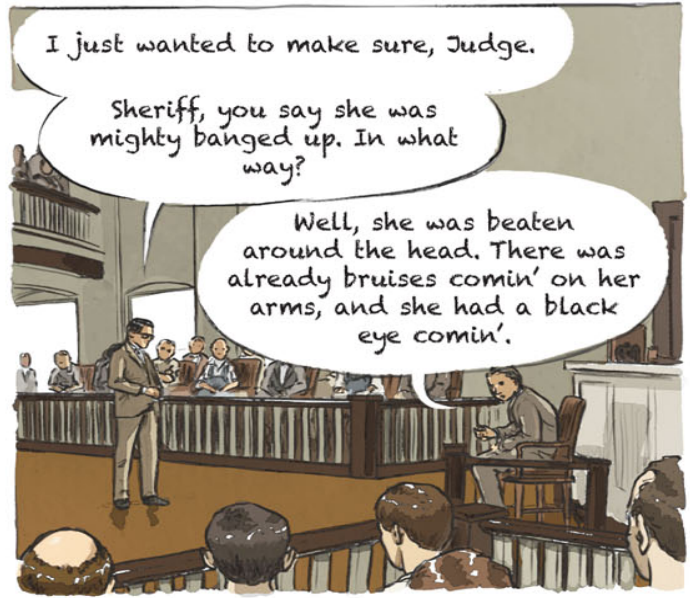


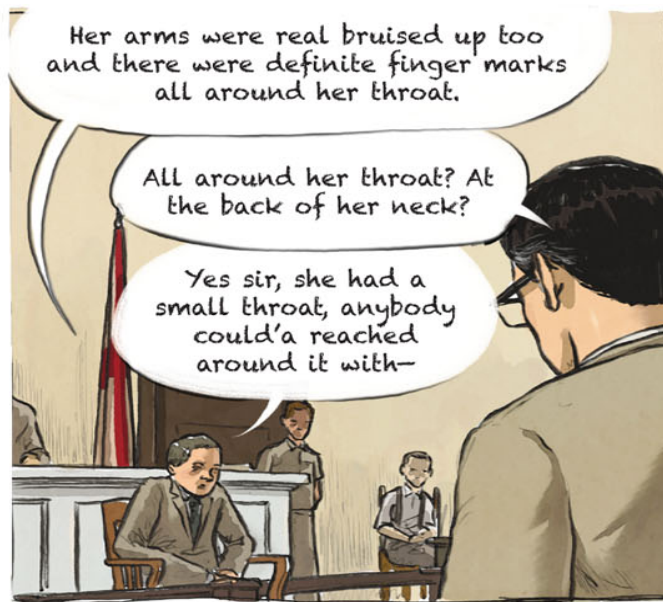
Jem, are those the
Ewells sittin' down
yonder?

Hush. Mr. Heck
Tate's testifyin'.



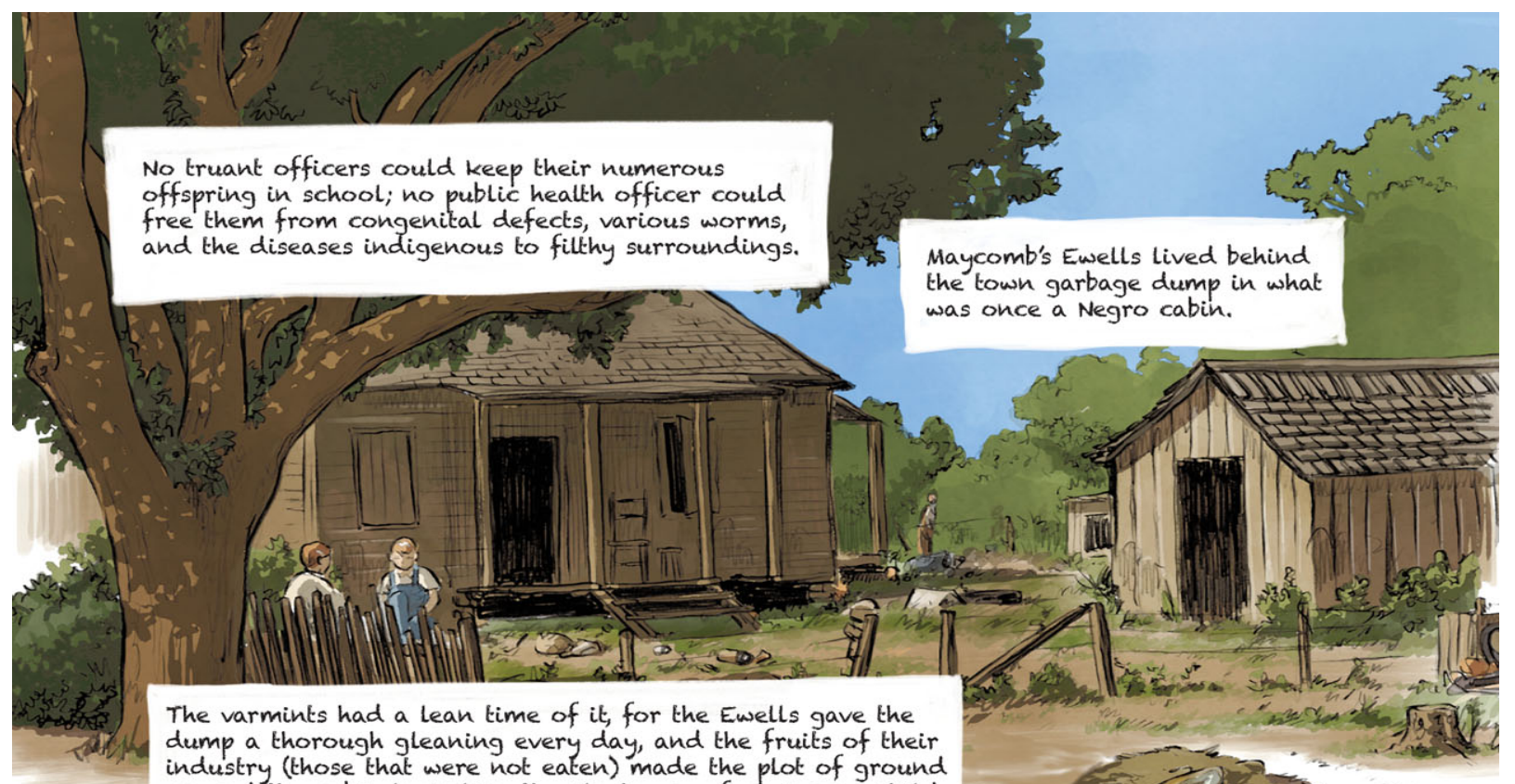






Every town the size of Maycomb had families like the Ewells. No economic fluctuations changed their status — people like the Ewells lived as guests of the county in prosperity as well as in the depths of a depression.

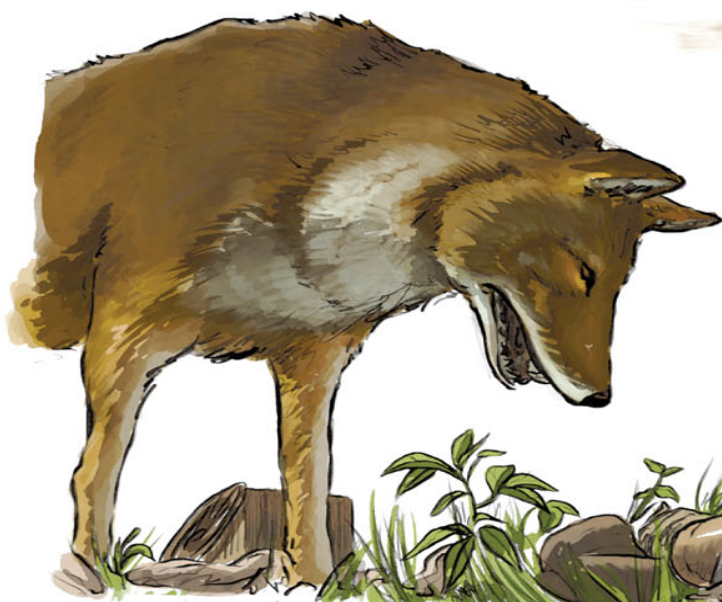




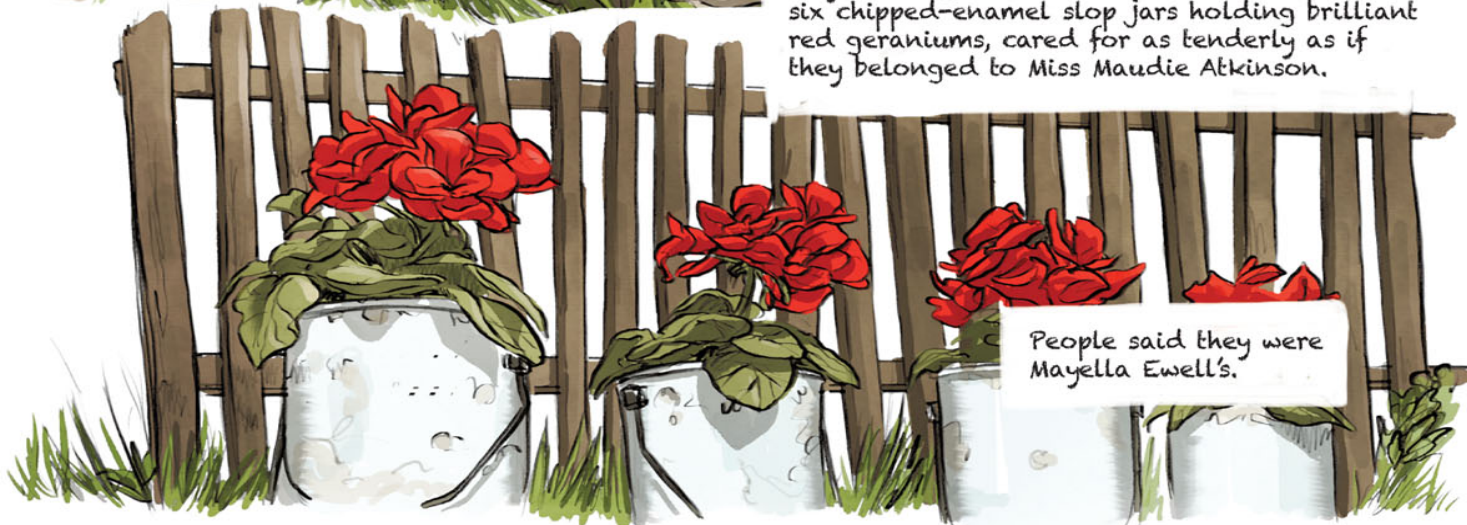
No truant officers could keep their numerous offspring in school; no public health officer could free them from congenital defects, various worms, and the diseases indigenous to filthy surroundings.

Maycomb's Ewells lived behind the town garbage dump in what was once a Negro cabin.

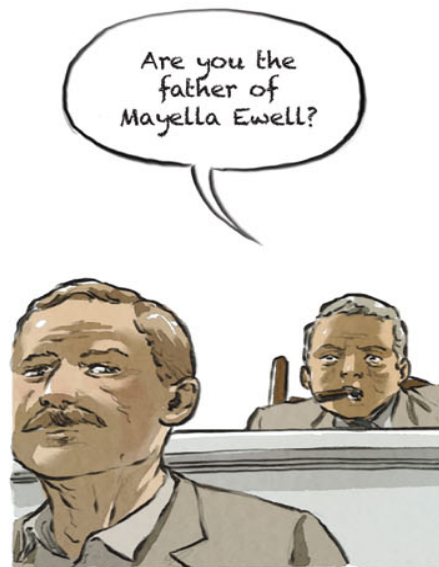
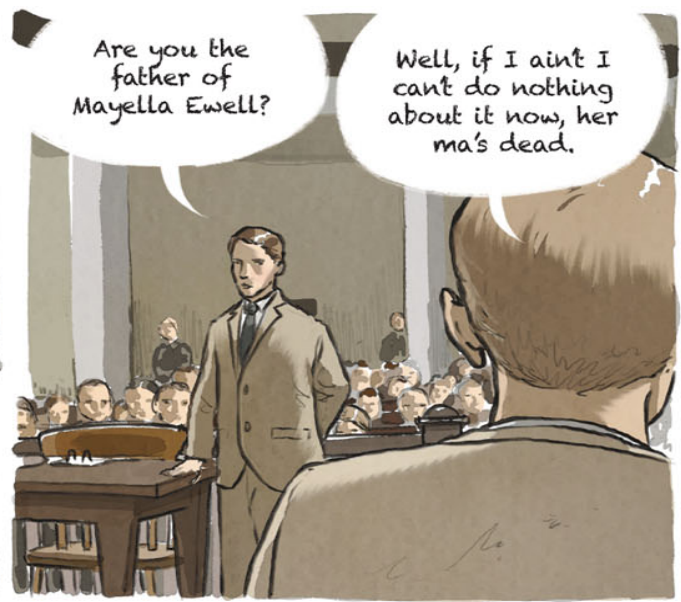
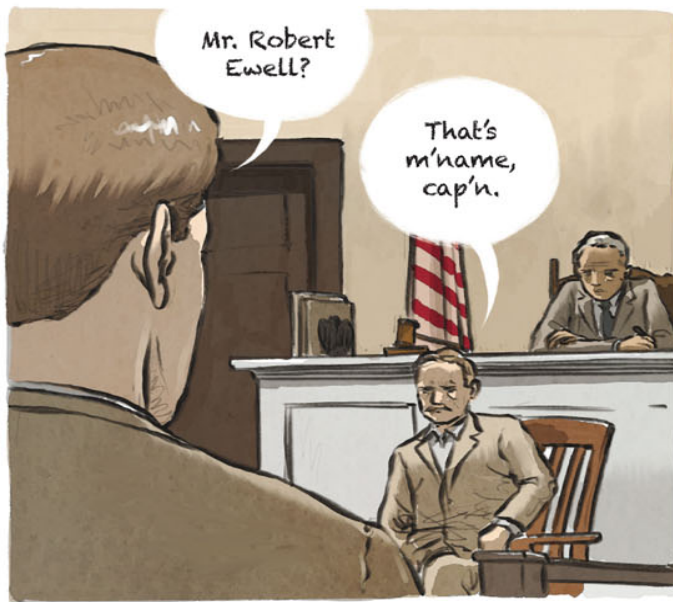
The varmints had a lean time of it, for the Ewells gave the dump a thorough gleaning every day, and the fruits of their industry (those that were not eaten) made the plot of ground around the cabin look like the playhouse of an insane child.

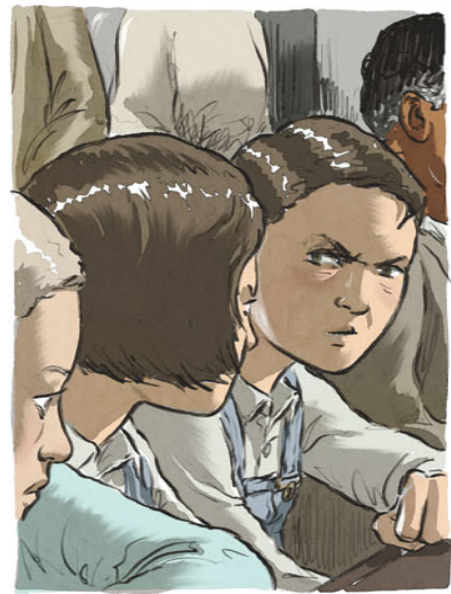
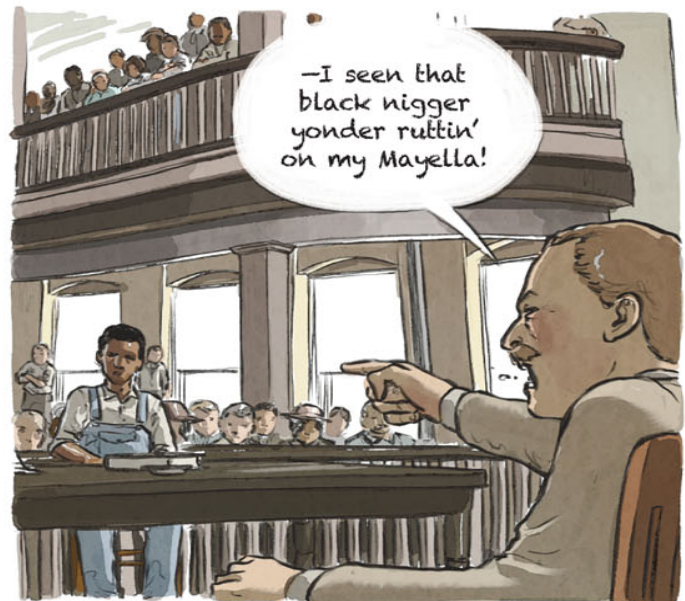
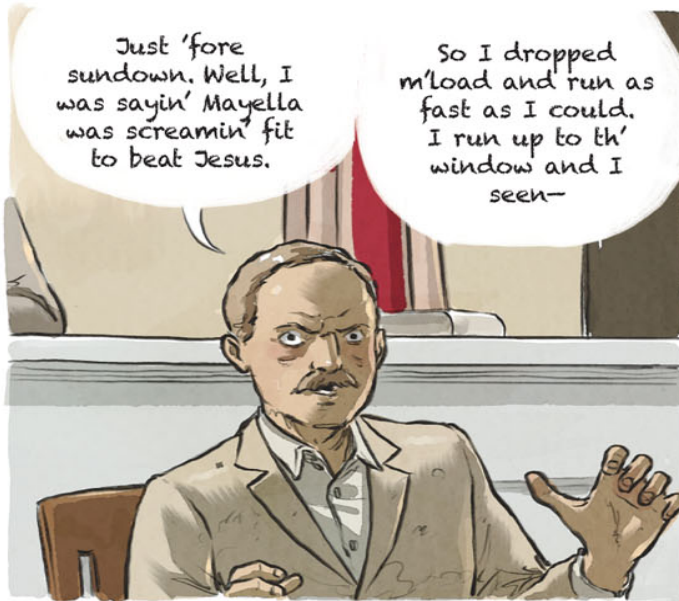


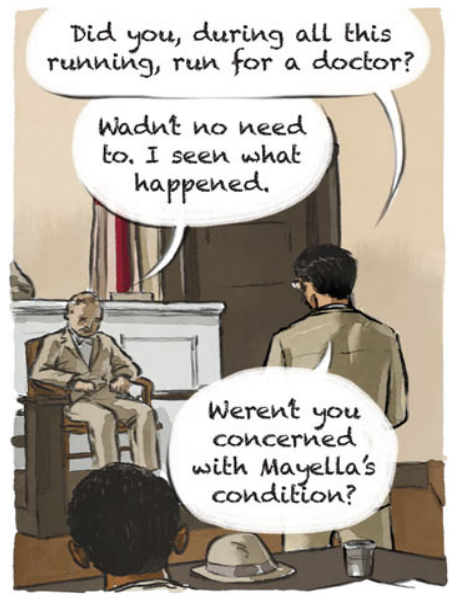
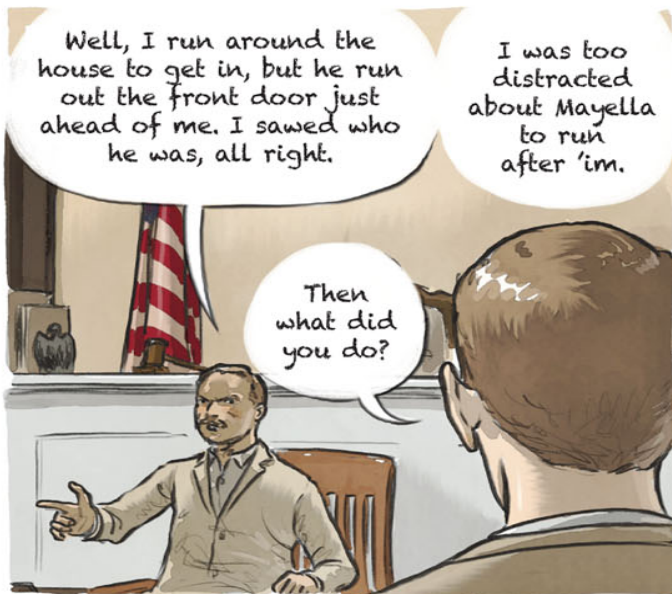
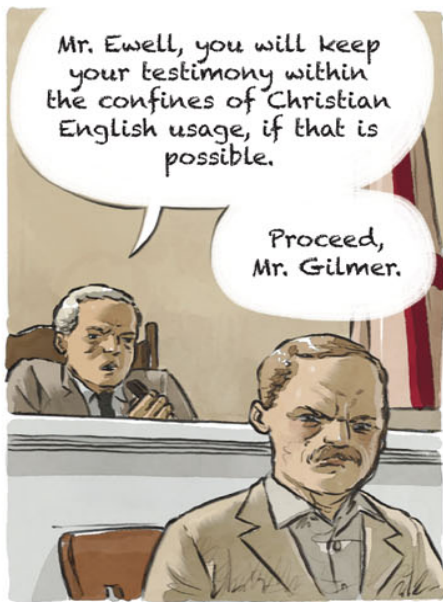
One corner of the yard, though, bewildered Maycomb. Against the fence, in a line, were six chipped-enamel slop jars holding brilliant red geraniums, cared for as tenderly as if they belonged to Miss Maudie Atkinson.

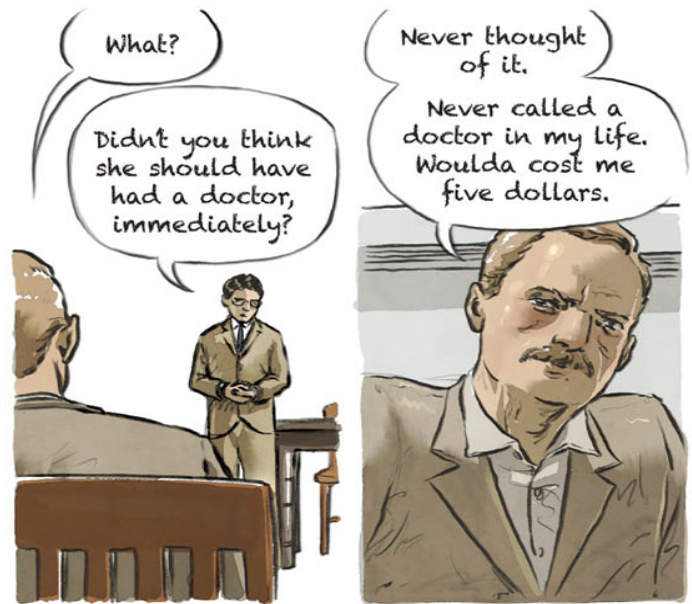


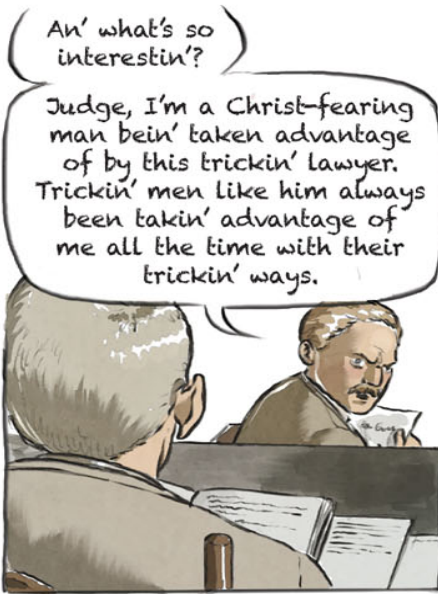
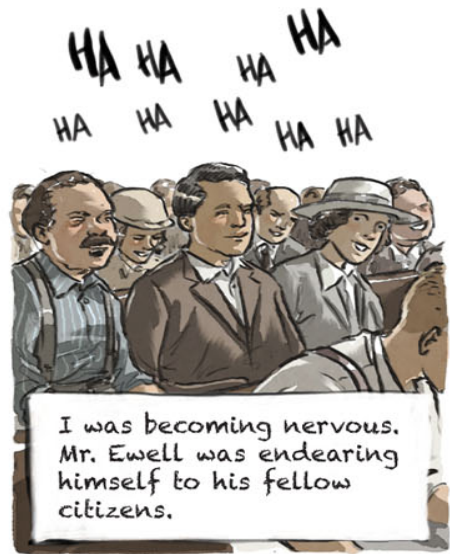
People said they were Mayella Ewell's.

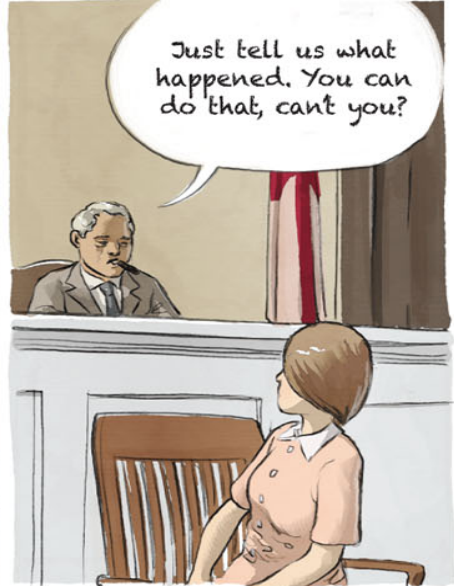


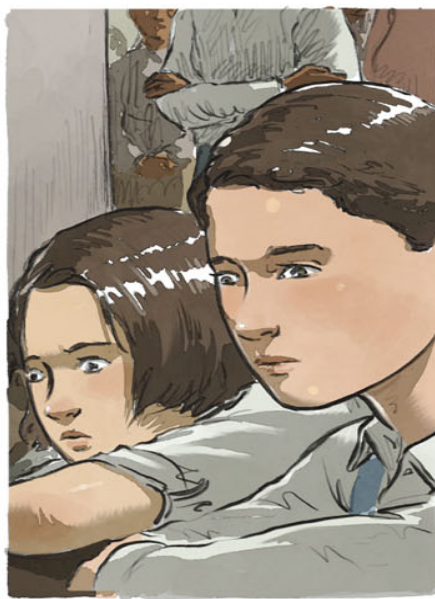














Well sir, I was on the porch and—and he came along and, you see, there was this old chiffarobe in the yard Papa'd brought in to chop up for kindlin'.

I wadn't feelin' strong enough then, so he came by—

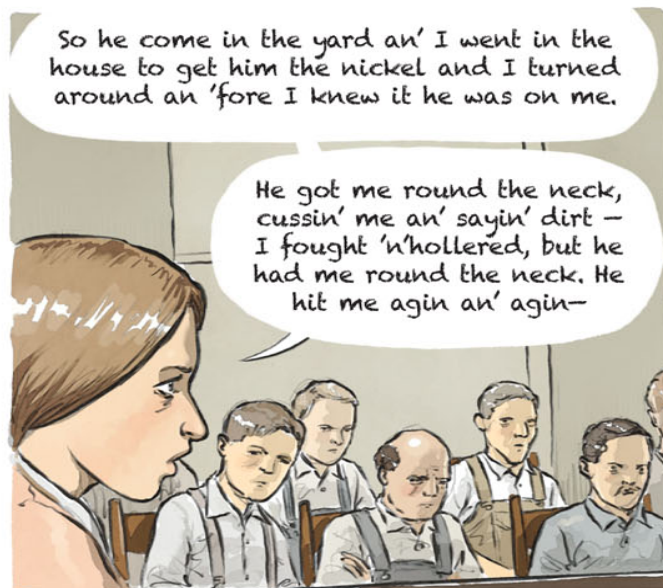
Who is "he"?



That'n yonder. Robinson.

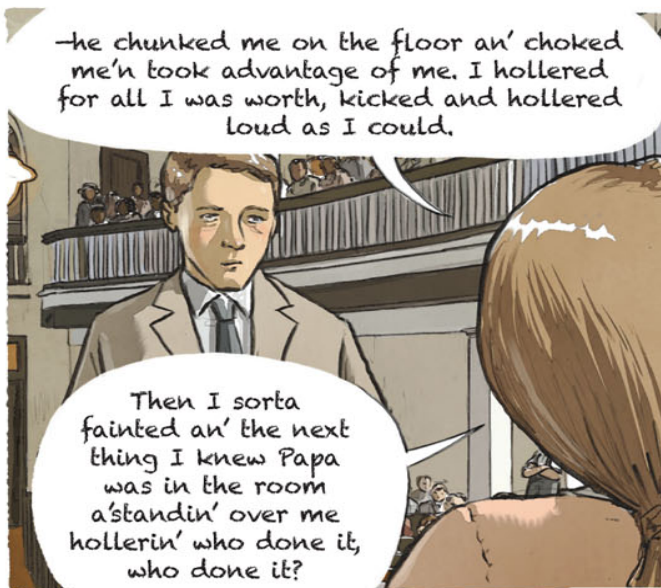
Then what happened?

I said come here and bust up this chiffarobe for me, I gotta nickel for you.



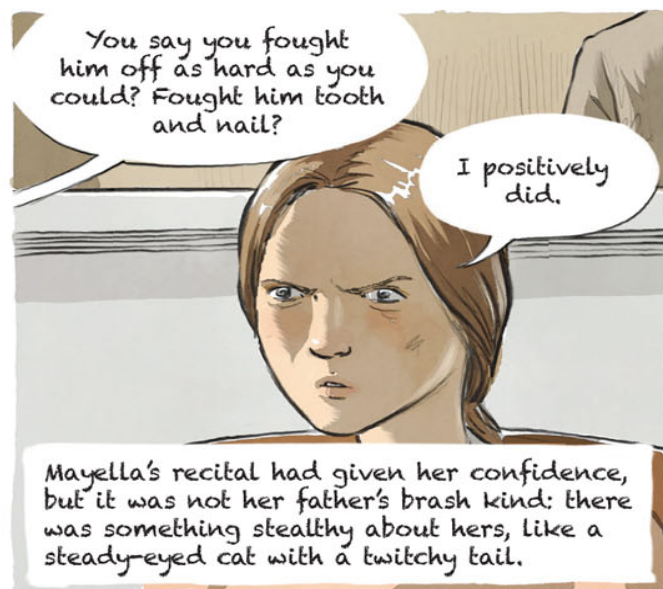
So he come in the yard an' I went in the house to get him the nickel and I turned around an' 'fore I knew it he was on me.

He got me round the neck, cussin' me an' sayin' dirt — I fought 'n'hollered, but he had me round the neck. He hit me agin an' agin—



—he chunked me on the floor an' choked me'n took advantage of me. I hollered for all I was worth, kicked and hollered loud as I could.

Then I sorta fainted an' the next thing I knew Papa was in the room a'standin' over me hollerin' who done it, who done it?



You say you fought him off as hard as you could? Fought him tooth and nail?

I positively did.

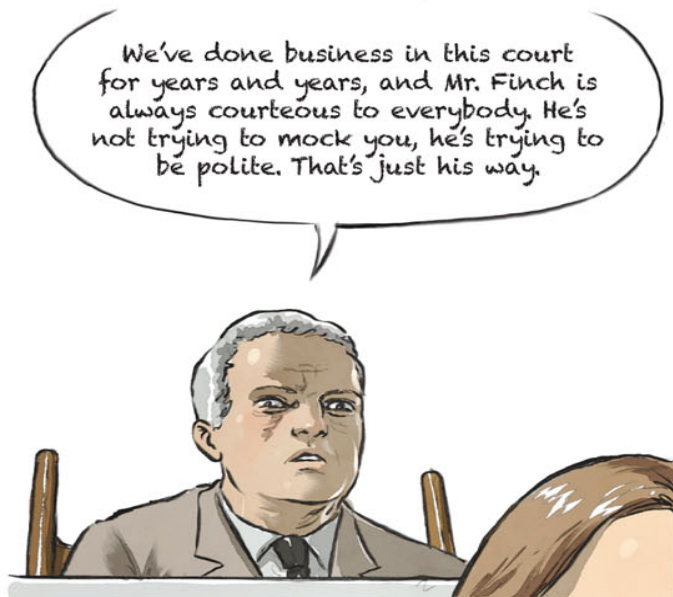
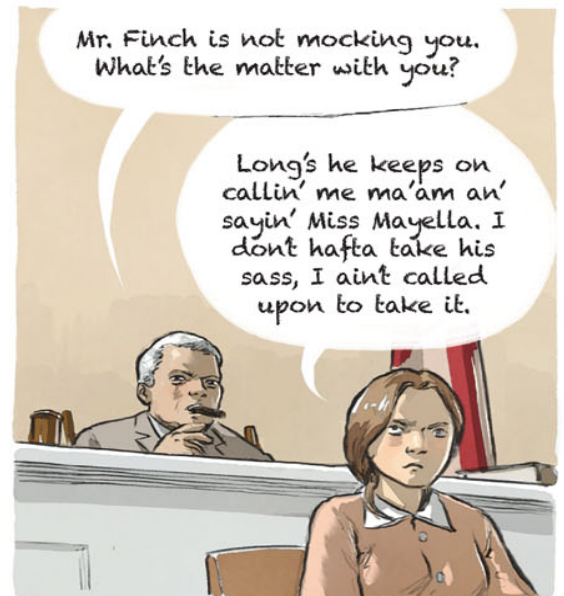
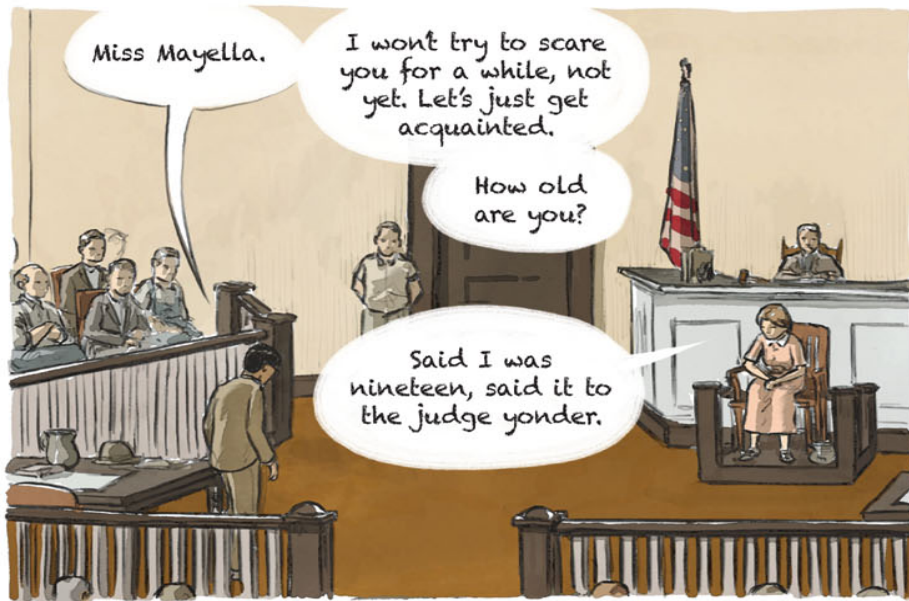
Mayella's recital had given her confidence, but it was not her father's brash kind: there was something stealthy about hers, like a steady-eyed cat with a twitchy tail.



You are positive that he took full advantage of you?

He done what he was after.

That's all for the time being, but you stay there. I expect big bad Mr. Finch has some questions to ask you.





You the eldest? The oldest?

Yes.



How long has your mother been dead?

Don't know - long time.

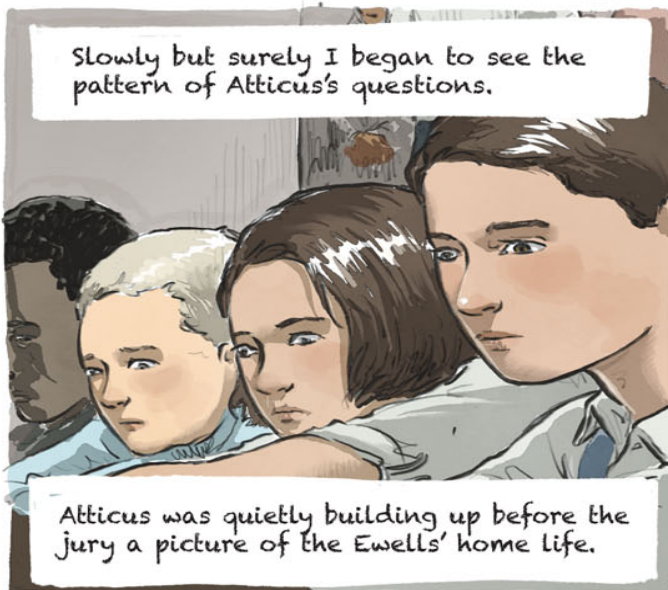
Did you ever go to school?

Read'n'write good as Papa yonder.



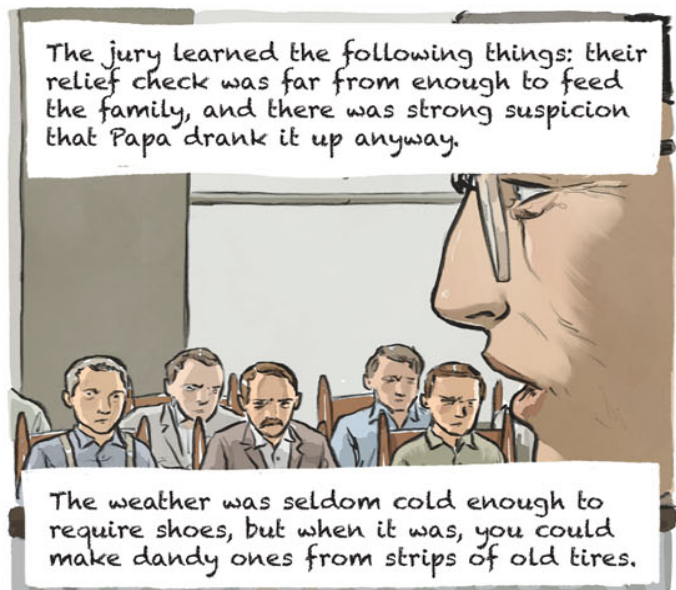
How long did you go to school?

Two year - three year - dunno.



Slowly but surely I began to see the pattern of Atticus's questions.

Atticus was quietly building up before the jury a picture of the Ewells' home life.



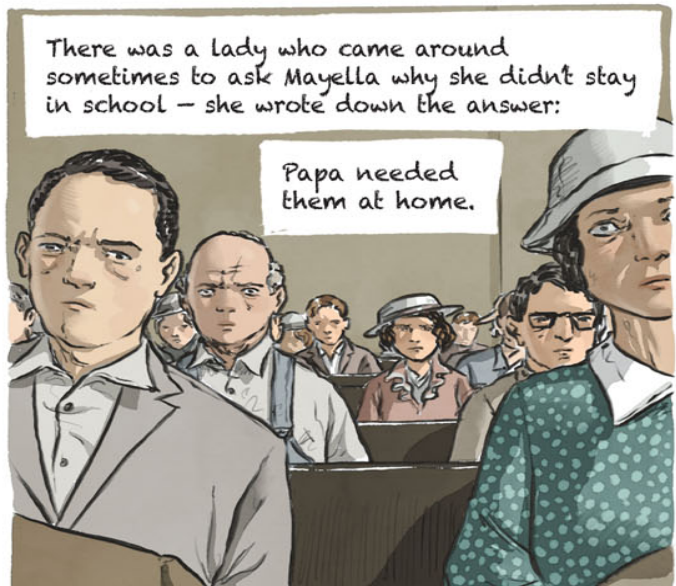
The jury learned the following things: their relief check was far from enough to feed the family, and there was strong suspicion that Papa drank it up anyway.

The weather was seldom cold enough to require shoes, but when it was, you could make dandy ones from strips of old tires.



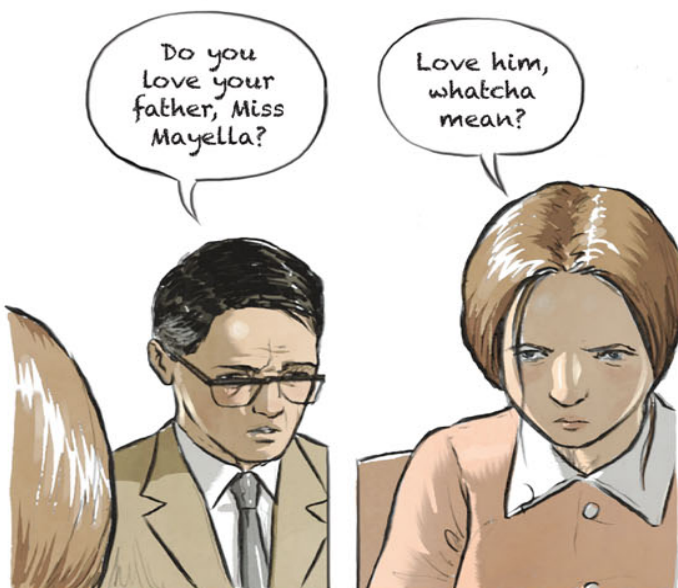
If you wanted to wash you hauled your own water.

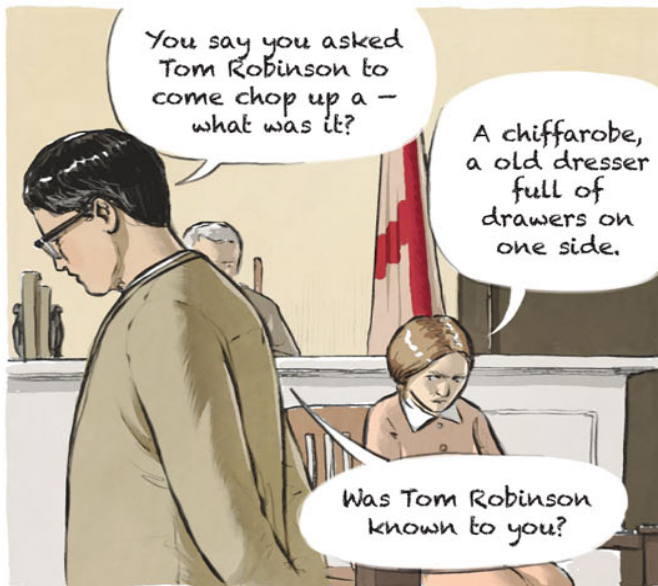
The younger children had perpetual colds and suffered from chronic ground-itch.



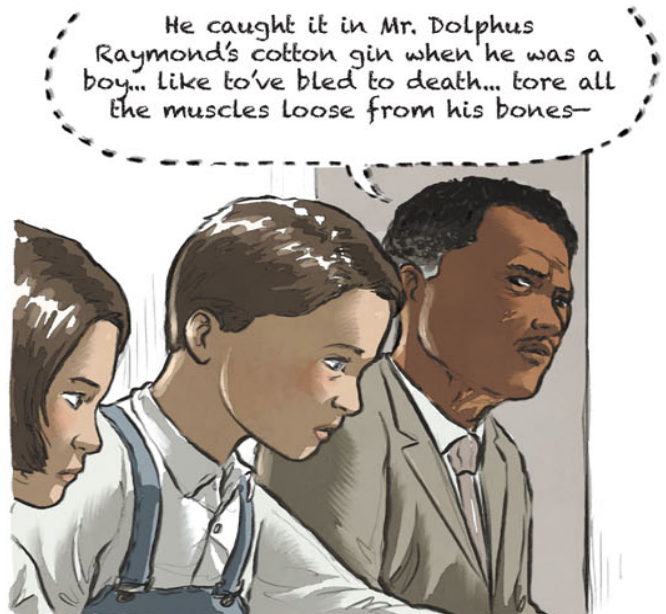
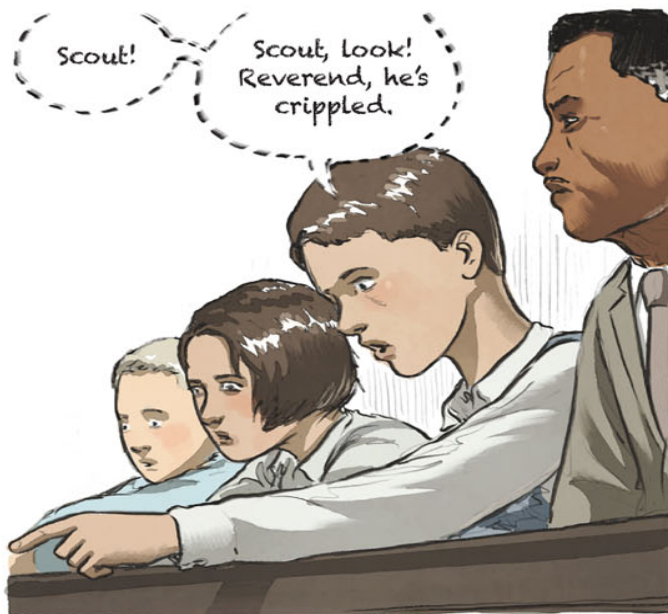
There was a lady who came around sometimes to ask Mayella why she didn't stay in school - she wrote down the answer:

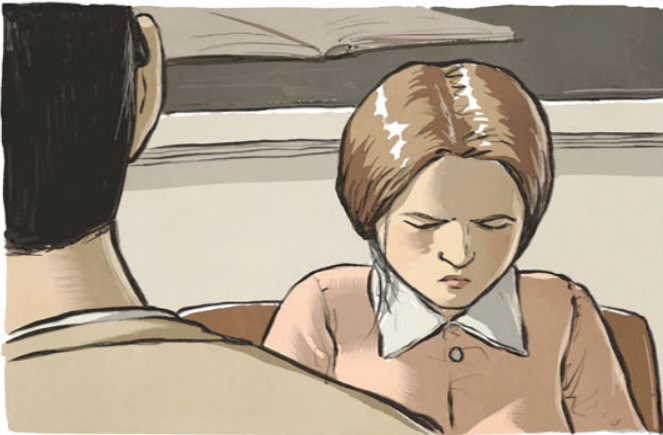
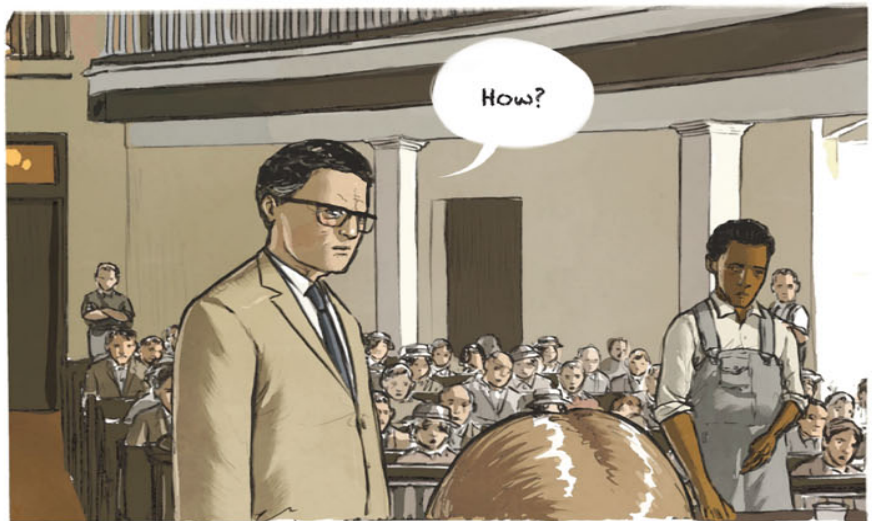
Papa needed them at home.



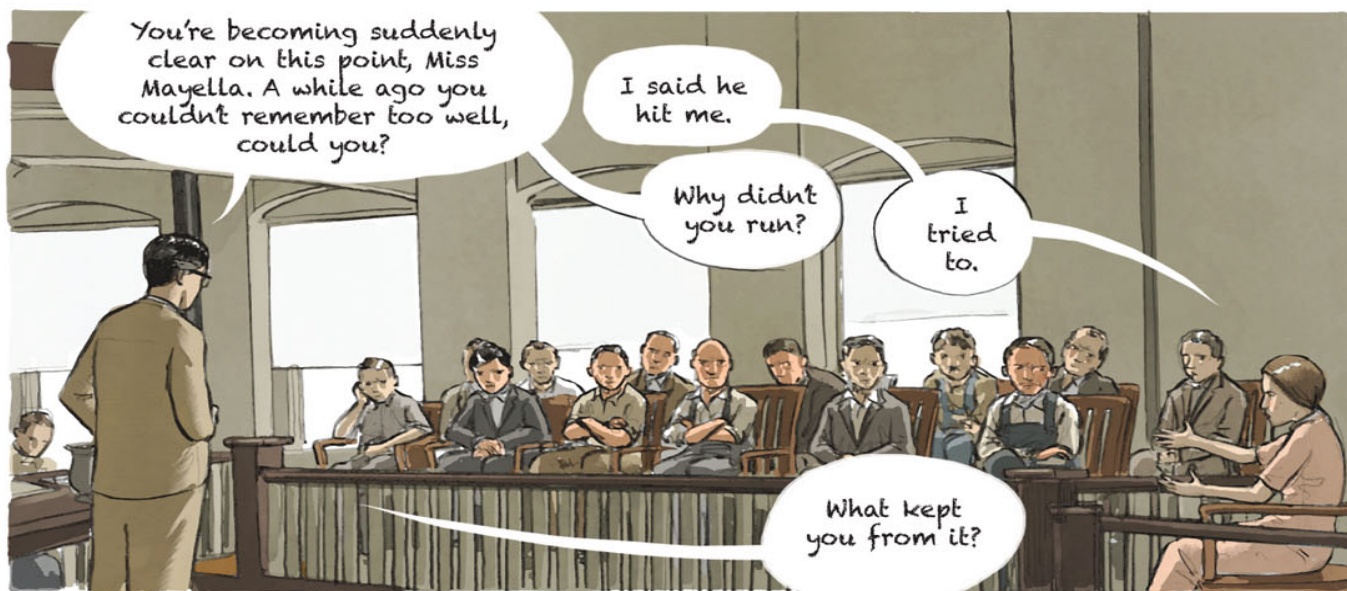


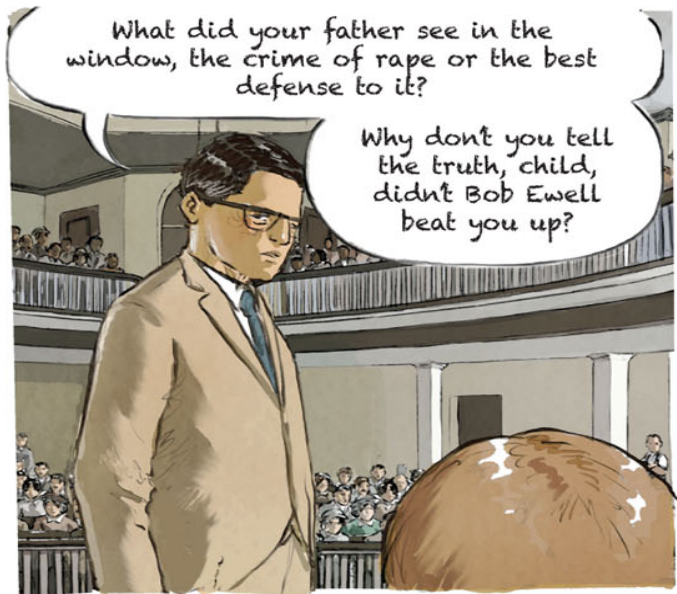
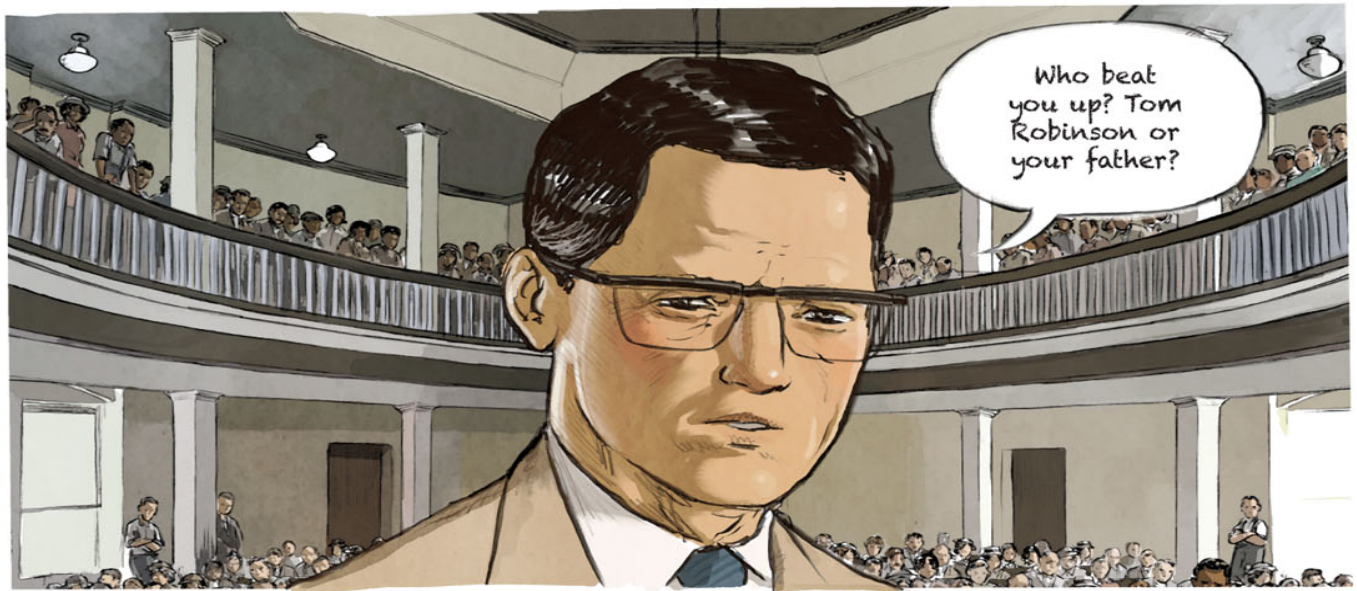


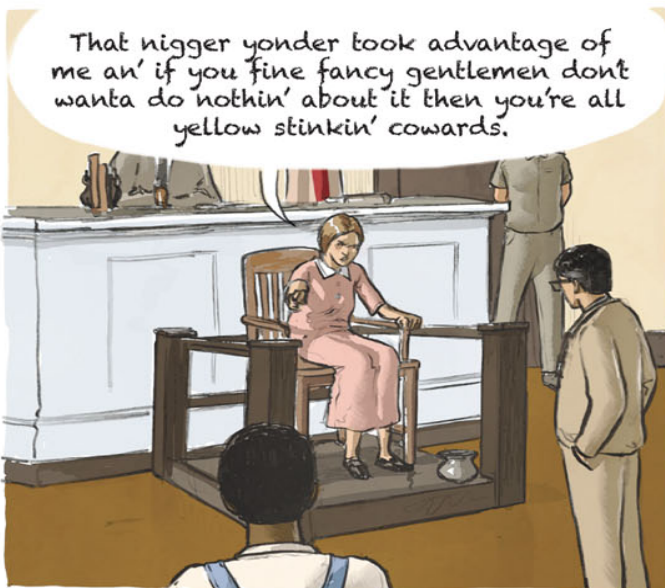


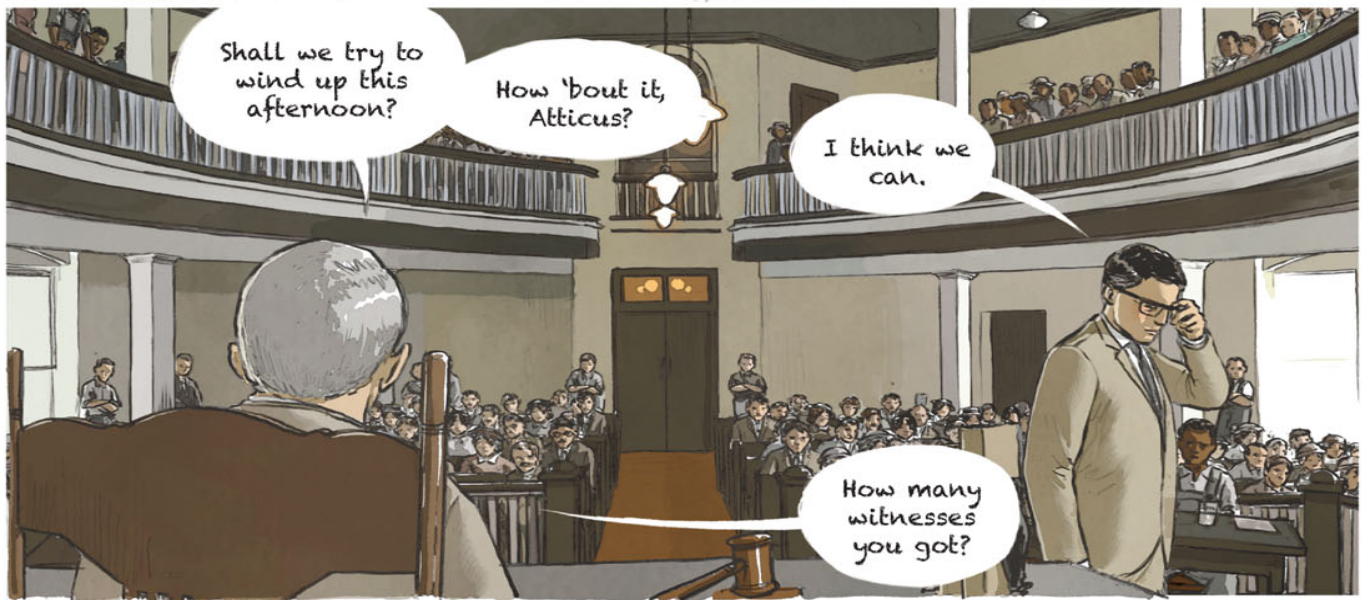














Tom took the oath and stepped into the witness chair. Atticus very quickly induced him to tell us: Tom was twenty-five years of age; he was married with three children; he had been in trouble with the law before: he once received thirty days for disorderly conduct.



It must have been disorderly.

What did it con-

Got in a fight with another man, he tried to cut me.

You were both convicted?

Yes suh, I had to serve 'cause I couldn't pay the fine. Other fellow paid his'n.



Why's'e askin' him that?

Showin' us all Tom's got nothin' to hide.

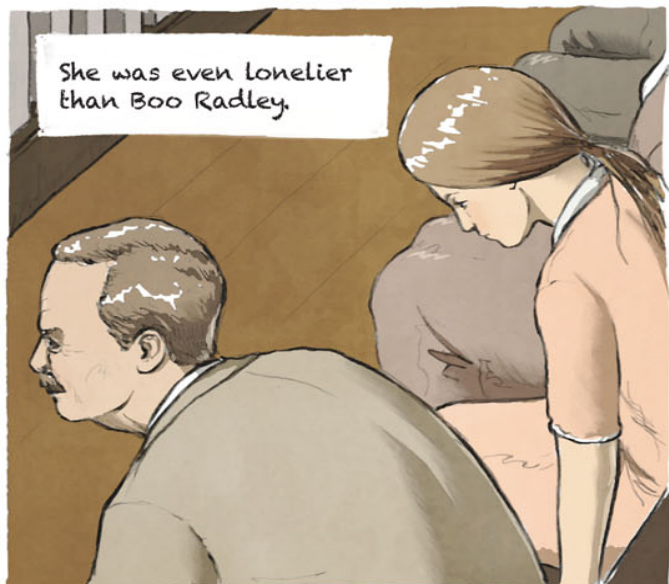
Were you acquainted with Mayella Violet Ewell?

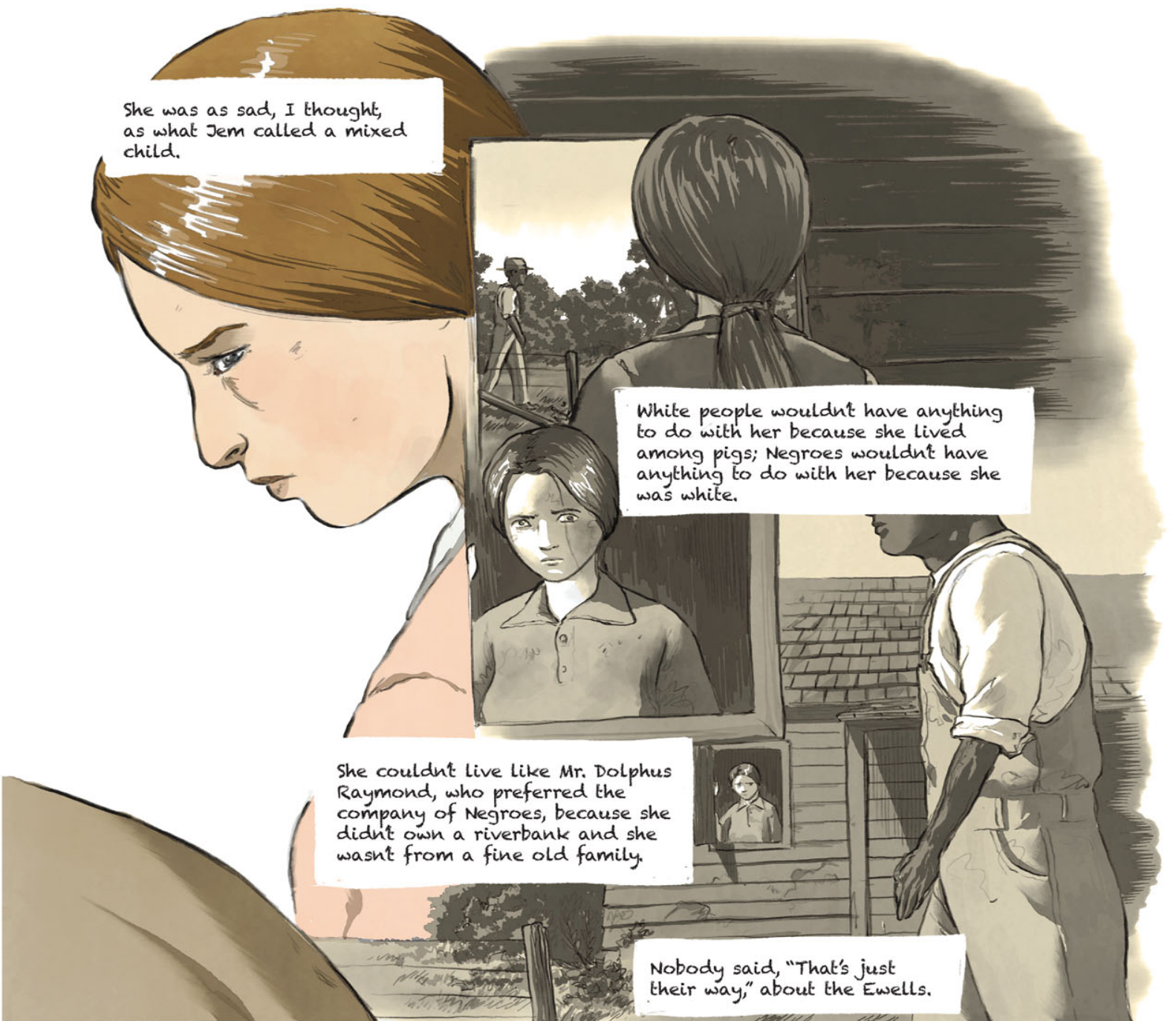
Yes suh, I had to pass her place goin' to and from the field every day.



Did she ever speak to you?

Why, yes suh, I'd tip m'hat when I'd go by, and one day she asked me to come inside the fence and bust up a chiffarobe for her.



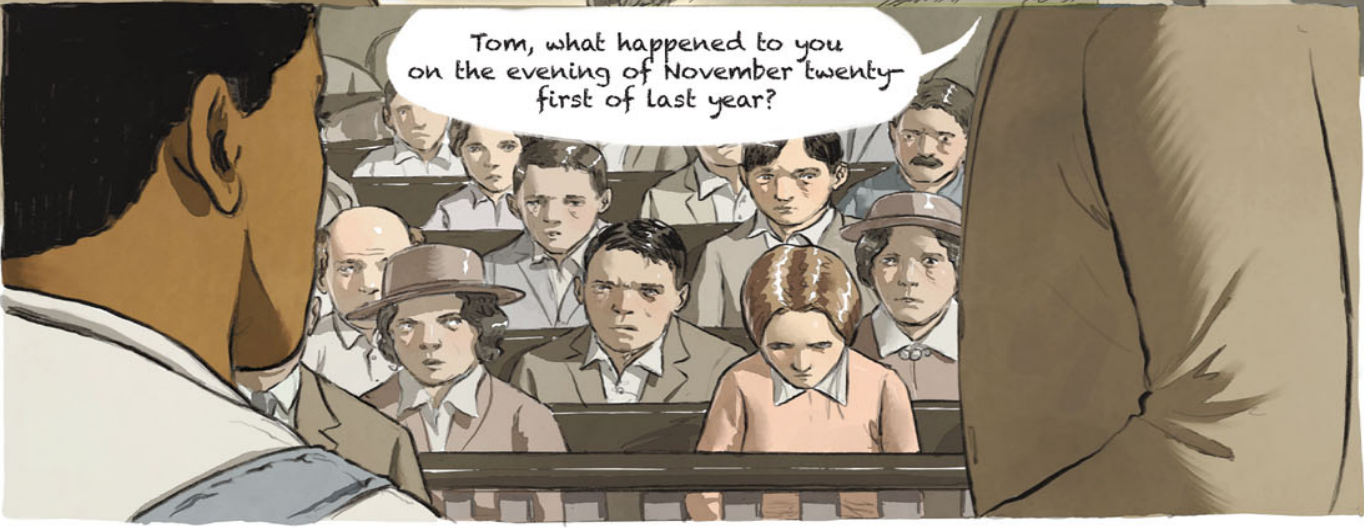


She was as sad, I thought,
as what Jem called a mixed
child.

White people wouldn't have anything
to do with her because she lived
among pigs; Negroes wouldn't have
anything to do with her because she
was white.

She couldn't live like Mr. Dolphus
Raymond, who preferred the
company of Negroes, because she
didn't own a riverbank and she
wasn't from a fine old family.

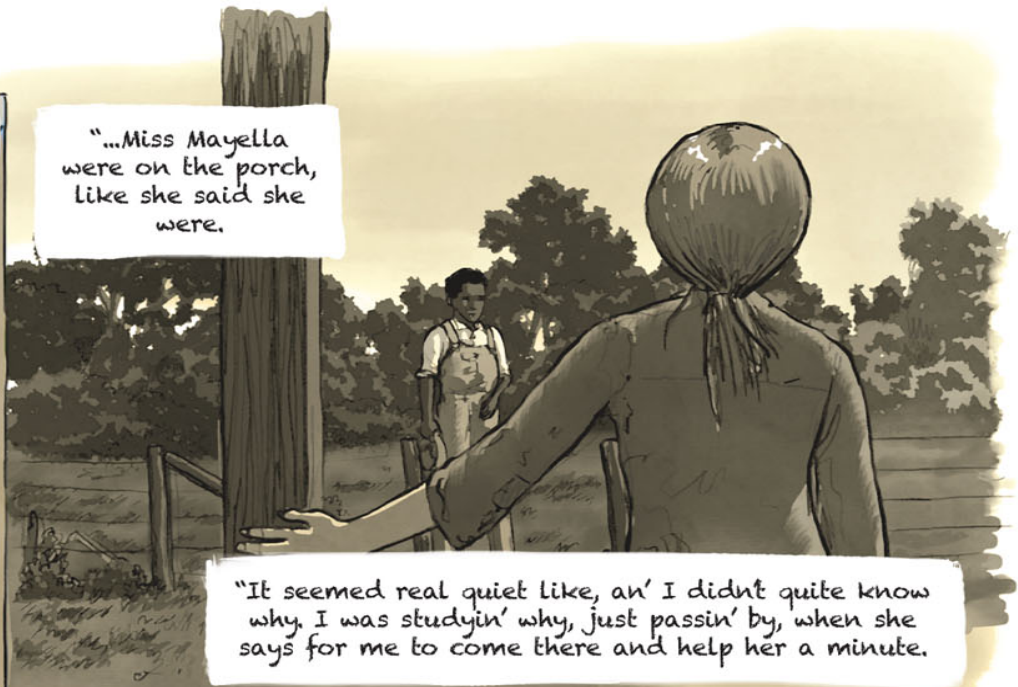
Nobody said, "That's just
their way," about the Ewells.



Tom, what happened to you
on the evening of November twenty-
first of last year?



Mr. Finch, I was goin' home as usual that evenin', an' when I passed the Ewell place...



"...Miss Mayella were on the porch, like she said she were.

"It seemed real quiet like, an' I didn't quite know why. I was studyin' why, just passin' by, when she says for me to come there and help her a minute.

"Well, I went inside the fence an' looked around for some kindlin' to work on, but I didn't see none, and she says, 'Naw, I got somethin' for you to do in the house. Th' old door's off its hinges an' fall's comin' on pretty fast.'



"Well, I went up the steps an' she motioned me to come inside, and I went in the front room an' looked at the door.

"I said Miss Mayella, this door look all right. I pulled it back'n forth and those hinges was all right.



"Mr. Finch, I was wonderin' why it was so quiet like, an' it come to me that there weren't a child on the place, not a one of 'em, and I said Miss Mayella, where the chillun?"



I say where the chillun?

An' she says - she was laughin', sort of - she says they all gone to town to get ice creams.



Took me a slap year to save seb'm nickels, but I done it. They all gone to town.



Why Miss Mayella, that's right smart o'you to treat 'em.

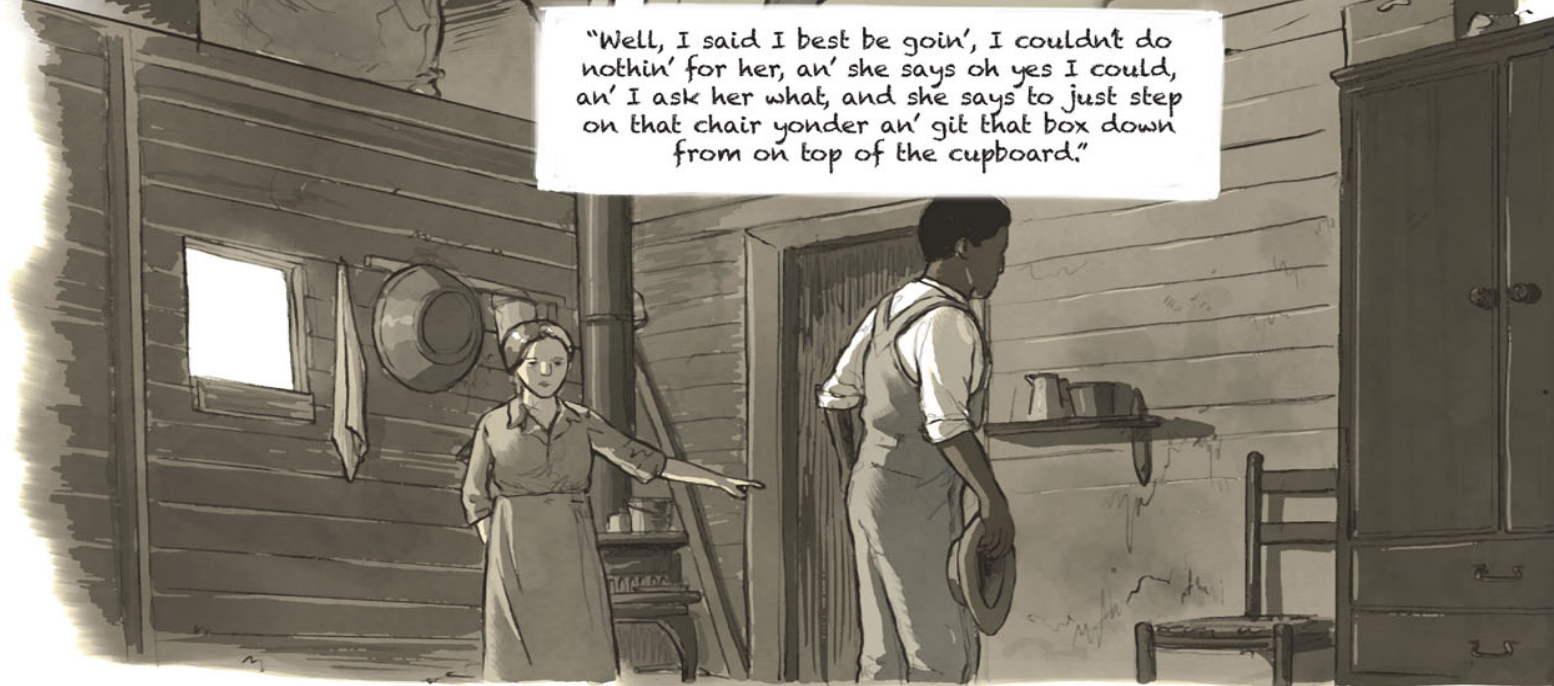
You think so?



I don't think she understood what I was thinkin' - I meant it was smart of her to save like that, an' nice of her to treat 'em.

I understand you, Tom. Go on.

"Well, I said I best be goin', I couldn't do nothin' for her, an' she says oh yes I could, an' I ask her what, and she says to just step on that chair yonder an' git that box down from on top of the cupboard."



"So I done what she told me, an' I was just reachin' when the next thing I knows she— she'd grabbed me round the legs, grabbed me round th' legs, Mr. Finch."



She scared me so bad I hopped down an' turned the chair over.

What happened after you turned the chair over?




Tom, you're sworn to tell the whole truth. Will you tell it?











"I say Miss Mayella lemme outa here an' tried to run but just when I say it Mr. Ewell yonder hollered through th' window."




What did he say?

Somethin' not fittin' to say - not fittin' for these folks'n chillun to hear-

What did he say, Tom? You must tell the jury what he said.




He says you goddamn whore, I'll kill ya.



Then what happened?

Mr. Finch, I was runnin' so fast I didn't know what happened.



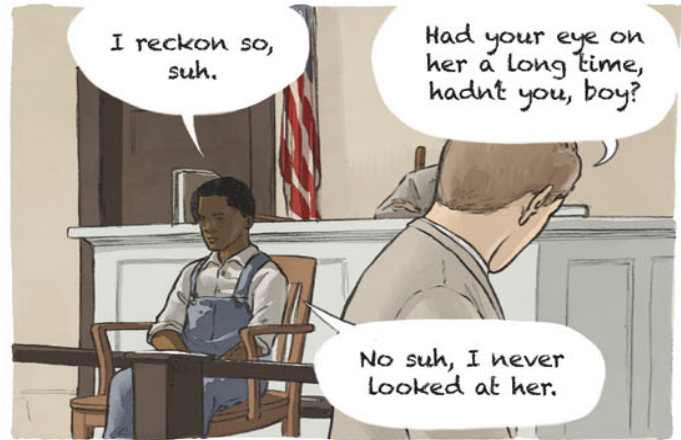
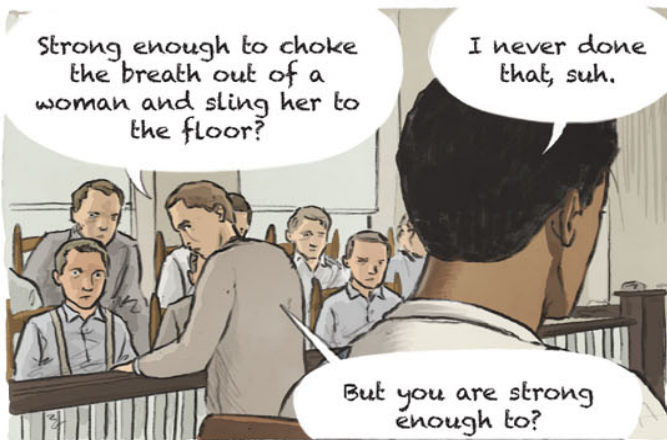
Tom, did you rape Mayella Ewell?

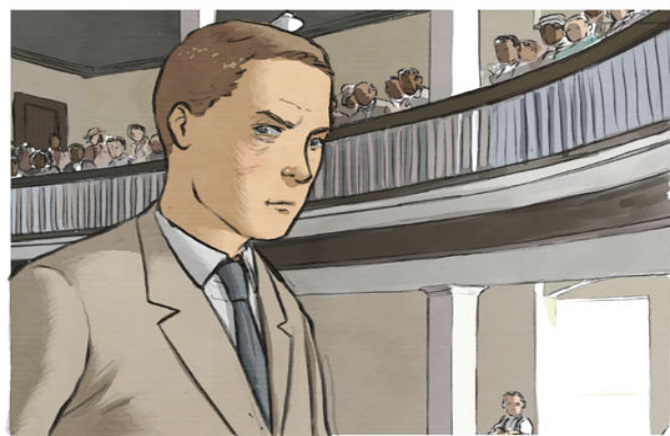
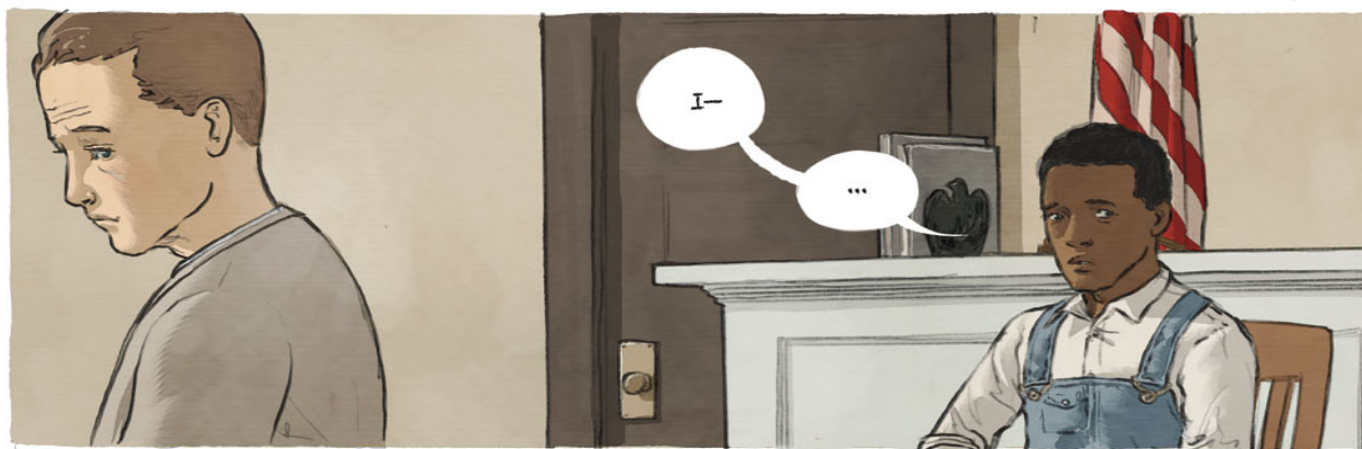
I did not, suh.

Did you harm her in any way?

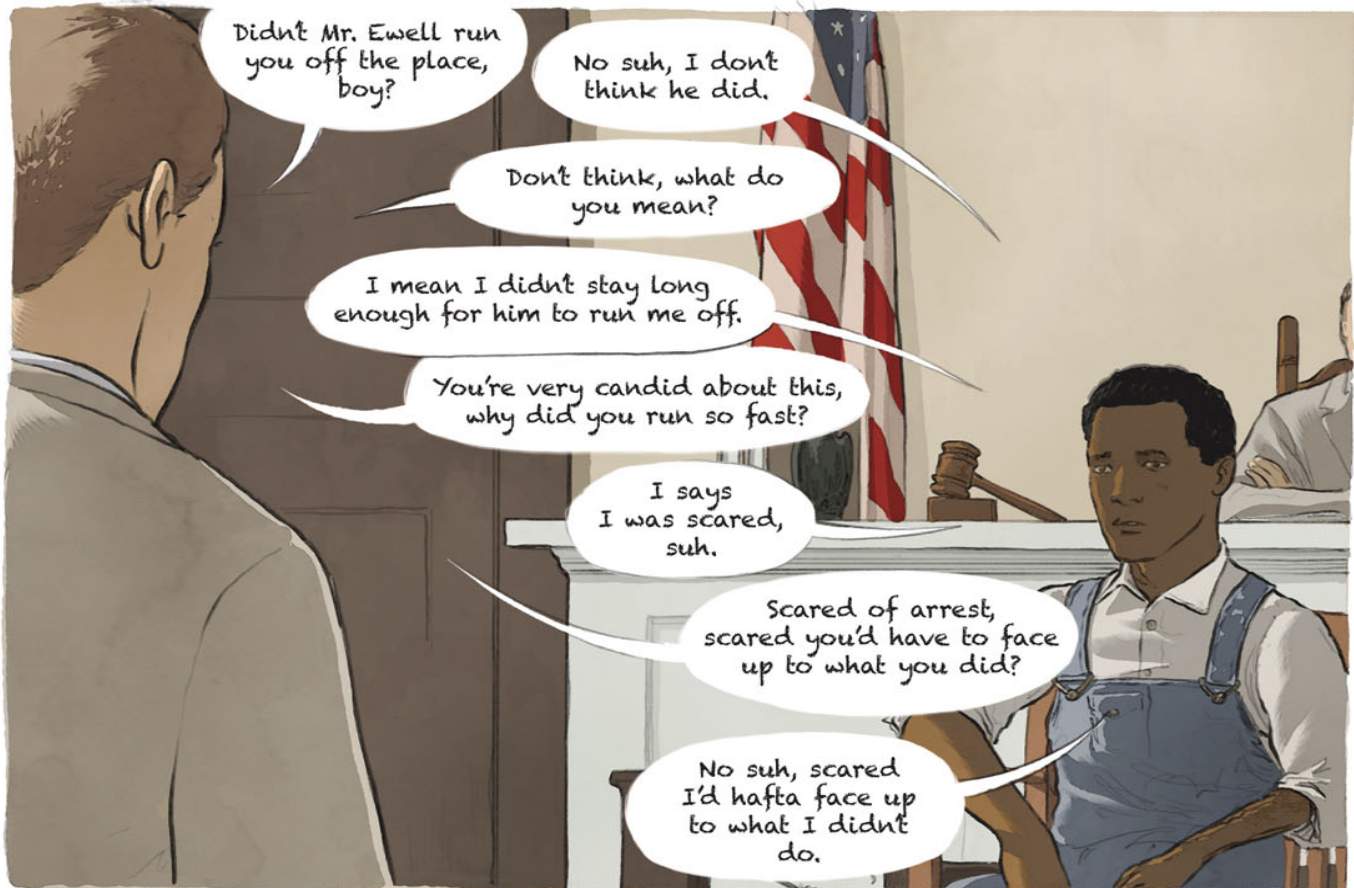
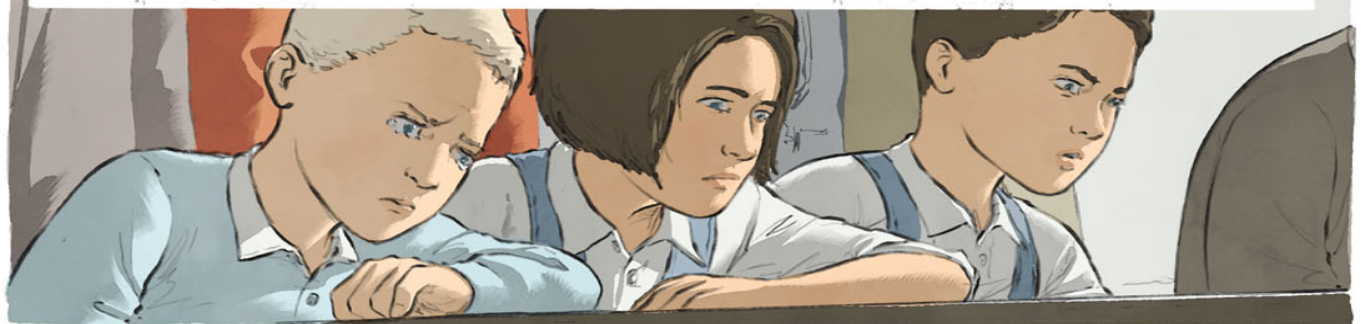
I did not, suh.

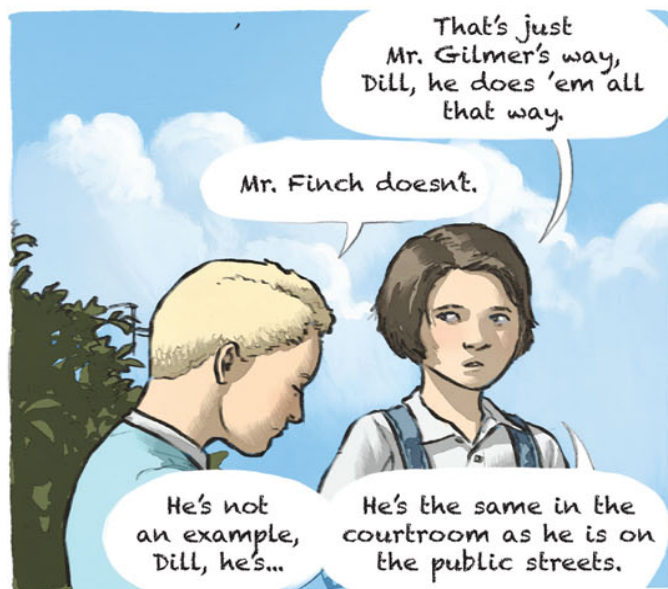
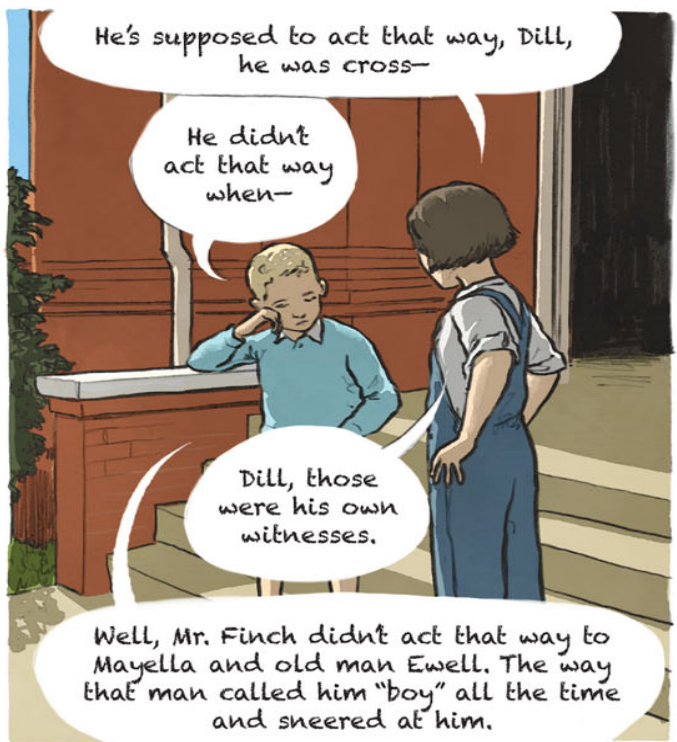


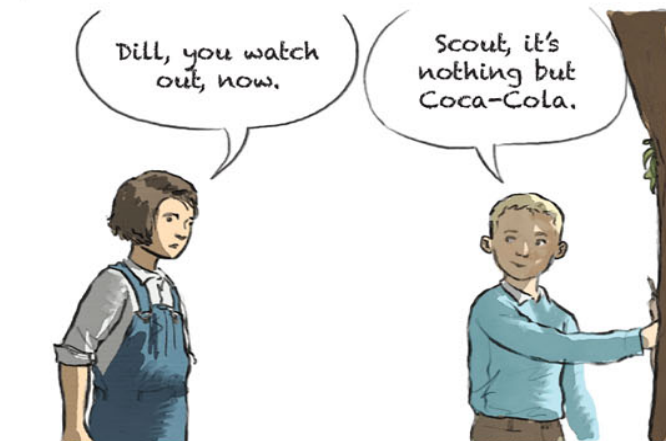
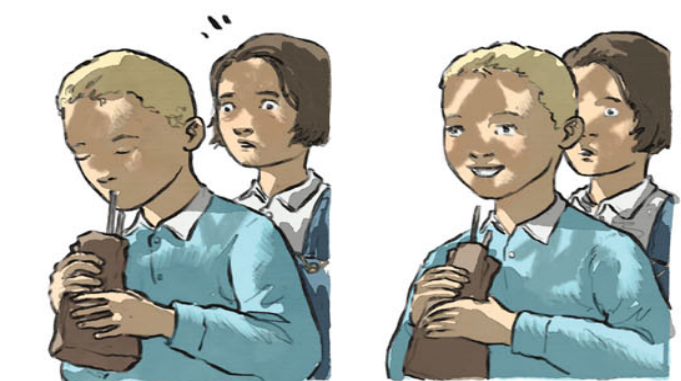




To the next ten questions, as Mr. Gilmer reviewed Mayella's version of events, the witness's steady answer was that she was mistaken in her mind.







When I come to town, which is seldom, if I weave a little and drink out of this sack, folks can say Dolphus Raymond's in the clutches of whiskey — that's why he won't change his ways.



That aint honest, Mr. Raymond, making yourself out badder'n you are already—

It aint honest but it's mighty helpful to folks.



Secretly, Miss Finch, I'm not much of a drinker, but you see they could never, never understand that I live like I do because that's the way I want to live.



I had a feeling that I shouldn't be here listening to this sinful man who had mixed children and didn't care who knew it, but he was fascinating.



I had never encountered a being who deliberately perpetrated fraud against himself.

Why you tellin' us your secret then Mr. Raymond?

Because you're children and you can understand it.



Things haven't caught up with your instincts yet. You haven't seen enough of the world yet.

You haven't even seen this town, but all you gotta do is step back inside the courthouse.



C'mon, Dill. You all right, now?

Yeah.

Glad to've metcha, Mr. Raymond, and thanks for the drink.



It was mighty settlin'.





...absence of any corroborative evidence, this man was indicted on a capital charge and is now on trial for his life.

How long's he been at it?



He's just gone over the evidence and we're gonna win, Scout. I don't see how we can't.

He's been at it 'bout five minutes.

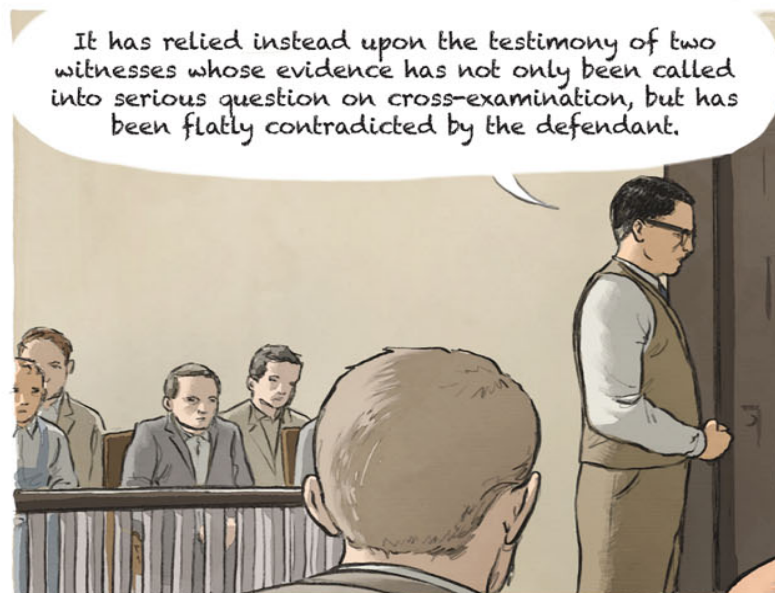


Gentlemen, I shall be brief, but I would like to use my remaining time with you to remind you that this case is not a difficult one, it requires no minute sifting of complicated facts, but it does require you to be sure beyond all reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the defendant.

To begin with, this case should never have come to trial. This case is as simple as black and white.



The state has not produced one iota of medical evidence to the effect that the crime Tom Robinson is charged with ever took place.



It has relied instead upon the testimony of two witnesses whose evidence has not only been called into serious question on cross-examination, but has been flatly contradicted by the defendant.



The defendant is not guilty, but somebody in this courtroom is.

I have nothing but pity in my heart for the chief witness for the state.

But my pity does not extend so far as to her putting a man's life at stake, which she has done in an effort to get rid of her own guilt.

I say guilty, gentlemen, because it was guilt that motivated her. She has committed no crime, she has merely broken a rigid and time-honored code of our society.

She knew full well the enormity of her offense, but because her desires were stronger than the code she was breaking, she persisted in breaking it.

She then did something every child has done — she tried to put the evidence of her offense away from her.

What was the evidence of her offense?

Tom Robinson.

A human being.

Tom Robinson was her daily reminder that she did something that in our society is unspeakable: she kissed a black man.

Not an old Uncle, but a strong young Negro man.

No code mattered to her before she broke it, but it came crashing down on her afterwards.

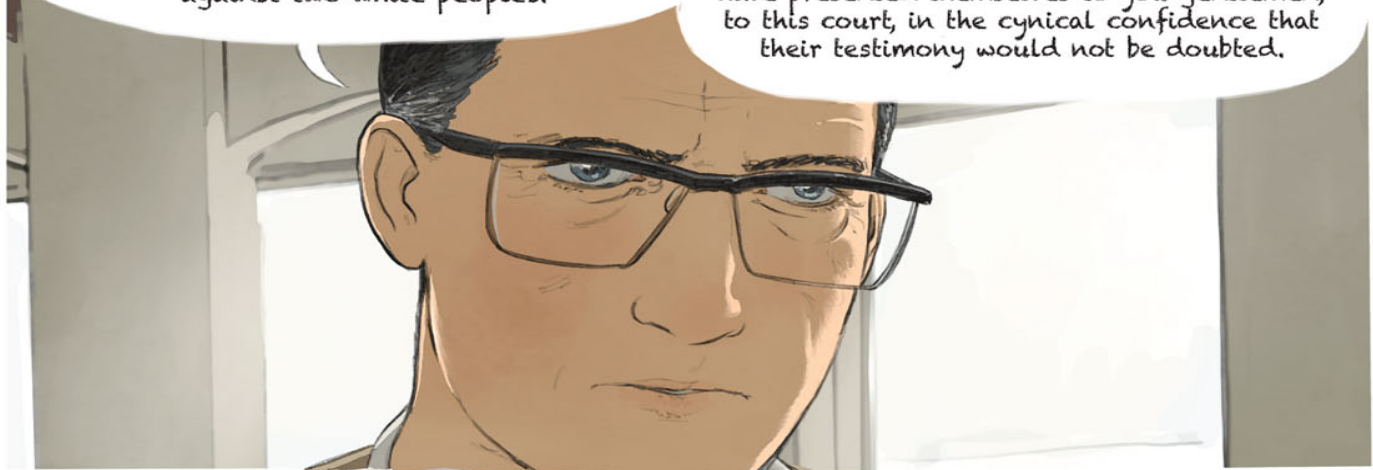
Her father saw it, and the defendant has testified as to his remarks.

What did her father do? We don't know, but there is circumstantial evidence to indicate that Mayella Ewell was beaten savagely by someone who led almost exclusively with his left.

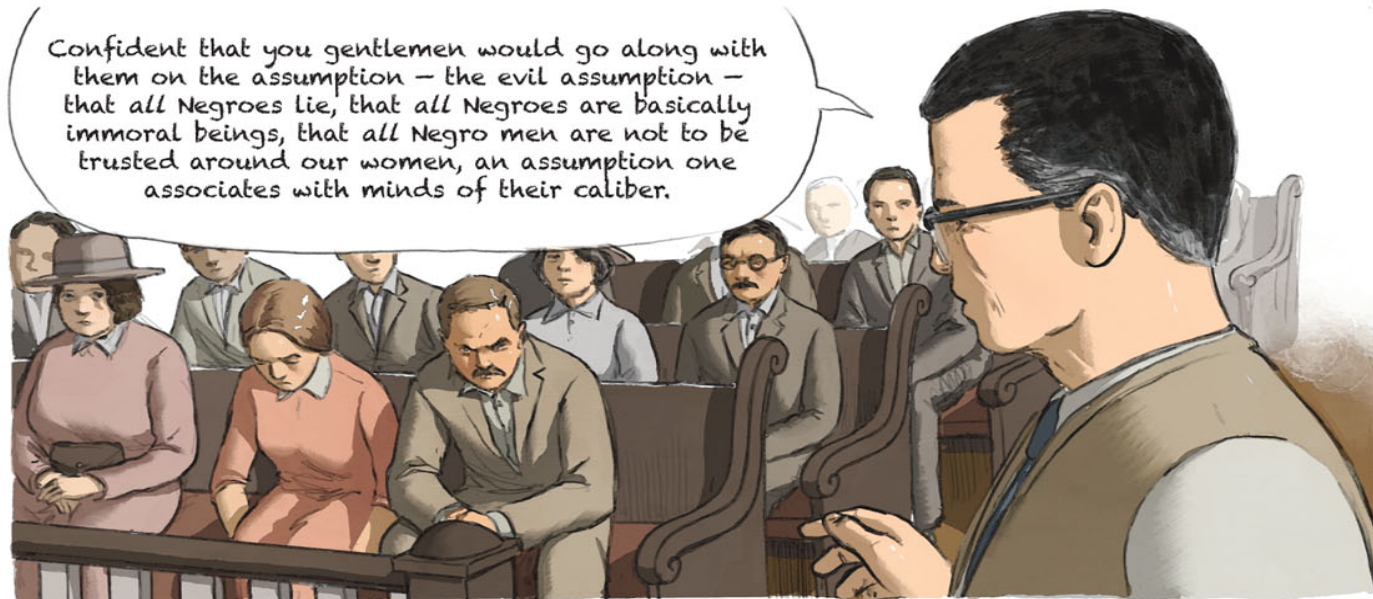


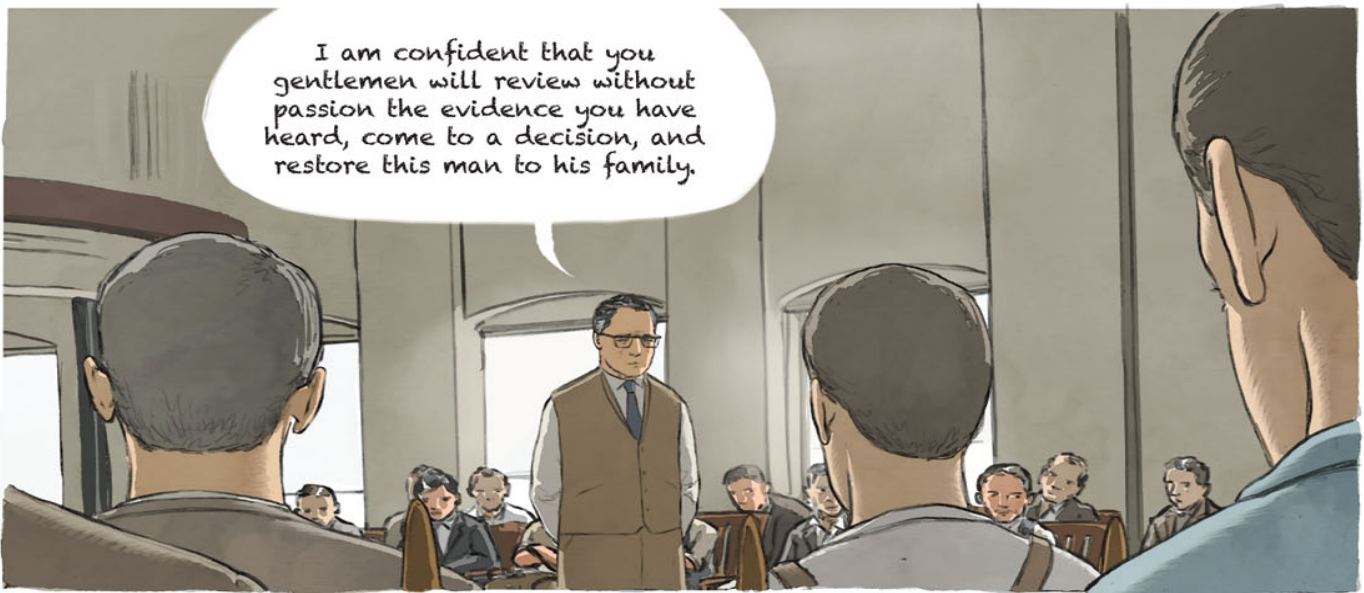
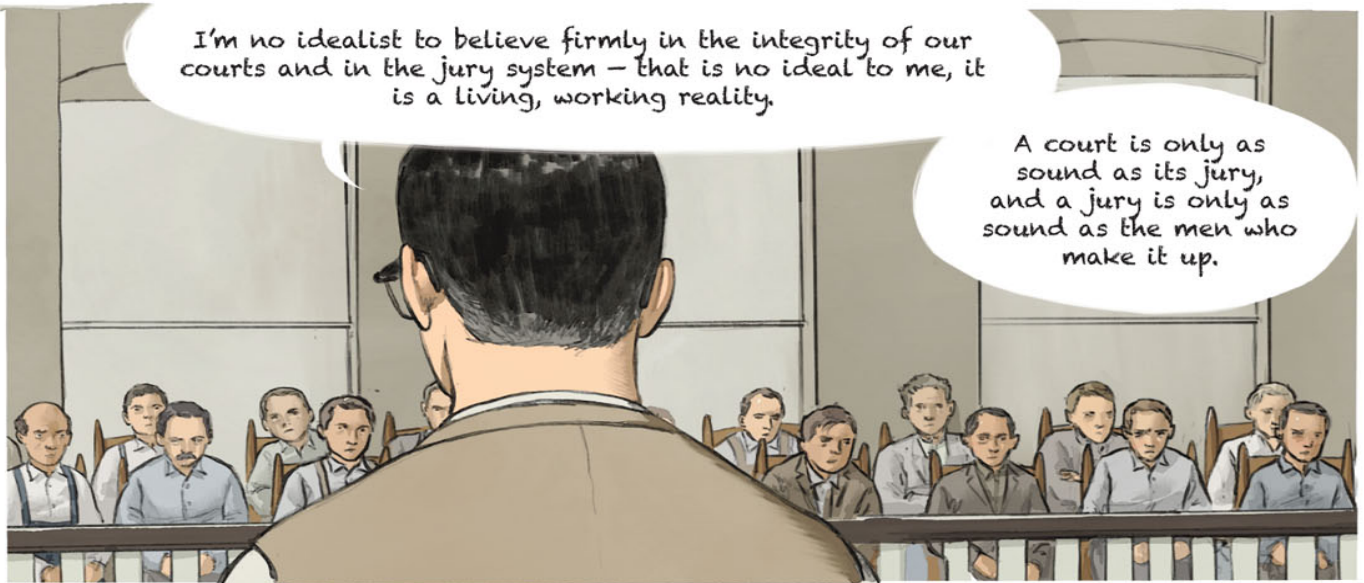
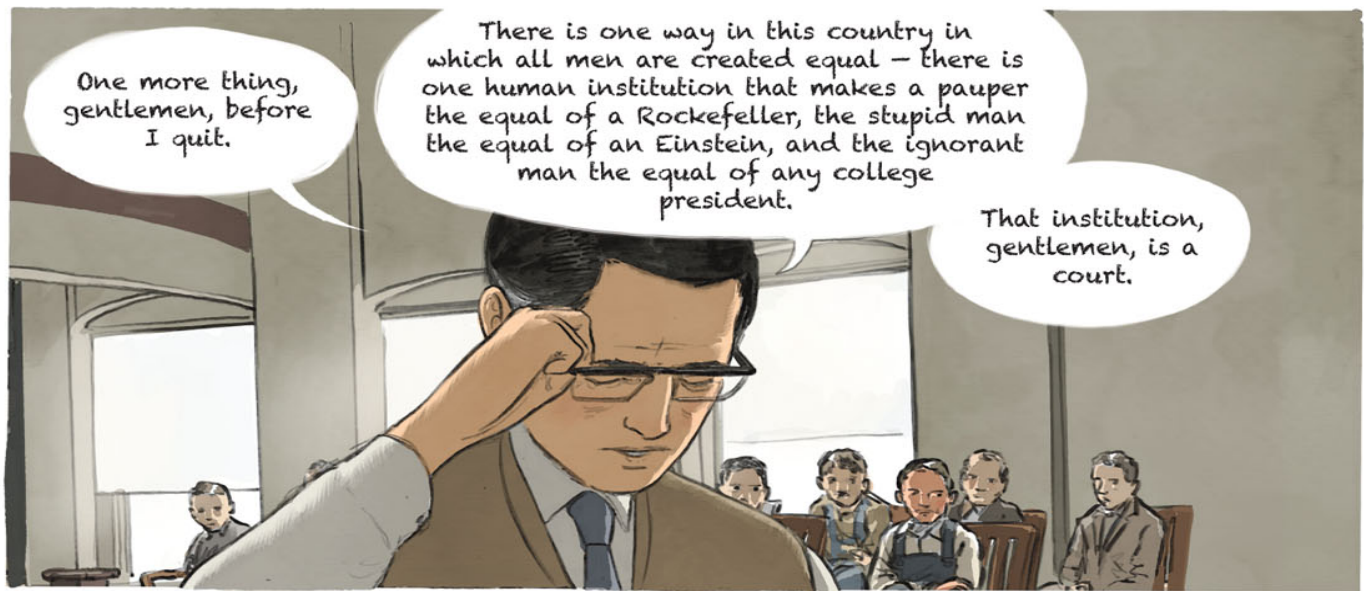
And so a quiet, respectable, humble Negro who had the unmitigated temerity to "feel sorry" for a white woman has had to put his word against two white people's.

The witnesses for the state, with the exception of the sheriff of Maycomb County, have presented themselves to you gentlemen, to this court, in the cynical confidence that their testimony would not be doubted.



Confident that you gentlemen would go along with them on the assumption – the evil assumption – that all Negroes lie, that all Negroes are basically immoral beings, that all Negro men are not to be trusted around our women, an assumption one associates with minds of their caliber.



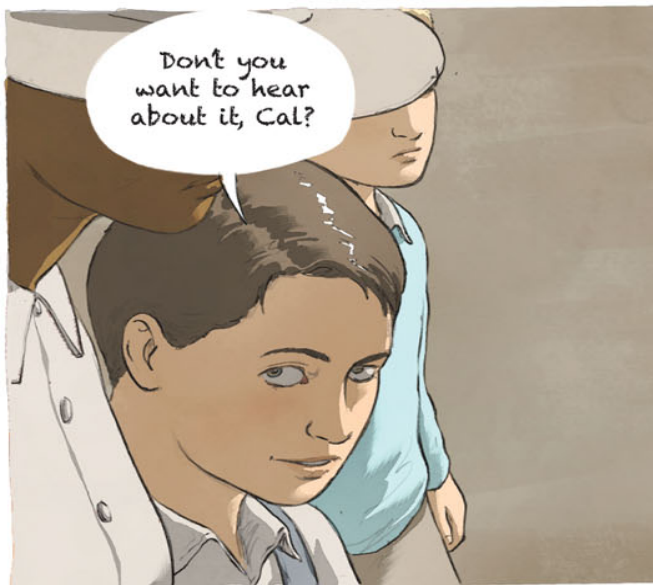






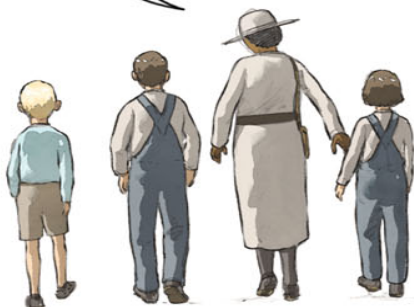


Mister Jem, I thought you was gettin' some kinda head on your shoulders – the very idea, she's your little sister! The very idea, sir! You oughta be perfectly ashamed of yourself – aint you got any sense at all?



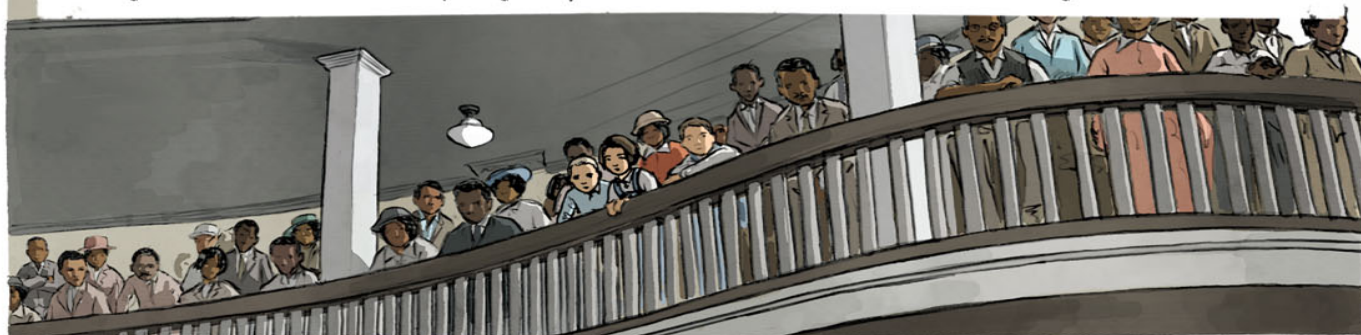
Don't you want to hear about it, Cal?

Hush your mouth, sir! When you oughta be hangin' your head in shame—



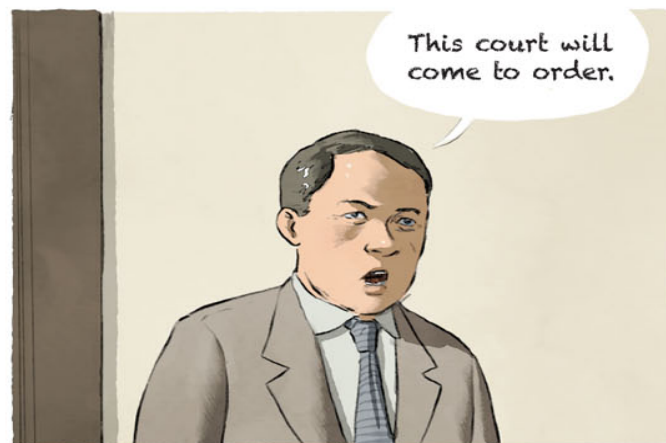
Calpurnia revived a series of rusty threats that moved Jem to little remorse. She poured milk, dished out potato salad and ham, muttering, "shamed of yourselves," in varying degrees of intensity, "Now you all eat slow," was her final command.

Reverend Sykes had saved our places. We were surprised to find that we had been gone nearly an hour, and were equally surprised to find the courtroom exactly as we had left it.

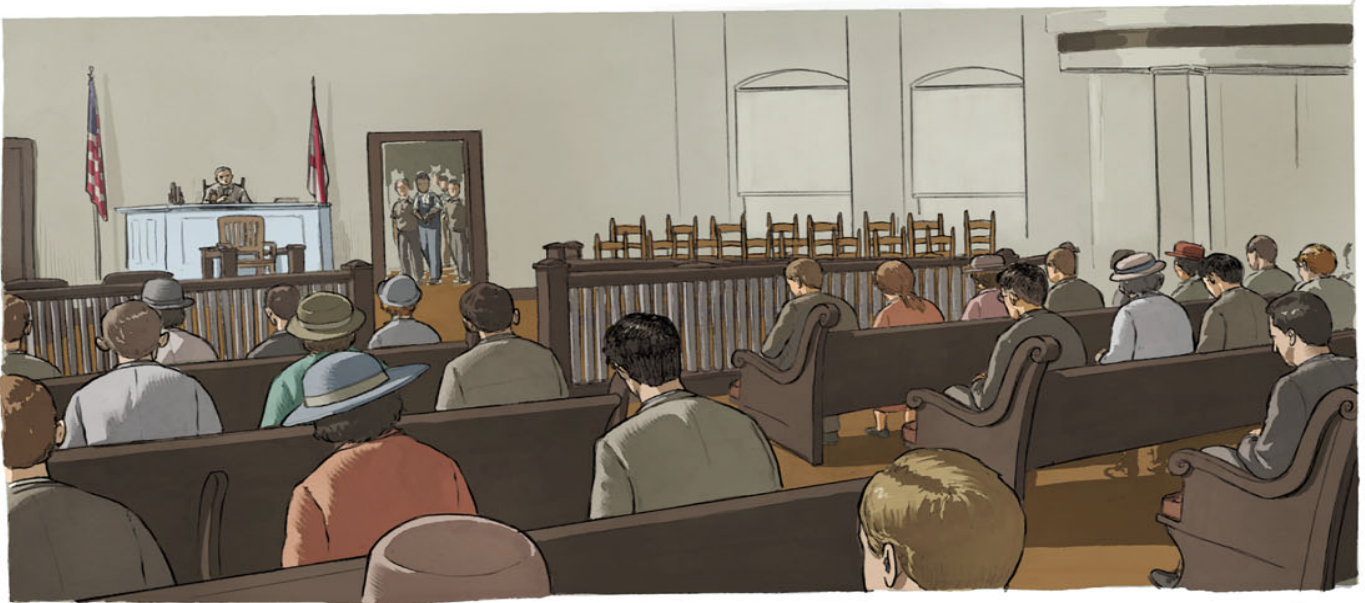


Ain't it a long time?

Sure is, Scout.



This court will come to order.













How could they do it,
how could they?



I don't know, but
they did it.

They've done it before
and they'll do it again and
when they do it — seems that
only children weep.



I'm sorry,
brother.



Is he all
right?

He'll be so
presently.

It was a little too
strong for him.

I didn't think
it wise in the
first place to
let them—



This is their home, sister.
We've made it this way for
them, they might as well
learn to cope with it.

But they don't
have to go to
the courthouse
and wallow in
it—



It's just as
much Maycomb
County as
missionary
teas.

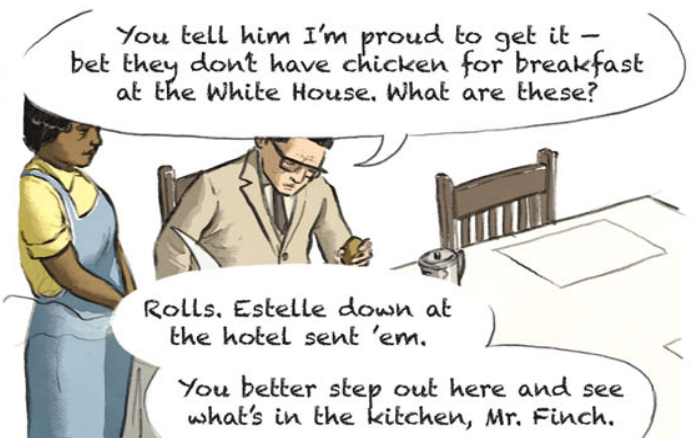
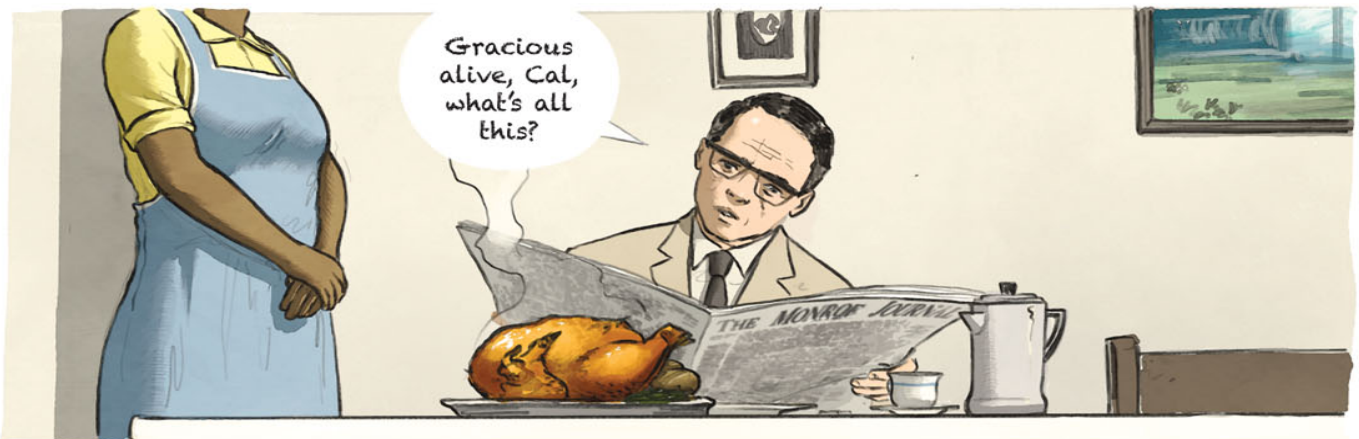
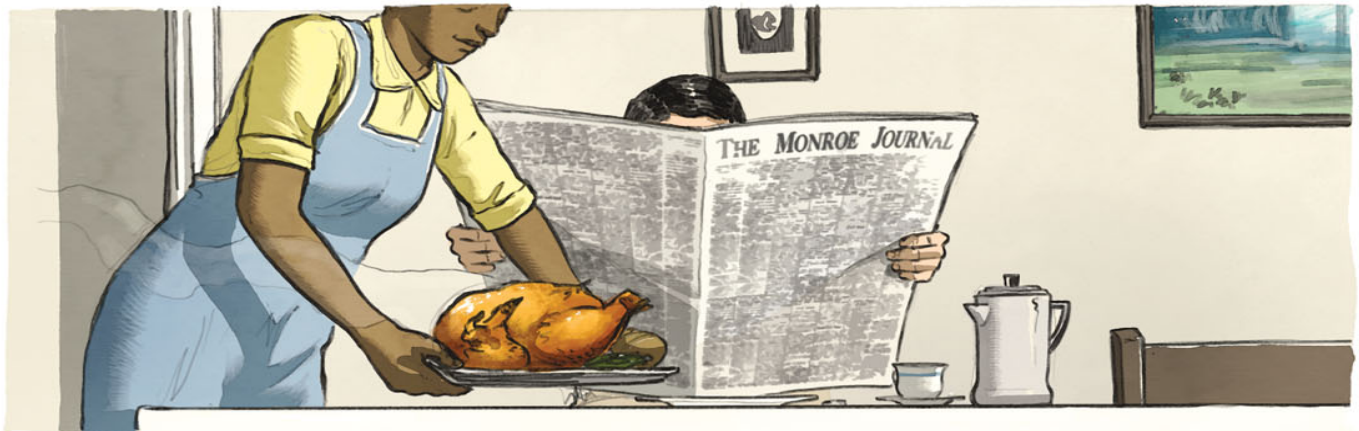
Atticus—

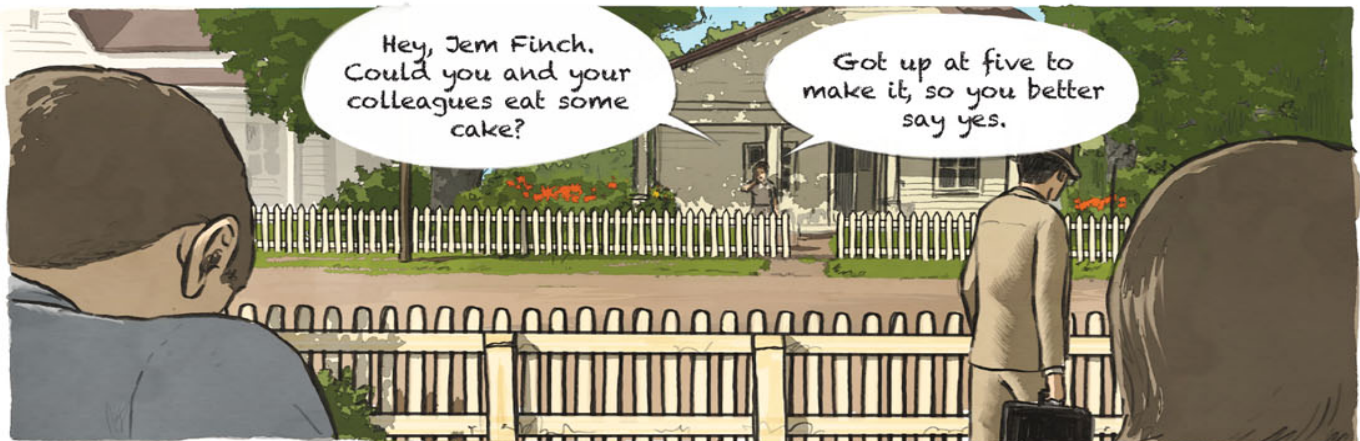
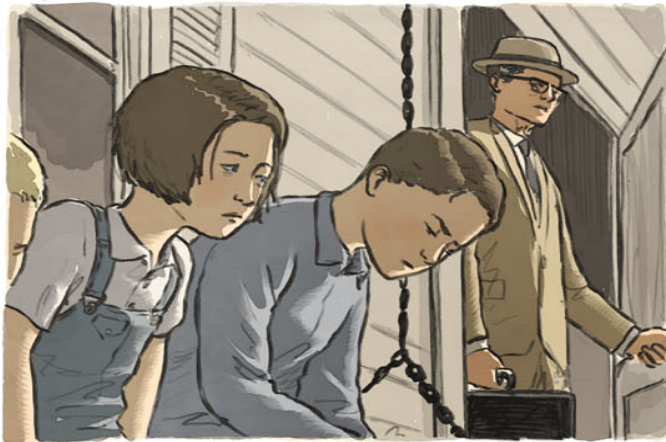


You are the last
person I thought
would turn bitter
over this.

I'm not bitter,
just tired.

Good
night.







I simply want to tell you that there are some men in this world who were born to do our unpleasant jobs for us. Your father's one of them.

Oh.

Well.

Don't you oh, well me, sir. You are not old enough to appreciate what I said.

It's like bein' a caterpillar in a cocoon, that's what it is. Like somethin' asleep wrapped up in a warm place. I always thought Maycomb folks were the best folks in the world, least that's what they seemed like.

We're the safest folks in the world.

We're so rarely called on to be Christians, but when we are, we've got men like Atticus to go for us.

Wish the rest of the county thought that.

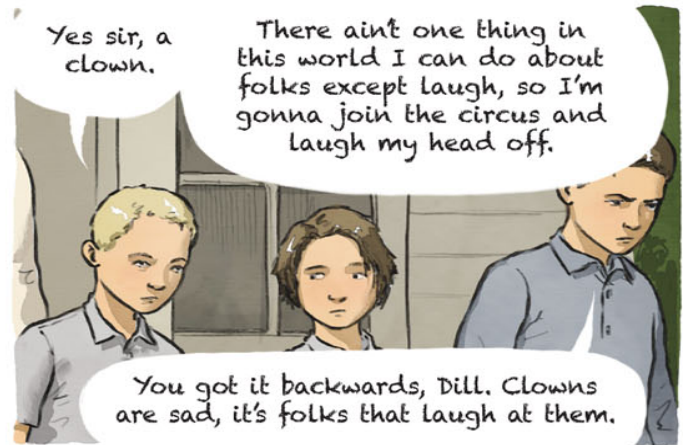
You'd be surprised how many of us do.

Who? Who in this town did one thing to help Tom Robinson, just who?

His colored friends for one thing, and people like us. People like Judge Taylor. People like Mr. Heck Tate.

Did it ever strike you that Judge Taylor naming Atticus to defend that boy was no accident?

As I waited for you all I thought, Atticus Finch won't win, he can't win, but he's the only man in these parts who can keep a jury out so long in a case like that. And I thought to myself, well, we're making a step - it's just a baby-step, but it's a step.



"Atticus didn't bat an eye. Just stood there and let Mr. Ewell call him names wild horses could not bring me to repeat."



Too proud to fight, you nigger-lovin' bastard?

No.



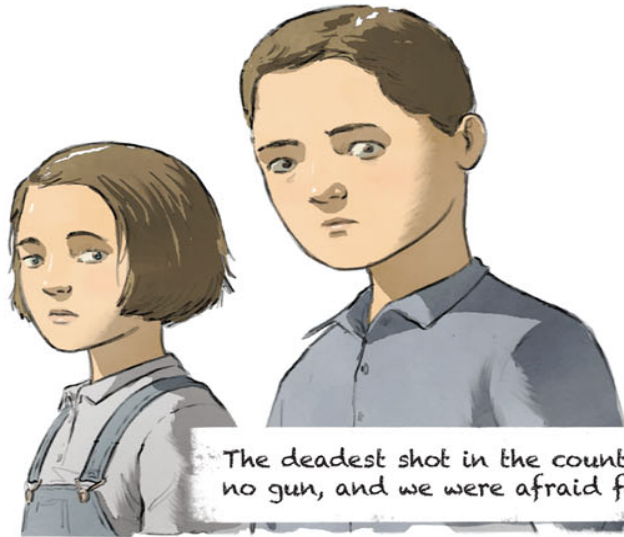
Too old.



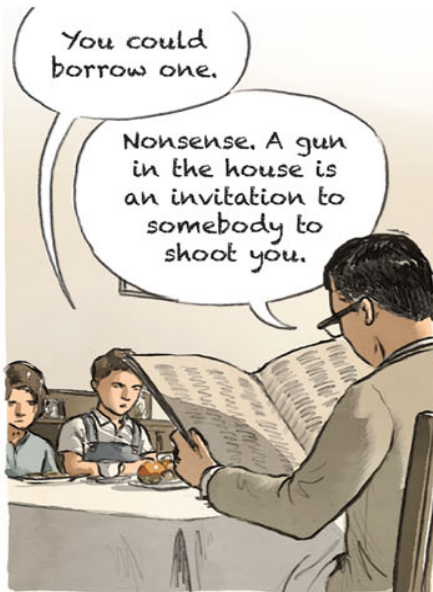
You have to hand it to Atticus Finch, he can be right dry sometimes.



Jem and I didn't think it entertaining.



The deadliest shot in the county owned no gun, and we were afraid for him.



You could borrow one.

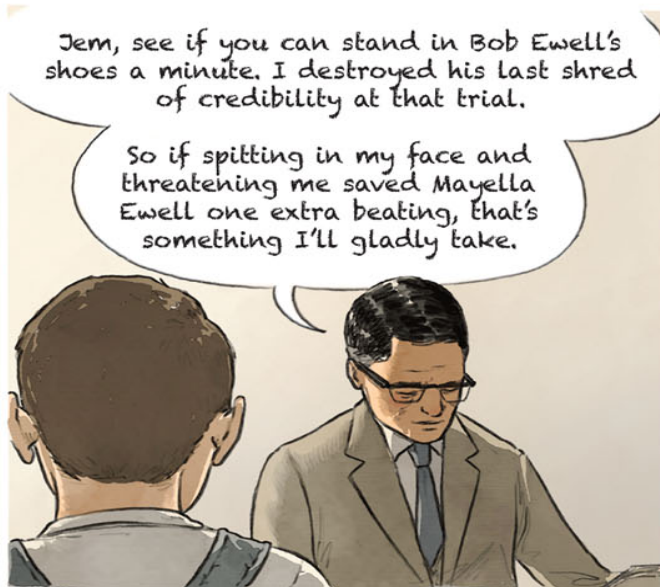
Nonsense. A gun in the house is an invitation to somebody to shoot you.



What's bothering you, son?

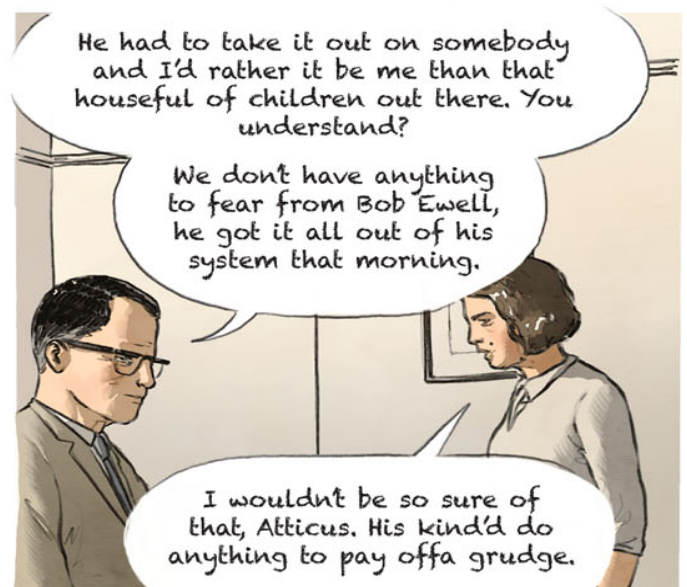
Mr. Ewell.

We're scared for you, and we think you oughta do something about him.



Jem, see if you can stand in Bob Ewell's shoes a minute. I destroyed his last shred of credibility at that trial.

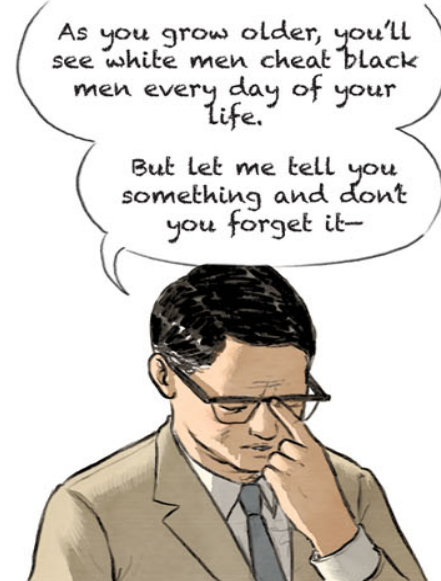
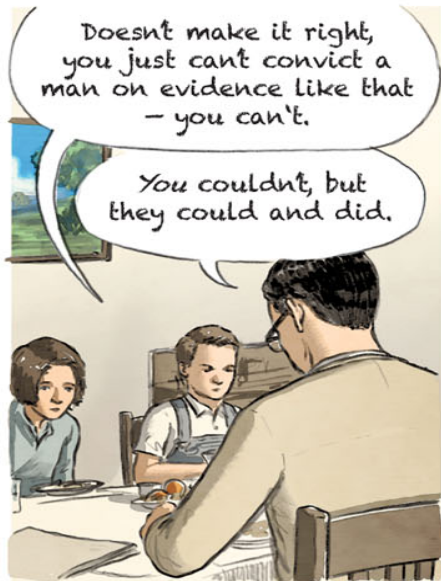
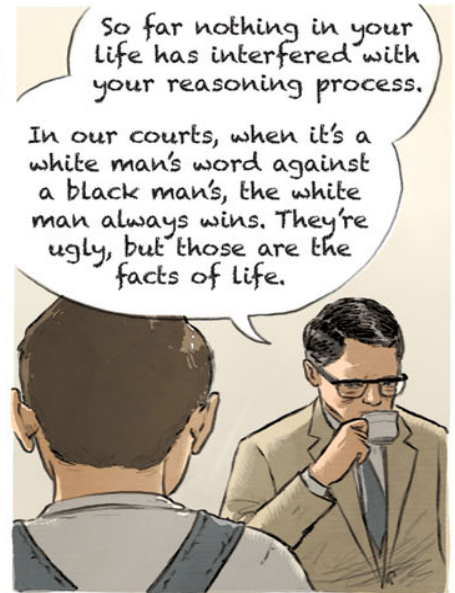
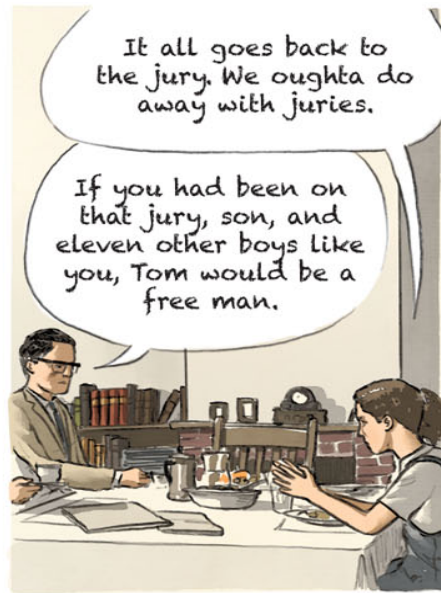
So if spitting in my face and threatening me saved Mayella Ewell one extra beating, that's something I'll gladly take.

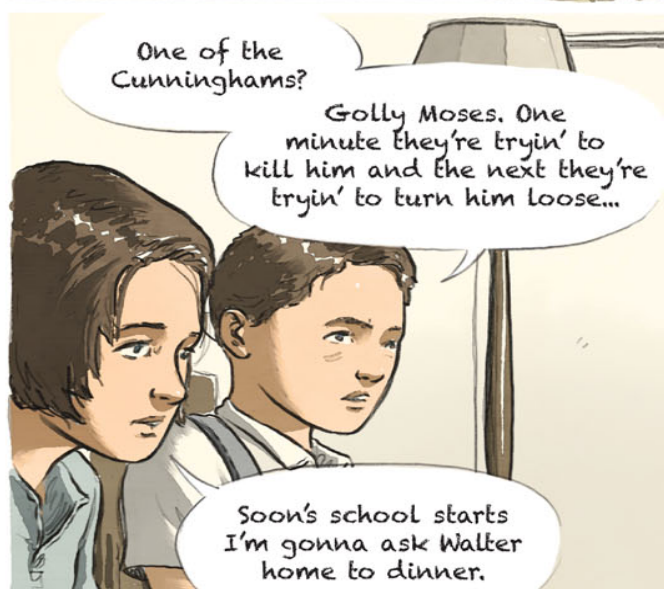
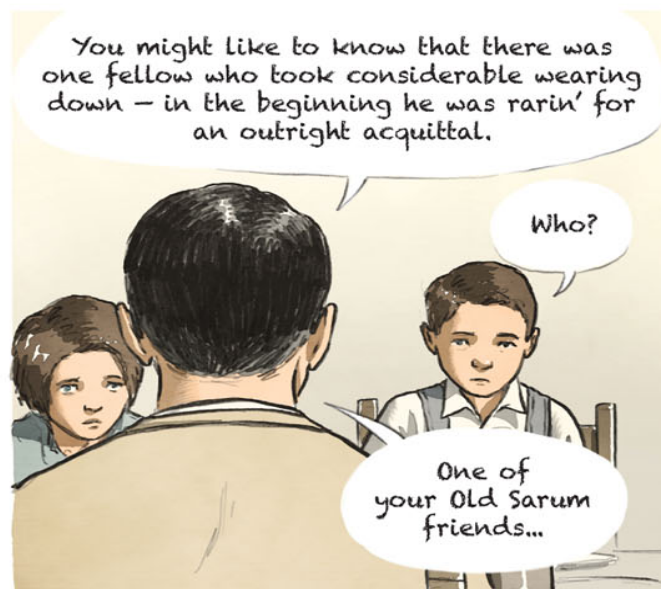
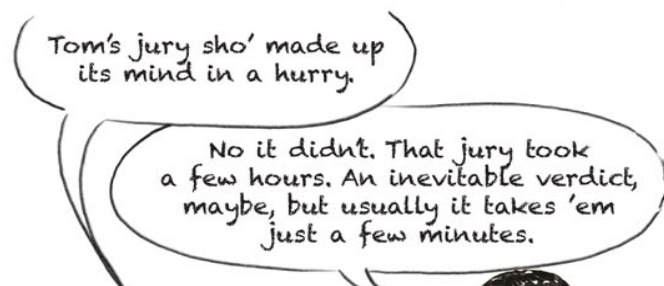
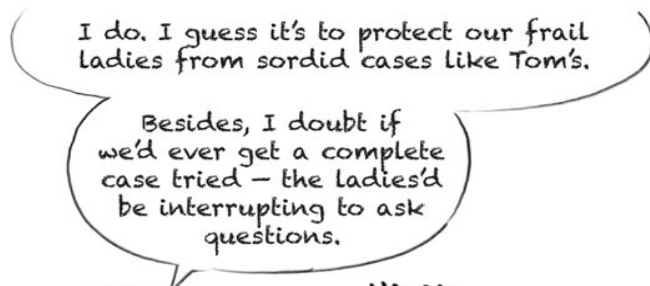


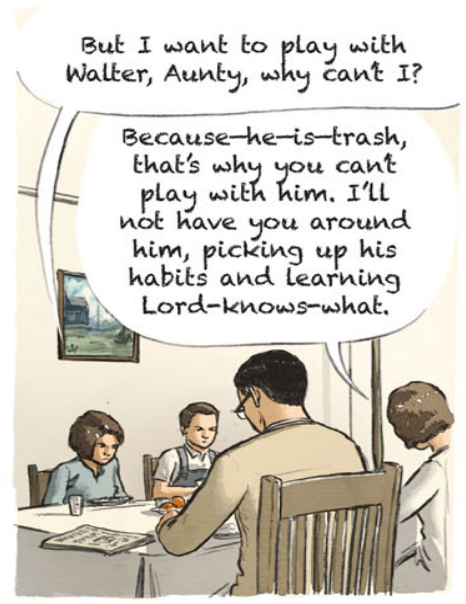
He had to take it out on somebody and I'd rather it be me than that houseful of children out there. You understand?

We don't have anything to fear from Bob Ewell, he got it all out of his system that morning.

I wouldn't be so sure of that, Atticus. His kind'd do anything to pay off a grudge.



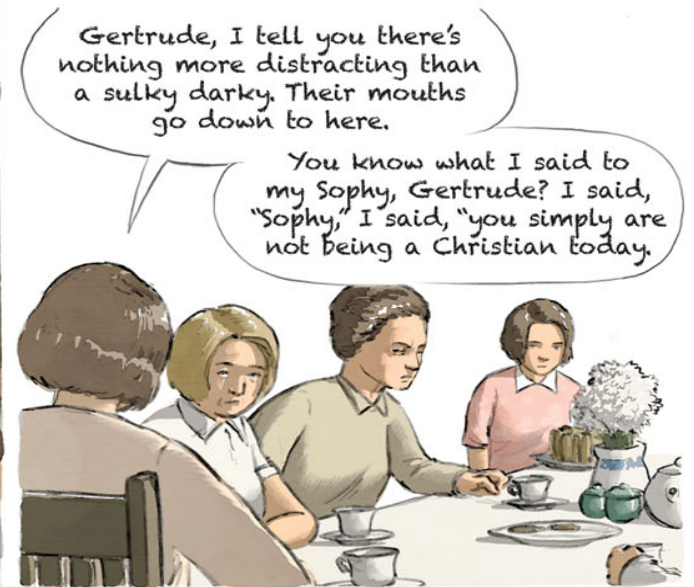


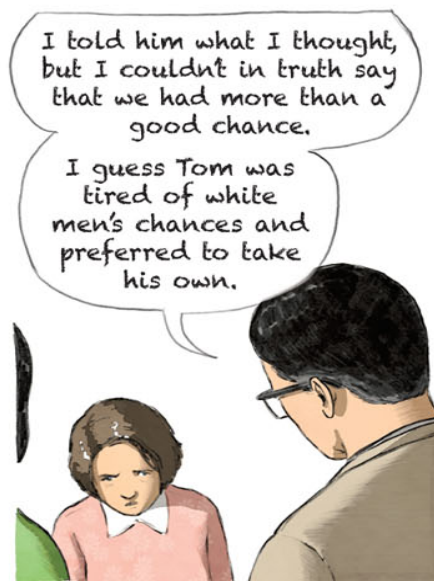




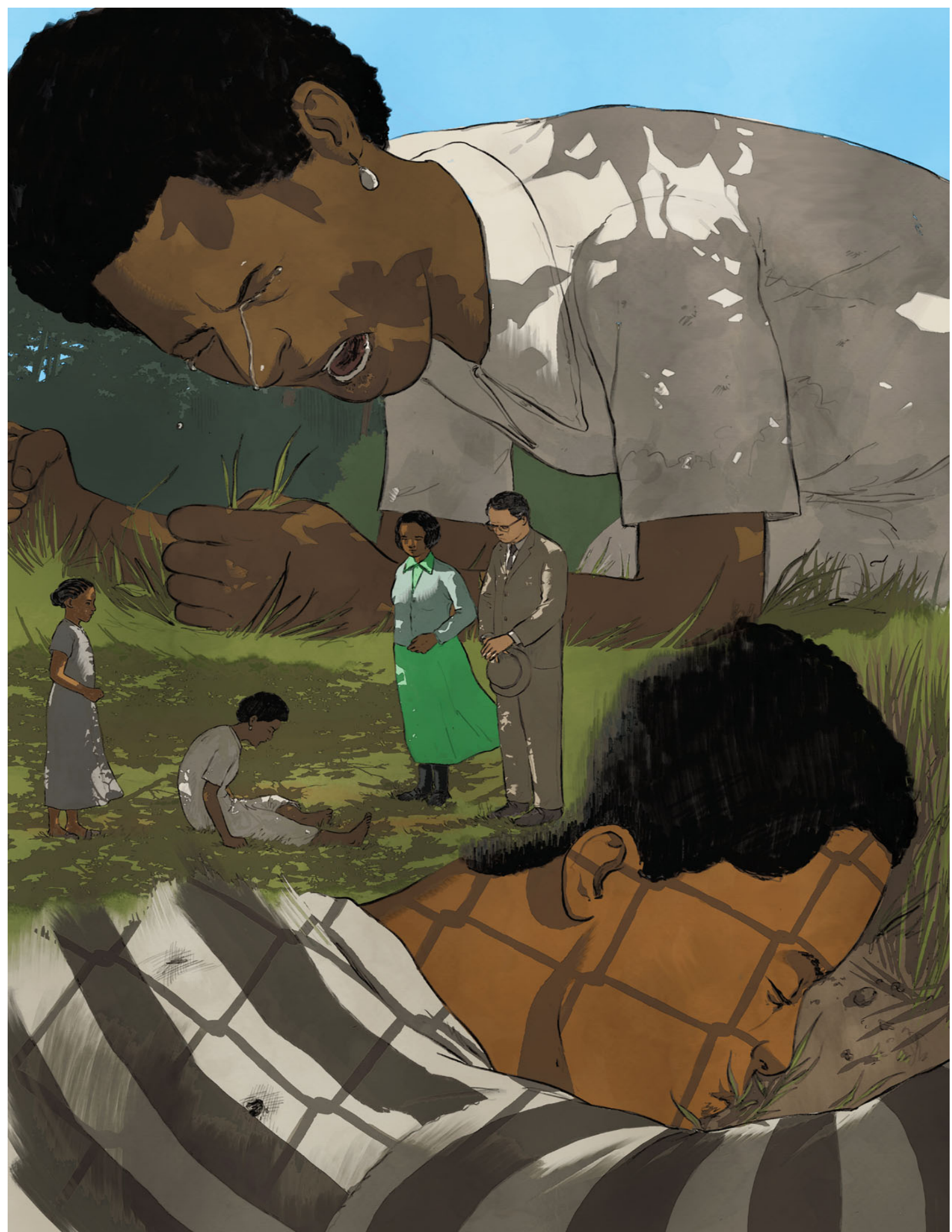














Things did settle down, after a fashion, as Atticus said they would.

Mr. Bob Ewell acquired and lost a job in a matter of days and probably made himself unique in the annals of the nineteen-thirties: he was the only man I ever heard of who was fired from the WPA for laziness.

He accused Atticus of getting his job and resumed his regular weekly appearances at the welfare office for his check.

Mr. Ewell was soon as forgotten as Tom Robinson, and Tom Robinson was as forgotten as Boo Radley.

The Radley Place had ceased to terrify me, but it was no less gloomy, no less chilly under its great oaks, and no less uninviting.



Bet nobody bothers them tonight.



It is a scary place though, ain't it?

Boo doesn't mean anybody any harm, but I'm right glad you're along.



You know Atticus wouldn't let you go to the schoolhouse by yourself.

Ain't you scared of haints?

HA HA HA



What was that old thing? Angel bright, life-in-death; get off the road, don't suck my breath.

Haints, Hot Steams, incantations, secret signs, had vanished with our years as mist with sunrise.

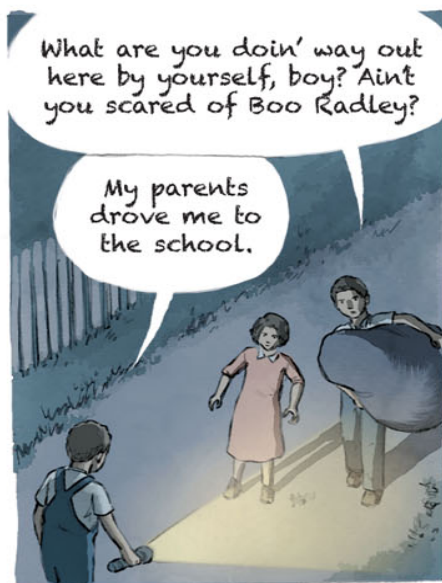


God amighty!



Ha-a-a, gotcha!

Thought you'd be comin' along this way!



What are you doin' way out here by yourself, boy? Ain't you scared of Boo Radley?

My parents drove me to the school.

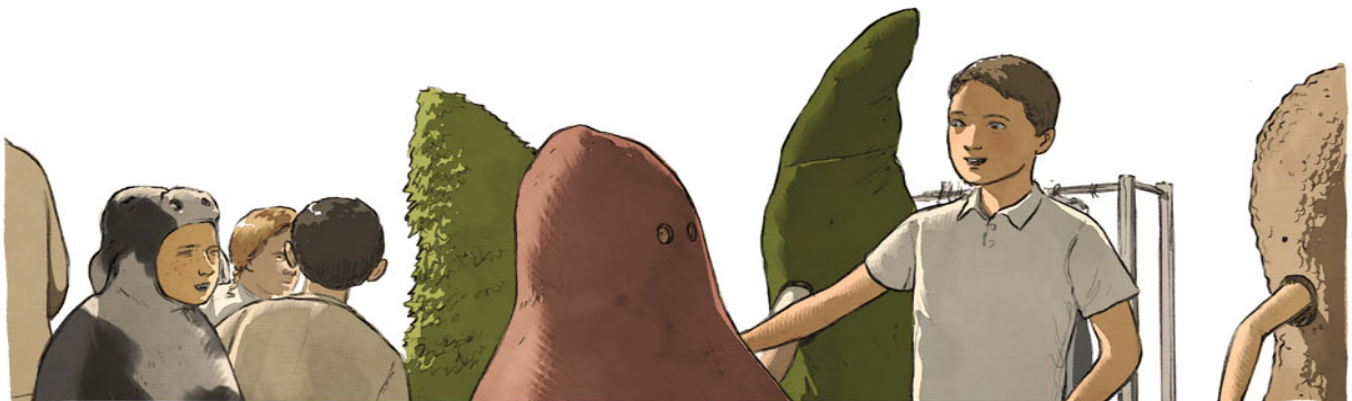


Say, Cecil, ain't you a cow tonight?

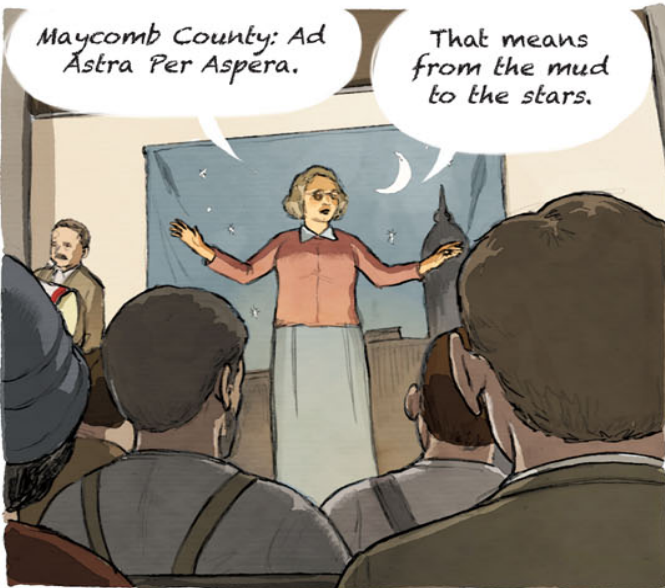
To mark Halloween, Mrs Merriweather had composed an original pageant to be held in the high-school auditorium entitled *Maycomb County: Ad Astra Per Aspera*, and I was to be a ham.



She thought it would be adorable if some of the children were costumed to represent the county's agricultural products: Cecil Jacobs would be dressed up to look like a cow; Agnes Boone would make a lovely butterbean, another child would be a peanut, and on down the line until Mrs. Merriweather's imagination and the supply of children were exhausted.



Mrs. Crenshaw, the local seamstress, did a fine job; Jem said I looked exactly like a ham with legs. There were several discomforts, though: it was hot, it was a close fit; if my nose itched I couldn't scratch it, and once inside I could not get out of it alone.



They said later that she was putting her all into the grand finale, that she had crooned, "Po-ork," with a confidence born of pine trees and butterbeans entering on cue.



Mrs. Merriweather seemed to have a hit, everybody was cheering so, but she caught me backstage and told me I had ruined her pageant.



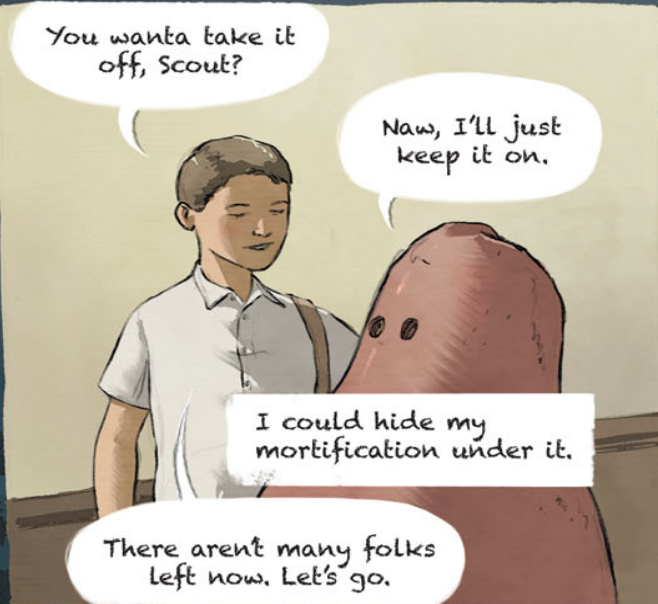
Jem consented to wait backstage with me until the audience left.

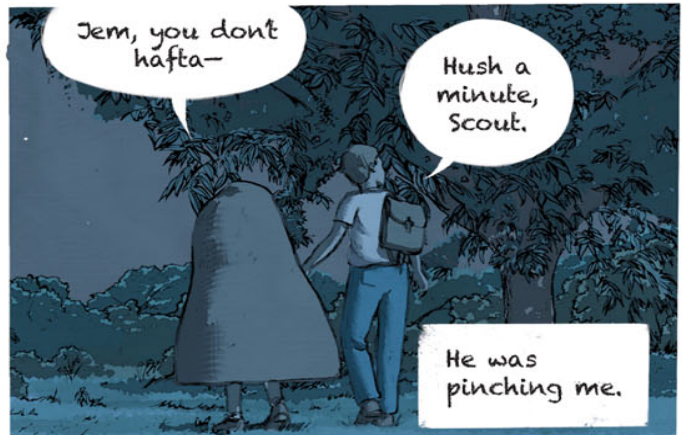
You wanta take it off, Scout?

Naw, I'll just keep it on.

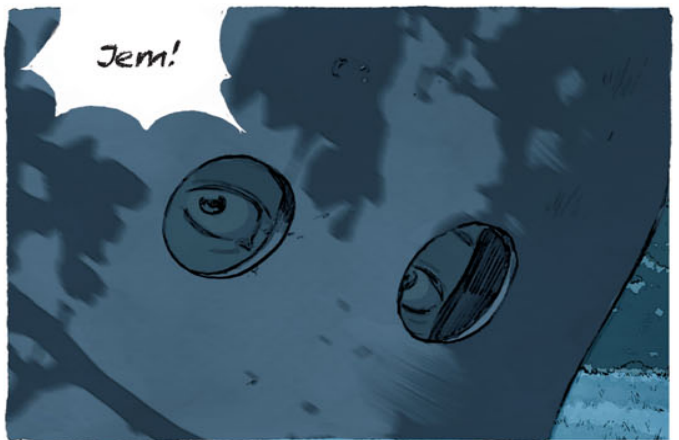
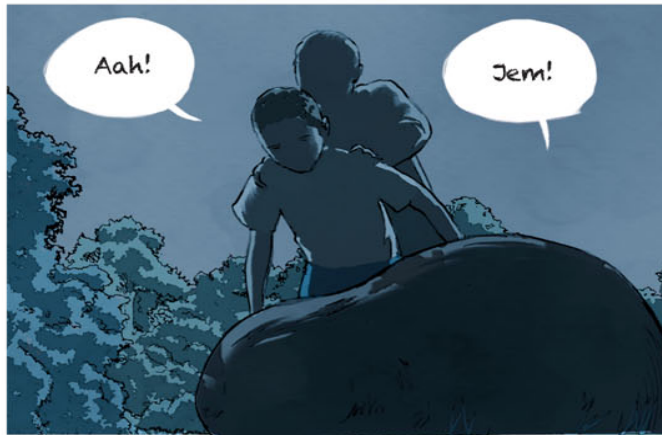
I could hide my mortification under it.

There aren't many folks left now. Let's go.









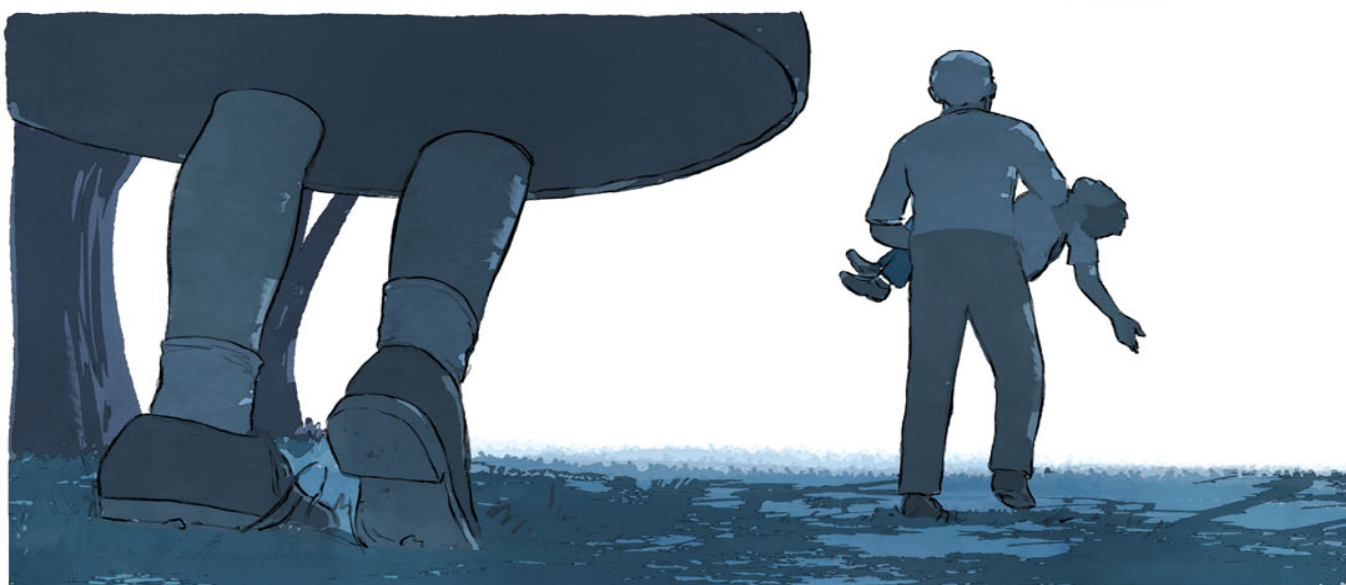


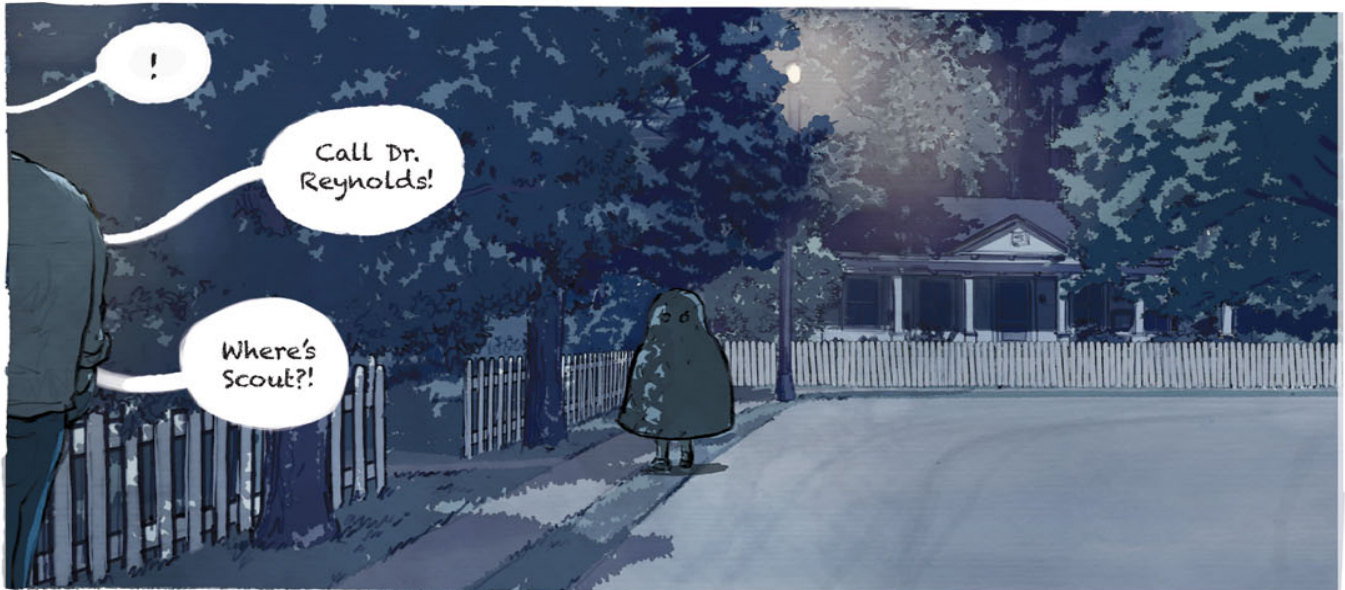


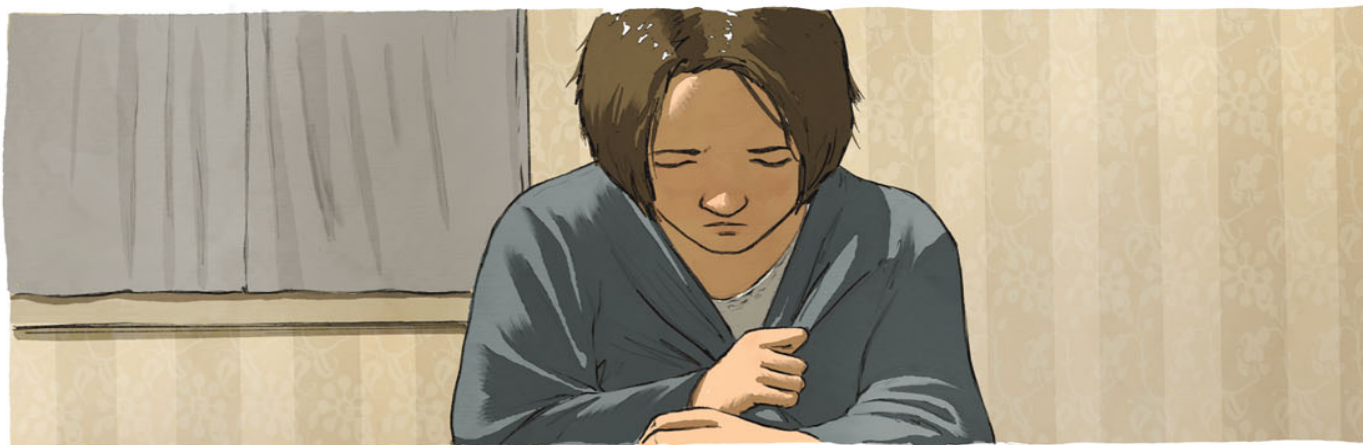
One's mind works
very slowly at times.



I stood there dumbly.







Is Jem dead?



Far from it. He's got a bump on the head just like yours, and a broken arm.

Like somebody tried to wring his arm off... now look at me.

Then he's not dead?

No-o! He'll be as good as new. Boys his age bounce.



Mr. Finch, tell you what I found.

I found a little girl's dress - it's out there in my car. That your dress, Scout?

Yes sir, if it's a pink one with smockin'.

I found some funny-looking pieces of muddy-colored cloth.

That's m'costume, Mr. Tate.



And uh...

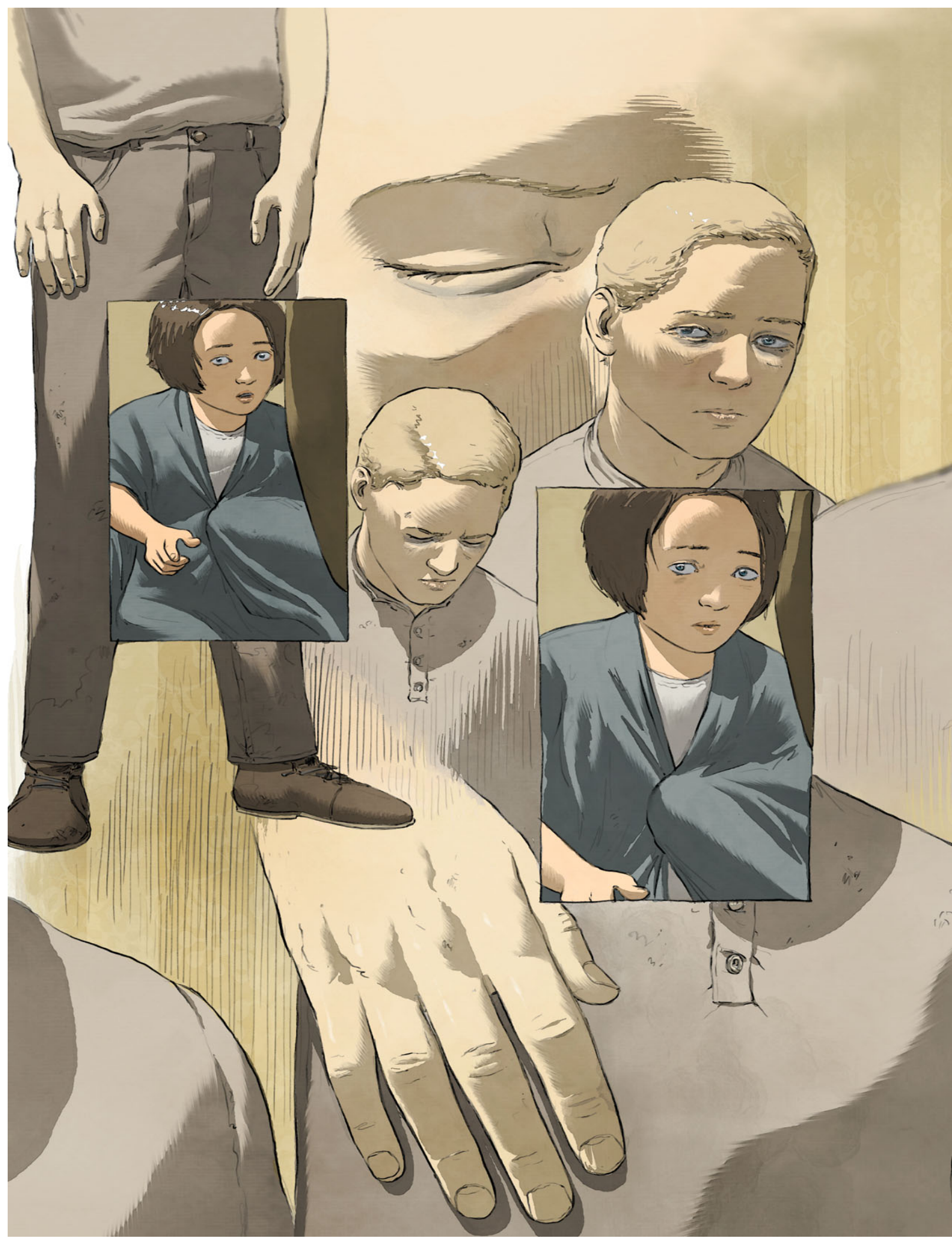
What is it, Heck?

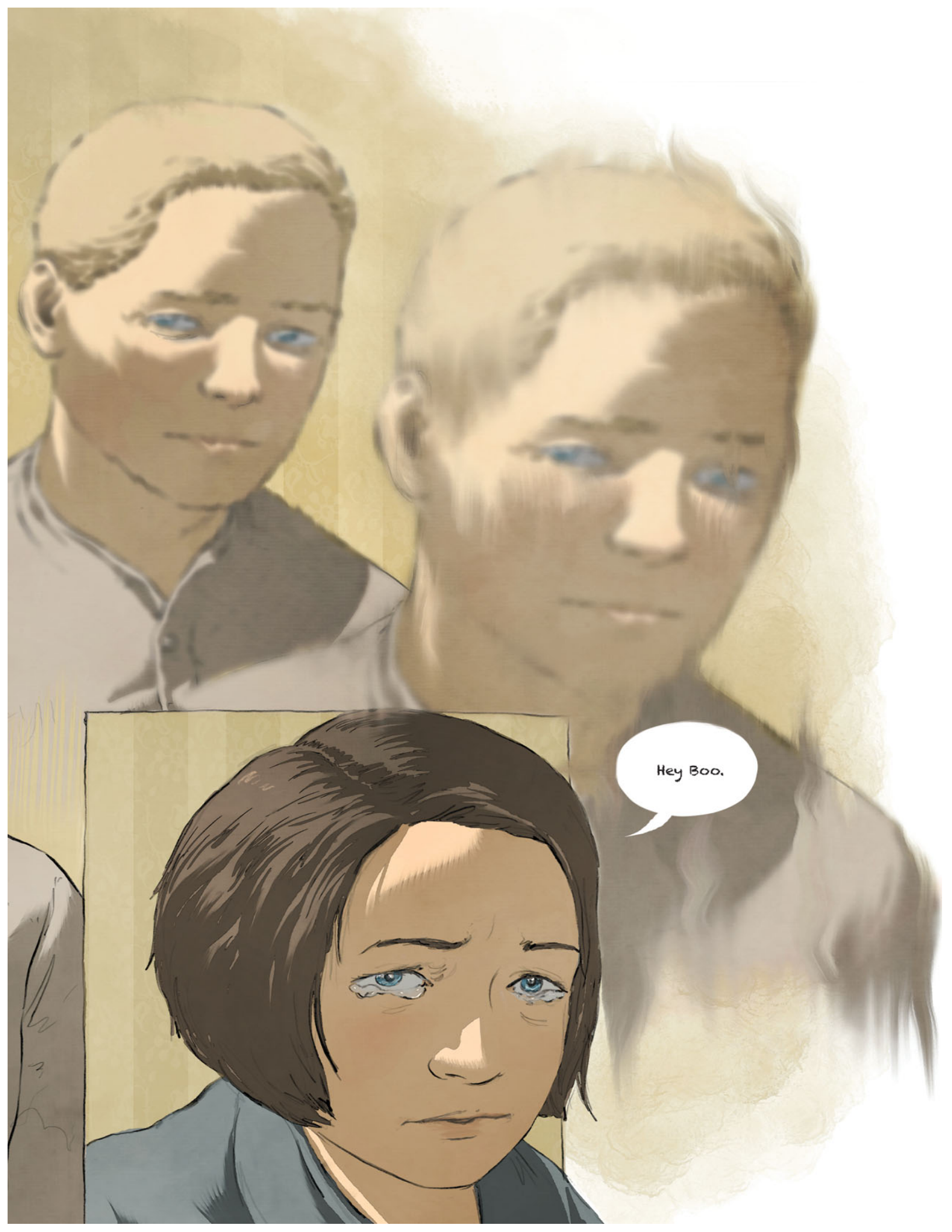
Bob Ewell's lyin' on the ground under that tree down yonder with a kitchen knife stuck up under his ribs.

He's dead, Mr. Finch.

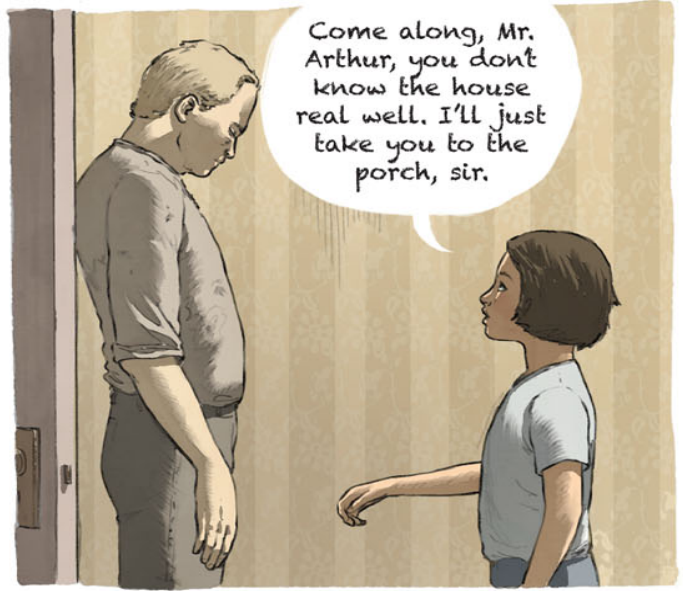
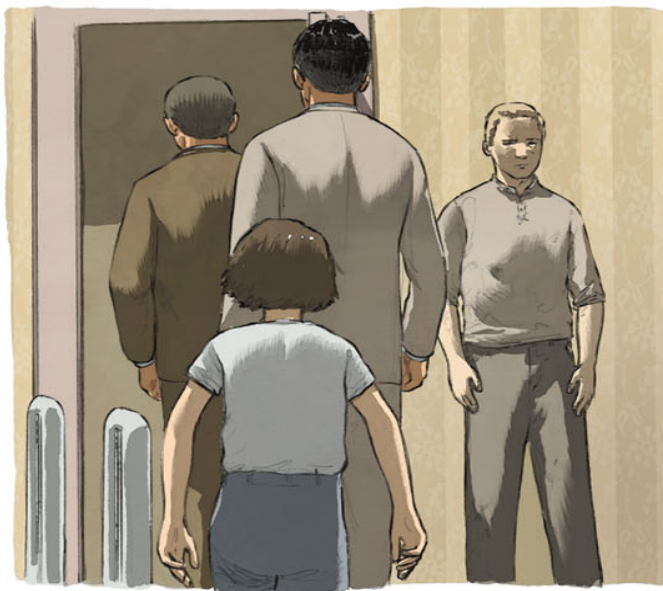
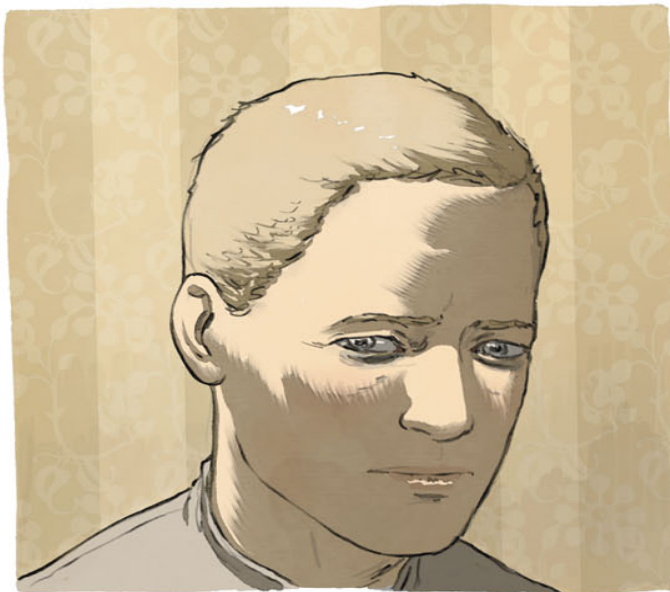
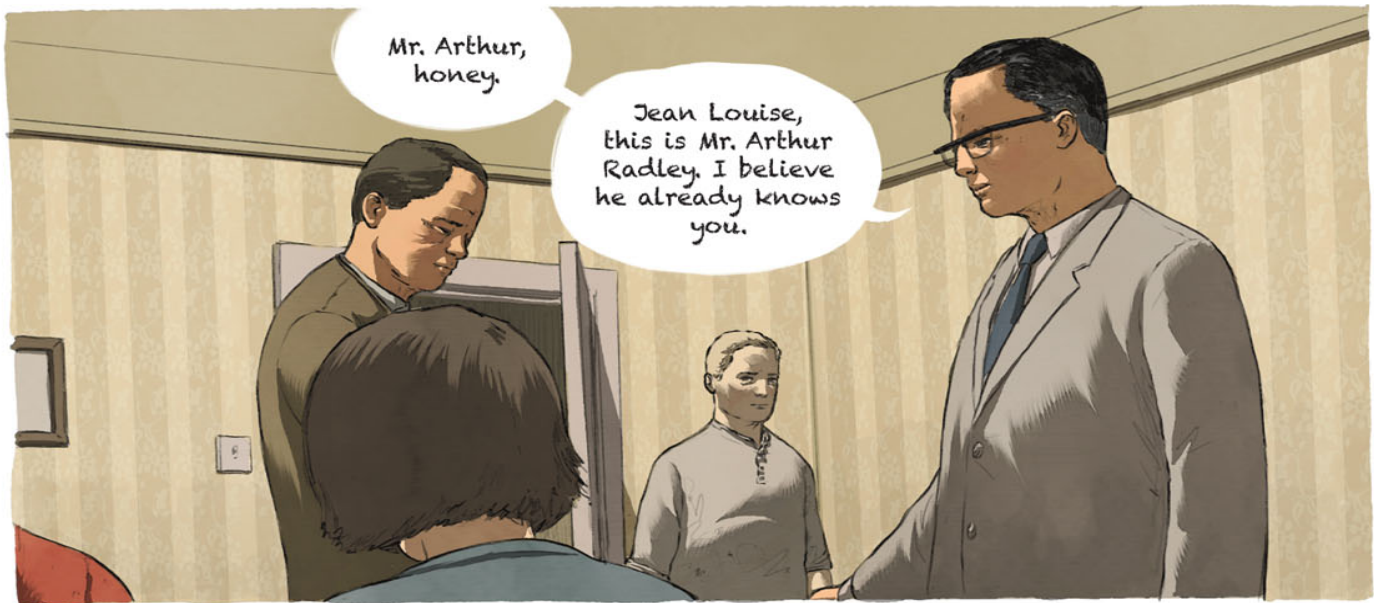


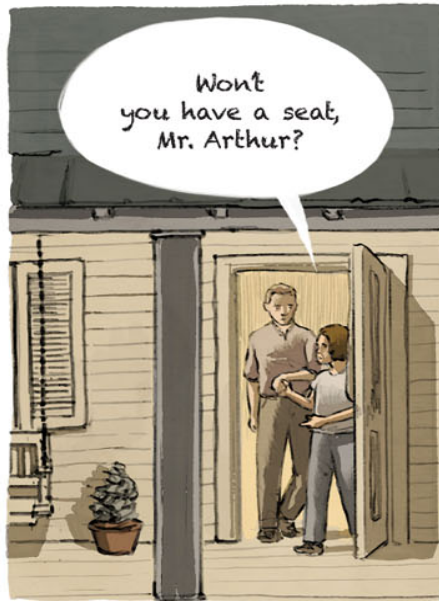


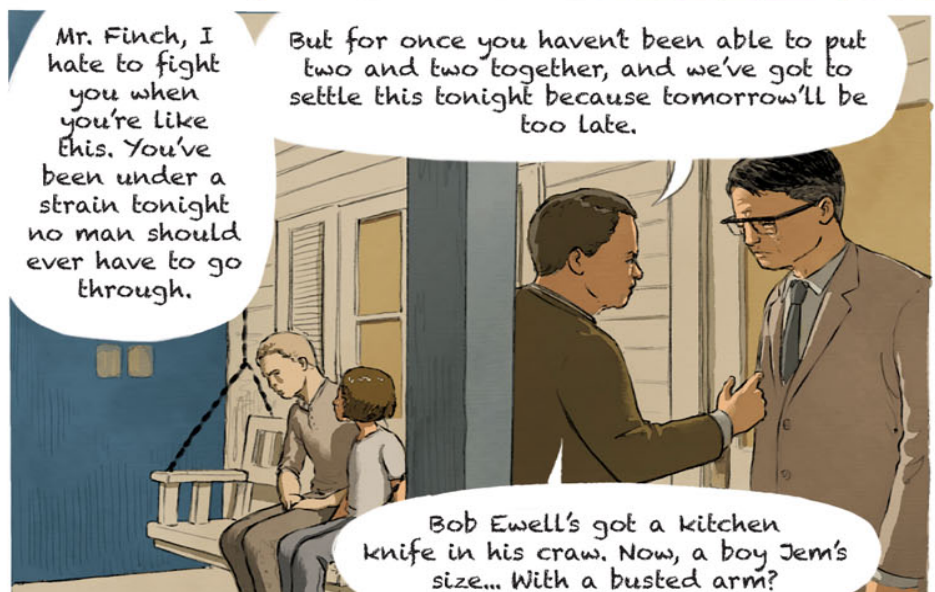


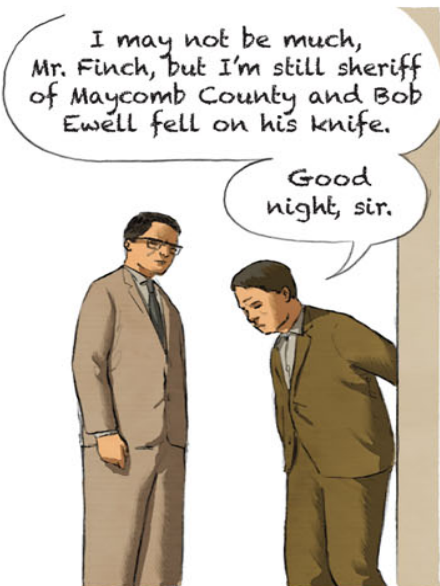


Hey Boo.

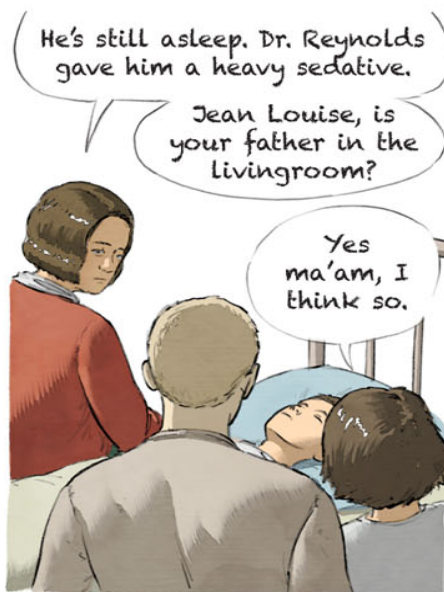
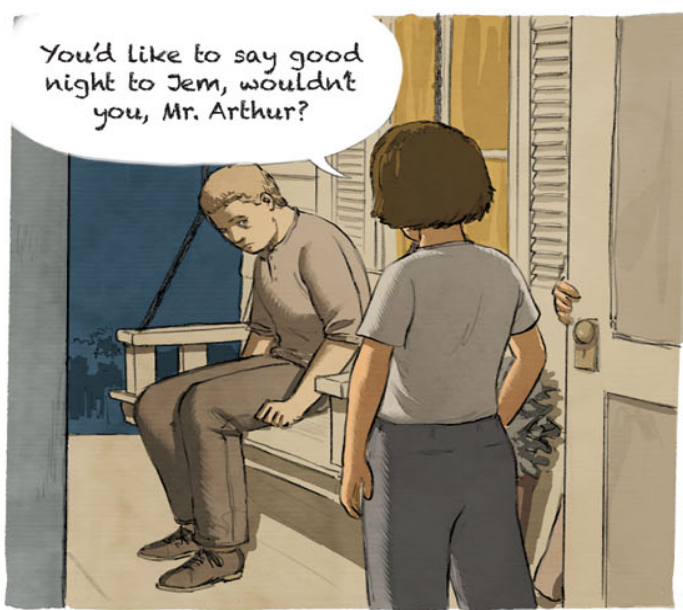
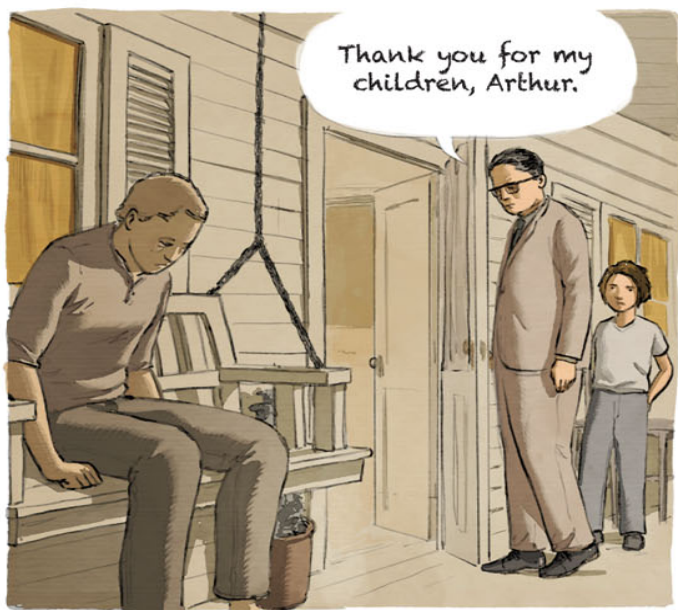




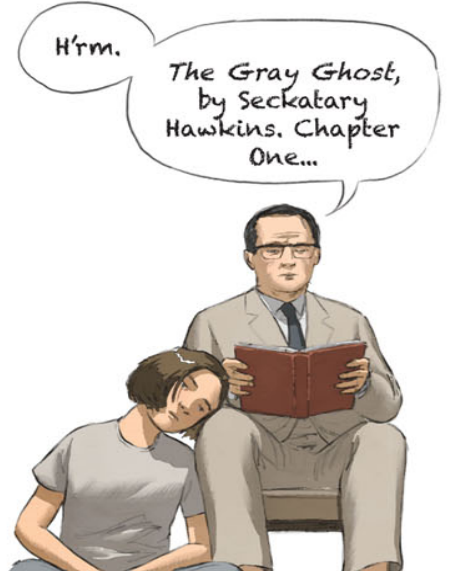












I willed myself to stay awake, but the rain was so soft and the room was so warm and his voice was so deep and his knee was so snug that I slept.



He lifted me to my feet and walked me to the livingroom.

Heard every word you said.

...wasn't sleep at all.



's about a ship an' Three-Fingered Fred 'n' Stoner's Boy...

...they all thought it was Stoner's Boy messin' up their clubhouse an' throwin' ink all over it an'



An' they chased him 'n' never could catch him 'cause they didn't know what he looked like, an' Atticus, when they finally saw him, why he hadn't done any of those things...

Atticus, he was real nice...



Most people are, Scout.

When you finally see them.



KLIK

He turned out the light and went into Jem's room.



He would be there all night,
and he would be there when
Jem waked up in the morning.

Note on the language:

The use of the word "nigger" in *To Kill a Mockingbird* has caused some contention. Harper Lee included the word deliberately to illustrate the society she was writing about, presenting an unmediated portrait of a specific time and place. The novel addresses many social issues – class, politics, poverty, gender – but is primarily concerned with racial prejudice. The inclusion of the word – its dehumanizing power and the ease with which it was used – is central to understanding the themes of the novel.

Illustrator's note:

This adaptation of *To Kill a Mockingbird* does not seek to reinvent Harper Lee's story and characters. The text is, as far as has been possible, directly taken from the novel. Where I have made changes, they have been for the sole purpose of best representing the story and sentiment of Lee's original work in this medium.

Special thanks:

To Jenny for getting this project rolling and involving me. To Andrew for making things happen. To Tonja and her family for their warmth and generosity in Monroeville, and to Paul for his warmth and generosity in Montgomery. To Jason, Anna, Mary and Jonathan for their insights and encouragement. To Rabun and Nathan at the Courthouse for their kindness and encyclopedic knowledge of Monroe County. To the staff of the Alabama Department of Archives and History. To Camille for her patience and support, and to my family and friends for theirs.

And of course to Harper Lee, for everything.

Harper Lee

Harper Lee was born in 1926 in Monroeville, Alabama. She attended Huntingdon College and studied law at the University of Alabama. She is the author of the acclaimed novels *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *Go Set a Watchman*, and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize, the Presidential Medal of Freedom and numerous other literary awards and honors. She died on February 19, 2016.

Fred Fordham

Fred Fordham was born in 1985 and grew up in North London. He studied politics and philosophy at Sussex University while working as a portrait painter and muralist. He has since written and illustrated stories for various publications, most recently illustrating Philip Pullman's debut graphic novel.

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Originally published as *To Kill a Mockingbird* in the United States in 1960 by J.B. Lippincott Company.

FIRST EDITION

Cover illustration by Fred Fordham

Digital Edition OCTOBER 2018 ISBN: 978-0-06-290895-7

Print ISBN: 978-0-06-279818-3

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