

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.

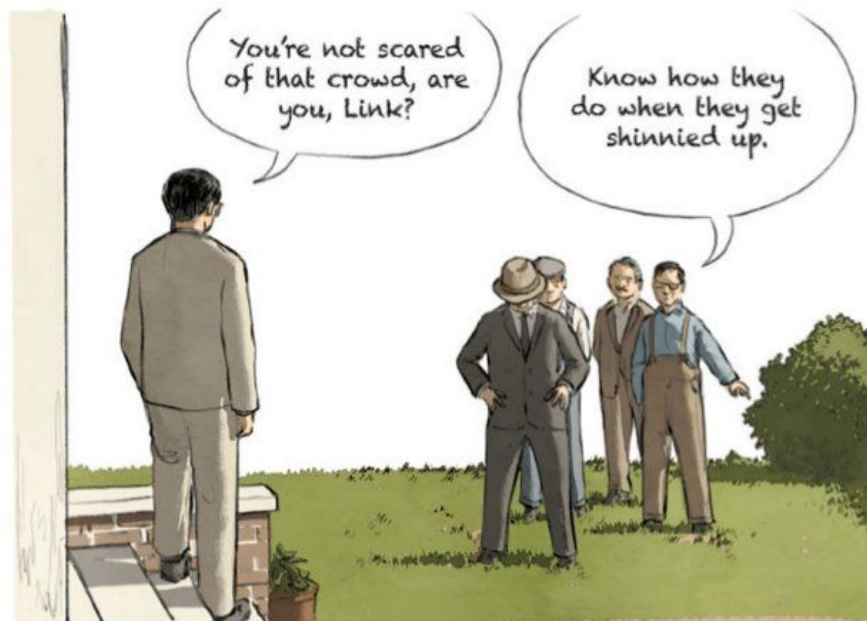
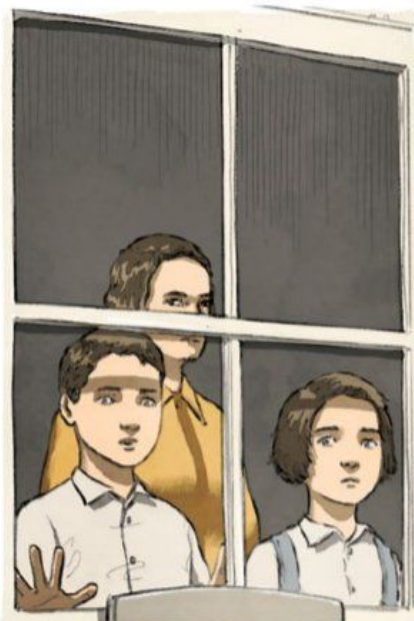
A nightmare was upon us.

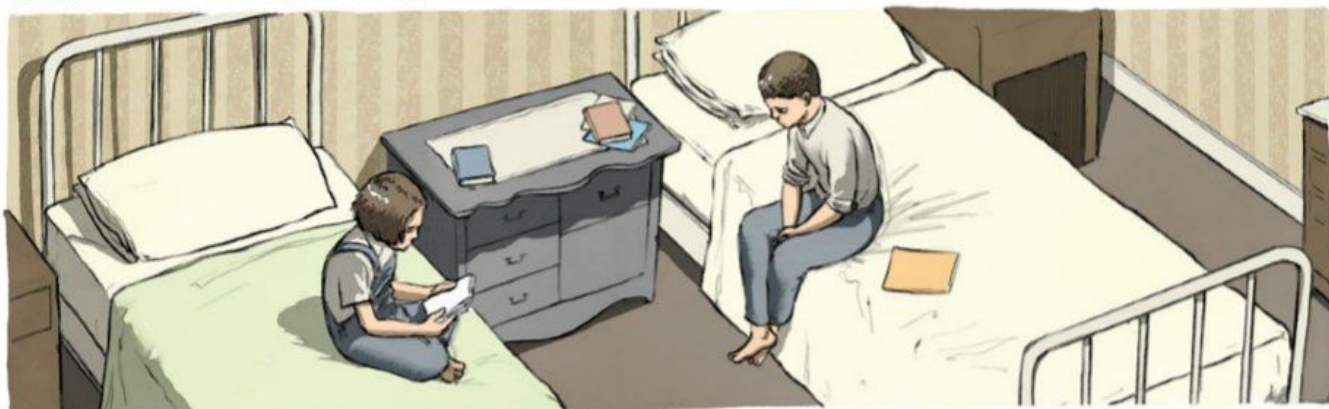
They're movin' Tom to the county jail, Mr. Finch.

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.

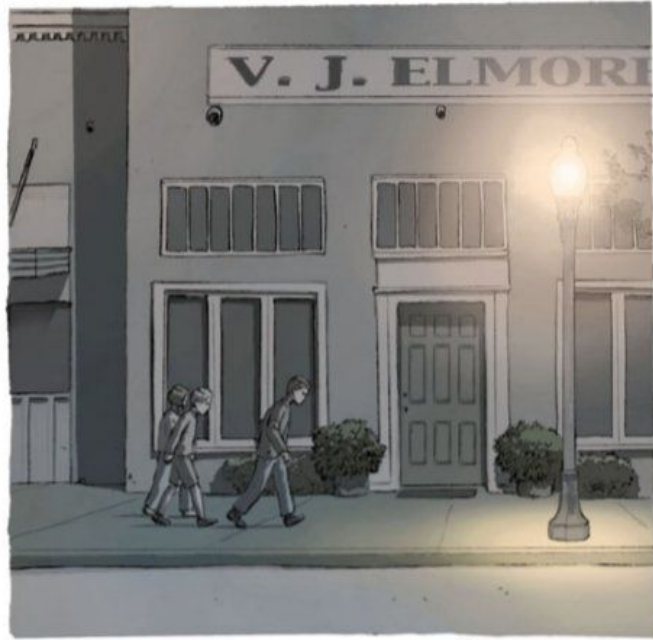




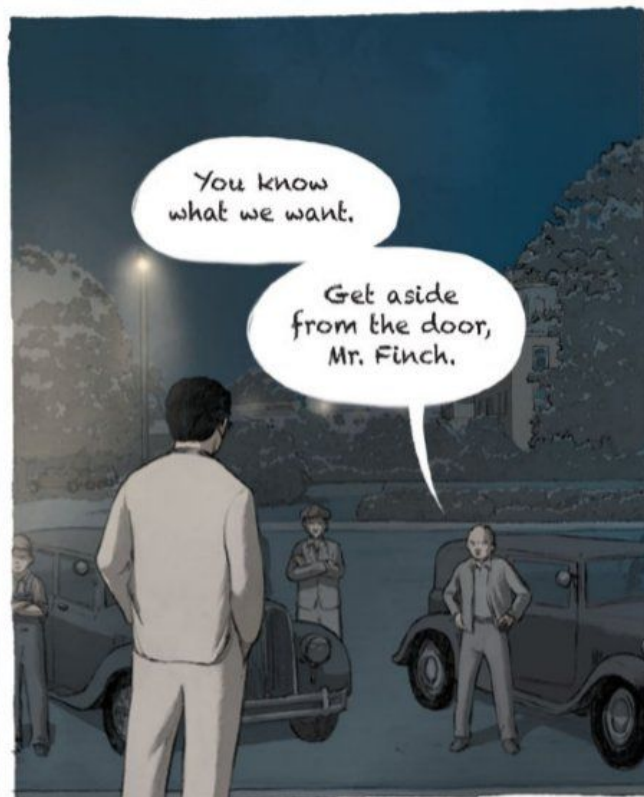


Our father had a few peculiarities: one was, he never ate desserts; another was that he liked to walk.







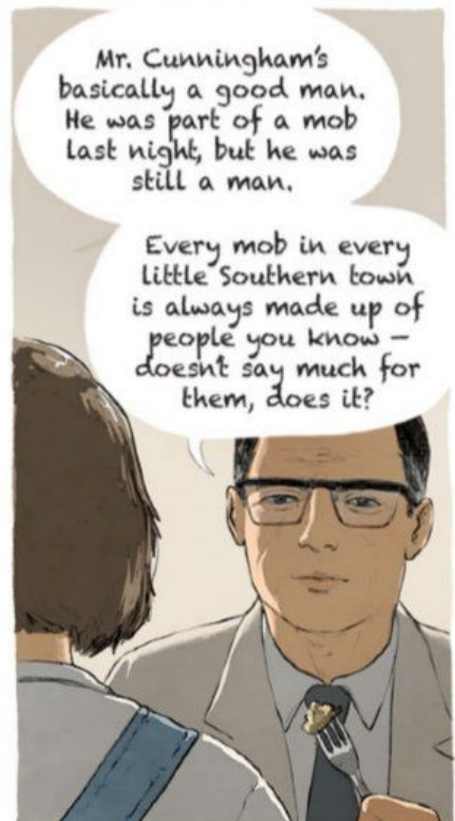




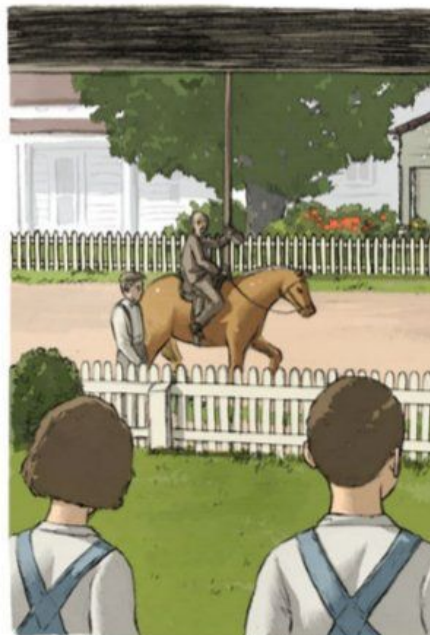














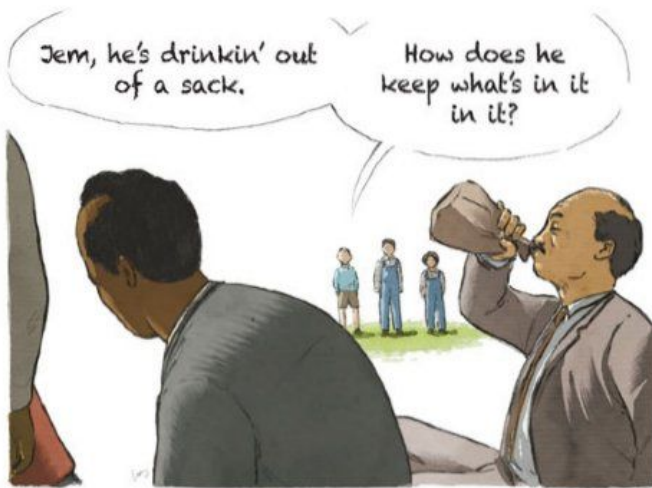
We held off until noon, when Atticus came home to dinner and said they'd spent the morning picking the jury.



After dinner, we stopped by for Dill and went to town.

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.

