

you tell the truth, child — didn't Bob Ewell beat you up? (With this, ATTICUS turns away, and lets out a breath. He looks a little as though his stomach hurts. Mayella's face is a mixture of terror and fury.)

MAYELLA (gasping a quick breath and calling out).

I — I got somethin' to say.

ATTICUS (walking back and sitting wearily at his table; with compassion). Do you want to tell us what happened?

MAYELLA. I got somethin' to say an' then I ain't gonna say no more. That black man yonder took advantage of me an' if you fine fancy gentlemen don't wanta do nothin' about it then you're all yellow stinkin' cowards, stinkin' cowards, the lot of you. Your fancy airs don't come to nothin' — your ma'amin' and Miss Mayellarin' don't come to nothin', Mr. Finch. (She covers her face with her hands to hold back her sobs.)

MR. GILMER. That's all. (Helping her out of witness chair.) You can step down now. (As she continues on to bench to sit with her father, he turns to JUDGE.) Sir — the State rests.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Shall we try to wind up this afternoon? How about it, Atticus?

ATTICUS. I think we can.

JUDGE TAYLOR. How many witnesses you got?

ATTICUS. One.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Well, call him.

ATTICUS (rising). I call Tom Robinson.

(TOM rises and walks toward the witness chair. Either the Court Clerk or MR. GILMER holds out the Bible to him. TOM can't put his crippled left hand on the Bible, so he touches it with his right.)

TOM. Sorry, sir.

JUDGE TAYLOR. That's all right, Tom. (TOM is asked, "Do you swear the evidence you're about

to give is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?")

TOM (nodding). I swear. (He is motioned into witness chair and he sits quiet and, naturally, afraid.)

ATTICUS. You're Tom Robinson, twenty-five years of age, married with three children, and you've been in trouble with the law once before. A thirty-day sentence for disorderly conduct. What did that consist of?

TOM. Got in a fight with another man. He tried to cut me. But it wasn't much. Not enough to hurt.

ATTICUS. You were both convicted?

TOM (nodding). I had to serve 'cause I couldn't pay the fine. The other fellow paid his'n.

ATTICUS. Were you acquainted with Mayella Violet Ewell?

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

ATTICUS. Whose field?

TOM. I work for Mr. Link Deas.

ATTICUS. You pass the Ewell place to get to work. Is there any other way to go?

TOM. No, sir, none's I know of.

ATTICUS. Tom, did she ever speak to you?

TOM. Why, yes, sir. 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.

ATTICUS. When did she ask you to chop up the — the chiffarobe?

TOM. Mr. Robinson, it was way last spring. After I broke it up she said "I reckon I'll hafta give you a nickel, won't I" an' I said, "No, ma'am, there ain't no charge." Then I went home. That was way over a year ago.

ATTICUS. Did you ever go on the place again?

TOM. Yes, sir.

ATTICUS. When?

TOM. I went lots of times. (There's a murmur