Cooly without much fire: The two sailors fell silent. Both
"They've outlawed everything in Massachusetts," roared
"and you'll be fortunate if you end your days with some-
anything. We're outlawed in Massachusetts as for owning
need. We're outlawed in Massachusetts as for owning
revenge. They're only savages who take pleasure in such a pecu-
lar sort. Leave off with your blithering. Sam Wick Iner-
"Cooley! Leave of with your blithering. Sam Wick Iner-
perceived, and you're always some who can't see the pit over
viewing better. There's always some who can't see the pit over
viewing better. There's always some who can't see the pit over
you saw one with minuten in his eye. It moves so
never guess a rowd had so much life in it till
you ever watched a cockfight, Jessrie?

The Spaniard

Like wind rustling dead leaves. It was Ned, laughing
I heard a strange sound in our seaport cave, a sound
Spack killed him. Don't you see? There was the proof!
Ghosts that would kill a white man a hundred times over—and
they knew the black would recover—yet they can survive? Ho-
been through munitions before. He never lost a hair but could
whispered my name, sick. I could count the ribs of the boy to whom I had once
and rose in expression of movement. They were all
watched shuddering men and women whose shoulders sank
on the life. Despite my intention, I could not help but see the
within I was so affected. I could hardly make my thoughts work
at the wear. I thought I was alone with a thought: With the
which to show no emotion in sign of him. I gazed blankly
always round time to observe me at my task. I was darker
The Savages were nearer death than the crew, although
I didn’t hear a single word. He would say over and
over again. "Never. Beside you see if I don’t keep my word."

"I’ll never ship on a steep green" he would say over and

he collected his wares and his share of the profit from the sale
would be dearer than bread, only a brief passage now until
as he said, and his friends, only a hint of his life in the
were for weeks. His voice was urgent, his eyes bulging
purse never held unlimited in our having been
and there was no need to explain our visit. We were out of the
dolphins, our northerly wind, was steady except during
piece of land. I did not care if in New York or Rhode Island or Georgia, the
I did it come from somewhere after all. It made no difference to me.

The Savages were from Massachusetts, my mother’s

so say who anyone died from now
when who had followed Red into the waves. There were no one
of either of the blacks dead, the men, our woman and two child.
and later when the holds had been completed, the discovery
due—the carrying overboard of Red Cline’s body that morning
and darkness began. So had they witnessed—i.e., it was called
wound in that moment when the last colors of sunset have faded
ship pulled. I looked at their eyes, so wide, so empty. Like the crew
spread at the horizon which appeared rose and sink as the

The Savage
sun was done.

no line between earth and heaven, who could tell what the sky was grated over with black storms clouds and there was earth except the rising and setting of the sun—and, when the

luminous possess my thoughts. There was nothing sure on

as the moonlight. but now I feel no suchcurrancy. A great

and petty, when all this world be becoming its unsatisfying

to the door of our room, to the welcoming cries of my mother

I had, until that moment, been expecting the round of the ship

the phrase, "lost at sea.

the pack light of the moon. I thought that now I understood

and eating dinner. The dark water was streaked with

tess. I supposed he and John were in those dimkinking

vessels, I supposed he and John were in those dimkinking

a small pool of yellow light shone near the starlights' glare.

moonlight, Sam Wick's, or watch, passed without a word.

I heard no a sound. The moonlight breast was behind in

moonshone because of grumpos in his belly, I went on deck and

Once, on a night when Shockey was making a com-

hours passed without reckoning

they hasted toward sleep as did, for it was only when the

I knew where the stairs stepped. I wondered if

played on the deck. I think they were too weak to crawl or

I had been some time since the little children had
years. And then one of them on every ship that sailed.

Dant, he is dead, said Durrells. He's been dead for

I wish I knew what was dead. I said.

You're the first one, I see. Please, What is he?

I was walking through the deck. The Spaniard

I once did when I lived at home in New Orleans.

I feel this way and I can't, I said. This is the way

told of fear in the voice. I was1 surprised.

But you must know how you feel, he exclaimed, a

I can't answer that, I said.

Take you, he said. How are your spirits?

what I thought of him. Was I to stay on myself.

I knew at my feet. Or did he mean to know

his nails like a man playing a mouth organ. Of that piano.

It rasps like swamp grass. Would he like to know that grass.

I want to discover what Curry mixed with the cabbage to make

You want me to stay for you, I asked. Ben Ston.

But he hadn't asked me.

spirits.

I do trust on this ship. That's why I asked you about the crates.

I like your honesty, he said softly. There's no one else

I'll look at it the way I choose.

I think about it. Nothing more to worry them. You could look

the negroes. Now they're actually barking off drowned, if your

had seen myself up on the hill before you was born. As for

Cain Detter, he exclaimed and laughed loudly. "Cain Detter

The Spaniard
"What now?" he asked impatiently.

"Captain rimed to look ar me. He's not got his pipe, Captain," said Grantly.

I was dumb with fear; it rushed through me like heat.

The instant he spoke, I knew you had made off with "Where's your music maker?"

"We're going to bring up the nighter, Jesse." he said.

From him, a world between you and me since the night I saw you.

Through this ship's porthole at the horizon, I saw that not even a cloud was over it. Looking through this picture, I saw what was looking at me.

I turned my face to the ship's porthole, but it was full of holes and no one was looking at it.

When one morning, I could not find my eye; I dropped after the Spaniard's flag, and you heard me.

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When one morning, I could not find my eye; I dropped after the Spaniard's flag, and you heard me.
You go down there and fetch it up." he said softly to the load hoist. He spoke his thick fingers circled my throat. He pushed me down to where the wiggets go, they can play their own tunes." "Yes, that's what I think, someone has taken it and dropped it. "Well... I think it's in one of the holes," he said.

I've looked everywhere, I shouted.

I can't hear you, lad," said Storn.

I hope.

I've already looked everywhere, I mumbled without in his direction. Storn called out, "Can you hear it, Purnut?" stopped his work to keep an eye on me. Without even looking with which we sometimes cleaned out the holes. Purrin deck. He'd been mixing up a batch of vinoegar and salt water. I caught sight of Purrin watching us from across the deck together.

"Come down," Storn said to me, "We'll look for it, young man." With that he went back to his spyglass.

I'm up and down the hold, he said to me, "I can't see anything."

I'm up and down the hold, he said to me, "I can't see anything."

I'm up and down the hold, he said to me, "I can't see anything."
I was a stone cast into a stream, making circles that widened all the way to the limits of the space that contained nearly forty people. Suddenly I felt myself dropping, and heard the wooden slats of the two casks which I had somehow been standing between, clank against the sides. Now I was wedged between them, my chin pressed against my breast, my body reared up, my arms crossed over my mouth, my eyes closed. I heard a small sound, like a ball rolling against a wall, and then a sharp pain in my side. I opened my eyes and saw that I was lying on the deck of the ship, my head resting on the ground. I sat up and looked around, my heart pounding in my chest. The sun was shining down on me, warming my skin. I was alive.

I started to move, but my body refused to obey my commands. I tried to get up, but my muscles would not allow me to lift my arms. I was unable to breathe, as if a weight was pressing down on my chest. I sat there, panting, unable to do anything. I felt a surge of nausea, and I vomited into the sea. The salty taste of the water was bitter and sour. I closed my eyes and tried to banish the sight from my mind.

I sat without moving. To search the hold meant that I would have to walk upon the bodies of the dead. My eyes refused to open, as if they were too many fatigue to bear the weight of the world. I closed my eyes again, and the darkness enveloped me. I could hear the sound of the waves crashing against the ship, and the sound of the casks clattering against each other. I was lost in a sea of darkness, and I could not find my way.

I looked around, but my eyes refused to see. I could feel the pressure of the weights on my chest, and I knew that I was going to die. I reached out with my hand, but I could not find anything to hold. I was lost, and I could not find my way. I closed my eyes again, and the darkness enveloped me. I was alone, and I was dying.
would I? Only three weeks."

But I was. Remembering Berry holding out a card, a card,
behind his hands. I think, for a second, I did not know
looped around each finger and formed a design in the space
Every finger of his hands was stretched; string was

"Look here," he said.

I raised my head.

"It's me! Jesse! I'm me!" said Purvis.

When someone touched me, I cried out.

I heard the men moving around me but I did not look up.
I could see no prints on chest, my head cradled in my arms.

Later I saw the walls dancing with light, the film, the half-broken notes

"and pinch these strings," Purvis said. "We'll use the hammer strings."

"Take your thumbs and the first finger of each hand, see;" he said.

Betty would smile.

work with a stick, would go and turn the cradle inside out and
in to be transmuted, melting until my mother's string melted her
such frames. She would sit daily by herself, the strings ready.
Together we'd invented a few, then I'd known no old for
"Take the strings from my hands, to form a new cradle...

"I was sure you'd find it! Jesse," he said.

"Looked up to see you!"

"He and drop it on me. Someone grabbed! Someone snatched! I

The Spaniard

The Staircase
He swayed a little with the movement of the ship; I saw agape on deck now and got the fresh air and make yourself strong.

"Go back now and get the fresh air and make yourself strong no one to stop you from where you want to do. You go up word on that. You'll have land beneath your feet, Jesse, and go above your tasks. I'll see to it myself you get home. My boy who's shot on the rear he's no use. Don't give him that was for Shaky's or myself.

I felt a deep thrill of fear although I couldn't tell if it goes if he harms you."

"Jesse, I told him well I'll track him down to wherever he is. Wherever, no doubt." Jesse's rigid form tense over his shoulders, as he kept a very idea of him, looking through his mind, I wondered at his own mind. I thought, "If I were Jesse's uncle, I'd do it myself."

"I won't let him beat you, Purvis said. We'll try.

The ship was always about to happen on the moon."

I'm afraid of him. I said, I found no comfort in Purvis's news. The worst was always about to happen on the moon.

"The Stripe Dance"
These waters." "Flying fish," said Purs, "There's peculiar creatures in the sea,"

pointed a finger, "Those are the, then another..."

colors of the rainbow playing among the waves. I gazed and
the island, a thing few of the water's rush with all the
truly reach home. Then, as I strained to get a closer look at
for the first life in many weeks, I wondered if Igather

they should be so unhappy?

"Does it have a name?"

"Cubs." to eat or drink, it's just a bit of land only for the birds and
ost, you don't, so, the island, "Happy for long, Igather,

"You'd like to get another, wouldn't you, Jesser?"

bush trimmed with sea grass.

six scattered palm trees and measured my height against a low
height before, I looked at the campy shingle, counted
three boulders, circled our naked mass, deformed.
wind and rain, and sunshine, each strain of
the sea's width at last on a gentle rolling sea. Of the sea,
and the next morning, I came on deck to find the ship,

The Spaniard

"Tell the bees and the moths, I'm going to sing you a day's song, and if there ain't no people, he town and villages and get up on a boat and tells people the

"Sneezy," said Cookey, "Snap up on the fly."
The ships6 poured water over the compass needle. I
They were on deck, no sign of them in sight. I

By mid-afternoon all the shears were free of their
shades.  

their run

on it. Behind the main stood a dozen or so others waiting

shades with the sound and great crew. There was no

break in front of a black man. He was working away at the

boat of land looked cold and lonely. I went to where Purvis was

my nearest.

I wanted to cry. Can we win this, I didn't dare. I

found

more, Jesse. Show and to me. But that don't mean you can

who searched the tool from his hand and left

hand in. Meanwhile, take this. He held it out to Purvis

That's a worthy thought, you know said, and I'll think

Tell me:

a frosty blue light around him. The shears were in a regular way

be on land again where men is the same height. And he said

in China waters in a day or so, and not long after that. We'll

been shot in the head in an air of great confidence. We'll be

Purvis looked at him as though he were a piece of drinking

in. "In four years, work to be done."

I don't wish to disturb your rest, a familiar voice broke

whether it belonged in water or air

wouldn't want to get anything that hasn't made up in mind

I've heard the Indians say, a familiar voice said.

first is cursed on it, but I thought it was an unnecessary thing.

My mother had a sewing box, I said, and just such a

The Slave Dance
The Spaniard

been out of it, but it’s worse when we wash the car."

"I hope it’s worth a moment, then," said "Why, we never

purse, hesitated a moment, then said, "We’re not

were in danger from now on, aren’t we? "I asked.

it sound so easy, but the expression was grim.

There will be no American ships. I hope he made

But if we see any British ships,"

"It’s a great day for them," Shaky said, "Now where

It’s a great day for them," I said. "Maybe more.

deck, I looked at the coach people standing quietly on the

I was, standing for another"

Greeny—his left arm chewing on one chicken bone while

no face left of what had been done. But Cawkishness so

during the day we cleaned out the holds as thoroughly as

der the ship’s Liberty. At night, they were below to steps.

When they spoke, they kept their heads close together and

there from a new rim ofBecause. They were beyond suspense

you might have thought them sober. They showed no sign

they kept as thin and wrinkled as the limbs of old people,

such swollen pellets that you could not see their hollow eyes,

in strange that they touched nothing. The very youngest had

Sanchez next to me, shook his head.

watched Isaac Porter counting the shackles. Shaky, who was
then we do? It is as if the trade of non visite had ceased, for they don't no more

WY? the Spanish Government is said to have under-

"WY? must he bitte them?"


and here:

beginning after the coast of Africa—now it was coming in an

"He and his hand on my shoulder! I felt cold...

"Prepared? I crossed....

head nothing..."

eyes, but now pronounce his jaw was. His lips were moving, I

"Well, had moved away with the beam. I couldn't see Pirrie

Wick had moved away with the beam. I couldn't see Pirrie

sof and quieted. I stared desolately at Pirrie. Now she came

did not know what I was. When everything grew strange and

such this before—seconds, sometimes minutes when I

1 said nothing, I had grown suddenly dizzy. I had had

were beginning over money!

last time he drank up all the Captain's best brandy while they

then when he found it aboard. He don't like the Spaniard.

they cut it out of him. I think it even gave Covington quite a

The Spaniard's leave, repeated Purvis. I forget why

"My ship crew. Why no one goes?"

"Why no one goes? said Purvis. Why come to slik beside

stood like a sentinel.

to the Captain's quarters in front of which the black man

only looked about him with disdain. The rows of them were

to him as if he were a lord. He did not return the bow;

appeared to be drooping in sea foam. The Captain bowed

vivid was wearing a shirt so filthy and gay that his chin

head bowed as though it had grown there way. He told inwardly

upon the deck accompanied by a black man whom kept this

when minute later a tall black-haired individual pressed

into the dark as though to press back at

observed the Captain standing by the railgunning highly

apron and where I choose to berth. By luncheon I

I shave with the approaching sail of the ships not to bother

and warm and damp, and I come up to step on deck hop-

At midnight, a boat drew alongside us. The night was

an inling star, the light flickered once again.

command, Sam Wick signaled back with a luminous, and, like

everything I saw a light flicker from the beach. At the Capitains

there were looking posts day and night. On the second

we began to walk—as we had of the coast of Africa.

The Shame Damper
"A sister, older than me. There's all she lives in Boston."
"Where's your home? Do you have a family?"
"I've what do you mean?"
"Puirris? Where do you live?" I asked."
"To comfort me I knew it was this last moment there's always the worst." He said.

the dark
I swallowed noisily. I could feel him peering at me in

When the carbo has been unloaded, "Puirris said.
"And when does Carmulone get his money?"

will be sold.
manifests all the way to Havana. There, where most of them

tries one or two of the best of the slaves, pays off the local

threw last time. When all we had The plantation workers

marched to a plantation a few miles inland. I went with Car-

they'll be taken of our ship in British, and they'll be

"How does the Spaniard get the slaves to the markets?"

"No, not them," said Prius solemnly.

and silently warships.


And do the British carry slaves in the holds of their

thoughtful way.

"I don't know about the Portuguese. Prius replied in a

"And in the same way."

"So all the governments are against the trade," I said.

"The Slave Dealer"