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To kill a mockingbird summary chapter 17-19

The trial began with Judge Taylor presiding. Heck Tate testified that on the evening of November twenty-first, Bob Ewell came to get him claiming that his daughter, Mayella, had been raped. When Heck and Bob returned to the Ewell home out by the town dump, Mayella was beat up and lying on the floor in one of the rooms of the small, dirty house. When Heck asked her who hurt her, she blamed Tom Robinson for the rape and beating. So Heck took him to jail and that was that. Atticus asked repeatedly if a doctor ever saw Mayella, but no one thought of taking her to the doctor. Atticus also determined from Heck's testimony that Mayella was beaten on the right side of her face. He stressed that observation to the jury because it was important to his defense. Now the Ewells were the most wretched people in Maycomb County. They lived out by the dump in a cabin roofed with flattened tin cans and insulated with sheets of corrugated iron. A makeshift fence surrounded their house and the yard was littered with refuse from the nearby dump. The most fascinating part of the yard, however, was the slop jars filled with red geraniums. The geraniums seemed to be well tended, and it was rumored that they belonged to Mayella. Bob Ewell was called to the stand next. In a cocky manner he answered his attorney's questions and explained that he was coming in front gathering kindling when he heard Mayella screaming. He dropped the load and went running to the house, but got tangled up in the fence. When he got away from the fence, he claimed that he ran to the window and saw Tom on top of his daughter. Ewell insisted that before he could get inside, Tom ran out, and because he was so worried about Mayella, he didn't go after Tom. He said he then went to get Heck Tate and brought him back to their home. Mr. Gilmer, the prosecuting attorney, finished questioning Ewell and Atticus began his cross-examination. Ewell was wary of Atticus' questions and was reluctant to cooperate, but Atticus lured him into a sense of security with a line of questioning about Mayella's injuries. Atticus asked him if he could read and write, and although it seemed irrelevant, the judge allowed the questioning. Atticus gave Ewell a pen and an envelope to write his name on and the room went silent. Everyone stared at him as he wrote his name. He didn't understand why everyone was so interested to see him write, and the judge pointed out that he was left-handed. Seeing the implication in the fact that Mayella's injuries were on the right side of her face and Bob Ewell's dominant hand was left, Ewell went on a tirade about how Atticus was a tricking lawyer who was taking advantage of him. He stuck to his story about Tom Robinson and Atticus ended his examination. From the balcony Jim watched the proceedings with glee, certain that Atticus had pinned Ewell and proved Tom innocent. Scout, however, was doubtful. She thought Jem was getting a little ahead of himself because Tom could just as easily be left-handed as well. Chapter 18 But someone was boozing again. "Mayella Violet Ewell! A young girl walked to the witness stand. As she seated her hand and swore the the evidence she gave would be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help her God, she seemed somehow fragile-looking, but when she sat facing us, she was a thick-bodied girl accustomed to strenuous labor. In Maycomb County, it was easy to tell if someone bathed regularly as opposed to yearly. Bathing was a scandal in the town, and the town's own words were what happened to the person. "I was reminded of the room I red geraniums in the Ewell yard. Mr. Gilmer asked, "Mayella, did you bathe?" "I was at the dusky end of the town," she began. Mr. Gilmer asked, "What's that?" "Nothing," Judge Taylor said, "just tell us what happened. You can do that, can't you?" Mayella stared at him and burst into tears. She covered her mouth with her hands and sobbed. Judge Taylor let her cry for a minute, then he said, "That's enough now. Don't be the brim of anybody here as long as you tell the truth." All this is strange to me, I know, but you've nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to fear. What are you scared of?" Mayella said something behind her hands. "What was that?" asked the judge. "Him," she sobbed, pointing at Atticus. She nodded vigorously, saying, "Don't want him doin' me like he done Papa, tryin' to make him out lefthanded." Judge Taylor scratched his thick white hair. It was plain that he had never been confronted with a problem of this kind. "How old are you?" he asked. "Nineteen-and-a-half," Mayella said. Judge Taylor cleared his throat and tried unsuccessfully to speak in soothings tones. "Mr. Finch has no idea of scaring you," he growled, "and if he did, I'm here to stop him. That's one thing I'm sitting up here for. Now you're a big girl, so you just sit up straight and tell us what happened to you. You can do that, can't you?" I whispered to Jem. "Has she got good sense?" Jem was squinting down at the witness stand. "Can't tell yet," he said. "She's got enough sense to get the judge sorry for her, but she might be just—oh, I don't know." Mollified, Mayella gave Atticus a final terrified glance and said to Mr. Gilmer, "Well, I was on the porch and—and he came along, and you see, there was this old chifforobe in the yard Papa'd brought in to chop up for kindlin'—Papa told me to do it while he was off in the woods but I hadn't feelin' strong enough then, so he came by." "Who is he?" Mayella pointed to Tom Robinson. "I'll have to ask you to be more specific, please," said Mr. Gilmer. "The reporter can't put down gestures very well." "That's a'ndon," she said. "Tom's what he was after." "Tom's what he was after?" Mr. Gilmer asked. "Tom's what he was after." "Tom's what he was after?" Atticus got up grinning but instead of walking to the witness stand, he opened his coat and hooked his thumbs in his vest, then he walked slowly across the room to the windows. He looked out, but didn't seem especially interested in what he saw, then turned and strode back to the witness stand. From long years of experience, I could tell he was trying to come to a decision about something. "Miss Mayella," he said, smiling. "I won't try to scare you for a while, not yet. Let's just get acquainted. How old are you?" Said I was nineteen, said it to the judge yonder." Mayella jerked her head resentfully at the bench. "So you did, so you did, ma'am. You'll have to bear with me, Miss Mayella. I'm getting along and can't remember as well as I used to. I might ask you things you're already said before, but you'll give me an answer, won't you?" Good? I could see nothing in Mayella's expression to justify Atticus's assumption that he had secured her wholehearted cooperation. She was looking at him furiously. "Won't answer a word you say long as you keep on makin' fun o' me," she said. "Ma'am?" asked Atticus, started. "Long's you keep on makin' fun o' me." Judge Taylor said, "Mr. Finch is not making fun of you. What's the matter with you?" Mayella looked from under lowered eyelids at Atticus, but she said to the judge: "Long's he keeps on callin' me ma'am an sayin' Miss Mayella. I don't hafta take his sass. I ain't called upon to take it." Atticus resumed his stroll to the windows and let Judge Taylor handle this one. Judge Taylor was not the kind of figure that even evoked pity, but I did feel a pang for him as he tried to explain. That's just Mr. Finch's way," he told Mayella. "We've done business in this court for years and years, and Mr. Finch is always courteous to everybody. He's not trying to mock you, he's trying to be polite. That's just his way." The judge leaned back. "Atticus, let's get on with these proceedings, and let the record show that the witness has not been sassed, her views to the contrary." I wondered if anybody had ever called her "ma'am," or "Miss Mayella" in her life; probably not, as she took offense to route courtesy. What on earth was her life like? I soon found out. "You say you're nineteen," Atticus resumed. "How many sisters and brothers have you?" He walked from the windows back to the stand. "Seb'm," she said, and I wondered if they were all like the specimen I had seen the first day I started to school. "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." Mayella sounded like a Mr. Jingle in a book I had been reading. "How long did you go to school?" "Two year—three year—dummo." Slowly but surely I began to see the pattern of Atticus's questions from questions that Mr. Gilmer did not deem sufficiently irrelevant or immaterial to object to, 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—it was everybody for himself as far as keeping clean went: if you wanted to wash you hauled your own water; the younger children had perpetual colds and suffered from chronic cold-itch; there was a lady who came around sometimes and asked Mayella why she didn't stay in school—she wrote down the answer; with two members of the family reading and writing, there was no need for the rest of them to learn—Papa needed them at home. "Miss Mayella," said Atticus, in spite of himself: "a nineteen-year-old girl like you must have friends. Who are your friends?" The witness frowned as if puzzled. "Friends?" "Yes, don't you know anyone near your age, or older, or younger? Boys and girls? Just ordinary friends?" Mayella's hostility, which had subsided to grudging neutrality, flared again. "You makin' fun o' me again, Mr. Finch?" Atticus let her question answer his. "Do you love your father, Miss Mayella?" was his next. "Love him, whatcha mean?" "I mean, is he good to you, is he easy to get along with?" "He does tollable, 'cept when—" Except when? Mayella looked at her father, who was sitting with his chair tipped against the railing. He sat up straight and waited for her to answer. "Except when nothin'4," said Mayella. "I said he does tollable." Mr. Ewell nodded back again. "Except when he's drinkin'" asked Atticus so gently that Mayella nodded. "Does he ever go after you?" "How you mean?" "When he's—riled, has he ever beaten you?" Mayella looked around, down at the court reporter, up at the judge. "Answer the question, Miss Mayella." "My paw's never touched her hair, he said firmly. "He never touched me." Atticus's glasses滑落了一点, and he pushed them up on his nose. "We've had a good visit, Miss Mayella, and now I guess we'd better get to the case. You say you asked Tom Robinson to come chop up a—what was it?" A chifforobe, a old dresser full of drawers on one side." "Was Tom Robinson well known to you?" "Whaddya mean?" "I mean did you know who he was, where he lived?" Mayella nodded. "I knowed who he was, he passed the house every day." "Was this the first time you asked him to come inside the fence?" Mayella jumped slightly at the question. Atticus was making his slow pilgrimage to the windows, as he had been doing: he would ask a question, then look out, waiting for an answer. He did not see her involuntary jump, but it seemed to me that he knew she had moved. He turned around and raised his eyebrows. "Was—" he began again. "Yes it was." "Didn't you ever ask him to come inside the fence before?" She was prepared now. "I did not, I certainly did not." "One did not enough," said Atticus serenely. "You never asked him to do odd jobs for you before?" "I mighta," conceded Mayella. There was several niggers around. "Can you remember any other occasions?" "No." "All right, now what happened? You said Tom Robinson was behind you in the room when you turned around, that right?" "Yes." "You did 'got you around the neck cussing and saying dirt—is that right?" "It's right." Atticus's memory had suddenly become accurate. "You say 'he caught me and choked me and took advantage of me—is that right?' That's what I said." "Do you remember him beating you about the face?" The witness hesitated. "You sure seem enough that he choked you. All this time you were fighting back, remember? You 'kicked and hollered as loud as you could.' Do you remember him beating you about the face?" Mayella was silent. She seemed to be trying to get something clear to herself. 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