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To kill a mockingbird summary chapter 17-19

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 from gathering kindling when he saw Mayella standing in the yard. He said that she was crying and that she was asking him to help her. When he asked her what was wrong, she said that she was being hurt by a man. 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 his 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 Jim was getting a little ahead of himself because Tom could just as easily be left-handed as well. Chapter 18 But someone was booming again. "Mayella Violet Ewell!" A young girl walked to the witness stand. As she raised her hand and swore that 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 in the witness chair she became what we, a thick-bodied girl accustomed to strenuous labor. In Maycomb County, it was said, Mayella was beautiful, as opposite to her father as the moon is to the sun. When she came to the stand, she was crying and her face was streaked with tears. When she was asked to tell the jury in her own words what happened on the evening of November twenty-first of last year, just in her own words, she said, "Pleasure. Mayella said silently, "Where were you at that evening?" began Mr. Gilmer patiently. "On the porch. Which porch, Ma'am? Ain't but one, the front porch." "Where were you doing on the porch?" "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 while, then he said, "That's enough now. Don't be afraid of anybody here, as long as you tell the truth. All this is strange to you, I know, but you've nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to fear. What do you scared of?" Mayella said something behind her hands. "What was that?" asked the judge. "Him," she sobbed, pointing at Atticus. "Mr. Finch?" She nodded vigorously, saying, "Don't want him don't like he done Papa, tryin' to make him out lefthanded. Judge Taylor scratched his chin 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 soothing 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 the—tell us what happened to you. You can do that, can't you?" I whispered to Jim, "Has she got good sense?" Jim 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 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'." Papa told me to do it while he was off in the woods but I wadn't feelin' strong enough then, so he came by. He come in the yard an' I went in the house to get her the nickel and I turned around an' I fore I knew it he was on me. Just run up behind me, he did. He got me round the neck, cussin' me an' sayin' dirt—I foughn't hollerred, but he had me round the neck. 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