

MAYCOMB WAS AN OLD TOWN BUT IT  
T WAS A TIRED OLD TOWN WHEN I FI  
RST KNEW IT IN RAINY WEATHER T  
HE STREET TURNED TO REDSLOP  
GRASS GREW ON THE SIDEWALKS  
THE COURTHOUSES AGGED IN THE  
SQUARES SOMEHOW IT WAS HOTTE  
R THEN A BLACK DOG SUFFERED ON  
A SUMMERS DAY BONY MULE SHIT  
CHED TO HOVER CARTS FLICKED  
FLIES IN THE SWELTERING SHADE  
OF THE LIVE OAKS ON THE SQUARE  
MENS STIFF COLLARS WILTED BY N  
INE IN THE MORNING LADIES BATH  
ED BEFORE NOON AFTER THEIR TH  
REE O'CLOCK NAPS AND BY NIGHT F  
ALL WERE LIKE SOFT TEACAKES W  
ITH FROSTINGS OF SWEAT AND SW  
EET TALCUM