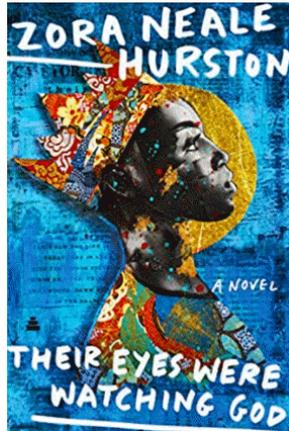


Dialect with Patricia Charpentier



Excerpt from *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

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“Ah knowed you’d be hongry. No time to be huntin’ stove wood after dark. Mah mulatto rice ain’t so good dis time. Not enough bacon grease, but Ah reckon it’ll kill hongry.”

“Ah’ll tell you in a minute,” Janie said, lifting the cover. “Gal, it’s *too* good! you switches a mean fanny round in a kitchen.”

“Aw, dat ain’t much to eat, Janie. But Ah’m liable to have something sho nuff good tomorrow, ’cause you done come.”

Janie ate heartily and said nothing. The varicolored cloud dust that the sun had stirred up in the sky was settling by slow degrees.

“Here, Pheoby, take yo’ ole plate. Ah ain’t got a bit of use for a empty dish. Dat grub sho come in handy.”