**Narrative**

The cluster of dusty and dilapidated cars travelled single file through the night, leaving a swirling storm of dusty haze behind them. Walter Cunningham, leader of the Old Sarum bunch, was in the passenger seat of the lead vehicle, staring through the window in silence, determination painted across his face. Few lights still remained on in Maycomb’s streets under the dwindling light of the evening moon. Meridian Street was home to many of the towns’ small shops such as the pub, where the men had just been. They past the county’s baker, lights on despite the hour. Walter saw a dishevelled child staring at a loaf of bread cooling on the counter in the evening breeze. As the child reached the loaf, the baker came running out shouting unheard obscenities, whacking the child’s hand with a rolling pin. The child ran off in shame, cradling his hand in his other, tears streaming down his face. Walter sighing, thinking nothing of it as his driver, Stuart Cunningham, cleared his throat and began to softly sing.

 “We’re orf to killa nigger…” he began, quickly being shushed by his cousin, Walter, who was in no mood. Stuart laughed as Walter picked up his hat from his lap, slipping it on his head, the brim dipped over his eyes.

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The group circled around Mr. Finch, standing adamant with their arms crossed. The wind blew softly, whistling through the nights sky, while the men stood determined, staring for what seemed like an eternity.

 It was Walter’s oldest cousin who took a step forwards first saying, “He in there, Mr. Finch?”

 “He is,” Mr. Finch replied doggedly. Walter looked around nervously, grunting at Mr. Finch’s laconic response. His heart thudded, drowning out whatever Mr. Finch’s said next. Walter wiped the sweat off his forehead, eager to get on with the nights activities. A burst of disparaging laughter from the men brought his focus back to the conversation.

 “Called ‘em off on a snipe hunt,” one of Walter’s companions said. “Didn’t you think a’that, Mr. Finch?”

 “Thought about it, but didn’t believe it,” Atticus replied resolutely, eyes glinting in the dwindling light from the hanging lightbulb above. “Well then” he continued, “that changes things, doesn’t it?”

 “It do,” the man replied dangerously, stepping out from the shadows menacingly.

 “Do you really think so?” Atticus replied tartly, seemingly oblivious to the men who were beginning to circle him, like hunters slowly trapping their prey. Walter was quickly becoming more and more exasperated with Mr. Finch’s sardonic, questioning replies, however, a sudden shout echoed in the night as a small girl came running, followed by two boys in pursuit and burst through the circle of men. The men looked to Mr. Finch for an answer, though he looked just as the men themselves, his face, however, turning sheet white.

 “He-ey, Atticus!” the girl said a little too loudly, breaking the stunned silence in the night. Mr. Finch’s visage at this point, displayed plain fear as his eyes left the girl and settled on the two boys who stood behind the girl sheepishly. The girl looked towards the men, eyes widening as she did, matching those of the dumbfounded men surrounding her. Mr. Finch stood slowly as he instructed the oldest boy of the group to leave while the young girl’s eyes rested on Walter, with apparent familiarity, making him uneasy. She looked to be similar to his youngest son’s age. *Swear I’ve seen that lass ‘fore*, Walter thought. His thoughts, however, were intermitted as the child began to speak.

 “Hey, Mr. Cunningham,” she said softly. Walter froze, his heart thudding in his chest as if trying to burst through his ribs. “Hey Mr. Cunningham,” she repeated, “how’s your entailment gettin’ along?” Walter shuffled his feet, extremely uncomfortable and very aware that the previous conversation had ceased and every man’s gaze was focused on him. He hooked his thumbs in his overall straps and cleared his throat, finding his mud-covered shoes to be of sudden interest.

 “Don’t you remember me, Mr. Cunningham?” the girl continued desperate for his acknowledgement. “I’m Jean Louise Finch. You brought us some hickory nuts one time, remember?” *Yers that’s it*, Walter thought. *‘Twas instead of money for Mr. Finch*, he remembered vividly. The girl had not stopped talking. “I go to school with Walter. He’s your boy, ain’t he sir?” Walter froze, swallowing hard as if trying to digest a boulder down his throat. His face burned, glad for the cover of the night’s darkness. “He’s a good boy, a real nice boy, ”she continued much to his disappointment and shame. “Tell him hey for me won’t you?” Walter wiped the sweat from his tanned forehead searching for help among his comrades, though they refused to meet his gaze. His face remained impassive, refusing to show any emotion of some sort. The girl went on, beginning to lecture him on his ongoing entailment, becoming more uncomfortable as Walter stared blankly. A sudden thought flashed through his mind, bringing him to earlier that night, where he saw the young boy’s futile attempt to steal the loaf of bread from the baker. They both had failed to achieve their goal, and yet, the boy’s shame was in no comparison Walter’s.

 “What’s the matter?” the girl asked, bringing him back to reality. Walter couldn’t stand to stay there in silence, guilt burring through his body like a blazing furnace. He lent down and put his hands on the girls petite shoulders, much to her surprise.

 “I’ll tell him you say hey, little lady,” Walter said finally. He stood, avoiding the incredulous gaze of the girl’s father, and dipped his hat over his brow.

 “Let’s clear out. Let’s go boys,” he shouted to his downbeat crew. *S’pose we’ll get* *that nigger ‘nother day*, he thought miserably. The mob began to shuffle towards their ramshackle cars, heads down ashamed. Walter sighed, guilt like a heavy weight on his back causing him to bow his head in shame.

Word Count: 1000

**Writer’s Statement**

My story contains 5 intertextual elements from Harper Lee’s book, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, and features the perspective of a minor character. This story is written through Mr. Cunningham’s perspective, describing his interaction with Scout outside the jail and the guilt he felt that caused him and his men to leave. By making Walter my main character, I elaborated on what Walter felt and why he and his men left. This adds meaning and understanding for the audience as they can now see the interaction through both sides; through Scout, who was confused about Walter’s peculiar actions, like when he lent down and took her by the shoulders; also through Walter himself, who was torn down by guilt and Scout’s naivety to leave with his men.

The first intertextual element was the use of extensive description. Harper Lee uses description heavily throughout her book, portraying to the audience how her characters feel. This is what I focused on in my story. For example, the phrase, “The cluster of dusty and dilapidated cars travelled through the night, leaving a swirling storm of dusty haze behind them”, creates imagery for the reader, similar to Lee’s writing. It adds extra detail to the scene in the book and gives the audience a better understanding. Using thorough description, I also displayed the guilt and discomfort that Walter felt through his interaction with Scout and how his attitude changed before and after the incident by describing the guilt as, “a heavy weight on his back causing him to bow his head in shame”. Adding extra subtle details, such as when the men looked “to Mr. Finch for an answer, though he looked just as the men themselves, his face, however, turning sheet white,” adds to the scene in *To Kill a Mockingbird,* as the audience has further insight to the characters’ feelings and reactions. My story clearly shows Walter’s thought process and reaction to Scout, which in contrast, the book leaves up to the audience to figure out. So, by using description the audience gains further insight into the story as well as a clearer understanding of the event.

Foreshadowing was another element I used at the beginning of my story and linked back to at the end. There are many occasions in Harper Lee’s book where she uses foreshadowing, such as the mad dog, or Miss Maudie’s burning house, to give the audience insight and an idea of what is to come. In my story, I used an example of a young child “reaching for a loaf of bread cooling on the counter in the evening breeze,” which links to further in the story, where Walter remembers seeing the child and compares it to his own situation. The child’s aim is to get the bread as he is hungry, representing the mobs desire to lynch Tom Robinson. However, the child is caught by the baker and causing him to run “off in shame”, without completing his goal. This represents when Walter was confronted by Scout, and due to her naivety, he went back home in shame without reaching his goal of lynching Tom either. By adding foreshadowing, like Harper Lee does, it builds the audiences expectations and creates suspense.

I also used vocab and style that suits specific characters through the dialogue in my story. I extracted a large part of the dialogue *To Kill a Mockingbird* into my scene as an intertextual feature and direct connection to the book. However, in Walter’s thoughts during his interaction with Scout, I used the same style in the book for his language. For example, Walter does not have a high level of speech due to his occupation as a farmer and his poverty. So, in his thoughts, he uses words that have been shortened such as “s’pose” instead of suppose, or “’nother” instead of another. The men’s accents are also shown through their speech using words like “yers’ and ‘orf’. Using this vocab to suit these characters adds meaning as it reflects the class the men are in and what they are like. The men were poor farmers, part of the Old Sarum bunch, so clearly they wouldn’t have had a high level of education, shown through their speech. Their accents also reflect the place they live, adding mtor information for the audience. So, by using vocab and style suited for each character like Harper Lee, the audience has a better idea of the character’s background.

I used sophisticated vocabulary as another element in my story similar to Harper Lee’s. She used a lot of words throughout her book that were a higher level of vocab such as “ecclesiastical”, venerable” and “acquiescence” e.g. To match this style of writing, I incorporated similar sophisticated words in my story. For example, I described the cars as “dilapidated” and Atticus’ replies as “sardonic”, “laconic” and “doggedly”. Another example was where I described the men’s laughter at Atticus as “disparaging”. This use of sophisticated vocabulary adds description for the audience. These words are a few examples where I have reflected Lee’s writing in my own to create intertextuality.

The final intertextual element I used in my story was the use of racist terms for African Americans. Harper Lee uses a variety of racist terms used to describe coloured people at the time to create realism and to show the attitude of the characters. This is what I aimed to achieve in my story. Using racist terms, such as “nigger”, I showed the hatred and prejudice the men had towards Tom even though he was innocent. The men don’t refer to Tom using his name at all, just a racial term, showing their blind hatred of the blacks. The men all believed black people to be evil, shown by the casual use of these terms which I have used as a connection to Lee’s book, *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

Word Count: 978