

looked at my watch. "I'm here for the parole hearing," I said. Then I pulled the door open, and I walked in. "Where, next year?" the newspaper publisher asked. "I'm home," I said. "At what time?" he asked. "The everybody in the room turned and looked at me. Lucien Wilbanks was there. But the Pa was there with the Padgett family. Danny Padgett was there with a jailer. There were also five men at a table by the window. "Who are you?" one of the men asked me. "He's from the newspaper!" shouted Lucien Wilbanks angrily. "Which newspaper?" "The Ford County Times," I said. "At the parole hearing he can't change his ears," I told him. "This parole hearing is not open to everybody," said the man at the head of the table. Mr. Padgett's family and lawyer, and people from the Kassel and the Sheriff. I asked "Can he be here?" "Yes, he can." "But nobody told him about it," I said. "Ask the people at the courthouse in Clanton," I said. "Sit down, Mr. Traynor," said the jailer. "He says 'I'll find you and I'll kill all of you.'" The five men looked at Danny Padgett. One of them asked him. Danny didn't say anything. "Did he say it?" "At the trial, Mr. Padgett turned and spoke to the jurors," I said. The man asked Lucien Wilbanks. It was a minute after ten o'clock I ran up the stairs. A policeman stood outside Room 25. "You can't come in. Who can be here?" I asked. "Family," he said. "Not newspaper people." "I learned from my mistakes a lot of good work in this jail. And I'm studying..." I listened to all of this. Then I had to speak. "I'll tell you about the murder," I said. "And I'll tell you about the trial." Wilbanks started to speak, but I quickly stood up. I spoke first. "They wrote everything down." "I'm a better man now," he said. And I did. There was one more thing before I finished. "Did you say that?" "I can send you the notes," I said.