

[Page 13 - Joe David: A Story From Arichat](#)ISSUE : [Issue 26](#)

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Joe David: A Story from Arichat Moi, je suis ne a Petit-de-Grat en 1911. Les vieilles du Petit-de-Grat contaient des histoires pour t'eperer, elles dis- aient, "Si tu sors de soir p'is t'as pas dit ta priere tu vas voir le diable." Je l'ai vu une soiree though. Je restais en? core dans cette maison la, je vous dirai a-propos d'ce maison lk, le vieux voulait pas que je sortis le soir. Bien, j'y dit, "Je sors." Dans ce temps la je me baderais pas beaucoup, la religion me touchait pas. J'm'en allais p'is j'm'en venais quand je voulais. "Une soiree," y dit, "tu verras le diable. Je souhaite que tu voies le di? able." Je pensais bien que je pouvais pas voir pire que moi. Une soiree, ceci c'etait quasiment dans le mois de decembre, un beau clair de lune, y avait tombe une petite neige, j'm'en ven? ais. Y avait un pont la au bas de la grosse coline qui descend. Quand j'ai venu la y avait un gros maudit chien noir a travers du chemin. "Je peux pas passer, bien je passerai par la c&te." Quand je descendis a la cote, il etait la, allonge. J'monte back au chemin, j'monte p'is la meme affaire. J'ai dit, "Je passerai quand le jour se fera, surement tu vas t'en al? ler." Y etait vers quatre heures du matin. Je restis la jusque temps que le jour se fit, p'is je rentre p'is j'me couche. Le vieux etait chez nous. J'me levis le len? demain, tard vers huit, neuf heures. Y dit, "T'aie venu." "Oui," j'ai dit, "vous avez souhaite que je voie le diable, well, j'l'ai vu." (Parlez moi de la maison.) J'avals neuf ans quand j'on venu l'autre bout du, havre la. Vous pouvez peut-etre CONTINUED NEXT PAGE I was born in Petit-de-Grat in 1911. The old women from Petit-de-Grat told stories to scare people, they would say, "If you go out tonight and you don't say your prayers, you're going to see the devil." I saw him once though, t was still staying in that house, I'll tell you about the house, the old man didn't want me to go out. "Well," I said, "I'm going out." In those days I didn't pay much attention; religion wasn't important to me. I went out and came home as I pleased. "One night," he said, "you'll see the devil. I hope you see the devil." I figured I couldn't see worse than myself. One night, it was almost December, a nice moonlight, fresh fallen snow, I was on my way home. There was a bridge at the bottom of the hill. When I got there, there was a big black dog across the road. "I can't get by, well, I'll go down by the shore." I went down the hill and there he was stretched out. So I went back to the road and there he was again. I said, "I'll get by when day breaks, surely you'll go a- way." It was about four in the morning, I couldn't go home. But I was able to pass when day came. I went in and went to bed; the old man was home. I got up that morn? ing; it was late, around eight or nine. My father said, "You're back." "Yes," I said, "you hoped that I would see the devil. Well, I did." (Tell me about the house.) When I was 9 years old, we came to the other side of the harbour there, maybe you can see where. The house isn't there any more. Do you see the building that's there? The little one, that was our property. We CONTINUED NEXT PAGE (13)