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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1980/8/1

Cette maison la avait ete volee de lui. Si c'avait ete volee ou quoi qu'aviont fait, j'sais pas, mais c'avait ete mal arrange. La vieille a dit a ma mere, "Ca ete mal arrange." Y aviont pas voulu payer le vieux et p'is nous autres on l'avait ache-tee, y nous avait rien dit, mon pere l'av? ait achete. Le vieux qui nous a vendu cette maison la il nous a dit qu'il l'av? ait donnee au diable. Un beau temps de venir nous le dire. S'i1 nous avait dit ca avant! On a eu de la misere apres qu'on a ete la. La premiere soiree que j'avions couche la le lendemain je pouvions pas sortir. On pouvait pas ouvrir les portes, toutes e- taient fermees, je pouvions pas sortir. J'essayons les portes mais aucun moyen de sortir. Y avait une ecole en haut, p'is c'est une petite fille qui s'appellait Berthina Arsenault--leur maison est encore la--c'est elle qu'est venue p'is qui nous a fait sortir. Elle passait pour les filles--pour aller a l'ecole--p'is elle rentrit. La porte etait pas barree mais nous autres on pouvait pas sortir. P'is ca la premiere soiree que j'avions couche li. Apres ca*c'allait mal, le vieux se faisait mal p'is y pouvait pas travailler. Apres ca ma mere a mourit (accouchant dans cette maison), elle avait rien que quarante et un ans quand elle est morte. Moi, j'avalais rien que seize. On a eu de la misere, la ca commence comme y faut. Ca venait le mi- di et puis a minuit. T'attendais g.a mar? cher en haut. Ca venait pour ouvrir la porte de l'escalier--c'etait barree dans ce temps la--ca allait pas plus loin. Mais on l'attendait pas s'en aller a sa place. Ca venait toujours a la porte de l'escal- ier. La, ca passait pour un elan p'is le soir a minuit encore la meme affaire. J'ai dit, "Ca icitte, ca va pas faire." Moi, j'etais pas peureux. J'avalais seize ans dans le temps, ils pouviont pas m''peurer. Mais les autres, mes freres p'is mes And the old man who sold it to us said he had given it to the devil. A good time to tell us, huh? If only he had told us be? fore . We had problems after we got there. The first night we slept there, the next morn? ing we couldn't get out. We couldn't open the doors. Everything was closed. We couldn't get out. They seemed locked. We tried the doors, but there was no way we could get out. There was a school above, and it was a little girl called Berthina Arsenault--their house is still there--it was her who came and got us out. She was passing for the girls--to go to school-- and she came right in. The door wasn't locked but we couldn't get out. And that was the first night we slept there. After that things didn't go well, the old man would hurt himself and he couldn't work. After that my mother died (in child? birth, in that house); she was only forty- one when she died. I was only sixteen. We'd had trouble, but then it really started. It would come at noon and then at midnight. You could hear it walk upstairs. It would come to the door; at that time there was a door at the top of the stairs which was closed. It wouldn't go any fur? ther, but we wouldn't hear it go back. It always came to the door of the-stairs. Then, it would stop awhile. At night, at midnight, the same thing would happen a- gain. I said to myself, "This won't do." But I wasn't fearful. I was sixteen at the time and they couldn't scare me. But the other children, my brothers and sisters, it would start and they were scared. They were always fearful. In those days we had water buckets and they wouldn't even go in the porch to get something to drink. That's how fearful they were. I'd go in the



porch, drink, leave the pitcher there and come back in and say, "Damn, that's good water!" But they were scared, they didn't want to stay there. We had to send them to the old woman, Marceline Boudreau, they stayed with her. They would come to the house during the day but leave at night. They didn't want to stay. (Where was your fa? ther then?) He was working in Mulgrave. Anyhow, I was starting to run around a bit. I went to Petit-de-Grat. There were pretty girls there. I went running around. Some nights I came back very late, but one night it wasn't so late. I hadn't gone as far as Petit-de-Grat...I had found pretty girls closer than that. I had come Isack and gone to the old woman's house. It was past midnight. When I got to the house, the door was locked. I didn't want to wake them so I went to our own house. I went in--I had the keys • I went in and I went to bed. I couldn't sleep. I said, "You can roam around if you want but I'm not leav? ing ." In those days there weren't lights like now, we had kerosene lamps. And the kero? sene canister was upstairs in the attic. (15)