“No. They was on’y one thing
to do—ever—an’ we done it.”
(Chapter 30)
“Now, without separation, the two families in the car were one. The men sat together, and their spirits were damp. Ma kept a little fire going in the stove, kept a few twigs burning, and she conserved her wood. The rain poured down on the nearly flat roof of the boxcar.”

(Chapter 30)
“Rose of Sharon was down with a heavy cold, her face flushed and her eyes shining with fever. Ma sat beside her with a cup of hot milk. “Here,” she said. “Take this here. Got bacon grease in it for strength. Here, drink it.”

(Chapter 30)
“You can’t Al. The truck— We ain’t fit to drive that truck.” (Chapter 30)
“I’m hungry,” Ruthie whined.
“No, you ain’t,” Ma said. “You had good mush.”
“Wisht I had a box a Cracker Jack. There ain’t nothin’ to do. Ain’t no fun.”
“They’ll be fun,” Ma said. “You jus’ wait. Be fun purty soon. Git a house an’ a place, purty soon.”
(Chapter 30)
“The engine turned over and over, and there was no bark of the motor. He chocked the engine deeply. The battery turned the sodden motor more and more slowly, and there was no cough. Over and over, slower and slower. The motor was full of water, the battery fouled by now.”

(Chapter 30)
“The air was fetid and close with the smell of the birth. Uncle John clambered in and held himself upright against the side of the car. Mrs. Wainwright left her work and came to Pa. She pulled him by the elbow toward the corner of the car. She picked up a lantern and held it over an apple box in the corner. On a newspaper lay a blue shriveled little mummy.”

“Never breathed,” said Mrs. Wainwright softly. “Never was alive.” (Chapter 30)
“Use’ ta be the fambly was fust. It ain’t so now. It’s anybody. Worse off we get, the more we got to do.”

(Chapter 30)
“Go down the stream an’ tell ‘em. Go down the stream an’ rot an’ tell ‘em that way. That’s the way you can talk. Don’ even know it you was a boy or girl. Ain’t gonna find out. Go on down now, an’ lay in the street. Maybe they’ll know then.” (Chapter 30)
“Look there! I bet it’s dry in that barn. Let’s go there till the rain stops.”

Rose of Sharon’s feet slipped and she dragged between her supporters.

“Pa! Can you carry her?”

“Lay down, Rosasharn,” Ma said. “Lay down an’ res’. I’ll try to figger some way to dry you off.”

(Chapter 30)
There were two figures in the gloom; a man who lay on his back, and a boy sitting beside him, his eyes wide, staring at the new-comers. As she looked, the boy got slowly up to his feet and came toward her. His voice croaked, “You own this here.”

“No,” Ma said. “Jus’ come in outa the wet. We got a sick girl. You got a dry blanket we could use an’ get her wet clothes off?”

The boy went back to the corner and he brought a dirty comfort and held it out to Ma.

(Chapter 30)
“Thank ya,” she said. “What’s the matter’th that fella?”

The boy spoke in a croaking monotone. “Fust he was sick- but now he’s starvin’.”

“Starvin’. Got sick in the cotton. He ain’t et for six days.”

Las’ night I went an’ bust a winda an’ stoled some bread. Made ‘im chew ‘er down. But he puked it all up, an’ then he was weaker. Got to have soup or milk. You folks got money to git milk.”

(Chapter 30)
“He’s dyin’, I tell you! He’s starvin’ to death, I tell you.”

She looked as Rose of Sharon huddled in the comfort. Ma’s eyes passed Rose of Sharon’s eyes, and then came back to them. And the two women looked deep into each other. The girl’s breath came short and grasping.

She said “Yes.”

Ma smiled. “I knowed you would. I knowed!”

(Chapter 30)
“She looked up and across the barn, and her lips came together and smiled mysteriously.” (Chapter 30)