

## Go Set A Watchman

### Chapter 1

"Hi, Miss Maudie!" Jean Louise shouted that hot, summer morning. Miss Maudie was old now but she was still fussing over her azaleas. "Mighty fine weather, we're havin' eh?"

"My, my. If it isn't Scout Finch. I haven't seen ya around here since you were eighteen. How long ago was that?" Miss Maudie smiled.

"Twelve years."

"Twelve years... come by for cake later, Scout. I'll have cake." Miss Maudie beamed.

"Will do, Miss Maudie, will do," Jean Louise continued walking towards her old home.

"Mom, why'd she call you Scout Finch?" Her five-year old son asked. "I thought your name was Jean Louise Jacobs."

"The people around here all knew me as Scout as a child." Jean Louise smiled. "It doesn't matter, Arthur, both are my name."

She knocked on the front door of her old home. The door was opened by a tall, stocky man. His brown hair lay flat on his head and his eyes had a cheerful gleam. The man grinned at her while Arthur hid behind his mother's legs. "Scout!" He hugged her immediately. "It's good to see you."

"Good to see you too, Jem!" She returned the gesture. "Arthur, come and meet your Uncle Jem."

Jem, who was a big man now from all those years he had played football, bent down to look at his nephew. The boy looked just like Jem had when he was that age but with white-blond hair that he'd inherited from his father. Arthur was

shyer than any of his Finch relatives were but he wore dungerees like his mother had and carried around a toy dinosaur. "Hey Arthur, m'name's Jem. I'm your uncle. Do you wanna go outside and play?" The boy shyly nodded.

"Which way`s Atticus?" Jean Louise asked as Jem led her son towards the old treehouse.

"In the kitchen."

Jean Louise made her way into the kitchen to find her father sitting with a newspaper. He looked awful. A lot of his hair had fallen out and he was as wrinkled as a prune. Even with his glasses on, he was squinting at the paper.

"Good morning, Atticus." Jean Louise walked in like she had every day of her life.

The old man looked up and suddenly he was ten years younger, looking at his daughter. He hadn`t seen her since the funeral. "Good morning, Scout. How are you?"

She sat down on the chair beside him. "I`m doing good. How are you?"

"I`m pondering." Atticus told her.

"Pondering what, Sir?" She inquired.

"The Tom Robinson case."

After all these years nobody had forgotten that in the Finch household. Nobody would ever forget.