

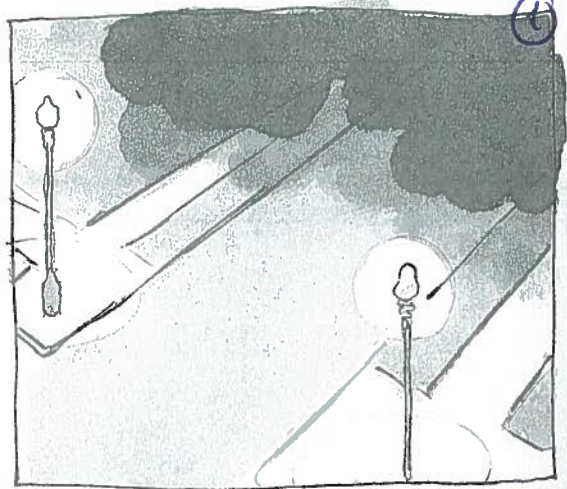
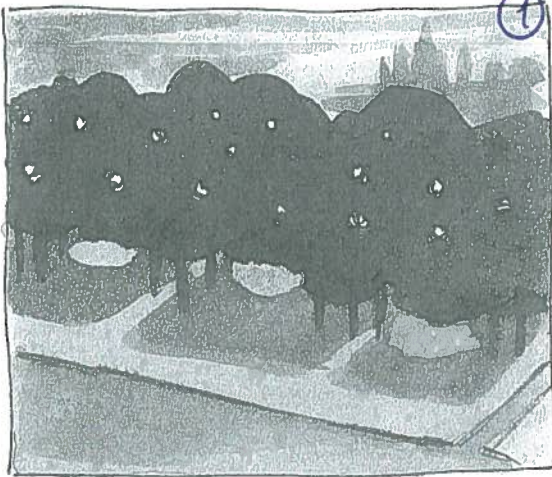
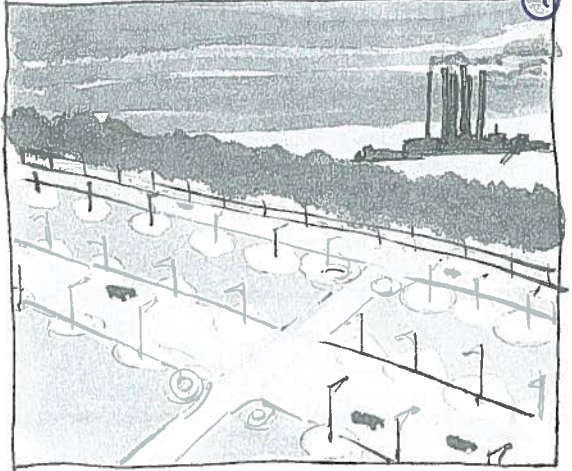
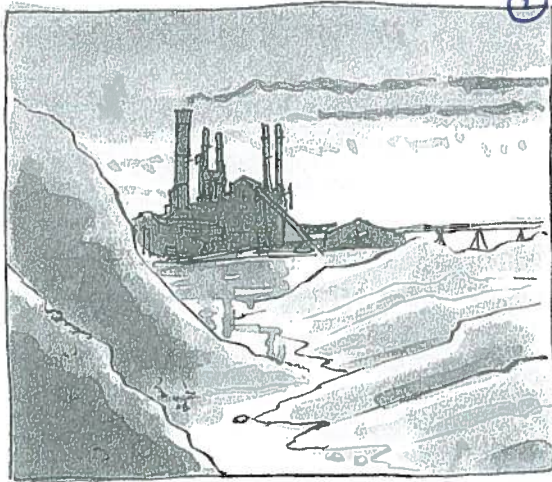
S T I T C H E S

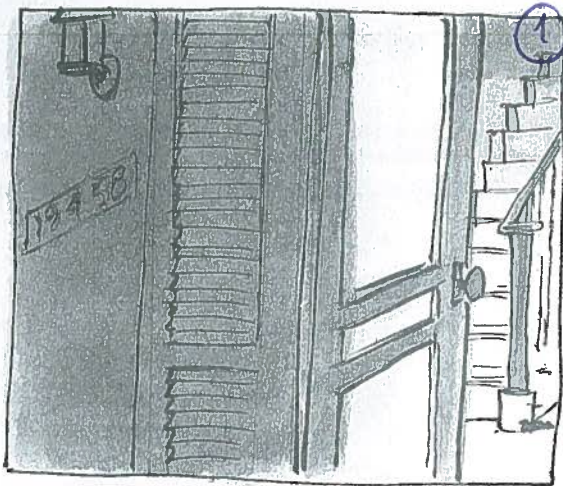
I WAS SIX

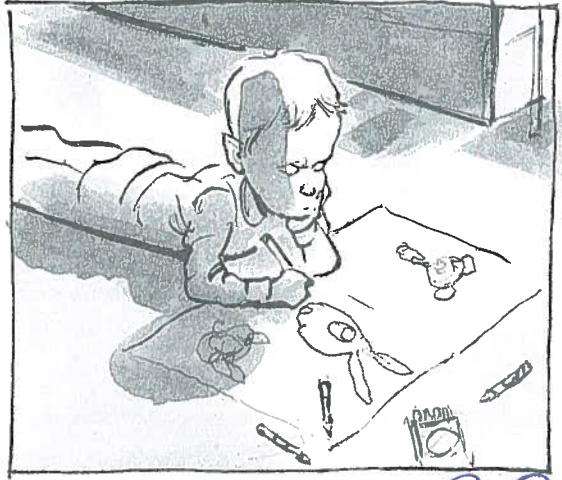
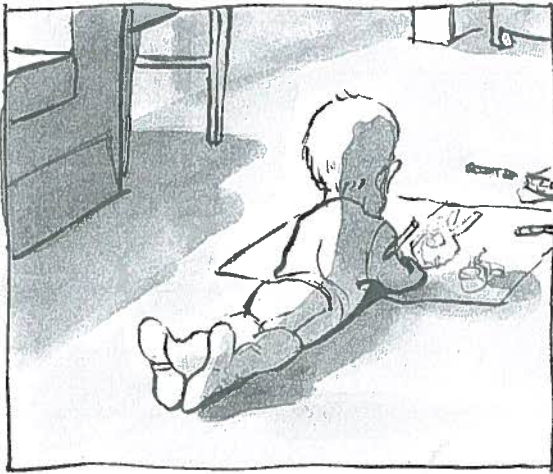
DETROIT

Y





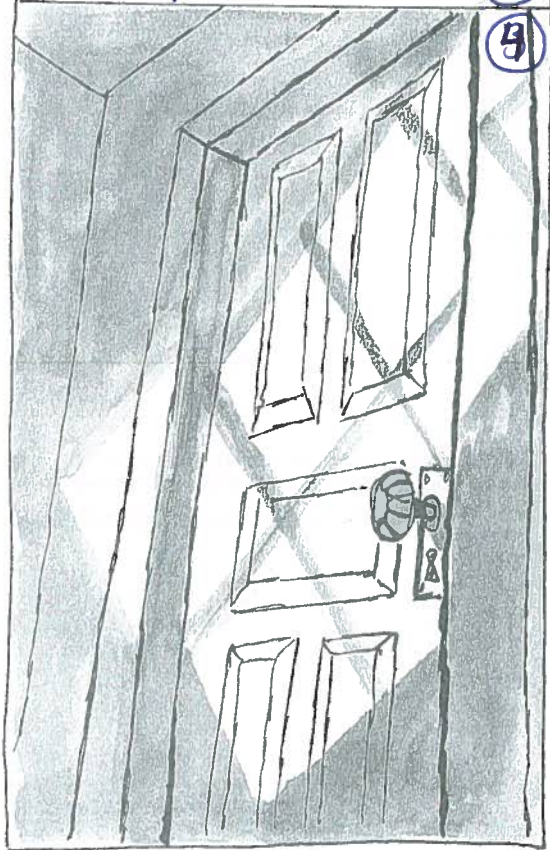




MAMA HAD HER LITTLE COUGH... (2)



ONCE OR TWICE, SOME QUIET SOBBING, OUT OF SIGHT... (2)



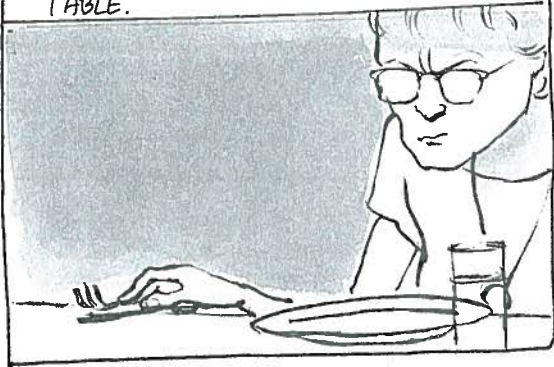
OR THE SLAMMING OF KITCHEN CUPBOARD DOORS. (2)



THAT WAS HER LANGUAGE.

\* SOB - HULKE

THE MERE MOVING OF HER FORK  
A HALF-INCH TO THE RIGHT  
SPELLED DREAD AT THE DINNER  
TABLE. (2)



HER FURIOUS, SILENT WITHDRAWALS  
COULD LAST FOR DAYS, EVEN WEEKS  
AT A TIME. (2)



BECAUSE SHE NEVER SPOKE HER MIND, WE NEVER KNEW WHAT THIS WAS  
ALL ABOUT. (2)



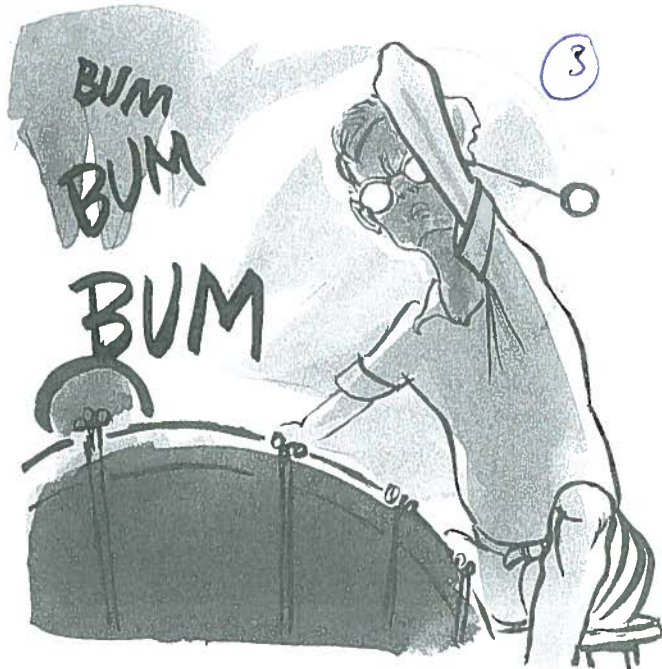
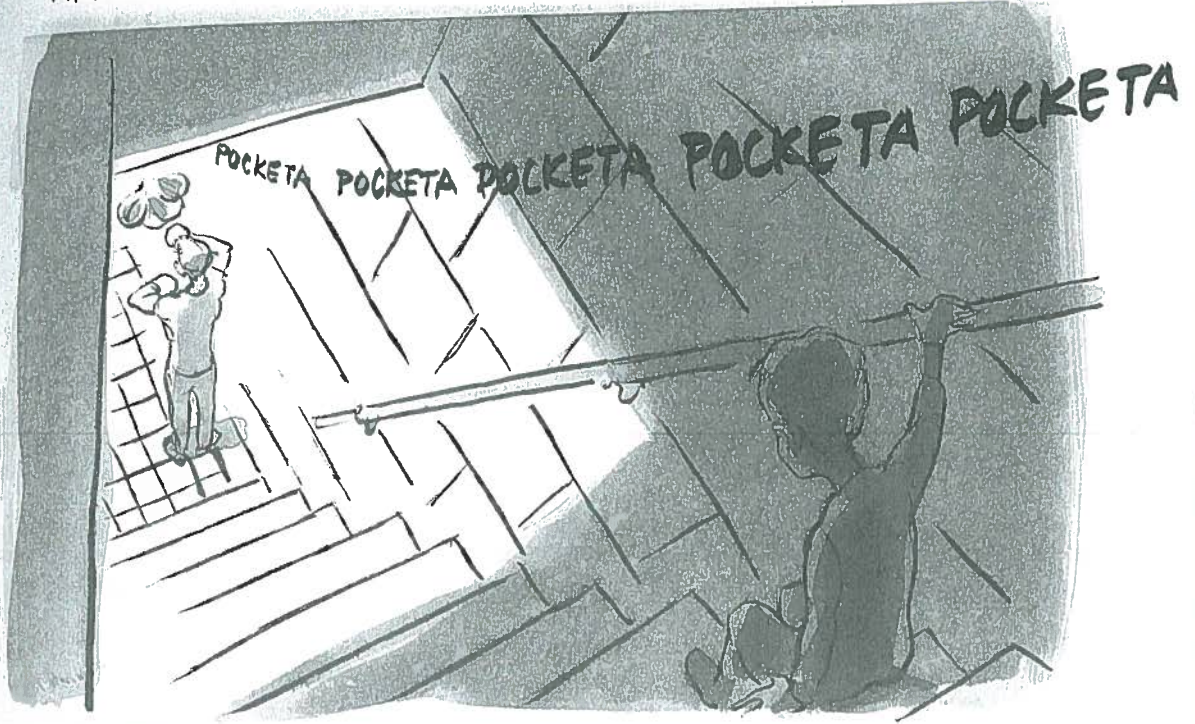
WE TWO BOYS DIDN'T, AT ANY RATE. (4) (2)



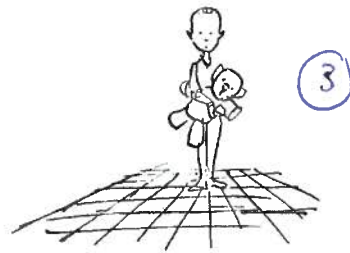
MELE = BLOTTE  
WITHDRAWALS = TILBAGETREKNING (TREKKE SIG I MD I SIG SELV)

DAD, HOME FROM WORK, WENT DOWN TO THE BASEMENT AND THUMPED A PUNCHING BAG. THAT WAS HIS LANGUAGE.

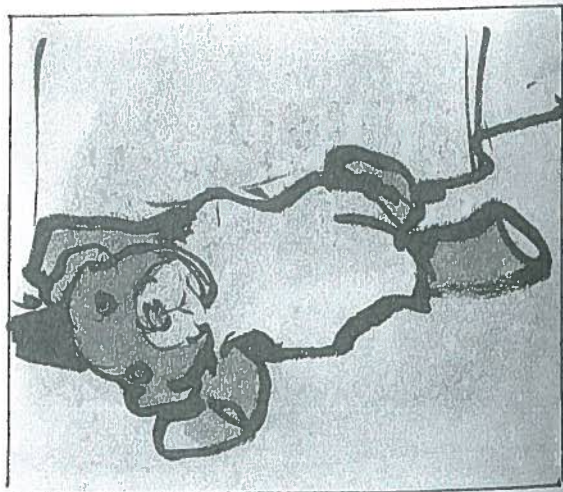
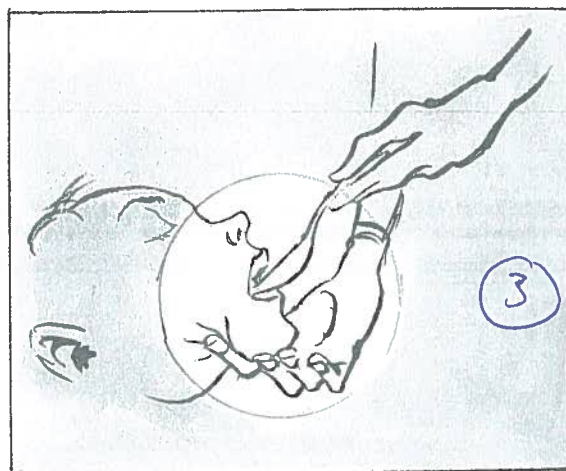
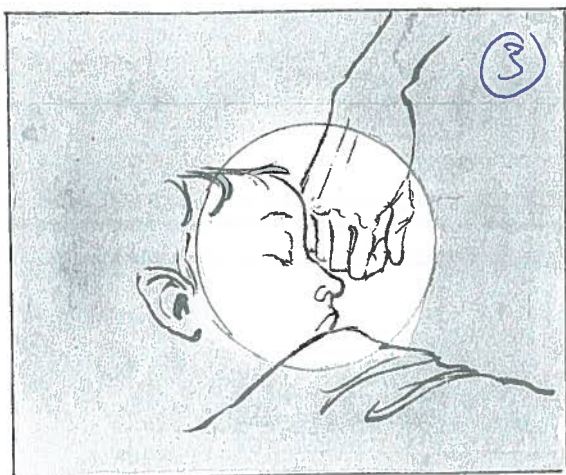
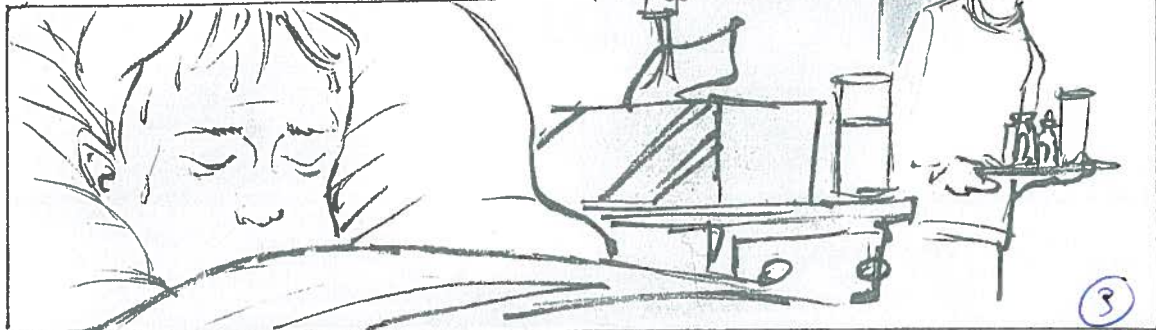
18 4

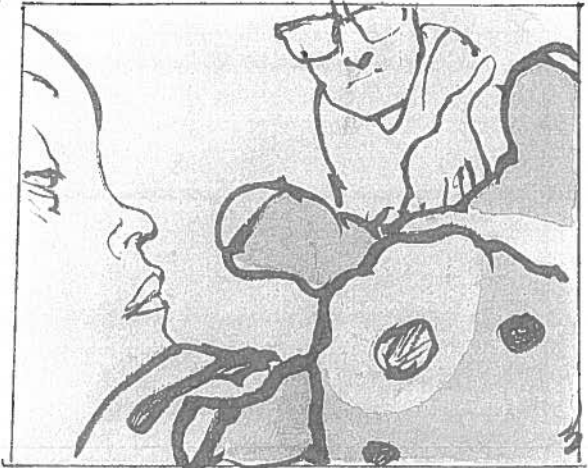
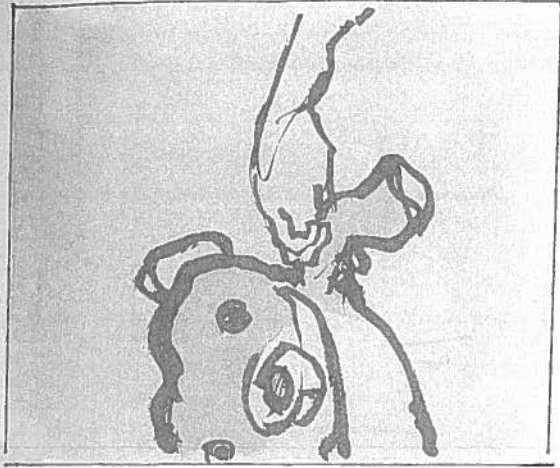


MY BROTHER, TED, BEAT ON HIS DRUM.



AND I, TOO, HAD LEARNED  
A WAY OF EXPRESSING MYSELF  
WORDLESSLY . . .





GETTING SICK, THAT WAS MY LANGUAGE.