

It had been raining when Tom Ramey got off the early morning train at Natchez, but now that it was past noon, the rain had long since stopped, the clouds had dissolved completely into the hot August sky, and Ramey had walked nearly fifteen miles on a deserted road. Though it was Sunday, and past noon, there ought to have been a few sinners on the road today, especially since most of the sinners drove cars. The road had wound its way out of the hills, down through a forest of sweetgum and pine and pecan trees, out to where Ramey was walking now in a large cornfield.. The young man had begun to ponder the prospect of having to walk the fifteen more miles to his destination when he though heard a noise like the coughing of an automobile engine far away on the road behind him. He shifted his suitcase into his other hand as he turned to look. There was nothing on the road through the cornfield and as far as he could see back in the direction of the woods there was nothing either. Infact now even the sound seemed to be gone now beneath the sound of the wind through the dried corn leaves. He turned and started to walk again, and again he heard the sound. This time when he turned around he could see dust rising over the dead cornstalks