

What happen to the judges at all

"WHAT day today?" Maurice asked.

"Today," Elsbert said.

"Uh-huh? Friday? Well I done work, pardnah. From now till las' lap is pure mas'. We to bring me costume to perfection and take een foto."

"Wah bout de boss, ole man?" asked Elsbert.

"In te France wid de boss all Ash Wednesday morning. When eh rosch, dat is if eh rosch at all, he could smell me back home. Dem ah gals an' shaps. Few days ter wouldn't be hard at all after de exercises."

"But wah bout de raise, boy? But you still owing ou de costume?"

"To France wid who I owing. In any case dey go get pay before Christmas because I hong to play mas' again next year."

"Doana play so rough mah man. You could well work tomorrow."

"Not me pops," said Maurice decidedly.

Elsbert began to whistle a calypso tune.

Maurice put in his mouth "Leh we consult mamma And consult puppa.

Come leh we go, Sakie, come leh we go.

If you hincourage dem Dey go tell you ah ha."

Maurice stopped whistling.

"Dev ent pick de man, boy. What de France wrong wid dem judge, you could tell me? Fighter in de rain, Cristo in de rain and Brynner. Me gawd oh."

"Brynner was in de dew from morning."

"Why dey ent put people to judge kaise who know bout kaise?" Elsbert asked.

PICONG

By Pierrot

Grenade

"Ah believe some of dem judge if you go by dem and start up ah lavway, dey cyaan even shake dey bodyline, dey ent go even know if it is ah ray minor or what. Buh I neyah see more."

"And wah bout de San Fernando king?" he asked. "He shoulda get pick automatic. It look like Ronnie ent study he head at all. He only studying how he goin' an' play Pierrot Grenade in Dimanche Gras.

SMART MEN

"Any way he smart like hell. Sam did want to mash up de carnival king show, but de ole Ronnie call he bluff."

"If he reel smart he go bring Bitterbush from Sout fer guest artiste in de Savannah. Is de only good move he could make right now."

"Dey fraid if Bitterbush come een town he go mash

up Sparrow and Kitch and dat go look hard."

"He cant touch dem at all. He must be good like Killer so."

Elsbert began to rattle the change in his pocket. "Ah fraid for Killer, ent," he said meditatively.

"Because he sing bout police? Dey can't touch he wid a ten-foot pole."

Elsbert viewed the matter with grave concern. "Boy, you doan know how dem fellars hard mine and macocious."

He pulled out a handful of coins from his pocket. "Look, ah go bet you—leh me see? four dollars. If Killer ent take off for same place after carnival, he ent staying too long outa de poleece han? You betting?"

"Ah ent betting. You have de odds. He run under de Minister wing arready. But dat ent go help he in de leas. You cant hide under Caesar shirt tail from Caesar. He go get he trout cut easy.

"He having the whole tent bawling — 'Is a policeman. Is a policeman. He shoulda study he not a Minister son before he start to sing dat lavway.

"Everybody laughing cyah, cyah now, but when he get hideaway dey go forget he like stale food."