

October

It was a cold night. I felt sick, and I had been feeling sick ever since I had realized what I had done to Quentin's livelihood and future. I took another sip of hard cider and then I grabbed my checkbook and wrote another check. Even though I could never return to Jefferson, I always could count on Herbert to give me some money.

My ruminations were interrupted as Herbert apprehended me, quite violently. In that space of time I knew then that he had figured that Quentin was not legitimately his. But Herbert, being an honorable person unlike myself, still supported her, and merely reminded me of his disapprovals on the occasions that warranted such reminders.

*Well, Herbert evidently had had enough, and he went away somewhere, probably to get a glass of water. So I disregarded that, and took up a newspaper to read. There was always something new on the newspaper, and I found that this time was not the exception as I read the back pages and found quite the surprise. My father, my very own father, had died, and his funeral was being hosted for the Compson family, albeit in Jefferson where I was not allowed due to my family's imposed exile.*

I could understand now why Jason had to do it. He could never allow me to come to Jefferson. He was different. In his cold, unforgiving and unsympathetic ways, I understood that I was to be doomed, and that Jason in contrast was the last bastion of hope and order for the Compson family. And it was meant to be so, as God had ordained. Jason would be the best for Quentin, precisely because he rejected me and the things that I represented.

As I took another bottle from the shelf, I realized finally, I mean fully understood, why Mother was always the way she was. I had a lot of things in common with her, although she would never admit it now. She doesn't even talk to me anymore. She wouldn't even let me

come home, despite Father's pleading with her. So I married Herbert, knowing fully well the future consequences of my daughter's birth.

*I came to Jason's store, partly in the hopes that I could maybe even come back home, but those plans were proven to be for naught when I saw Jason. I instantly, in that moment, saw in his unsympathetic face that he knew that I could never be redeemed for the sins that I have committed. And time, that bane of my very existence, had come back to work against me. Jason would never have let me see Quentin, save for a single glance, because he knew that I was in fact the true curse of this family.*

The greatest curse that Jason blames me for. Somehow I finally understood Mother's complaining about me, and why Jason seemed to be different in her eyes. For he was not a Compson. He was not a Compson, and I was, so I should be the one to be sick, not her. She was a Bascomb, and could do no wrong because of it. But was less about letting Jason determine the way the family would turn out and more about the fact that neither he nor I could do anything to turn the hand of fate.

And Herbert, he could never send Jason to school, because he did not care for the welfare of the family. He was always on the sidelines, ready to abandon me at the slightest notice. But he had continued sending me money for Quentin, and that was all that mattered. Quentin. Quentin my daughter, the only thing that I lived for now, was forever forbidden from me.

*"Somebody's got to hold on to what little we have left", Jason said.*

*At least it wasn't me. But it was the future I chose. I could have stopped it, but I didn't, and now it was too late. In some ways, Jason was right, because the only thing we had left was the honor to not*

“Candace,” Mother had always said. I could never understand her and her desire to preserve the family name. She thought she could stop it and stop me from seeing Quentin, but now it was too late,

*i asked Jason for a chance at letting me have her back. I had to figure out a way to keep taking care of Quentin, even if i couldn't see her. i knew Jason couldn't be trusted, but it was the only choice i had, to implore him to do this. All i could ask him at this point was to just take care of her and make sure she had things like the other girls. But he could never be reasoned with, and told me that i had to do what he said. i told him i had the money to send to Quentin, even though i truly didn't, and Herbert would probably give me less money soon. But i would get money somehow.*

But all I could do was keep sending her money. And then I started to question my own judgment. I hadn't heard from Quentin or Jason for a while. But I kept sending her the checks, out of my own sense of abdicated responsibility. I would use the rest of the money for a ticket straight to Paris