DEAR GOD, Mr. daddy show up this evening. He a little short shrunk up man with a bald head and gold spectacles. He clear his throat a lot, like everything he say need announcement. Talk with his head leant to the side. He come right to the point. Just couldn't rest till you got her in your house, could you? he say, coming up the step. Mr. don't say nothing. Look out cross the railing at the trees, over the top of the well. Eyes rest on the top of Harpo and Sofia house. Won't you have a seat? I ast, pushing him up a chair. How bout a cool drink of water? Through the window I hear Shug humming and humming, practicing her little song. I sneak back to her room and shet the window. Old Mr. say to Mr. , Just what is it bout this Shug Avery anyway, he say. She black as tar, she nappy headed. She got legs like baseball bats. Mr. don't say nothing. I drop little spit in Old Mr. water. Why, say Old Mr. , she ain't even clean. I hear she got the nasty woman disease. I twirl the spit round with my finger. I think bout ground glass, wonder how you grind it. But I don't feel mad at all. Just interest. Mr. turn his head slow, watch his daddy drink. Then say, real sad. You ain't got it in you to understand, he say. I love Shug Avery. Always have, always will. I should have married her when I had the chance. Yeah, say Old Mr. . And throwed your life away. (Mr. grunt right there.) And a right smart of my money with it. Old Mr. clear his throat. Nobody even sure exactly who her daddy is. I never care who her daddy is, say Mr. . And her mammy take in white people dirty clothes to this day. Plus all her children got different daddys. It all just too trifling and confuse. Well, say Mr. and turn full face on his daddy. All Shug Avery children got the same daddy. I vouch for that. Old Mr. clear his throat. Well, this my house. This my land. Your boy Harpo in one of my houses, on my land. Weeds come up on my land, I chop 'em up. Trash blow over it I burn it. He rise to go. Hand me his glass. Next time he come I put a little Shug Avery pee in his glass. See how he like that. Celie, he say, you have my sympathy. Not many women let they husband whore lay up in they house. But he not saying to me, he saying it to Mr. . Mr. look up at me, our eyes meet. This the closest us ever felt. He say. Hand Pa his hat, Celie. And I do. Mr. don't move from his chair by the railing. I stand in the door. Us watch Old Mr. begin harrumping and harrumping down the road home. Next one come visit, his brother Tobias. He real fat and tall, look like a big yellow bear. Mr. small like his daddy, his brother stand way taller. Where she at? he ast, grinning. Where the Queen Honeybee? Got something for her, he say. He put little box of chocolate on the railing. She sleeping, I say. Didn't sleep much last night. How you doing there, Albert, he say, dragging up a chair. He run his hand over his slicked back hair and try to feel if there's a bugga in his nose. Wipe his hand on his pants. Shake out the crease. I just heard Shug Avery was here, he say. How long you had her? Oh, say Mr. , couple of months. Hell, say Tobias, I heard she was dying. That goes to show, don't it, that you can't believe everything you hear. He smooth down his mustache, run his tongue out the corners of his lips. What you know good. Miss Celie? he say. Not much, I say. Me and Sofia piecing another quilt together. I got bout five squares pieced, spread out on the table by my knee. My basket full of scraps on the floor. Always busy, always busy, he say. I wish Margaret was more like you. Save me a bundle of money. Tobias and his daddy always talk bout money like they still got a lot. Old Mr. been selling off the place so that nothing much left but the houses and the fields. My and Harpo fields bring in more than anybody. I piece on my square. Look at the colors of the cloth. Then I hearTobias chair fall back and he say, Shug. Shug halfway tween sick and well. Halfway tween good and evil, too. Most days now she show me and Mr. her good side. But evil all over her today. She smile, like a razor opening. Say, Well, well, look who's here today. She wearing a little flowery shift I made for her and nothing else. She look bout ten with her hair all cornrowed. She skinny as a bean, and her face full of eyes. Me and Mr. both look up at her. Both move to help her sit down. She don't look at him. She pull up a chair next to me. She pick up a random piece of cloth out the basket. Hold it up to the light. Frown. How you sew this damn thing? she say. I hand her the square I'm working on, start another one. She sew long crooked stiches, remind me of that little crooked tune she sing. That real good, for first try, I say. That just fine and dandy. She look at me and snort. Everything I do is fine and dandy to you. Miss Celie, she say. But that's cause you ain't got good sense. She laugh. I duck my head. She got a heap more than Margaret, say Tobias. Margaret take that needle and sew your nostrils together. All womens not alike, Tobias, she say. Believe it or not. Oh, I believe it, he say. Just can't prove it to the world. First time I think about the world. What the world got to do with anything, I think. Then I see myself sitting there quilting tween Shug Avery and Mr. . Us three set together gainst Tobias and his fly speck box of chocolate. For the first time in my life, I feel just right.