

To kill a mockingbird interpretation from jems view assignment

[Law](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

To Kill a Mockingbird Writing Assignment “ Anti It a long time? ” Scout asked me as we were waiting for the Jury to come to a verdict. “ Sure is, Scout,” I said happily because I knew when it took a long time for Jurors to make a decision that they were putting the evidence into consideration. Knew that they would prove him Innocent Attic’s gave the Jurors no reason to think other wise. Amylase’s testimony TLD match up with the facts. “ This court will come to order” Mr..

Tate said as everyone’s heads Jerked up. He left the room and returned with Tom Robinson. As I watched the Jury make it’s way back n the court room I noticed that not one of the Jurors made eye contact with Tom Robinson, being a lawyers son I know that means that Tom Robinson most likely had been convicted. Tom being convicted doesn’t make sense because of all the evidence Attic’s produced saying that Tom Robinson couldn’t have bruised the right side of Amylase’s face.

In order to bruise the right side of her face he would have had to lead with his left hand and Tom Robinsons left hand is useless due to an old accident. On the other hand, Mr.. Lowell leads with his left. I gripped the balcony rail as hard as I could as Judge Taylor started polling the Jury. Guilty, guilty, guilty,” the Judge read. I gripped the railing harder and harder and jerked my shoulders back as If I was getting stabbed with each conviction. It felt as If my whole perception of the world had changed with that one word.

Each time he read Tom’s conviction my mind traveled to the obvious inconsistencies in Amylase’s testimony, “ why would she lie? ” When the Judge was done talking Attic’s stood up, put on his coat and quickly made his

way to the south door. I made my way through the crowd angrily as tears rushed down my hot face. I couldn't understand how they could do this and why. This isn't right," I muttered over and over, all the way to the corner of the square where Attic's was waiting. "It isn't right, Attic's," I said frustrated. "No son, it's not right. When we got home my aunt was waiting up for us. She didn't seem phased by the wrongful conviction. She told Attic's that she was sorry that he lost the case. I kept looking up to Attic's as he talked to her. I wondered if he thought it was his fault for Tom Robinson's convictions. "How could they do it, how could they?" I asked Attic's as he got up to go to bed. "I don't know, but they did it. They've done it before and they did it tonight and he'll do it again and when they do it again it seems that only children weep. Good night. When I woke up I still didn't understand how all 12 jurors could convict an innocent man. I thought Macomb was the safest town in the world, but this makes me feel differently. It isn't tall, or relent Attic's told us that we're not done and that there was still an appeal. If he loses his appeal and the Governor doesn't commute his sentence, he'll go to the chair. An innocent man shouldn't die for a crime he didn't commit. No one in Macomb cares about that, they don't feel guilty. That's what I don't understand.