

[TIMMY, 36 y.o, is talking to BETHANY who is eating a plate of noodles.]

TIMMY

You go ahead and eat Bethany. And while you're bringing it all in I'm gonna let it all out. I'm gonna buzz about Buzz. Because I just don't think he hears me, you know? It breaks my heart. It makes me question all these years. It's not just about the dirt, the noise, the traffic, the sirens all night long, the trains in the distance. That's what he says. I hear all that. And okay so our neighbor was broken into last week. Eighty-two year old woman living alone, tied to a chair, everything taken. She even kept all her cash at home. All gone. I slept on her sofa for two nights because she thought they were coming back. But I love that sort of shit! Not the violence. But the community. People taking care of each other. Now he says it could happen to us. But if it does, people will take care of us. I've told him. That's what people do here. So that's what's coming down. He says we'll find our people out there. But will they be my people? That's what he doesn't get. I could sort of even understand further out. Into the woods, you know? I grew up in "smallville". A different kind of community. All kinds of people. But Blooming Dale? That's what it's called. That's where he wants us to move. I'm sorry, but... okay... here goes... they're all WHITE out there! We went and looked at it. It's like closeted white supremacy. You heard about that black kid in a place like that gettin' shot a while back for NOTHING! For pulling a pack of tic-tacs from his pocket! I'm sure they're not all bad. Some of them would love me. They'll feel real good about themselves living next to a person of color. How surprisingly nice and polite I am! Now they can say they have "black friends". He thinks it's safer out there. But it's not safe for me. I'll take old Miss Jenkins any day to that. She tells us when somethin's not right, when someone not from our 'hood is snoopin' around the windows, when our cat's in a fight. Or just any old thing not right. The city raising her property taxes. Or police beating people up. We talk. We get along. Buzz says she smells. But we're all gonna smell some day. Maybe it's like racist of me or something, but there seems to be a fundamental difference between us. I mean if he can't hear and understand what I'm saying, no matter how many different ways I say it. And all it comes down to is this: My people don't live there. I would miss my people. Now that you're done with all those noodles, what do you think, Bethany?

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