



The Voice of Homeless People in Nevada - July 5, 2010

Forgotten Voice is a street paper in which homeless and formerly homeless people, as well as homeless advocates, write and produce. Our mission is to be a voice for homeless people.

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DREAMCATCHER, Part 5

by Rick R., Homeless Advocate

“Dreams are the answers to questions that we haven't yet figured out how to ask.” --Fox Mulder

David grabbed his jacket and backpack, opened the door, turned and nodded at Bridget, unable to make eye contact, and walked out. He stopped outside just long enough to tie his jacket around one of the straps on his backpack, and picked it up and started walking east on Charleston. He stopped at the bus stop almost right in front of the office and pulled the money out of his pocket.

"Shit," he thought. "Another picture of Jackson." He counted his change and realized he had exact bus fare, sat down, and waited for the bus. He looked at the paper Bridget had given him. It was a Google map with the address of her house. Not far from Baker Park.

The bus stopped and he got on, same driver as before. He put his money in the box as she looked at him with that same condescending look as before, but this time he looked her in the eye, and tilted his head back with a bit of confidence. He thought how boring it must be to drive back and forth on the same road all day, and felt a bit sorry for her; and envied her because she had a real job.

He got off the bus at Maryland



DREAMCATCHER_5
Artwork: by Brian Thrasher

and went straight to the liquor store. They didn't have any Shiner, and he knew he couldn't have glass bottles in the park, so he got a six-pack of Steel Reserve, and a pack of Top tobacco. He picked out a \$4 digital watch, and set it to the clock on the wall. "Got a train to catch?" asked the clerk. "Nope," said David as he set his watch. "Got a date later." He was glad to get rid of the picture of Jackson.

As he headed south, he looked at the fence around Huntridge Circle park, wishing it hadn't become a prison that kept people out.

As he walked into Baker Park, he thought about how strange it was that people were there playing with their kids, as other homeless people were there watching, sitting and talking. Those people with their kids were obviously not afraid of him or his friends, even though the city seemed to think anyone on the street was dangerous. He saw a lady he knew, but her husband wasn't with her. She was off by herself by the restrooms, just sitting and looking at the ground. He thought he saw a tear, but didn't want to disturb her. He couldn't remember her name, but remembered the dog's name was Concorde, like the airplane. He could sense that something was wrong by the way the dog nuzzled against her. He looked at his new watch, it was already 4:00. He thought he saw "Cowboy" sitting on the wall near the street, almost like he was keeping a watchful eye on the park. He went to the pavilion, sat down and opened a beer, not as cold as he liked, but good enough.

As he pulled his tobacco out and began rolling, his friend Drywall Plant sat down across from him. "Hey Chief, Whassup? Can ya spare a rollie?"

"Sure," said David as he sat the tobacco and papers on the table. "Got another beer you can spare? Damn, did'ya hit a jackpot somewhere or something?"

"Sure," David said as he handed him a can. "Nope, just met this lady who gave me some work. S'posed to meet her later and maybe paint a house for her."

"Man, sounds like you got lucky. Mind if I roll myself a couple?" David remembered when Drywall had given him a smoke before. "Sure," he said, and gave him one of his Marlboros. "Damn, Thanks Chief...Ya know they're gonna outlaw beer in the park unless you got a permit?"

"What? You mean I'm gonna have to buy a permit to drink a beer?"

"Yeah, and next, they'll probably put a bounty on smokers," he laughed. David glanced at the city marshal parked nearby, making sure no one broke any rules. He thought he saw "Shuffles" struggling down the street towards Maryland. He looked at the graffiti scrawled all over the restrooms, and wished someone would do something about those little gangsters. He was more afraid of them than anyone else who came here.

David finished his beer and opened another. "Damn, this stuff is about 10% alcohol," he said. Drywall just nodded and grabbed another, put the empties in the trash, and sat down on the concrete next to the table. David sat his backpack against the table, sat down against it, and joined him. They had a smoke and talked for awhile. Drywall thanked David, said he would make it right for him next time, got up and walked off.

David almost dozed off, but woke up quick when the beer he was holding spilled out into his lap. Shit. He looked into his sack and had one more beer. He looked at his watch, it was after 6. He pulled the Google map from his pocket, and decided to head towards the house on the map.

As he approached the house, he knew he was in the right place, he recognized the shiny Mercedes backed up into the driveway. The

trunk was open, and the car seemed to be filled with boxes, clothes, and personal effects. He slowly approached the house, it was almost 7. As he got to the porch, Paul came out with a handful of clothes on hangers. "YOU! What the hell are you doing here?" he asked just as Bridget pulled up and parked against the curb. "You reek of beer. Are you drunk?"

David couldn't resist. "I might be drunk, but damn you're ugly," he said. "And in the morning, I'll be sober, but you'll still be ugly." As Bridget approached, she said, "Paul, you're supposed to be gone. Get your shit and get outta here. You were supposed to paint here, but I'll bet Chief here gets it done. Chief, come on inside," she said.

He followed her in, saw the tv and couch. He put his backpack on the couch and pulled his dreamcatcher and gloves from the top, laying them on the couch. Realizing he was hungry, he grabbed a potato. He saw the dreamcatcher on the wall, same as the one at her office, and gave her a puzzled look. "I had a bunch of those made for my customers," she said. Red lights flashed through the window. "Oh shit, I'll bet the neighbor, Mr. Humman, called the cops. He watches everything."

*Missed a part
of the Dreamcatcher?*

Find it here!

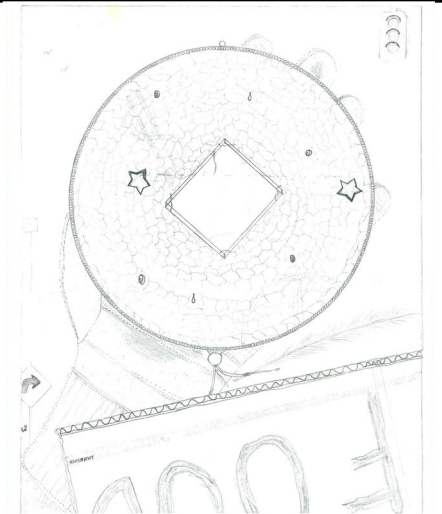
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Artwork: by Brian Thrasher

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