

Found in the City

EunSeo “Amber” Bang

- **Blind in the city**

Ever since I went blind, I liked to tell stories in my head. I guess it was always a thing with me, I did like literature growing up. I even thought about self-publishing my work at some point. But ever since the accident, I do it in slightly different way. Like now, as I walked down the subway, with a box of toys in my hand, I would have thought to myself: I’m walking down the subway, with a box of toys to sell. Ever since the accident, I liked to imagine other people’s faces, trying to think what they think. I remember a few weeks after the accident, when my ex-fiance said, “Hey, we need to talk.” I remember thinking to myself in her voice: I finally decided to tell him now. Here goes. I’m almost glad that he can’t see that I’m about to cry. “Hey, we need to talk.”

I try not to think about those anymore, so I choose to get inside everyone I meet during the subway walk. But I do spend most of my days with Buddy, my dog. I get inside his head all the time. I wonder what my dog thinks a lot. I wonder if the dog really understands that I am blind now.

“Can I buy that pink cube?” asked a soft women voice. Definitely young.

“Here you go. Thank you. God bless you,” I said, as I handed her over the cube. I guess I sold at least one thing today. I wonder if my dog even understands the idea of selling and buying. The women who bought the tiny cube taps her shoes a bit as she tries to open her purse. Definitely one of those high thin heels. She also stinks of strong perfume. Maybe she works in a fashion industry. She has that skinny people voice too. Wierd. Usually a ditsy girl with high heels who works in a fashion industry won’t be buying things to help me out. I usually hear them complaining about the smell, with that nasally voice as they cover their nose. Maybe she is not actually from the city. Maybe she is from Oswego, where I went to college. Oh, if she is a country girl, I bet she loves Buddy too. I heard her sighing a bit. I wonder what is bothering her.

- **Dog in the City**

I'm the only friend or family that Fred has. So whenever we go, we are together. Going on a subway night walk, waking up and going to sleep, even going to the bathroom. Fred doesn't like going on a subway night walk, but aside from that, we don't go outside that much anymore. I'm not sure why. I loved when we played fetch together at the park. Maybe Fred is concerned about my knees, but every dog has their own time. It's scary to think that Fred is concerned about my knees, because I don't think they're going to get any better.

Tonight subway night walk was just as exciting as usual. My favorite part, and I think Fred's favorite part, is actually going down to where the subway is. So much more things to see, with boxes running down the big road and more people who knows us. It isn't a long walk, just few blocks. But it's nice. By the time we go, generally, the bread store is about to close. The really big fat man says hi to Freddie, and throws me a bun with small chunks of meat in it. That's fun. It's always a bit cold, if he does give me some. That's fine, because I don't like hot bread.

In the subway, there are too many humans to process, so I smell them in lines. The first line, didn't have much smell. People generally don't smell that much. Fred use to not smell much when he went to a place called Work regularly. Work is this huge place where every human goes to. Most people hate going to Work, but most everyone, except for the younger ones, seems to go almost everyday. Maybe there is a height limit for going to Work. Maybe that's why Freddie doesn't go anymore, because I can't go with him. On the afternoon walk to the subway, people are usually coming back from Work, I can tell by how exhausted they look and how they all have a tinge of coffee to their smell.

One of the person in the second line was a bit different. She was a woman, but different from Freddie's sister who comes once a week. She smelled female, but stronger. She was wearing tall shoes in an attempt to look bigger. Being big seems to be an advantage even in the human world. She needed some help looking big, she was too skinny and tiny to fight anyone. She seemed nice though. She talked to

Freddie and accepted Freddie's gift, a cube. After she accepted Freddie's gift, even long after, she was holding the cube on her hand staring at it, holding it with both hands. That was unusual. Most of the time when people accept Freddie's gifts, they just put it in their bag right away unless they are younger ones.

- **Jessica in the City**

My parents sent me an e-mail again. Well, my parents got my sister to send me an e-mail again. Mostly it was about the Fall Jamboree that we use to go to as a child. At that time it started as just few food vendors, one of which had rainbow special snow cones, but now they say it got a lot bigger. It's really been a while since I went back to Oswego. Usually my parents are the ones who come down the city to see me. To see how I am doing in these rat-infested subways. Working on fashion in the City isn't as glamorous as they want us to believe it to is. Everyday, hopeful bleached blond and attractive women comes in and join our work, thinking that they will be the new editor of Vogue, but before too long, they are back stabbed by newer Jimmy Choo. To not to be one of them I have to learn to run in these heels, faster and more fabulously.

I used to insist on beautiful heels, even as a young kid. I remember one Fall Jamboree where it rained quite a bit in the morning. I was just about five, but I still insisted on uncomfortable plastic princess shoes. Clear white, like Cinderella's.

That dog is pretty cool though. I always wanted a German Shepherd. I should buy one from them.

“Can I buy that Pink cube?”

Anyway, it was expected to be pretty muddy out there and my parents advised me not to, but let me do it. My parents advised me to do a lot of things, but let me do a lot of things that were against their wishes. Not going to Sunday school, buying a white dress with a lot of lace on it, and the one that accents my boobs, majoring in Fashion Design, going to the big city all by myself. I wonder if that's because I was adopted or because I was the younger one. I wonder what would have happened if I was white instead of Asian. Would they have told me that I was adopted? If they did, wouldn't they have told me

much later in my life? I stared at the steam that came up from cup noodles, and pictured what my birth parents are like for a second.

After climbing up to my bunk bed (that I hate, but needed to get because I have so little space in my place) I wished someone was kissing me on my neck. You are rarely reminded that you are lonely when you are having sex.

And I had a dream that went like this. I was up in some balcony that had a view of the city, like the ones in a Hollywood movie, smoking. One puff filled my lungs and came out of my mouth, and as I exhale, I close my eyes as usual. As I opened my eyes, the world had turned upside down and all the city lights were up in the sky. I looked at where I was standing, and I was standing in the sky, like there was a glass holding me up, some glass runway I was walking down. I was walking on the sky and all the smoke glided down the sky like clouds. The city lights looked beautiful up above my head, and they twinkled like they would back in Oswego.

- **Grandma Gram and Jessica in the City**

“Would you like some flan, dear?”

“I’m sorry?” She replied, rather confused.

“My grandson, he is as skinny as you are. I try to feed him whenever he is around, but just like his father, that boy never seems to gain any weight,” said the grandma and chuckled for a while. “You look as skinny as him, and I have some extra flan just lying around. Come in and have some.”

She waved her arm towards the apartment slowly. Although she wasn’t a small woman, her hands were thin like tree bark, and the wrinkled lines were the circle lines of a tree.

She walked in, and the place was sparkling. In the window, to replace the night skies hung Greek blue glass eyes, all different shapes, sizes, and shades. A black and brown dreamcatcher was right by the drapes, holding the drapes together. Another side of the wall was a Catholic stained glass image of Saint

Mary, and on top of the cabinet there was a menorah the size of a young child. The room was painted differently from her own. Being worried that the room would look small, she painted her room in grey and black. The grandma's place was toned-down orange, with a ceiling of yellow, so the whole room looked much smaller than her own, but the room hugged anyone into itself. What caught her attention more was the skylight. It wasn't big, the size of a plate, but a little round-cut crystal was spinning under it. Looking closer, she saw the string attached to it. It was night, but she pictured the room in daylight. With the sun shining in from above, and the crystal dancing, spinning with the breeze, and lights spinning around the room accordingly, like a disco ball. She thought about that dream from last night, and said, "Your place. It's beautiful."

"Thank you, dear" she said, bringing out the flan from her refrigerator.

"Ms. Gram?"

"Call me Grandma Gram. That's how my own kid and grandkids call me. Gram, if you prefer,"

She replied with the grace that only women of her age can have. She brought out two tiny forks with ceramic handles, and china plates.

"Grandma Gram? What is your religion?"

"I don't have any. Well, I have them all," Gram approached to the big menorah as she was speaking. She grabbed the menorah and flipped it over, and showed the bottom. It was hard to see, but leaning in she saw the carved letters. *To my dear friend.*

"So are you Jewish? Or is it just a gift?"

Gram smiled lightly again and said, "I'm not Jewish, but it's not just a gift. Go ahead take a bite of the flan. One of the kid's moms,- oh, I tell stories to kids for a living now- brought me a whole piece, but can't seem to eat it all. At my age, some things- you just shouldn't be eating so much."

She took a bite of the flan, and looked back at Gram for an answer. As the sweet milky caramel was spreading in her mouth, Gram replied, “Religion means very little without the community to move along to it. So any community I am part of, I try to be part of the religion as well.”

She didn’t even have to swallow the flan, it just melted down to her throat.

“Do you believe in God?”

Gram looked at the blue eyes by the window, as if she had written down the answer to in them.

“I believe in wonders. Being caught by small things, and I know some people call that god. Not sure if I do.”

“So what do you do, dear?” Gram asked, after a small pause.

“I work in an office. Well, a cube, really,” She replied with grin on her face. Gram stared at her with long pause.

“You aren’t from here, are you?”

“No, I’m not. How did you know that?”

“You don’t look like a city girl.”

That sentence exhausted Jessica. She tried so hard to come off as sophisticated, sleek city girl, but all along she did not even look like one even to the neighborhood she barely talks to. Gram just looked at her without apologizing. She did not appear to be sorry, she was observing her reaction.

“Like, what about me?”

“I actually met your parents last weekend. Lovely folks. You do look like a city girl. No slight hint that you came from small town.”

“Then why did you..?”

“Why were you sad when I told you that you didn’t look like city girl?”

“I don’t...know.”

“That’s alright. I don’t need the answer. I just thought that you might.”

Jessica suddenly felt that Gram could see what she thought. She felt hot in her face, and did not know what to say.

“My, my it’s getting late. You need your beauty sleep, and I need my old people sleep to wake up early.”

Jessica thanked her for the flan and went back to her apartment. She looked at her grey, black and white, edgy room decorations. Except for the wooden cube that she bought last night. She grabbed the cube, and it’s dense weight felt solid on her palm. She texted her sister that she is coming to Oswego this weekend.

That night she dreamt of being in Oswego, next to lake Ontario in the early morning. *The Sun has not risen, but when it does it will make the water sparkle*, she thought.

- **Blind in the city II**

It’s amazing how much Buddy’s mood can influence mine. Today Buddy made a small mistake while crossing the street, and ever since, he isn’t even eating. I really wish I could tell him it’s ok. I’m worried that my sister will flip, but aside from that, I really am fine. I don’t know what her problem is with Buddy. She says that Buddy is unreliable as a guide dog, and that I should get a proper guide dog. The fact is, Buddy is much more than just a guide dog for me. Sometimes when you are blind, you hear things more, just because you are paying more attention to them. That’s how I know that my sister isn’t too crazy about Buddy, because whenever she talks about him, her voice gets just a bit lower. Well, I don’t care if everyone else in the world hates Buddy. He is the only one who I’ve been talking to regularly since I was blinded. Besides, it really is just a small scrape on my knees, but Buddy has been just lying down on the floor, so depressed that the blind guy can see that he is depressed. I sit down and try to think what he is thinking again. I wish that he wouldn’t blame himself for this, but I know he is.

- **Dog in the City II**

Most of the bad things that happen in the world come with a warning sign. Like the time Fred stopped going to places at regular hours and drank a lot more for few weeks. He didn't take a bath, he wouldn't clean up my bathroom, and the whole place was trashed. It was always my dream to be able to make this place more reasonably disorganized, but it's almost always a bad thing when human-kind starts to act more dog-like. He would make whimpering noises like a dog at night sometimes, sit on the floor and scratch or hit the floor like a dog. After he got over it, I got to spend much more time with him walking around all day, but it took a really long time before he started to show his teeth the way that he does these days. In human terms, showing your teeth is a good sign. Anyways, before that day came, I knew that day was going to happen. There were warning signs. He would bump into things much more often. Trip over certain things. Humans trip all the time because except for the younger ones, they all insist on walking on two legs, but even so, Fred was tripping way more than he should. So I knew that something would happen.

But today's bad thing did not come with a warning sign. Maybe because it wasn't supposed to happen. Maybe because it was all my duty to make it not happen, but it did. Today's working wasn't that bad. No one threw us out of the walk, and four people talked to Fred and took Fred's gift. Fred showed teeth a lot, and we headed back early. We were waiting to cross the road till all the boxes stopped. Fred can't tell when all the boxes stop, but I can see them and hear them, so I help him out. I was looking at all the boxes moving and suddenly across the street there was a delicious smelling box. I remember the name Hot. Fred gave me Hot once before. I see people eating Hot in subway several times. There is nothing like the smell of Hot to get every dog's attention. So I wasn't thinking and stepped ahead. But Fred thought that was a sign that the boxes had stopped. He stepped out a little, and after I felt Fred stepping out, I stopped and back up, and other people started to shout like a dog, and the big boxes all saw that and stopped quickly with the a little smell of burning rubber, Fred tripped big time, face down, and I smelled blood. Everything happened so quickly. Blood was from his knees, and people around grabbed his cane

and handed to him. The moving box of Hot smell went away, but now I will get no Hot, and Fred is going to yell at me. A person got out of a big moving box and asked Fred few things. I felt everyone was saying what a horrible dog I am.

Fred doesn't say "bad dog" yet. But I think it's coming.

- **Blind in the City III**

I don't know how I feel about today. I am so mad at my sister, and I am not quite sure how I'm even going to function for next few days, but I'm excited about the new opportunity. When I was registering in a disability office of some sort with government, they sent me a social worker who was supposed to help me find a new job. It's been two years since I sent everything they wanted me to send: resume, the line of work I have been doing, a place that will send them the recommendations and so on. I would hear from some company here and there wanting to interview me, but all didn't work out that well so far. One of the companies that I did an interview with a month ago called to let me know that I could start working there. I told my sister, and she said she was happy about it, but I knew that there was a hint of hesitation in her voice. She always was like that. When I got sick as a child, she insisted on taking care of me. Not that she did a bad job taking care of me, but when I did start to feel better, she got bitter about it a little. I remember her friend Jane that she used to play with as a child. She was Jane's best friend, but they really had nothing in common. Seems like my sister just enjoyed all the attention that she would get from taking care of the slow friend, Jane. That was how she was and how she is now.

Thinking that, I don't think it's a stretch to imagine that she intentionally left the doggy door open, or at least some in kind of Freudian slip. She said that she will drive me to work tomorrow, pick me up and everything, but from this point I'm really not sure how to even walk around and dress myself like I used to without Buddy. It has only been a day since Buddy made me trip on the street, and Buddy was still pretty depressed earlier. I am very worried about Buddy. He is smart enough to find his way back to

the house, so the fact that he isn't scratching the door makes me worry about him even more. I hope he doesn't think I abandoned him. Why would my sister do something like this?

- **Sister in the City**

I sometimes think that there is no such thing as a selfless good deed. I still *want* to believe that everything I do is selfless. That I am a good sister taking care of her brother who was just less fortunate. That's what everyone says, but I know it's not true. I always needed to be needed. When I was in elementary school, I became friends with Jane, the slow kid. I try to remember anything about her at all, aside from the fact that she is slow, but the fact is I can't at all. I remember how teachers would tell my parents how amazing of a kid I was, and being picked on by other kids because of it, but in some level the feeling of being different from other kids let me enjoy even that. Then I went out with Drew all of my highschool life, and married him. He came off as the perfect husband, but he has chronic depression, and has a hard time spending a week without me.

But, he does come off as a perfect husband, and none of my kids were that much trouble, which means no one knew. It was fine for a while, just knowing something about my husband that no one else knew was enough till the kids went to college, but I needed more. I needed the attention. So when I heard Fred, my younger brother, lost his eyesight, I was worried, but wasn't distraught about the news.

He still has kept all the books from his past. Before he went blind all of his books were out, everywhere, never organized. But ever since, all of his books are organized perfectly into the shelf of the living room. Just getting dusty, just part of the decoration. His fridge is cleared out too. Every week I come in and put seven microwavable containers with food filled in. He microwaves his meal, (I put a small sticker on the 1, 2, 3 minute buttons) and throws the container into the sink, I collect them every week.

He got a TV in his living room as well. He wasn't a tv-watching guy at all before, he didn't even have one. Neighbors who knew him before the accident came over and dropped off an old TV. The screen

is broken and it's not high definition, but it didn't matter for Freddie. He still leaves it on all the time. The broken screen sometimes makes this room look even creepier. Freddie barely leaves any lights on, and leaves the TV on all the time now. Since the broken screen still gives out some picture every once in a while, just highly deformed, the whole house looks a bit like horror movie scene at night. After he lost his eyesight, I removed any decorations from the room, so that they wouldn't fall off, or Freddie would hurt himself by stepping on it. I even took the ball for the dog, and left the squeaky toy instead. It will make it easier for Freddie to locate it anyway. In Freddie's room, everything has to be in the right place. Laundry basket right next to the bathroom. Two clean suits inside his closet, tie tied to the neck of the hanger, pants folded over the bottom of the hanger.

People talked to me in such kind voices whenever I told them how I need to take care of Freddie. Each time when they told me that I was such a good sister, I would picture my teachers saying good girl to me, petting me on my head. So when he told me that he was getting an actual job, even though I knew it might be a good thing for him, I wasn't thrilled.

“What do you do, exactly, for this job?”

“I would be doing the exactly same thing that I used to do. I will be writing and editing technical manuals.”

“Ok. Well, that *is* a good news.

“It really is. It's a bigger company than I used to work for, better health insurance.”

“Well, how would you read and edit what you wrote?” I asked. I noticed that I couldn't help twiddling my fingers.

“There is reading program that I can use, they taught me how to do it. I can't write as fast as I used to, obviously, but good enough to be junior writer. You know what this means? I can afford to hire a caretaker! You don't have to come here every week! You can go on a vacation with your husband, no children or brother to worry about.”

“Don’t say that, you’re not a bother.”

Some people need help, and some need to help.

- **Blind in the City III**

I get back to the empty house. My sister came in like she has been doing since Buddy got lost. She usually makes sure that I get back to the house safely, brings me dinner, arranges my clothes for next morning, all the things that I need to rely on her since Buddy is gone. A few days without Buddy is worrisome and lonely, but the fact is, I’m actually getting by quite well. My new job lets me talk to more people than I ever wanted. Sometimes I get the feeling that the company hired me just as a mascot of diversity and open mindedness, but I actually get to talk to people, hear them freaking out about recent changes from their boss, and hear girls from human resources gossiping about who will get the christmas bonus. When I come back home, I get a bit lonely, but usually I’m already quite exhausted from work, and just want to go to bed. I think my sister is noticing these changes too. I thought she might mention something about a new seeing eye dog, but I guess for now she enjoys my dependency.

“You’ve got a voice message, do you want me to play it?” she asks, as she takes my coat. I tell her to do so. Someone found buddy, it’s an old grandma’s voice. As soon as that voice lets her know the address, me and my sister run back to car, while calling her back on the ride. I wonder why that old lady would just pick up a strange dog from the street. She is obviously a kind soul, but she could have just called the animal control. Maybe she is lonely.

- **Grandma Gram in the City**

There was something very familiar about that dog, although I knew it was the first time I’d ever seen it. First of all, the demeanor of the dog was a bit off. It was after my storytelling in the public library at Brooklyn. Since that was four o’clock story time, generally moms waited till the story time, and brought their kids straight back to home for supper. There were at least twenty kids of all ages storming out of the library, being as loud as they always are, about the story that I just read them.

“I’m the King, and you can be a knight!”

“One of you knights should like, protect me.”

“Why? You can’t be a princess, your *face* is too ugly.”

“Oh, yeah? Well, well... Mom! BJ said I was ugly.”

While all the children were storming, shouting, tumbling around, the dog didn’t even flinch. Instead, it was just watching, searching with its two hazel eyes among the faces, maybe trying to find one that is familiar to him. The handsome dog looked very sad, though dignified. It wasn’t long before the children saw the dog as well. Since the parents had their backs to the children, and were chatting about rent, husbands, and off-brand clothing sale, like a pack of birds, they didn’t notice their children approaching the dog. Generally, dogs will do something, anything. Either bite, or wag. It was neither. The dog stood there, even with silenced body gestures.

I brought back the dog home and called the number on the collar. No one picked up, so I left the message. The dog seemed very well trained, and I didn’t want the animal control to just kill the dog if by off chance the owner didn’t show up. It was obviously someone’s dog, someone who loves the dog a lot. I looked at the dog and with the gesture said, “Come with me Doggy, come.” The dog looked up to my eyes, got up slowly and stood right next to me. The dog walked with me the whole ten minute walk back to my house, and that’s when I really realized how well trained the dog was. It walked just far enough for me to not trip over him, walked in the same speed as I did, and even before I stopped for the red light it hesitated to cross the street. The landlord wasn’t so happy that I brought back a dog, but it’s hard to yell at an old grandma. I told her that the owner will come pick it up soon, although this was before I got the phone call. I use to be so afraid of getting old, but I reached the age where people have to listen to me and I don’t have to listen to them much. It’s convenient at times. The dog didn’t bark at all, in spite of the strange surroundings. While cooking my dinner, I gave a slice of meet to him as well. I don’t put any

spices in my meat anymore, so it should be fine for him as well. My room was never that big to begin with, but with the dog, it looked even smaller.

At early evening someone called, and asked for the address. The guy thanked me many times rush and just few hours later a middle-aged woman and man came in and took the dog. They both thanked me several times. They told me that he is a seeing eye dog for the man.

“Aren’t seeing eye dogs usually...not German Shepherds?”

“Yeah, but we really can’t afford an actual seeing eye dog,” she answered back with weirdly condescending tone. Since the man isn’t mute, just blind, he could have answered his own questions. But for some reason his sister did most of the talking. I have raised a several dog in my lifetime, but the pure joy in the dog’s face when the owner walked in, was something I haven’t seen yet.

It gets a bit lonely being an old one in the city, living alone. I didn’t want to burden my kids, and at a certain age, taking care of your own house becomes burdensome. Earlier what with the dog, and meeting new people, it was all quite a hassle. Now the room was silenced. It felt like the time when my husband died. During the funeral, the house was packed with family. It was a hassle, it was loud, but it felt like a person’s house. Afterwards, there was no one but me. I remember how I wasn’t angry, I wasn’t sad. I did have a sense of something, but I can’t describe what exactly it was. I do love my husband. It should be “did” now that he has been long gone.

He always walked faster than me. Sometimes when we took a walk, he didn’t wait up for me, and walk like we are two people just happening to head in the same direction, happening to walk in similar time. We didn’t hold hands like teenagers, or argue and shout like young couples do, we just walked. Because that’s what it was. We happened to be two people who walked together because we were headed to same direction. I remember when I first realized that I lost him though. It wasn’t when I went to the funeral, not even when I was talking to the lawyer about how to split the money from now, not even when I got in to bed that was colder and wider than usual. It was when I woke up in the middle of the night.

Like many old people do, I too have to wake up a few times in the night to go to the bathroom. When my husband was there, I had to be careful not to make any loud noises, stumbling through the dark. The night after that I woke up again in the middle of the night. Bugs were loud outside. Loud enough for my old ears to catch them singing. I turned on the night light, placed my feet into the slippers, and walked to the bathroom. I tripped in the bathroom and one of the shampoo shelves fell down making a noise. I instinctively said *I'm sorry*. When I came back to bed, I stayed sitting up in a bed brightened by night lights for half an hour. It does get lonely, but I remind myself, that he is just few steps ahead of me. Till then, I have to do what I have to do to make this place at least a little bit better place, like picking up a strange dog for strangers.

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I was throwing out trash, and I ran into Jessica. I told her about the dog. She said that she might know the dog. I came and invited her in, she took some photos of the dog, and left. My room was never that big to begin with, but with the dog, it looked even smaller.

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Since the man isn't mute, just blind, he could have answered his own questions. But for some reason his sister did most of the talking. Jessica came over to say goodbye to the dog, so it was quite packed in the small room for a while. It gets a bit lonely being an old one in the city, living alone. I didn't want to burden my kids, and at a certain age, taking care of your own house becomes burdensome. Yesterday, with the dog, Jessica, and meeting new people, it was all a hassle. Now the room was silenced. It felt like the time when my husband died. During the funeral, the house was packed with family. It was a hassle, it was loud, but it felt like a person's house. Afterwards, there was no one but me. I remember how I wasn't angry, I wasn't sad. I did have a sense of something, but I can't describe what exactly it was. I do love my husband. It should be “did” now that he has been long gone.

He always walked faster than me. Sometimes when we took a walk, he didn't wait up for me, and

walk like we are two people just happening to head in the same direction, happening to walk in similar time. We didn't hold hands like teenagers, or argue and shout like young couples do, we just walked. Because that's what it was. We happened to be two people who walked together because we were headed to same direction. I remember when I first realized that I lost him though. It wasn't when I went to the funeral, not even when I was talking to the lawyer about how to split the money from now, not even when I got in to bed that was colder and wider than usual. It was when I woke up in the middle of the night. Like many old people do, I too have to wake up a few times in the night to go to the bathroom. When my husband was there, I had to be careful not to make any loud noises, stumbling through the dark. The night after that I woke up again in the middle of the night. Bugs were loud outside. Loud enough for my old ears to catch them singing. I turned on the night light, placed my feet into the slippers, and walked to the bathroom. I tripped in the bathroom and one of the shampoo shelves fell down making a noise. I instinctively said *I'm sorry*. When I came back to bed, I stayed sitting up in a bed brightened by night lights for half an hour. It does get lonely, but I remind myself, that he is just few steps ahead of me.

- **Blind in the City IV**

My work is going very well, and so is my homelife. Grandma Gram has been taking care of me and Buddy. Ever since I started working it became increasingly hard for me to be make time for Buddy, and Grandma Gram looked very lonely when we took the dog, so I asked her to help me out here and there. She cooks and takes care of the household, in return I pay her a bit of the money that I earn. I wish I could give her more but it really isn't much. Thankfully, she isn't doing it for money. When I go to work both Grandma Gram and Buddy help me to get to the subway station, and they both pick me up from the subway station at night. Plus, Grandma Gram's flan is to die for.

