

# The Right to Privacy

*by Don P*

Every day, I come home from work and hear you two screaming next door, breaking dishes and furniture and sometimes each other while your toddler wails. And if I can't drown it out with the TV and a beer, I stuff in the earbuds and crank up the iPod, too. That way, I can always be honest with the cops. "No, I really couldn't hear what was going on over there, sorry." You may never know what I do for you, but that's all right. It's a matter of principle.

