

Mythical Houses

by Jerry Ratch

I remember meeting this famous rock musician once, when I was in real estate. He could be such a jerk. It seems like the famous ones always are. He saw my friend Susan talking to herself in the kitchen at a party where we were. *"That woman is never alone,"* he stated, *"is she?"* Her boyfriend, Peter, (a really nice guy) didn't know how to respond to a comment like that. Even with his big head getting in the way, surely the man could see how fond Peter was of her.

I remember I'd been inside all those houses (Villa Park, Lombard, Glen Ellen, Wheaton) when I was in real estate. None of them would do for this rock star. (I think the name of his band was the Buckingham, or Turtles, or Stiff Nipples, something like that.) Now I had got to go out and find mythical houses. He was such a spoiled little twerp! He wanted something no one else had. *"Have you ever considered building a house?"* I asked him once. He just looked at me. *"You mean like out of Lincoln Logs?"* he said.

I remember sitting in your bedroom for hours watching you while you wrote poetry. I remember glancing up at that ceiling of yours, just to see if there was still a shadow of myself. I remember you telling me once — *Never be afraid to look for yourself.* I guess I still am! I remember many, so many, luminous nights with you. I'm glad you never became famous and stuck-up.

