

# The Revolution will not be Funded, but it Might Involve Doughnuts

*by* Tim Jones-Yelvington

Laura's last day did not end the way she expected. She expected her last day as a housekeeper to proceed as had the others — beginning in the kitchen as she sprinkled scouring powder across the stovetop, and ending in the parlor, as she vacuumed and shimmied to raucous hip hop-inflected pop music — save for one exception: At the end of her day, in addition to leaving her usual reminder to replenish whatever cleaning products were in decline, she would also leave for her employer a tray of her famous homemade doughnuts and attach a handwritten note, thanking her employer for the opportunity she'd provided and reminding her how invaluable her support would be as Laura transitioned into her next phase of life, as an undergraduate English major.

But when Laura stepped into her employer's kitchen, she encountered not the usual uncanny stillness, but rather her employer herself, Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones, President and CEO of the Edna and Bernhard Burkelmeyer Family Foundation for Actual Real-Life On-the-Ground Social Change with Verifiable, Quantifiable Results (the EBB Foundation, for short), shoved against the refrigerator, receiving cunnilingus from a large African American gentleman. Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones's blond tresses, usually immaculate and upswept, tumbled toward her shoulders in an unruly explosion of flyaway hairs. Mid-orgasm, Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones's facial expression resembled a grimace, but her ecstatic cries communicated only pleasure.

“Deliverables!” she said, clutching the African American gentleman's ears. “Give me deliverables!”

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Laura Velasquez lived in a neighborhood described by sociologists as a toxic doughnut, surrounded by industrial plants, landfills and an abandoned steel mill, all leaking byproducts directly into the river where, as children, Laura and her friends splashed and waded. Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones first met Laura on a site visit to an environmental justice organization located two doors down from Laura's childhood home. Laura stood on the corner waiting for the bus when Helena pulled up alongside the curb in her Toyota Prius.

"You," she said. "What's your name?"

"Laura Velasquez," Laura said.

"Laura," she said. "That's a lovely name."

"It's pronounced Laura," Laura corrected her. "Like Malcolm Lowry."

Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones blinked. She blinked again.

"The writer?" Laura said.

"I must apologize," Helena said. "I really ought to know more about your people's culture."

Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones told Laura she had an honest face. Then she offered her a job.

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Laura recognized the African American gentleman as one of Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones's grantees. Rashid Corona had recently gained notoriety after establishing a successful program to assist ex-convicts in securing stable employment upon their release from prison.

Unfortunately, Laura had not been present at Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones's office to eavesdrop on her conversation with Rashid Corona, when something in Rashid's unwavering gaze had encouraged Helena to confess to him her habit of masturbating to photographs of prisoners online. She subsequently invited Rashid over, having forgotten today was cleaning day. She tended to ignore her housekeeper's existence whenever possible, preferring to arrive home to a clean house and declare enthusiastically, "It's just like little elves did our dishes and watered our plants!"

Fortunately, Laura was present to witness Helena lifting Rashid Corona by his ears, tugging down his pants, and pulling him inside her.

“Yes!” Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones shouted. “Reentry!”

It was at this precise moment that Helena spotted Laura in the doorway. Laura cleared her throat. Helena fluttered her hand against Rashid Corona's shoulder. Rashid spun around. His cock bobbed like a fisherman's float.

“Hello,” Laura said with a sly smile. “Would you like a doughnut?”

Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones's face blanched even paler than usual. Without her having to say a word, Laura could already hear Helena's question forming. And Laura coveted her answer like a winning hand of cards.

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Several weeks later, Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones made her grantmaking recommendations to the Board of Directors of the Edna and Bernhard Burkelmeyer Family Foundation for Actual Real-Life On-the-Ground Social Change with Verifiable, Quantifiable Results.

“Recent studies in impact evaluation have shown us that investing our foundation's assets in a single individual maximizes results,” Helena said. “We've been going about everything backward. If we channel all of our resources into one person and one person only, the potential for actual on-the-ground social change is enormous. Laura Velasquez meets all of our criteria for the ideal individual.”

“I have a question about the budget,” said Bernhard Burkelmeyer's grandson Jerry Burkelmeyer. “Over here, there's a column, and over here there's a number. Over here there's another number, and another column. Why are there numbers and why are there columns?”

“I'm concerned about the children,” said Shelly Burkelmeyer, Edna Burkelmeyer's sister. “Does Laura Velasquez have babies?”

The grantmaking calendar passed unanimously.

Because Helena Harrington Hathaway-Jones had recently launched her third attempt to comply with the South Beach Diet,

Laura Velasquez's doughnuts remained on her kitchen counter, gathering dust while she sought a new housekeeper.

How Laura Velasquez chose to spend her dough is open to speculation.

