

Dictation 01-10-05

Time passes, and so do school days. I am sitting on a wall along the plaza in Los Angeles, watching a Mexican fiesta across the street. A man comes along and lifts himself to the wall beside me, and asks if I have a cigarette. I have, and lighting the cigarette, he makes conversation with me, and we talk of casual things until the fiesta is over. This man needs a shave and his clothes do not fit him; it's plain that he's a bum. He tells one lie upon another, and not one is well told. But I am lonesome in this town, and a willing listener.