

## RESOURCE WAR

By Joshua Dysart

It was like a zoo, but with ideas instead of animals. And the parents dropped us off there, sometimes intending to leave us for so long that we would have sandwiches wrapped in cellophane stuffed in our little filthy pockets so that we wouldn't die. It was a large, hollowed out, converted two-bedroom residential house painted with life-sized superheroes on the outside and stuffed to the rafters inside with bagged and boarded comics, many current, but many more aged and cared for and kept in beautiful wooden bins propped low enough for young ferreting eyes, or pinned up on the wall, venerable, something to long for. But there was more than just comics. There were models and Robotech toys and twelve-inch GI Joe action figures and role-playing games and it was almost windowless, but well lit and it smelled good inside, like a secret clubhouse. All that pulped paper and long dried ink, probably a lot of mold, some dust in its grooves, the sweaty candy smell of kids left unattended. Unattended save for The Judge.

Collector's World. That's what it was called. It was the first comic book store in my hometown of Corpus Christi, maybe the first in all of South Texas.

"Hey, mom."

"Hey, baby."

"Thanks for taking my call."

"Shut up. You never call me. You didn't call me at all last month."

"I do love you."

"Yeah, right."

"So you got my text about what I want to talk about?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember that comic book store you used to take me too? Judge Garza's? Collector's World?"

"Of course. You hounded me to go to that place all the time."

"I'm trying to remember every thing I can about it for this sort of memoir story or whatever that I'm putting together. About Judge Garza and something really important he told me once."

"Fun."

"So, uhh... yeah. Well, what do you got?"

"Oh right, let's see, it was on McArdle. I was selling TV advertising back then, and you were always looking in the phonebook, you loved looking stuff up in the phonebook, it was the weirdest thing."

"Pre-Internet."

"So I don't remember if I found the place because he was a new business in the area and I was cold-calling him, using your cute little face to sell him commercial time, or if you found it in the phonebook and demanded I take you there."

Quick reality check, my mother's memory is notoriously bad. One of the things she does is tend to remember me as being a far more exceptional child than I actually was. I very highly doubt that I looked up Collector's World in the phonebook when I

was eight or nine or however old I was. The odds that my mother used me to sell advertising are considerably higher.

“The first time I took you there I met Judge Garza. He was the sweetest man. I felt guilty about leaving you there by yourself. I didn’t want him to be your babysitter. But there were kids everywhere, and there was no way you were going to spend less than four hours in that place. You were entranced from the moment you walked in. The place was really incredible. It was like a junk shop sort of. I mean, it wasn’t dirty, but there wasn’t a single visible wall. There was so much stuff. Comics and toys and games and records and magazines. It was really neat. He’s the one who told me I could leave you there and go on about my day. Kids didn’t have cell phones or anything back then, and parents just sort of abandoned them for whole stretches at a time at movie theaters, the mall, wherever. Frankly, it’s amazing we ever found our kids again. Anyway, it was a few visits before I finally started actually dropping you off. But he told me too. He always liked you. He said you were one of the more quiet ones. You really just sat there and read. No matter how long it took me to come back and get you, you were never ready to leave.”

“I’m trying to remember it now. Those first trips there are pretty vague.”

“He was a good man, Judge Garza. He loved comic books. And he loved having the kids discover all that neat stuff in his store.”

“You know that he’s kind of a minor legend in comics?”

“No. What do you mean?”

“I googled him last night for this thing...”

Judge Margarito C. Garza was an Assistant District Attorney in Corpus Christi in the late ‘60s. He then became the first Mexican American to be elected to a judgeship in Nueces County. He served two terms as Judge of the Nueces County Court at Law from 1972-1976 and served as the 148th District Court Judge of Corpus Christi, Texas for 3 terms. More importantly to me, he created the first Chicano - Mexican American - comic book superhero ever. A Tejano by the awesome name of *Relampago* who is bestowed with great powers by a mysterious bruja in order to save his draining life after he is shot in an armed robbery. On top of all of that, Judge Garza was also a pioneer in the early days of comic book retailing. Chuck “Mile High” Rozanski, owner of the largest comic book collection in the world, confirmed to me that he remembered the judge as part of the first retail wave (not nearly in the game as long as Chuck though, Chuck is quick to point out. And he’s right. By this time the Edgar Church Collection had already been unearthed by Chuck in Colorado<sup>1</sup>).

“Wow. I never knew any of that. His comic book sounds neat.”

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<sup>1</sup> The Edgar Church Collection consisted of between 18,000 and 22,000 comic books, most of them in high quality grades. It was discovered and bought in 1977 by Chuck Rozanski of Mile High Comics. The collection is famed for holding the highest quality copies of many Golden Age comic books, including the best-known copy of *Action Comics #1*. The collection has since been dispersed with 99% having been sold off. Church is posthumously considered the father of comic book collecting.

“Yeah, I vaguely remember him having copies of it at the store.”

“You know, we have some Garza’s in our family. Maybe we were related?”

I am Mexican on my mother’s side, and all the Mexicans in Corpus Christi are related to one another, at least it seemed so to hear my grandmother talk.

“Anyway, then Pawpaw bought you your first BMX bike and you started riding it all over creation, which you weren’t supposed to do. I told you not to leave the neighborhood. But people would say they saw you all the way downtown. Man, that used to piss me off. That’s when you started going to the Judge’s without me. You spent a lot of years going there now that I think about it. Most of your adolescence.”

“What year do you think that was? I mean when you first took me to Collector’s World?”

“Let’s see, I don’t know... maybe 1979?”

My introductory comic book was a reprint of Robert Crumb’s *Zapped* that I found in the stack of Playboys my father left in the house after the divorce. And so Crumb became the first artist whose style I recognized because we also had stacks of records in the living room and Crumb had done the cover for a *Big Brother and the Holding Company* album, featuring Janis Joplin’s steady soul storm, that I remember liking from a young age. By the time I’d found *Zapped* buried in that pile of confusing women lumps I’d already read and reread the *Big Brother* album cover many times. Trying to discern a story from its “panels”, building up a tolerance for the absurd, the disconnected and the visually illustrated. So it went that the dawning of the very idea of a comic book to me was smeared with the contagion of sex and Rock ‘n’ Roll, even before the power of either of those things held sway over my mind, spirit and body. Comics never represented innocence or escapism to me. They represented dissonance and confrontation.

After discovering my first comic book I started shopping the spinner racks at Maverick Markets (South Texas’ 7-Eleven at the time). Then came the discovery of Collector’s World and everything changed. A week didn’t go by that mom didn’t have to take me to that converted house. Collector’s World was the first place I ever laid my thirsty eyes on role-playing games. And this is where we get to the real thrust of the story.

I feel a little silly explaining what a role-playing game is, but just in case someone outside of geek culture has stumble across this, let’s give it a go. Tabletop RPG’s, as they’re known, are a type of game in which players assume the roles of characters in a fictional setting and utilize a system of rules and, mostly, dice to determine the outcomes of their actions. The fictional setting is controlled by a “Game Master” who plays all of the “non-player characters” that the “player-characters” interact with. He or she also controls the narrative elements of the setting. *Dungeon and Dragons*, or *D&D* is considered the first role-playing system. Made of a strange marriage between tabletop military strategy games and talk-therapy exercises. There. You got it? Let’s move on.

If my mom first took me to Collector's World in 1979 (we've established her questionable memory, right?) that means I must've discovered and bought my first *D&D Basic Set* around the same time. That's also the year that James Dallas Egbert III went missing for a month after a suicide attempt in the utility tunnels beneath the campus of Michigan State University, far from my little South Texas town.

At the time a private investigator hired to find Egbert by the family made the fallacious claim that he had gotten lost down there in the dark during a live-action version of *Dungeons & Dragons* (this was before Live Action Role-Playing, or LARPing, was actually a thing).

In truth, Egbert was going down there to kill himself and it had nothing to do with *D&D*. It was to escape his overbearing mother. One year later he did manage to "escape" her, by taking his own life in a second, sadly successful attempt. With no basis in truth, this one disparaging statement against *D&D* created an unchecked press frenzy. My introduction to the game and the beginning of a new movement against it, coincide down to the very year.

During my second time in first grade (yes, I failed first grade) I started attending a private Southern White Baptist School, Parkdale Baptist, at the request of my Anglo father's mother, though my own mother was Catholic. Let me clarify, by saying it was a white school I do not mean that it was racist or exclusionary. They were actually lovely people. But white southern Baptists celebrate God much differently from black southern Baptists. Mainly, black Baptists have more fun with it. So what I mean when I say "White Southern Baptist" is "boring". Anyway, by 1981 I was deep into the *D&D Advanced* books, had already indoctrinated the kids in my neighborhood to RPG's and was the Game Master for a large group at school. I was also writing my first comic book with one of the players in my class who could draw a little. It was, of course, a *D&D* style epic fantasy. Mom and I didn't have a lot of money, so I created most of my own maps and stories and almost never bought modules (pre-created stories). I did horribly in school because building campaigns looks very much like homework most of the time. I would actually end up spending much of my adolescent and teen life doing this, creating worlds, telling stories, doing horribly in school and thinking nothing of how it would ultimately prepare me for my future as a storyteller.

In 1981 the book *Mazes and Monsters* hit. It was a thinly disguised fictionalization of the press exaggerations of the Egbert case from 1979 and its release poked a sleeping dog. Without my blissfully unaware child's mind noticing, the thing I loved was beginning to be demonized by the adults around me. Though it was a slow creep, mind you, at the time my Baptist teacher, who once told me that God put little sweaters on my teeth at night while I slept and that I had to "brushbrushbrush!" them off in the morning, didn't even notice that I was spending my days carrying around a book called *The Dungeon Master's Guide* which featured an immense blood red Cheshire demon on the cover clutching a mostly naked damsel in distress.

In 1982 I moved to a small school that served mostly farm kids outside of town and there I made a new batch of friends, and built a new crew of gamers. 1982 was also when the made for TV movie adaption of the novel *Mazes and Monsters*,

starring a young Tom Hanks, hit. By now the idea that *Dungeon & Dragons* was psychologically damaging to young people was really starting to build up steam. I was ignorant to the sort of indignant bullshit-persecution comics had experienced during the Fredric Wertham campaign and was unengaged with the world around me, hopelessly childish. When my friends and I all gathered to watch *Mazes and Monsters* on TV we just thought it was super cool. We knew the difference between fiction and reality. Something I would later find adults seem to refuse to give kids credit for.

“Ma, do you remember the role-playing game scare of the 80’s?”

“Yeah, I do. Some of the parents were getting spooked. It was tough because in the neighborhood you were the kid they all played those games with. The fat kid across the street... what was his name? Not BJ... BJ was never fat...”

“Don’t identify him as the fat kid, Ma.”

“Sorry. Ricky, right? Ricky’s mom was a real pain in the ass. She wouldn’t let him come over and play with you. You also had these little 8mm monster films, like *Frankenstein* and *The Mummy* and *The Perils of Pauline* and stuff, and you had a projector that was always breaking and you used to have kids over and project them in your room. Ricky’s mom was always worried that you were showing them dirty movies or something. Like I would let that happen. Ugh. She was a bitch.”

“What about you? Were you clued into it? Were you ever concerned about the Role-Playing scare?”

“I mean, yeah. I knew about it. I guess I just didn’t think it was that big a deal. You loved those games. And you were a good kid. Shitty at school, and that was another thing that really pissed me off, because you just didn’t apply yourself, but you were so sweet and always so happy. And I know you remember, but you had a really hard time learning how to read and you had to go to first grade twice and have a special tutor. And then comic books came along and suddenly that’s all you did was read. And then Role-Playing Games came, and that was it. Books, numbers, maps. I swear, you were just waiting for something fun. Like with school. School wasn’t engaging to you. Anyway, they called it dyslexia or whatever, and that’s a real thing, which is why we got you the tutor for all those years, but you were just freakin’ bored too. When you were really little, your cousin Jerry would read Ray Bradbury’s “*The Martian Chronicles*” to you instead of children’s books. You loved it so much. I don’t even know how many times he read that book to you. That’s all you wanted to hear about. Mars and rockets and stuff. Something to excite you, you know? So when they started coming around and saying shit like those games made you crazy, I mean, who takes that crap seriously? My son was reading. That’s all that mattered.”

By 1983 a perfect storm was looming. The now deeply discredited Satanic Ritual Abuse scare that plagued the entirety of the 1980’s, destroying lives with absurdly false accusations, was in full effect. At least it was in South Texas. A close friend of mine’s mother once told me that the furniture manufacturer she had bought her kitchen table from had placed a demon in it and that they had to send the table back. Her greatest fear was that the furniture company had sacrificed a child in order to possess the table.

The collective madness leapt out of the Bible Belt and fears of satanic crimes and rituals became huge news even in secularist circles, where they were seen as a social ill instead of a theological battle. All of this fed the growing fear around *Dungeons & Dragons*. Soon another overbearing mother named Patricia Pulling founded *Bothered About Dungeons & Dragons* (BADD), a loud, albeit single-person advocacy group dedicated to the elimination of role-playing games. She was shockingly affective at getting her message out. Pulling was an anti-occult campaigner from Richmond, Virginia who would go on to make a career out of absurdist claims, a deep rooted belief in and fear of the supernatural and in aiding highly irresponsible police departments and lawyers in investigations and court battles. She would eventually author a hilariously misguided and poorly researched book entitled, *The Devil's Web: Who Is Stalking Your Children For Satan?* Sadly, she was, of course, activated by a tragic event. Her son, Irving Pulling, had committed suicide and was also a player of *D&D*. Shortly after his tragedy she filed a wrongful death lawsuit against her son's high school principal. She claimed the principle was personally responsible for what she said was a *D&D* curse placed upon her son just hours before the suicide. Later she sued TSR, publishers of the game at the time. BADD published information calling *D&D* "a fantasy role-playing game which uses demonology, witchcraft, voodoo, murder, rape, blasphemy, suicide, assassination, insanity, sex perversion, homosexuality, prostitution, satanic type rituals, gambling, barbarism, cannibalism, sadism, desecration, demon summoning, necromantics, divination and other teachings" (to which I would now respond, "only the good campaigns!"). Meanwhile, we were playing it on the playground everyday with no ill effect to any of us.

I had actually tried to move on from *D&D* around this time, though not from role-playing games in general. The fantasy genre had never been my favorite. I was more into science fiction and horror. Back at Collector's World I'd go digging into every single new system that came in. Judge Garza would special order games for me. He knew that if there was a new game, I wanted to give it a spin. *Traveler* and *Call of Cthulhu* became my favorites and remain, to my mind, the finest Role-Playing games of all time, but there were a lot of great games hitting then. *D&D* had made tens of million dollars and a ton of creative young people wanted to hack into that pie. But *D&D* was hard to shake. It was the Coca-Cola of role-playing. It was what the kids at school liked. In the neighborhood we played a wider range of games, but at school, *D&D* reigned.

Then, in 1984, the shit that was brewing all around the hobby, and quite frankly, me, finally hit the fan. My dickhead stepfather at the time, probably while high on cocaine, threw away all of my metal music when he saw my new cassette copy of Iron Maiden's *Powerslave*. True to the era, he called it "Satanic music". What followed was a huge knock down between him and me. I was thirteen then, man enough to physically push him apparently. He pushed me back, hard, and I took a fall and hit my head. I wanted to cry, but I didn't (I don't know, maybe I did). He ranted over me, leaping to asinine conclusions about the devil in the world. It was all too surreal. At that moment he lost my respect completely and fully, and though he never touched me before or after, he also never gained my regard for him back.

I'm not sure when the principal at my school called me into her office to tell me that we couldn't play *D&D* at school anymore, but it was around the same time as my stepfather's outburst. So it all felt like it was mounting. I didn't protest to her like I had my step dad. I didn't yell or revert to violence. Instead I went home and began hiding my favorite comics in case someone decided they were affecting my grades and tried to toss them. All the things I enjoyed felt suddenly under attack. If I had been good at sports I wouldn't have felt persecuted at all, but I wasn't. I was a geek. I couldn't have known it then, but now I realize that the devil they all feared was the imagination of their own children. My imagination was, and is, my primary tool. It is my living. It shelters me, it feeds me and it inspires me. And these things, my comics and music and games, they were fuel. This was a resource war started by the adults - they were trying to take my fuel.

Now understand, I have a relatively reasonable mother. She was young when she had me and she is still very much full of life. If I was told I couldn't do something, it was usually for a pretty damn good reason. If I disobeyed her, it was because I was actually being a little asshole. She never bought into any of this. She didn't throw my music away or tell me I couldn't play Role-Playing games or try to get me to read fewer comics. But I do recall trying to talk to her about going to bat for me at school.

"Do you remember when they pulled me into the principal's office and banned Role-Playing Games at school?"

"No. That probably happened without me knowing it. They used to paddle you kids without telling us back then too. I never paid attention. The Nuns used to beat the shit out of us at Incarnate Word. You had it way better."

"So you don't remember me trying to get you to come to school in my defense?"

"Nope. Maybe you're making that up."

When I told Judge Garza about the ban on Role-Playing games at school, he asked me how my grades were.

"Uhm, they're okay," I lied.

He gave me a stern look. "If your grades are bad," he said, "than you should stop playing role-playing games at school and start focusing on your schoolwork."

This was no time for logic. "But it's not fair. It's not because it interferes with my grades. That's not why they said we had to stop. It's because they think it's evil. Everybody's coming down on us, but what are we doing wrong? Nothing. We're not doing anything wrong."

Then, with the inherent professional authority of a judge, he said...

"Josh, things aren't fair. They are stupid. Kids are starving. People hurt other people. The things people focus on are all wrong. So when we feel like something is unfair, we have to confront it. Fight what is right to you. For what is important to you. If you are smart and you are right, then maybe, not always, but maybe you can change things. Go talk to your Principal. Think hard on what you want to say. Pull it together in your brain and then say it. But also, you should do better in school. You're a smart boy. What's wrong with you? I'll stop ordering you games if you don't do better in school. Bring your next report card in when you get it."

I've paraphrased here. The Judge's true words are lost to me. Even his face is something I can barely remember. A mountain in the distance, light diffusion around him, so that his features seem misty. But that's how I recall the spirit of his words. Maybe each year his speech to me becomes more specific to who I am now and less truthful to what it was then. What I know for a fact was that I was told to go to the Principal and talk to her. Told to stand up for myself. Not like I stood up to my stepfather, not to use violence and anger (I never told the Judge that my stepfather pushed me. He would've been very unhappy about that and I didn't need the drama for a onetime occurrence). Instead Judge Garza told me to advocate like a lawyer would. My mom, lovely and amazing as she is, didn't tell me to do that. Mostly because she was always pissed off about my grades, I think, and couldn't think about anything else.

Whatever the exact words were, they impacted me. On Monday morning I gathered my *Advanced D&D* books and my other favorite role-playing systems and I took them to school. The first thing I did was ask my homeroom teacher if I could see the principal. She arranged for me to go to the office during creative writing, which was the only thing I was any good at. I was nervous as I entered her office, and I think she was intrigued, because thirteen year-olds probably never asked to speak with her.

I laid it all out. I showed her the charts and the graphs and the character sheets. I told her about alignments (the ethics charting system) and experience points and how players were rewarded more if they stayed in character and acted inside of their individual alignments. I told her about the freewill of the players and how that drove the story. How there was no real board or limitations on the player's imaginations. Had I the presence of mind I would've told her that someday I would be a professional writer, and that it was entirely because Role-Playing Games had creatively empowered me, that they had and were teaching me how to entertain others and build stories, but that's not something a thirteen year-old knows. In general I imagine my words were simple. However, I probably talked passionately. I probably moved my hands a lot.

To the Principal's incredible credit, and to the credit of the rural Texas school she helmed, she listened. She asked questions. Maybe she was even entertained. And then she said something like, "So what you're telling me is that you and a bunch of other kids at this school get together, make up stories from your imagination and then use numbers and statistics to determine realistic outcomes? Is that it?"

"That's totally it."

She said she'd think about it and then dismissed me. Perhaps, if we had had the incredible, wonderful, monstrosity that is the Internet back then she wouldn't have needed me to advocate for my cause. She was a smart woman. She could've done her own research. But she was also a busy woman. And if the world was raging against this mysterious hobby, and other principals at other schools were being sued, than it was probably just easier to nick the whole thing and call it a day. But I wouldn't allow it to be easy for her. Instead I forced a silly, little, mild confrontation. And that meant she had to deal with it on a bigger level.



She came to talk to me at recess the next day and we walked around the outside of the gym away from the others. It felt like a grownup moment for me as we strolled in the Texas sun. The sounds of kids shouting and laughing and the hollow thumps of little fists hitting tetherballs receded.

She told me that we could keep playing our game, but if the other parents complained then we'd have to have this conversation again. She asked if I understood? Yes, I understood. Later I would tell the other kids to lie to their parents about it if they needed to. I'm no saint.

"Personally," she said, "I think it sounds kind of incredible... it sounds to me like more kids should do it."

I had won. The Judge taught me how to win. You don't physically push back; you stand before a jury and you speak.

Things got crazier for the hobby as the 80's deepened. In 1985, *60 Minutes* did a segment on *Dungeons & Dragons* that was an embarrassing act of knee-jerk journalism. A novel moment in my understanding of media stupidity. Gary Gygax, one of the game's creators, and Patricia Pulling of BADD both appeared on the show, though in separate interviews. Pulling brought her crying daughter on to tell of how her dead brother had threatened to kill her because he was under the influence of the horrible game. I made sure to watch. I was engaged with the debate now. Ready to take it on. I was pissed that the obvious argument in our favor was just being glanced over. At that time millions and millions of kids were playing *D&D* in America alone, it was inevitable that a portion of juvenile crimes or acts of mental illness would be committed by *D&D* players. As is the case now with climate change and evolution, the opposition's argument was given credence despite any real logic or scientific evidence. Instead, lazy authorities again and again used the excuse of role-playing games to justify untreated mental illness and sheer cruelty. Often it would take simply finding *D&D* paraphernalia in the child's belongings to implicate either the child or the game. And so, like Rock'n'Roll and comics before them, and later videogames, role-playing became the major scapegoat for poor parenting and a deeply flawed mental healthcare infrastructure.

In 1988 a man named Chris Pritchard masterminded the bludgeoning and stabbing of his stepfather and his mother by masked assailants, leaving the husband mortally wounded and the mother injured. Pritchard had a history of alcohol and drug use. But again, authorities focused on his role-playing group alone after a game map depicting the house in which the violence took place turned up as physical evidence. Later true-crime authors Joe McGinniss and Jerry Bledsoe massaged the role-playing angle into sordid cheapjack bullshit bestsellers. Both author's books were turned into movies, one of which featured real role-playing game materials doctored to imply that they were, magically, the actual cause of the murders instead of Pritchard himself.

But, as the 80's thankfully waned, so did most of the hysteria around the hobby. In the late '90's, Patricia Pulling, the woman who saw Satanists in her soup and everywhere else, died. And sadly, so too did Judge Garza in 1995. I'm not sure when Collector's World closed. I don't recall it being in my life in my later teens. As puberty became seemingly insurmountable and the hunger for attention from girls

all consuming I went to comic stores less and less. Maybe Collector's World just faded away, like Brigadoon. It certainly feels like that in my memory.

For myself, I eventually came to realize that other people have real problems far beyond having their favorite games banned at school. Turns out there is war, poverty, racism, disease. To be in the world is to be connected to both suffering and smiling. And so, when I was twenty-three years old, I went to Mexico to see a little bit of the Chiapas revolution there. I witnessed thousands marching before the Mexican War Machine in the Plaza de la Constitución and then I headed further south to Central Mexico, crossing my first, but not my last, military checkpoint to see for myself what a low-impact conflict zone looked like. When I returned I was truly and properly activated, perhaps perversely so. Since then I have traveled all over the world. I have seen the lasting impact of decades of war on a civilian population with my own eyes. I have walked in a mega slum, stood in the midst of riots, spoken with twelve year-old combatants and been beaten by horseback mounted police. Some of those experiences I've turned into comics in an effort to speak about things that feel real and prescient, but not nearly enough.

So here's the belabored point. Games and comics and stories gave me a sense of self in a world where assimilation was, and is, held most dear. Religion didn't do that. Family, sadly, didn't do that. School didn't do that. My comic shop did that. Collector's World did that. The Judge did that. Garza's influence on me is deeper than I might have even realized before I sat down to write this.

Now, every day I wake up and walk to my desk and plop myself down and I go skipping through the green dewy grass in my head and I wait to see what happens next in whatever story I'm crafting there. But I'm not lost inside myself. I'm also out here, in the big, wide, unfair, beautiful world. Ready to talk about "it", whatever "it" may be. Ready to advocate.

"Thanks, ma. I think I got what I need."

"Sure. You know, it's my birthday this month."

"I didn't forget, I know."

"You've forgotten before."

"And I barely survived the guilt."

"Twice actually, you forgot twice. Two years in a row."

"Never again. I totally have to go write this thing. I'll call you next week."

"Kay, love you."

"I love you too."

- Joshua Dysart. Venice Beach, Ca. Sept. 2013