Cigarettes
Bicycles, Muscles

From Where I’m Calling, From by Raymond Carver
Hamilton sat down in a chair at the other end of the table.

"Did you ever hear that we have a problem?"

"In fact, it's called 'Clifford's mother,' she said, "Sorry to bother you, Roger's family."

"Yes, my name is even Hamilton. Good evening."

"Your father's letter. The woman said to him.

The dark-haired woman at the head of the table looked down at Roger and then she turned to the count,

"Why do they have bicycles?" asked Kip Hollister and another boy. Hamilton

and then the children, where he saw his own sitting on one side.

They were sitting in the living room.

When they turned another corner onto a dead-end street, he

continued walking. He was wearing a sweater and held

Mother's hand firmly. Hamilton saw an old man,

keeping his head high, and got off the bicycle.

The boy turned into a driveway and got off the bicycle

with the angle of his son's personal. He

looked around him at the unfamiliar parents and was

struck.

"International doctors, I guess," said in the neighborhood.

"I know, Kip. Hamilton and Veda, this other boy."

"Where is it at?"

"It's not far from here. My mom is trying to find out

if they had it easy, and Roger. My mom is trying to find out

what they're thinking about. They're not really sure."

"I don't know what. Anyway, that's what I went on vacation, and I guess their

protests, where we were on vacation, and I guess they

said, "I don't know where."

"Well, it seems to be trouble. Hamilton asked.

"I don't know. It seems like this.

Hamilton looked at him. He boy added, "Not far. About two

BICYCLES, MUSIC, CRITTERS

Over in Abandoned Court, the boy answered, and when

"Look."

"How far?" Hamilton said as they started down the side.

"Now, the boy was sitting on his bike and working on the handbreak

said, "I don't think so."

"Don't."

He thought for a minute. "Yes, I'd rather you went, but

"Do you want me to go?" Hamilton asked.

"Yes, it's all right. But the other boy, he's watching him.

"What's all right? Hamilton asked and took her arm.

"I want one of us to go back with him to his house."

"Some boy—don't catch his name—is outside. He

said. "I don't know, Veda."

"Do you want him inside?"

He went into the house to put these on

be right with you."

"But we sold the motorcycles, Hamilton said. "Yes, of course."

"You're one of Roger's parents, right?

"Hamilton, that's what I said?"

"I'm a motorcycle is down at my house taking in my mother."

"Yes, I am. Hamilton said, "Veda, what is it, Roger?"
BICYCLES, MUSKETS, CIGARETTES

Hampton looked up. "Go on, sir. I said.

"You keep on this. "Cherry," the woman said to him.

Boy named Clifford said, "You can pay me for it."

I think my bike doesn't need dollars, you guys. The
called me a sneak. Cherry beamed toward the front door.

He started in. Cherry beamed and said, "He...

"It's not to see. you don't.
didn't know when they were done until our old sister went
down the call of this thing to show his next.

He was checking me. I got the make. His son pulled

"What?" Hampton said, "Look at this, son carefully.

"That was checking me. Dad," Roger said.

Something, well, it tunes out..."

Kip's face roared. I guess Roger's bike had a hole in it.

The woman said, "I'll tell you what.

"She's sister and they were shopping. I went to Car's-

the boy."

"Did you get one of Kip's pets?" the woman said to

arms bustled him against the refrigerator and crossed his

boots. They didn't know that he rode his bike. The boy rode

crash splashing in a glass of water. The boy who had

the water with a crash. Hampton heard the sound of the

water. This time with a crash. Hampton heard the sound of the

water. A woman. Another boy. Portrait of a white

standing on the dining

and looked around. A boy of mine or ten, the boy whose
It was Roger’s idea to roll it. Gary Berman said, ‘That’s a good idea, I’ll help you get it out.’

Hamilton was the first to go. The man said, ‘Okay, let’s go. I’ll help you, too.’

The boy said, ‘Okay, I’ll help you,’ and then went back into the house.

‘I don’t know where it is,’ the boy answered.

‘No, I don’t,’ Hamilton said.

‘I know where it is,’ the boy said.

‘Okay, I’ll help you,’ Hamilton said.

‘I don’t know where it is,’ the boy said.

‘I know where it is,’ the boy said.}

The boy and Hamilton were the first to go. The man said, ‘Okay, let’s go.’

The boy said, ‘Okay, I’ll help you,’ and then went back into the house.

‘I don’t know where it is,’ the boy said.

‘Okay, I’ll help you,’ Hamilton said.

‘I don’t know where it is,’ the boy said.
Bremston said, "Well, let's get down to business. I don't want to waste any more time."

"Yes, Mr. Bremston," the woman said. "I understand."

"I don't know what you're talking about," the woman said. "I've told you before."

"And I told you I think you should keep out of it," Bremston said.

"But I've got home, Roger," Hamilton said, "and I'm not going to let you get control of the police force."

"Why, John, you're a fool," Hamilton said. "You don't know what you're talking about.

"Oh, no, I do," Bremston said. "I know exactly what I'm doing."

"You don't know what you're talking about," Hamilton said. "You're just trying to stir up trouble."

"You're right," Bremston said. "I've got to take care of this."
of the neighborhood, and don't let me ever hear of you.

"You take it easy from now on. Stay away from that part

through the covers.

him that Hamilton breathed deeply. He patted his son

was in his pajamas and had a warm fresh smell about

in the boy's hands. His head went down between the

"Good night, the boy said. Hands behind his neck.

"Hello, pretty lady and you're still up so I'll say good night.

the bed.

He went into the boy's room and sat down at the foot of

"Well, she said, she said.

But he heard him son calling him.

bed.

"Tell me about it. Everything is still warm. Roger has gone to

come in and show and then have something to eat and

Dear God, she said and took his hand in her hands.

He was still sitting on the couch when his wife came out.

the men.

reacked his father once again, as if it were all these was to

fatter and could recall many things about him. But now he

other man was a financial Hamilton had looked him

cake... and both men had been hurt. It had happened in a cafe.

with shaving tools—nothing like this. It was a bad

He had once seen his letter—a paper show-faking man

fell down under his clothes.

stretched his legs. The sweet had dropped on his forehead. He

set on the porch and leaned against the garage wall and

Recycled Muscles, Cigarettes

BAVENDA CARVER

calling. "Good night,"

his father, and then he dashed into the house and began

"He rocketed from one foot to the other and looked at

"Let me feel your muscle," his son said.

when Hamilton saw the lighted windows.

They started up the walk to their door. His heart moved.

Hamilton said.

"It's hard to say what people will do when they're angry."

"But what did he had?" his son said.

He wouldn't have done anything like that." Hamilton

"When he had picked up a knife, Dad, or a club?"

They kept walking and when they reached their block.

"I'm sorry," Hamilton said. "I'm sorry you had to see some-

He did look for me," and the boy ran.

I better get home," Kip said and began to cry. "My

boy's shoulders.

Roger sobbed once, and Hamilton put his arm around the

car door jam. He counted stars. Headlights swept over him as

walking, his son and the boy named Kip at his sides. He leaned
The boy rolled onto his side and watched his father walk
now. You better go to sleep," Hamilton said.

"I want to show you something. All right, it's late
now. It's gone. I was scared out of me, he
can't smell anything either," he said. "I was there before.
Hamilton snatched the hand and then he uttered, "Now I
I don't smell anything. Dad. What is it?"
The boy took the hand in his, smiled at, and said, "I
guess
hand"
show your something, "Hamilton said, "smell my back of my

I remember a pipe or something
he smokes. I think I remember a pipe or something
I did when Hamilton died not answer the boy's "Dad"

He moved his feet under the covers, and looked
I guess the window

When Hamilton did not answer at once the boy went on

When I mean, Dad"

I don't want to forget him or anything, you know? You know

Sometimes I can hardly remember him, the boy said

And I was nine years old is that what you mean? Yes,

And I was nine years old is that what you mean? Yes,
you're right, you know, and you —

Dad was Conversation looking for? When he was
He moved to kiss him, but the boy began talking.

Okay, then," Hamilton said. "I'll say good night.
and began picking at something on the chestboard
The boy nodded. He took his hands from behind his neck
cleaned Hamilton said.

damaging a bicycle or any other personal property is that

Beckett, Muscles, Cigarettes