

Cathy Comenas

This Can't Be Happening

It was morning on Concord Court. The sun beat down on the small street and the Santa Ana winds blew Mrs. Thompson's wind chimes on her front porch. Mrs. Fay walked across the street to Mrs. Thompson's house and rang the door bell. Mrs. Thompson answered wearing a polka-dotted house dress that was green and yellow. She let Mrs. Fay in and led her to the dining room which was in front of a large window facing the street. "Would you like some toast with your coffee this morning Mildred?"

Mildred was too busy looking out the window straining her neck to look at the house across the street. "Who's she got over there this time? This time whoever it is is driving a beat up Volkswagen."

Tilly set down the coffee cups and stood by the window. "What an eye sore that car is to this neighborhood."

She sat next to Mildred so she could watch the house across the street too. "It's really disgusting how open she is about having a womanlover. I can't believe her parents let her do such things. Last week it was some young Jewish girl in a Honda Civic."

Tilly had a mouth full of buttered toast. "This just can't be happening in our neighborhood. I just can't believe it."

Mildred was excited. Her voice became very high. "Look, here she comes. My oh my."

Tilly almost choked on her toast. "What the hell is that? Fishnet stockings, high heels and a top hat? Oh dear me. God save us."

Mildred was on the edge of her seat. "That, that girl has barely anything on. This is just too much."

Tilly put her glasses on. "Singing telegrams. It says right on

the back of her jacket. Look at that. Look at that. They're kissing right there in the middle of the street and they're laughing."

Mildred's eyes became glazed over as if she were dreaming. "My, this time it's an awful pretty one. She must be a foot taller than the little one. My she's sexy. I wonder what it is that she sees in this little one?"

"Mildred, I wonder if I should call the police. Should I call the police? Mildred?"

Mildred woke up. "Oh yes Tilly, something has got to be done about the way this little one carries on. There's children on this street. They have got to stop. It's not right."

"Look at the way the tall one is holding the little one. Look at that Mildred."

"I see it Tilly. She's biting her neck right in the middle of the street. No! Did you just see that? No no no. She just pinched the little one's behind."

Mildred and Tilly pressed their faces against the window to get a better look. Mildred held onto the curtain. "This is just too disgusting. Something has got to be done. This just can't be allowed."

Tilly jumped. "Was that a tongue I just saw?"

Mildred bumped into Tilly. "Where? Where?"

Tilly turned her back to the window and wiped the sweat from her forehead. "That's sick. Kids should be coming home from school soon. Boy if my husband were here he'd give those perverts a scare."

"Tilly look. There's the little one's mother. That will make them stop this."

"They're holding hands and the mother is smiling. She's laughing."

"The mother is always working and always laughing."

The mother drove off in her car and Tilly grabbed her coffee, bringing it to the window. "There they go again. I knew the minute the mother left they'd go right back to it. Who are they waving to like that?"

Mildred's face was pressed against the window. "Why I think they're waving to us."

"They can't be waving to us."

Mildred drew the curtains quickly, leaving Tilly's face still at the window in front of the curtain.