



Without a word between them, he walked slowly down the steps and remotely unlocked his car. With trembling hands, he opened the door but was stopped by the calling by Mrs. Jessup.

“Had a good visit with your folks?”

He wanted to shout, to scream *mind your own damned business you rusty old busy-bodied hag!* He wanted to blast to the whole neighborhood that his family treated him like shit and now he didn’t give two damns about them. He looked back at the man whom he called dad and in that instance his anger first turned to sadness, finally to pity. He decided to maintain his newly understood facade one more time.

“Yes...” Devon produced a smile. “...had a nice visit.”



“Come on Mama, a good lookin’ woman like you has to have the old school gents lined up outside.” Sylvania admired how well her mother took care of herself. At 5’1”, Mrs. Lee was well proportioned and exceptionally maintained. Her skin was smooth, almost flawless. The weight gained over the years brought a new beauty to her frame. In fact, if there was anything that Sylvania wished for was to be as well preserved as her mother. Mrs. Lee’s beauty still mesmerized men of all ages when purchasing fruits and vegetables at the Italian Market. Like mother, like daughter.

“I guess your father ruined me for all other men.” Mrs. Lee sighed as she picked at the German chocolate cookies that were left over. “That’s why the sorors are so special to me. You understand, don’t you?”

Sylvania leaned over and kissed her mother on the cheek. “You’re still the catch of the day!” Mrs. Lee smile faded fast.

“By the way....can you help me out with my rent this month?”



Hank called a cab as the woman dressed. “Hey, um...” As usual, Hank hadn’t put much thought to remembering her name. It could have been one of a million names. It didn’t matter. She wasn’t the one. “...a cab will be here for you in a minute. Take you wherever.” The woman looked at Hank.

“Hmmp!” After that, the least you can do is pay for my blouse.” Holding up the damaged clothing, she scrunched her face. “This ain’t cheap!” Hank left the room, quickly returning with two one hundred dollar bills which he tossed at her feet.

“I’m sure you can buy eight of them with this.”



"I ain't asks you! I asks yo girl." The man smiled, showing two gold teeth in the upper right hand corner of his mouth and one in the lower left. Sylvania almost choked on her drink. After a day of dealing with the worst of the worst at the donut shop, she didn't want to invest the strength to tell him to move on. Collecting herself, she kept her eyes on the table, hoping that one of the top shelf brothers in the place would just walk over and push this one back into the dumpster from which he

oozed from out of. Ironically, she did like the song that was playing. Inside her body was moving to the beat but outside she remained aloof and uninterested.



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Ellis is a man whose soul turned cold after witnessing two city blocks burn down before his eyes. The love he seeks is a love he has yet to return...until a chance meeting.

Sylvania wants more from life but believes she has less to give. She knows she's more than just a pair of tight jeans but cannot bring others to that same belief.

Devon is a man torn between what's in his heart and in his mind. Whichever he chooses may have to remain a secret if he wants to climb the social ladder before him.

Twist is an empty vessel, filling soul and time with cheap wine, cheap men, and cheap love. There is a secret holding her from true fulfillment and she's afraid to let it set her free.

BCE PRESSWORKS PRESENTS

In 1985, Elliston "Ellis" Parker watched two city blocks burn to the ground from his living room window. Since that fateful day, Ellis' world revolves through a life filled with tempered predictability...until his senses and heart are taken on a journey of revealing secrets, hidden desires, and a freedom of the spirit as the horrors of September 11th, 2001 looms on the horizon.

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Living Just A Little is a true love letter to the City of Brotherly Love.



