

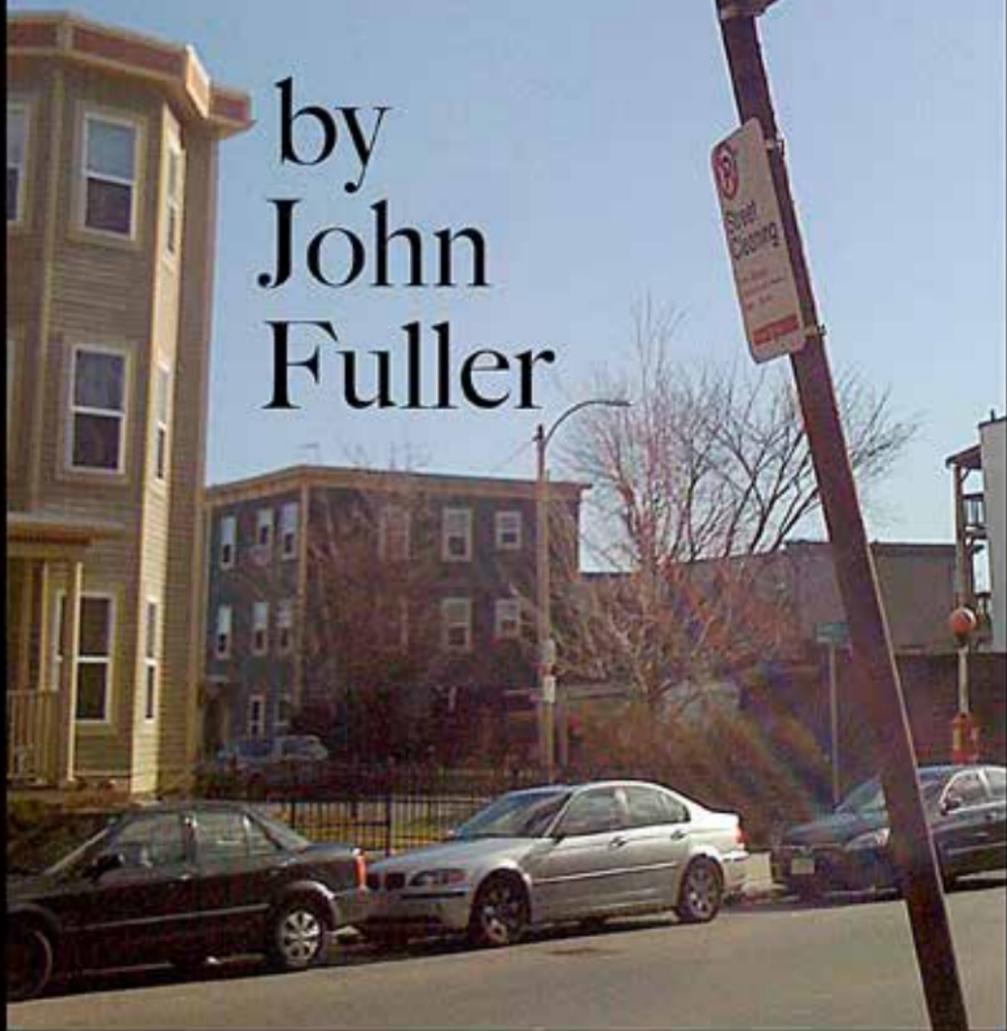
# Curb Appeal

by  
John  
Fuller

PLEASANT ST

DOWNER AV

Street  
Closures



Oh, dear. I really tried, but I think I only frightened the poor things.

As soon as I saw the little hatchback pull up in front of Lenny's, I ran across to say hello. A really nice couple, too! Ibrahim, a nice young Black man and his wife Fatouma who was maybe Mexican, maybe Italian? I'm terrible at identifying accents. I told them Lenny works all day, poor thing, but that I would be happy to tell them about Lenny's house and the neighborhood. I didn't want Lenny to lose even one prospective buyer. And it's such a great street, I love showing it off.

I knew Lenny wouldn't mind, so I walked them around back. I showed them his beautiful patio that's more than half-done, and the heap of extra cobblestones under the tarp they'd need to finish it. That seemed like the perfect time to highlight the ingenious way Lenny figured out to prop up the left-hand side of the garage to keep it from tilting any further.

Rather than waiting for them to ask about the fence, I took the bull by the horns,

and pointed out the gap at the back that opens directly into Mrs. Sanchez's yard. Her three Dobermans were out ripping some sofa cushions to shreds, poor things.

The couple was nervous — I guess they've got two-year-old twins — but I told them the dogs aren't prone to wandering, and that in any case a bit of ham tossed into the Sanchez's yard gets rid of them.

I showed them Bill Farnsworth's house next door. That giant rock and roll flag with the huge tongue on it can worry some people, so I told them although Bill parties a lot, he'll always turn down the music if you call in the middle of the night.

Priscilla's place on the other side of Leny's is well kept up, but the charred parts of the yard can give the wrong impression, so I assured them of Priscilla's expertise at putting out even a good-sized fire in minutes.

Then we heard Mrs. Nicolino holler about something, and her daughter Tanya, poor thing, yelled back, which made Raymond join right in. I explained that the Nicolinos are just from a culture where

yelling is normal, so it's fine.

Neither Ibrahim nor Fatouma asked a single question during my little tour. I wasn't surprised: the incredible variety of people who live here can leave you speechless.

I came inside to write down my phone number in case they had any questions. But when I went back out, I saw their car turning the corner, heading towards the freeway.

Maybe they're just stuck-up and don't approve of mixed neighborhoods like ours. They'd probably rather live in one of those ritzy cul-de-sacs where nobody knows their neighbors.

Or hadn't I done a good job showcasing Lenny's place?

I'll do anything I can to help that man. Poor thing.

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You can reach me at :  
[shortstories@dorknerdgeek.org](mailto:shortstories@dorknerdgeek.org)

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