

Tyrone!

Suicidal thoughts

Caller: I just can't anymore...

Tyrone: Who is this?

Caller: The kid.

Tyrone: Okay kid...

Caller: No. Not kid, the kid.

Tyrone: A'ight, Wuz up the kid?

Caller: This is the end."

Tyrone: What U talkin 'bout. U a'ight? end of what?

Caller: No. I'm not all right Tyrone. I'm about to end it man.

Tyrone: End what?

Caller: My life silly.

Tyrone: My name is Tyrone, not silly.

Caller: I know. I'm sorry. I'm about to end my life Tyrone, commit suicide.

Tyrone: Hold down now the kid. U don't wanna do that.

Caller: Yes I do...

Tyrone: Why?

Caller: Because...

Tyrone: That's it? Because aint a reason. Hell, if *because* was a reason, I would have done a lot of shit just *because*. I would be on the street *because* I wouldn't be in jail. I would have a job *because* I wouldn't've got fired for bitch slapping by boss, who slept with his secretary, my girl and I would have all my money *because* I Wouldn't've gave the shit back after I got arrested. Now, U give me one good damn reason why U should go and do something like what U talkin about doin...

Caller: People laugh...

Tyrone: The kid, is that all? That aint no damn good reason to commit suicide. People laugh at my ass every day.

Caller: Yeah but they're supposed to. You're a radio guy. You make people laugh at you. I can't help that they laugh at me. I don't try to make them.

Tyrone: No the hell I don't either. They aint supposed to laugh at my ass every day. I take helping people seriously.

Caller: Well, Tyrone, I'm short for one.

Tyrone: I'm short too dammit! I'm a grown ass man and only stand 5'7". That shit aint Cool...

Click!

Tyrone: Hello?

15 minutes later

Caller: Hello?

Tyrone: The kid?



Caller: It's better than being a dwarf. Besides, people still talk to you.

Tyrone: Yeah The kid but, being short aint so bad...

Click!

Tyrone: Hello?

15 minutes later

Caller: Hello, Tyrone? You lied to me man.

Tyrone: What I lie to U about?

Caller: U know

Tyrone: Look, I keep's mine legit with folks. I aint on the phone lying about shit but U know what? I'm' a apologize anyway because that's how I gets down. I'm sorry. It won't happen again. Please stay on the line. But let me ask U this, are U a female? because U sound like ...hello. Shit!

10 minutes later

Caller: Hello, Tyrone?

Tyrone: Look the kid; U gotta stop hangin' up on me. I'm try'n'na help U

Caller: Then, stop insulting me.

Tyrone: I didn't mean to.

Caller: Well you did and you lied to me. I'm a 3'6" adult male with a female sounding voice. To you and everybody else that may sound funny but it doesn't to me. It makes me want to commit suicide...

Tyrone: So, u'r a guy?

Caller: I said that...

Tyrone: Ok a'ight. I'm sorry. So what did U want to really talk about, the kid, to take U'r mind off of committing suicide?

Caller: Exactly, the kid

Tyrone: I don't get it. Oh, hey, do U like sports?"

Caller: Tyrone, are you making fun of me again? Of course I don't like sports. I'm 3'6 for Christ sake.

Tyrone: Ok, there U go right there. God. Sense U brought him up, lets talk about him for a Minute. Have U ever heard the saying, my arms are too short to box with god?

Caller: Yeah. I heard it, so what?

Tyrone: U know why it was said? Because no one has arms long enough to box with god

Caller: Is that supposed to be some sort of sick joke and you're laughing at me on the under again Tyrone?

Tyrone: No but listen, I know somebody who called me who doesn't have any arms nor legs; born that way. At least U have short arms so, u'r troubles aint even half as bad as the next mans troubles. Things can be worse. Think about that.

Caller: Yeah like I can be the size of an infant with two arms and two feet.

Tyrone: Come on the kid. What I said have to make some sort of sense to U. Are U at least smiling?

Caller: No but, I do feel a small tingly sensation where a smile could be on a normal size persons face.

Tyrone: Good. That's a start. So, u'r not still going to commit suicide, are u the kid?

Caller: Hell fuckin yeah!

Tyrone: Why?

Caller: Because, you didn't let me finish.

Tyrone: Ok. I'll tell U what, U finish u'r story but U have to promise me U won't commit suicide afterwards

Caller: How 'bout I tell my story and you listen then I'll decide?

Tyrone: Ok. Fair enough.

Caller: Ok. It all started...

Tyrone: The kid, is this going to be a long tall sto?

Click!

Tyrone: Shit!

15 minutes later

Caller: Tyrone, listen...

Tyrone: I'm listening

Caller: My wife had *the kid* The one we've been talking about all this time; the one I thought was mine all this time, my first child...

Tyrone: Damn!

Caller: By a guy who is about 5'7, then she up and run off with a guy six feet tall. She and her new old man steal all of my money, my lifesavings and I still owe child support until *the kid* turns 25; new law in this state. I get laughed at, people point and stare at me every day like I'm some kind of circus clown and I cant even land a job handing out peanuts at a freaking circus and the lady who I thought was my mother, she wasn't. It turns out that she was just another two-bit hooker who used me to collect welfare. Oh, and did I mention, I'm also blind? please convince me that I have a reason to live.

Tyrone: I'm sorry about all this the kid...

Caller: Herbert. My name is Herbert Humperdink Heffenreffer.

Tyrone: Ok Herb. U can turn this thing around...

Caller: Turn what thing around?

Tyrone: U'r outlook on u'r life...

Caller: What life? I don't have a life. I'm supposed to end it, remember?

Tyrone: Yeah but, U don't have to. U can start things off by getting a job...

Caller: Are you fucking kidding me right now Tyrone? Nobody's going to hire me.

Didn't you hear how I just described myself? Nobody wants to be around that...

Tyrone: Sure they do. Look, Herb, if I give U a place to go, will U show up for a job?

Caller: Sure, I'll go but how the hell are you giving out employment recommendations when you're locked up?

Tyrone: Listen, when I can help the next person, I'm giving back to the community the best way I can. That's what I do; making a smoother transition for when my time comes to return to the community and maybe then somebody'll help this servant brotha out, plus, by helping others, it keeps me from giving up on myself.

Caller: You know what, Tyrone, you're right about starting over. I think I can do this. I like you man. Can we be friends? Maybe I can hook you up with a job when

you get out.

Tyrone: I don't know Herb. I don't think I have any dead friends walking around out there talking to me over the phone.

Caller: I'm not dead you fool. I'm alive!

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