

# Dreams

*By Linda B.*

“Ma! Ma!”

“Yes, Davey, I’m right here.”

“I did it, Ma. I graduated.”

Rachel Starsky smiled at the wonder evident in her son’s voice, even though they were three thousand miles apart. “Well, of course, you did. I never doubted it.”

“I still can’t believe it.” David Starsky’s voice was filled with awe.

“Tell me about it.”

“Okay. This afternoon was the ceremony. And Aunt Rosie came. Uncle Al didn’t think he could get time off, but he showed up at the last minute. We--I mean all us graduates--marched in together and took seats in the center of the auditorium...and I even picked Aunt Rosie out in the crowd and I waved at her.”

As David took a breath, Rachel smiled at the vision of her son finding someone in the huge crowd, and then, waving at them even though it was a formal event.

“Well, I pulled my arm down when I saw my commanding officer looking, but I know Aunt Rosie spotted me, ‘cause there was a big smile on her face. You would have loved it, Ma. There was...let me see if I can remember the words Hutch used...pomp...pomp and circum...yeah, that’s it--pomp and circumstance. I’m not sure what that means, but it sure was formal with everyone saluting and a band. Even the Commissioner was there.”

“Slow down, Davey. You’re making my head spin.”

Contrite, David apologized, “Sorry, Ma, but I have so much to tell you and I only have a few minutes. Aunt Rosie, Uncle Al and me are supposed to go out to dinner with the Hutchinsons.”

“Those your friend’s parents?”

“Yeah, they’re Hutch’s folks. You’d love Hutch, Ma. I know you would. His folks make me a little uncomfortable; they’ve got lots of money and all, but Hutch, he don’t

ever act like he's better'n me. He insisted that we join them for dinner to celebrate. I hope his folks don't mind."

"I'm glad you found such a nice boy for a friend."

"I can't believe how lucky I was to meet up with him. We aren't anything alike, but we still seem to get a long great. He doesn't even mind if I play a trick or two on 'im."

"Well, tell me some more about the ceremony."

"Oh, yeah," David stopped momentarily, as he tried to remember where he left off. "After we all marched in, there was lots of speeches and then they gave out awards. And guess what..."

Rachel had to smile as her son's voice rose with his enthusiasm. "What?"

"I won an award," David told her proudly.

And she could almost see him sticking his chest out. "You're going to be the best policeman, Davey. You should've won the biggest prize."

"Ah, Ma," David could feel himself blushing as he talked to his mother over the phone. She'd never be any different. She'd always say he was the best. "Well, actually, I wasn't the best. That's the top scoring graduate overall. But Hutch was," he added proudly. "I had the best record on the shooting range, and I came in second highest overall--thanks to Hutch. If it hadn't a been for him, I never would have passed all those tests."

"This 'Hutch' seems to be a really good friend. But isn't 'Hutch' an unusual name?"

"Ma, I told you before, his name is Ken Hutchinson, but I call him Hutch for short. It's a nickname."

"Well, that makes sense." Rachel sighed, hearing her son's exasperation. "Anyway, I'm glad he's such a good boy."

"The best, Ma, the best. Did I tell you what else I plan on doing?"

Rachel smiled. Her son was always dreaming about doing something.

Without waiting for a response, David took a breath and continued explaining, "Now that me and Hutch have graduated, we're rookie patrolmen and we'll get a paycheck. We're planning on finding our own apartments. Not together, of course. Sure we talk about being partners one day, but we're so different, I don't think we could stand being around each other all the time. Our apartments probably won't be too far from each other, though, that way we can help each other out." Hearing only silence on the other end, David grew concerned, "Ma, you still there?"

“Of course, Davey. You sure you can afford an apartment?”

“Sure. I’ll just have to be careful how much I spend on food and clothes. Aunt Rosie said she’d give me some of her chicken soup and other things I like to eat. She even said Hutch and me could come over every Sunday for dinner. And Hutch and I plan on cooking for each other; then, I only have to eat at home every other day. So see, I’ve really thought it out.”

Rachel laughed and offered, “Well, maybe I could send you something through the mail...”

“Would you, Ma? How about some blintzes?”

“I don’t think they’d last all the way to California.”

David snapped his fingers in disappointment. “You’re probably right, Ma. I just miss your blintzes.”

Rachel’s eyes teared, as she thought, *and I miss you.*

Suddenly remembering his train of thought, David said, “Oh, I forgot to tell you what else I’m plannin’ on doing. Guess what?”

“What?” Rachel rolled her eyes; she could only imagine what else her eldest son was dreaming about.

“I plan on putting a little bit of my paycheck aside every week, and when I have enough I’m going to fly you out here.” At the gasp on the other end, David hurriedly asked, “You okay, Ma?”

“I’m fine, Davey. I’m just a little surprised, that’s all. You need to save your money. You have lots of expenses. Besides, I’m a little scared of flying.”

“But, Ma, you’ll love it, you’ll see. It doesn’t take that many hours to get here.”

“We’ll see. We’ll see.”

“Huh, I better go. Someone’s banging on the door. I think they want to use the phone booth next.”

“Okay, son. I’m sorry I couldn’t be there.”

“I know, Ma. I’m sorry, too.”

Rachel could hear her son suddenly choke up on the other end, and she knew they couldn't end their conversation on a sad note. "Well, you tell your friend congratulations from me. He's just lucky you didn't score higher than him."

David chuckled, "Sure, Ma, I'll tell him. Well, I better get going. I've got to go clean up for dinner. I plan on showering at the Academy gym. Hutch is going to pick me up there, and then we'll go get Aunt Rosie and Uncle Al."

"You remember your manners..."

"Ma!"

"Well, Davey, sometimes you forget yourself."

"I promise, I'll do you proud." There was silence for a moment and, then, David added, his awe filling the distance, "I still can't believe it, Ma--I'm a policeman. It's a dream come true."

"I'm proud of you, Davey, and..." Rachel paused a moment, memories filling her head and her heart.

"And what, Ma?"

"And your dad would be, too." Rachel swallowed hard at her last words. Holding the tears in was getting more difficult with each minute.

"I know." The answer was softer this time. "I know."

"Bye, Davey. I love you."

"Bye, Ma. I love you, too. Oh, and..."

"And what?"

"I'll call you next Friday. Okay?"

"I'll be waiting."

***The End***

***Linda B  
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