

Finding Eldorado

“Not really, I always thought that I could go home again, if I wanted to.”

He laughed a little and said: “Remember that book “You Can't Go Home Again” by Thomas Wolf that our first year English Lit professor had us read in school? Maybe there is a life lesson here.”

“Yeah, maybe,” I said.

“Anyway,” Craig said, “I have got to go, good luck and let me know if I can do anything to help. Tell your mom I am sorry about your dad.”

“OK, Thanks for the call, I'll talk to you later.”

“Later,” He said.

I hung up the phone and settled in for the long drive. While I was driving, I began to wonder how he found out so soon about dad. Craig is a good friend I have had since school and I could always count on him for advice and a good joke. Brian was a good friend also, but I hadn't talked to him in over two weeks, since he went to New Jersey to visit some of his relatives. Any news about my family he would have gotten from me.