

The Dream Bearer

It's complicated for David

Based on the novel by Walter Dean Myers • Adapted by Audra Pace
Illustrations By Johanna Goodman

CHARACTERS

(characters in bold)

Narrators 1-3 2-3 yrs

David 12-year-old boy

Tyrone David's 17-year-old brother

Evelyn Curry David's mother

Reuben Curry David's father

Loren David's 12-year-old best friend

Old Moses

Police Officer 2-3

Mr. Green

Reporter

SCENE 1

Narrator 1: It is the middle of a New York City night on 145th Street in Harlem. David is in bed in the room he shares with his older brother, Tyrone. He wakes up and hears angry-sounding talk outside his door. His mother's voice is high and nervous. His father's voice is an angry growl.

David: Ty! Ty! Wake up.

Tyrone: What?

David: They're arguing again.

Tyrone: What are you waking me for?

Narrator 2: Tyrone rolls over. David can hear his mother's voice right outside their door.

Evelyn Curry: Why are you doing this? It's 2:30 in the

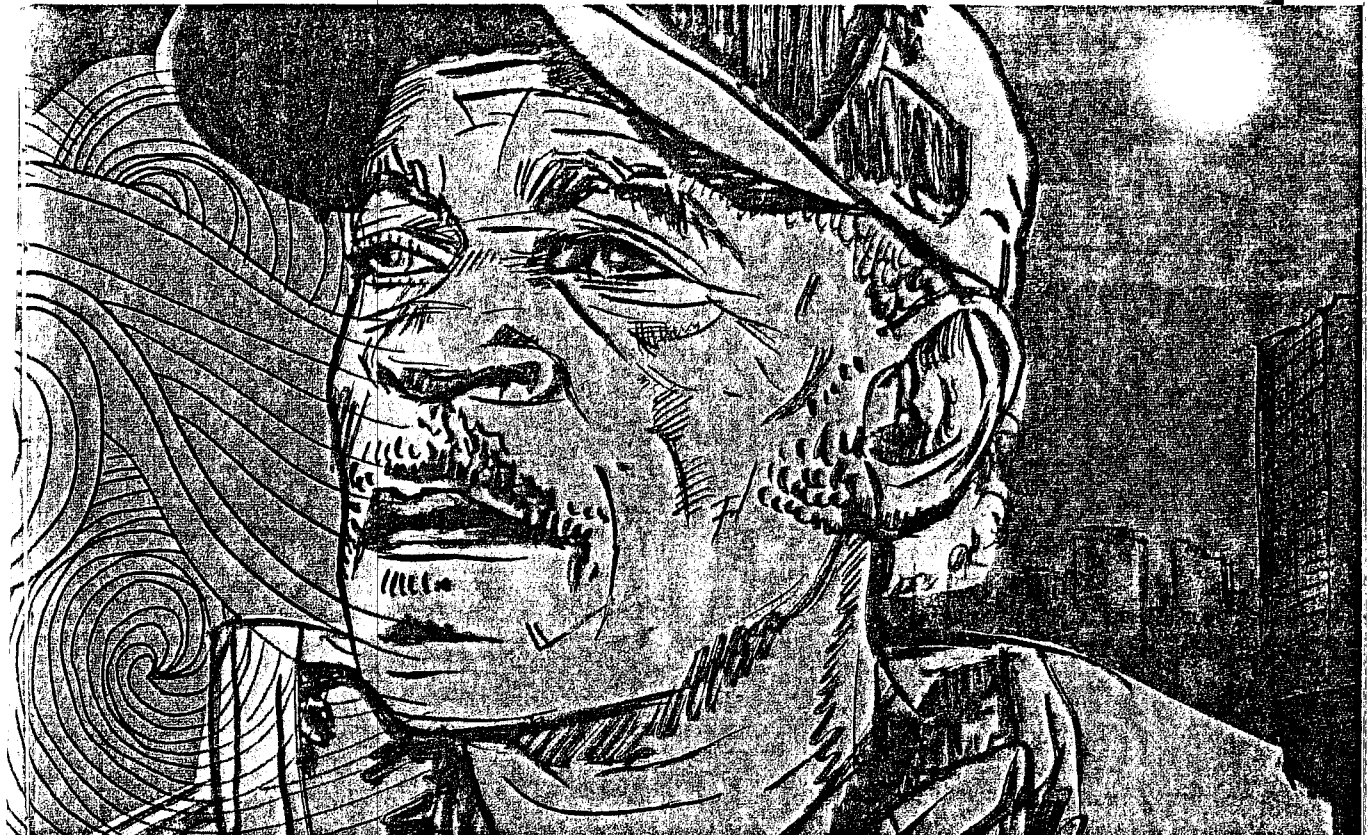
morning. The boys need their sleep.

Narrator 3: The bedroom door opens, letting in a flood of light around Reuben's hulking shadow.

Reuben Curry: Come on downstairs and help me bring some stuff up, boys.

Narr 1: Reuben Curry's eyes are red, and David can smell whiskey on his breath from across the room. He pulls his clothes on and follows his father down the many flights of stairs to the street, where Reuben's truck is parked.

Narr 2: David and his brother begin unloading gallons of paint from the bed of the truck and carrying them up the stairs. It takes each boy four trips. It



is 3 in the morning when they finish. Reuben then gets in the truck and leaves. When the boys return to the apartment, they find their mother crying at the kitchen table.

Tyrone: How come Mom's crying? He hit her again?

David: I don't think so. He brought that stuff home in Mr. Kerlin's truck. That's probably what this was about.

Tyrone: He's just jive.*

Narr 3: David's memory flashes back to the conversation he had with Tyrone on the night Reuben came home from the hospital. He was away for nearly three months.

David: What's wrong with him?

Tyrone: He's messed up. Like a

whole bunch of other guys walking around the hood talking to themselves. No big deal.

David: He's our father.

Tyrone: No, man, he's *Reuben*. You forgot that?

Narr 1: The boys used to call him Daddy. But shortly before his trip to the hospital, he told them to call him by his name. He said that he had no children. Visions of past nights, his mother's tears, and Tyrone's anger flash through David's mind.

David: I remember that night Reuben came home and scrubbed down the walls like a maniac. He cleaned a square as big as the door and drew a line around the clean part with a marker. When Mom asked

what he was doing, he said he was "taking care of business." He was acting like a crackhead. But I know he's not using crack.

Tyrone: Told you, man. Jive.

SCENE 2

Narr 2: It is morning, and Evelyn Curry is in the kitchen with David when Tyrone passes through in a hurry.

Evelyn: Where you going?

Tyrone: Downtown. I don't need an investigation on the thing.

Narr 3: Just then, everybody gets quiet as Reuben enters. Tyrone makes for the door without saying anything.

Reuben: Where you going, Tyrone?

*slang for crazy

Tyrone: Just downtown. I got to see somebody about a job.

Narr 1: Tyrone is out the door before anyone gets a chance to say anything more.

Reuben: Uh-huh. Some kid you got there. What are you doing today, David?

David: I don't know.

Reuben: How about you come up to the Bronx with me this afternoon? I got to get some locks for Kerlin's building.

David: OK.

Evelyn: Did Mr. Kerlin ask you to bring David?

Reuben: Who I *ought* to bring is Tyrone. That boy is 17 years old. He needs a job. Unless you think he's too good to be working for Mr. Kerlin.

Evelyn: I just wish Mr. Kerlin hadn't decided to **renovate** that building after all this time. It's been abandoned for years, and just when we get the permission for a community project to turn it into a homeless shelter, he decides to renovate it. I'm just disappointed.

Reuben: In the building or in me?

Evelyn: Reuben, please.

Reuben: Go play with your friends, David. I'll go to the Bronx by myself today.

Narr 2: Evelyn looks as if she is about to cry. David is tired of hearing this argument.



SCENE 3

Narr 3: David and his friend Loren are at the basketball court playing HORSE.

David: I might have to be home early. My dad asked me if I want to go to the Bronx with him. Then he said I didn't have to go, but you know how he is.

Loren: That's funny, man, because your mother is trying to get that building for homeless people. My mom says that your father is, like, her enemy.

David: He's not the enemy if he takes his pills.

Loren: *E. That's horse!*

Narr 1: David is distracted by a strange old man watching them from a park bench.

Loren: I think that guy is a scout for the NBA. Only he's in disguise.

David: If he's a scout, they must have a homeless team.

Narr 2: The man is dark with white hair and a stubbly beard. He wears a dirty brown overcoat, even though it is the middle of July.

Narr 3: The old man gets up and heads toward the boys.

Old Moses: You guess how old I am, and I'll give you 5 cents apiece.

Loren: You're about 50.

David: I'll say 58.

Old Moses: Old Moses is 300 years old! Can you believe that?

Loren: No.

Old Moses: Well, I am. What names you boys got?

Loren: My name is Mr. Hart. I'm a combination rap star and pro ballplayer. This guy here is Mr. Curry. He's my agent.

David: You can just call me David.

Old Moses: Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hart, and pleased to meet you, Mr. David Curry. My name is Moses Littlejohn. You can call me Moses.

Loren: You want to play one-on-one?

David: Leave him alone, Loren. He's probably crazy.

'Now, after 300 years of carrying these dreams, I'm mighty tired.'

Old Moses: Crazy? What is crazy? I knew a man once who they called crazy. He wasn't crazy—he was just piling up his being mad. He'd get mad about this, and he'd put it on the pile. Then he'd get mad about that, and he'd pile that on the pile. Then he'd get mad at something else. After a while, all that mad got to falling in on itself and collapsing until the point where you couldn't tell what he was mad at and neither could he.

David: So what do you do, Moses Littlejohn?

Old Moses: What I do is carry these dreams of mine. I was given the gift of bearing dreams

when I was about your age. I was sitting on the side of the road one day, when a fellow come up to me the same way I come up to you. He told me his name and claimed he was 400 years old. I squinted my eye and looked him over real carefully.

David: Then what happened?

Old Moses: He told me he was a dream bearer, that he had been carrying dreams for hundreds of years. Said he was tired and he needed to pass his dreams on to somebody new. Then he asked me if I wanted to take them.

Loren: Well, did you?

Old Moses: After a while, that dream bearer started to make good sense. I could feel what he was talking about deep in my bones. Now, after 300 years of carrying these dreams, I'm mighty tired.

Loren: I don't dream. I just go to bed, sleep, and wake up in the morning.

Old Moses: Then how do you know you're not dreaming this life you're leading?

David: If Loren was dreaming, he'd win against me in one-on-one instead of just HORSE. We got to go, Old Moses.

Narr 1: The boys walk off together, leaving Old Moses to rest on the park bench.

Loren: I think he's strange. My dad says that when he was

vocab

RENOVATE: to restore to good condition, to repair

young, they used to have all the strange people in the circus and charge a quarter to go see them. Now they just turn them loose so they can bother everybody. And I know he's not 300 years old. What do you think?

David: I don't know. Sometimes old people say funny things.

Narr 2: David is quiet for the rest of the walk home. He thinks about what Loren said about strange people being locked up. He knows Loren wasn't talking about Reuben, but he could have been.

Reuben: Who's there? Who's banging on my door?

Police officer 1: It's the police. Open up.

Narr 1: The banging gets louder. Tyrone opens his eyes.

Reuben: I don't want anybody in my house. Go away.

Police officer 2: We'll tear this door down. Open up.

Narr 2: Tyrone quickly gets up, grabs something from under the mattress, and rushes to the bathroom. David hears the toilet flush twice. Three police

in the kitchen. Now. Keep your hands where I can see them.

Narr 3: The whole family is forced into the kitchen, where they stand with their hands up.

Narr 1: An officer gets up close to Tyrone.

Officer 2: Are you Circle T? Don't lie to me, or I'll make you wish you hadn't!

Narr 2: Reuben begins to slam his fist into his palm **maniacally**.

Officer 3: You'd better relax, buddy.

Evelyn: He's on medication.

Narr 3: Reuben moves toward the stove and turns all the burners on.

Officer 2: (to Tyrone) Are you dealing?

Officer 3: (to Reuben) What did you do that for?

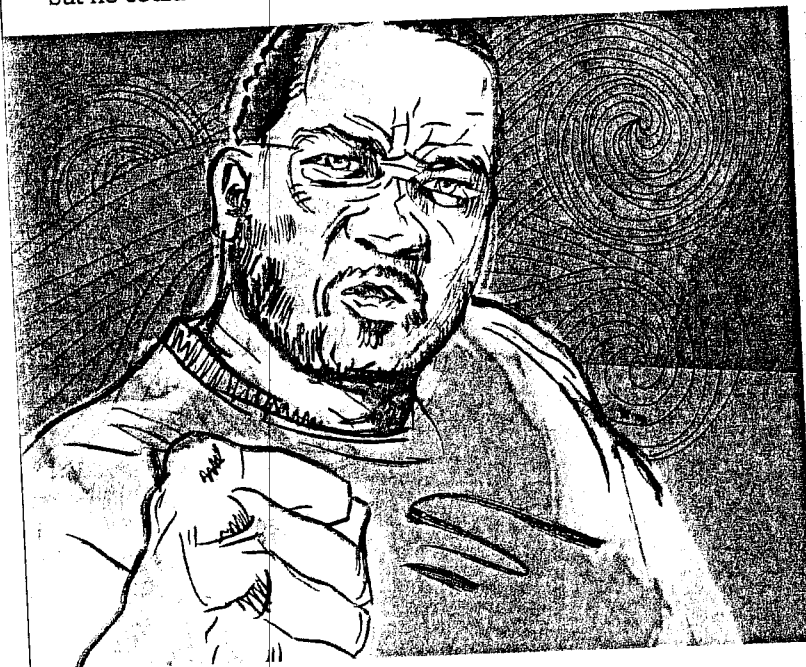
Officer 1: (to Reuben) We can cuff you if we have to—

Reuben: Mess with me? Want to cuff me? Better have your guns out if you want to mess with me!

Narr 1: The officers look at one another, confused. Evelyn looks at them pleadingly.

Officer 2: (to Tyrone) You'd better stay out of the 35th **Precinct**. If I'm the one who catches you dealing, I'm going to find a reason to blow you away.

Narr 2: The officers leave the apartment, and Evelyn goes to the stove to turn off the burners.



SCENE 4

Narr 3: A loud banging on the door wakes David up in the middle of the night. He assumes that it is Reuben locked out for some reason until he hears his father's voice inside the house.

officers enter the bedroom just as Tyrone returns from the bathroom.

Police officer 3: Everybody out

vocab

MANIACALLY: insanely

PRECINCT: police district

Reuben: Why did you tell them I'm on medication?

Evelyn: I just didn't want anybody to get hurt.

Reuben: I can't be a man in my own house?

Evelyn: Boys, go to bed.

Narr 3: Instead of returning to the bedroom, Tyrone walks out the front door.

SCENE 5

Narr 1: The next morning, Reuben and David sit at the breakfast table. Evelyn is cooking breakfast. Tyrone has not returned home since he left last night.

Reuben: Wish you hadn't made excuses for me to those cops. You been making excuses for me ever since I started to work for Mr. Kerlin. Like I'm some kind of freak or something.

Evelyn: Reuben, I am too tired and worried over where Tyrone is to have this conversation today.

Reuben: What you know about Mr. Kerlin anyway? You ever talk to him? You say all he's interested in is money. What's he supposed to be interested in? He's a businessman who's got an apartment building to rent out. What's he supposed to do?

Evelyn: Do you want eggs?

Reuben: No, I don't want no eggs.

Evelyn: You know as well as I do that his building sat empty

and run-down for nine years. The junkies were living in there last year. You said it yourself. So the community decided to buy the building from the city to make it a homeless shelter. Now he's fighting us and saying the city doesn't own the building because he's paying off his taxes. He's not interested in that building. He just wants to keep us from doing something with it. David, do you want these eggs?

David: Yes, ma'am.

'I bear special dreams that are heavy, and they fill up the soul.'

Reuben: Mr. Kerlin has a dream.

Evelyn: Lord, if I hear that "I got a dream" phrase one more time, I'm going to scream. I wish Martin Luther King had never made that speech.

Narr 2: Reuben stands up fast, knocking his chair behind him. In one big swing, he knocks the coffeepot, his cup, and the salt and pepper shakers off the table. Coffee and broken glass fall all over the floor. He grabs his jacket and walks out the front door.

David: You OK?

Evelyn: As OK as I get these days. Careful, don't cut yourself.

Narr 3: Evelyn musters a smile. No matter how mad his mother gets, it never seems to stay

with her. When Reuben gets mad, it always stays. David imagines him piling his anger up higher and higher.

SCENE 6

Narr 1: David goes to the basketball park to clear his mind. Old Moses is on the park bench again, watching. David joins him on the bench.

David: Mr. Moses, you remember every dream you ever had for 300 years?

Old Moses: I ain't got that many dreams. Regular dreams come and go. But I bear special dreams that are heavy, and they fill up the soul.

David: Are all your dreams scary?

Old Moses: Sometimes they are. Sometimes they can be dreadful—and sometimes they can be as soothing as water trickling down a Mississippi mountainside.

David: Why don't you tell me one of your dreams?

Narr 2: Old Moses closes his eyes and begins to hum, rocking back and forth. He stops abruptly, puts his hands to his knees, and begins.

Old Moses: I got a dream that's as old as me and older. In the dream, I ain't nothing but a child. I'm watching some people chain my father down, and I hear him howling. Lord, I hear him howling.

Narr 3: Old Moses's body shakes all over.

Old Moses: When they done chained him down, they picked him up, chains and all, and carried him down by the water-side. The tide was coming, and the white caps were foaming and flickering in the sun. I was watching my daddy howling, and I howled with him.

Somebody was saying we was all going into the ocean. I watched as they took my father onto the boat. I can hear him howling and the sound of the water rushing against the shore. Oh, Lord, ain't that something. Ain't that a dream for you?

David: Are you a homeless guy?

Old Moses: There ain't no homeless people. There's just people who ain't in their homes.

David: Oh.

SCENE 7

Narr 1: Tyrone hasn't been home for two days. David gets word that he was seen hanging around a pool hall on 141st Street. He and Loren decide to venture down there, even though that part of the neighborhood is much less safe.

David: Are you scared?

Loren: Scared of what?

David: Nothing.

Narr 2: Loren and David pass a few empty lots on 141st Street and approach the pool hall. It is hot out, but the older boys outside the pool hall wear jackets. Tyrone walks out of the pool hall and begins to walk the other way down the street. The boys hustle to catch up with him.

David: Ty!

Narr 3: Tyrone turns around, **disgruntled**. His clothes are dirty, and he smells bad.

Tyrone: Yo, man, what you doing?

David: Hanging. What you doing?

Tyrone: Got some running to do. See you later tonight.

David: Are you coming home?

Tyrone: Be in about midnight. Reuben giving you a hard time about me?

David: No.

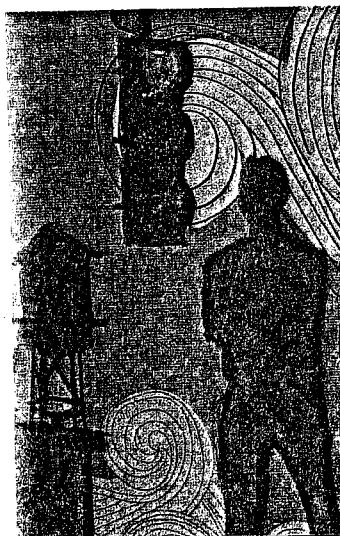
Tyrone: Be cool then. Tell your friend to be cool too. He looks nervous.

Narr 1: Tyrone turns and walks away.

Loren: You should have asked him where he's been.

David: I was waiting for you to say something.

Loren: You think he's in some kind of trouble?



David: He doesn't like to be dirty. Something's wrong.

SCENE 8

Narr 2: David returns home to find his mother in the kitchen talking with Mr. Kerlin. Kerlin, a fat but well-dressed man, smokes a big cigar. Evelyn never permits smoking in her house. David listens from the living room.

Kerlin: There's nothing like a good chat between a brother and a sister to set things right. Now, what we want is the same thing, to uplift the community. Am I right on that, my sister?

Evelyn: I'm sure you're anxious to improve the community. But your empty building has been one of the problems in the neighborhood for the past nine years.

Kerlin: I agree!

Narr 3: Kerlin takes a long puff of his cigar and taps his ashes into a plate on the table.

Kerlin: There's enough **affluence** in Harlem to make rehabilitating the building worthwhile. And as the city finally sees fit to pay some attention to the neglected areas, there arises a need for decent housing, and I am moved to provide some of that housing. Now, am I a bad man, Mrs. Curry?

Evelyn: And the fact that the city council was going to take over the building you *abandoned* for so many years and give the Matthew Henson

Community Project a grant to open a homeless shelter has nothing to do with your being moved?

Kerlin: I am genuinely hurt that you question a Christian's motives. I hope you believe that.

Evelyn: Mr. Kerlin ...

Kerlin: Call me Robert.

Evelyn: Mr. Robert Kerlin, you are a schemer and a scoundrel, and the truth is not in you. That's what I believe.

Kerlin: The Lord moves in mysterious ways. But deep in my heart I do believe that one day we will both look back on this day and these events and appreciate how we have uplifted 145th Street and the community.

Evelyn: I'm sure.

Kerlin: We are giving meaningful employment to neighborhood people. Such as your husband.

Narr 1: David walks into the kitchen. Mr. Kerlin stands up to leave.

Kerlin: Mrs. Curry, thank you.

Narr 2: David's mother sighs with relief when she closes the door behind Mr. Kerlin. She narrows her eyes on David.

Evelyn: Oh, David, Loren's mother says you saw Tyrone today. That true?

David: We saw him on 141st Street.

Evelyn: How did he look?

David: Not too cool. That's probably because he hasn't been home to change his clothes.

Evelyn: Did he say anything about coming home?

David: He said he'd be by late tonight.

Evelyn: Do you think he's using drugs?

David: I don't know for sure, but I don't think so.

Evelyn: Is that because you don't see any signs? Or is it because he's your brother and you love him so much that you can believe ...

Narr 3: Evelyn starts to weep. David takes her hand.

Evelyn: Oh, Lord, give us strength.

**'I got a dream
that's as old as
me and older.
In the dream,
I ain't nothing
but a child.'**

SCENE 9

Narr 1: Tyrone does not come home that night as promised. The next morning, David and Reuben sit at the breakfast table. Reuben talks quickly and nervously, constantly looking around the room and checking the windows.

Reuben: Another way they control you is through your

vocab

DISGRUNTLED: displeased, dissatisfied

AFFLUENCE: abundance of wealth

dreams. When you go to sleep at night, you got to dream, or you go crazy. Even dogs dream. Ever see a dog dream?

David: Yeah, my friend Ralph's dog. You could tell he was dreaming because his legs would go like he was running.

Reuben: Well, they put ads on TV and in magazines, newspapers. Shows you a million images over and over again, to get you dreaming about them. You might push it out of your mind when you're awake, but it's pushed into your mind. You dream about what they want. They're controlling you. That's why I'm always fighting in my sleep. I'm fighting off them who are trying to control me. You know? I'm the man of this house. I do what I want. Can't have nobody controlling me. And your mama, she make excuses for me. She don't even want me to work. She hates that I work for Kerlin. That I bring home money and earn a living. They're all trying to control me.

Narr 2: David is silent, nervous. He can see Reuben getting more and more angry. He imagines the dreams Reuben must have, and it's frightening.

Narr 3: Shaken up by Reuben's rant about dreams, David goes to the park to avoid the chaos in his home. Old Moses wanders into the park. He heads toward David, but this time, David is not too happy to talk with him. He just wants to be alone with his thoughts.

David: Hello.

Old Moses: Sometimes ...

David: I don't want to talk to you. I'm tired of people talking to me. Talking doesn't do any good anyway. Everybody wants to lay their stuff on you, make you agree with them.

Old Moses: Yeah, well, that's true. That's true. But we only get one way of seeing the world, and we all running around trying to get everybody to see what we see. You can't blame a man for that.

David: Yes, you can.

Old Moses: I guess you don't want to hear another of my dreams? It's a good one. Nothing bad happens in it.

David: No.

Old Moses: It's about me working in the field down in South Carolina, about 215 years ago. In this dream, it was a hot day. I had done got into a beef with one of the other fellows in the field. I don't know what it was about. Anyway, I seen him in the field a little ahead of me, two rows down. He seen me, too, and started picking faster and moving on down his row. Then I started picking faster to keep up with him. Before long we was snatching cotton like two fools under the hot sun. I walked and walked and picked and picked. And the spot on my shoulder, the spot where that bag went across my body, got so hot, I could feel it burning me. I looked up at the other fellow and he was doing the same, and we was both suffering for it. We were both



suffering, but we were so caught up in it, we couldn't do nothing about it. Now ain't that a sorry dream? Two men can't find no way out the pain.

David: That don't sound like much of a dream to me.

Old Moses: I didn't say it was a fancy dream.

David: Dreams don't mean anything anyway. They're just thoughts that run through your head. Your dreams aren't even interesting. Anyway, I think you read them in a book about slavery or something.

Old Moses: I don't know. Maybe you're right. On the other hand, dreams might be the only thing we got that's real. The only thing that truly belongs to us.

David: I don't mean to be rude, but why don't you just leave or something?

Old Moses: Yes, I see it's time to leave you to yourself. But let me remind you that it's not only the wicked who travel with pain. Sometimes it's the innocent as well.

Narr 1: Old Moses gets up and moves on, just as David guiltily whispers, "You can stay."

SCENE 10

Narr 2: Tyrone comes home in the middle of the day. He takes a long shower and falls across the bed.

David: You look tired.

Tyrone: I am tired.

David: Mom is worried that you're using drugs or something.

Tyrone: What's that supposed to be, the magic word? Drugs? Anything happens in the streets and the only thing people can think of is drugs. I'm just busy, and she's not used to busy people. You want to get paid out there in the streets, you have to be busy.

David: I'm glad you're home.

Tyrone: I owe some guys a lot of money. Four Bennies.

David: Why do you owe them \$400?

Tyrone: Stupid. I'm just plain old stupid.

David: When you got to pay them?

Tyrone: Yesterday.

Narr 3: David's mother comes in and asks David to go shopping with her. He goes, looking worriedly at Tyrone as he leaves. They walk together down the street.

David: Do you understand Ty's problems?

Evelyn: Ty is a young man dealing with adolescence. He needs to move into manhood, and that involves a lot of decisions and soul-searching. He needs to discover who he

really is and what he really wants to become.

David: He owes some people \$400.

Narr 1: Evelyn stops dead in the street.

Evelyn: How do you know that?

David: He told me. I think when he didn't come home those days, he was hiding from them.

Evelyn: Is he involved in drugs?

David: I don't know.

Evelyn: What do you mean you don't know? You know he owes people money, but you don't know this?

**'Dreams might
be the only thing
we got that's
real. The only
thing that truly
belongs to us.'**

David: I just don't know!

Narr 2: David's mother composes herself, and they resume walking.

Evelyn: Sometimes people can get hurt over money. And \$400 is a lot of money for a 17-year-old boy to owe. I can get the money if it's necessary. I want to know anything you know about it. Why do you think he was hiding from these people? Are they gang people?

David: I don't know. I just asked him what was wrong because he looked upset.

Evelyn: Do you think we should tell your father?

Narr 3: David pictures Reuben sitting at the kitchen table with little bits of anger buzzing like flies around his head.

David: I don't know.

Evelyn: I'm going to tell Tyrone that I can get the money for him. If he tells you anything more about it, you let me know.

David: I guess.

SCENE 11

Narr 1: On a later shopping trip, Evelyn tells David that she paid off Tyrone's debts. She tells him that Tyrone made some bad bets on sports games and ended up owing a lot of money. She seems to believe what she is saying, but David is certain that it is a lie.

Narr 2: He is angry with Tyrone and growing more and more certain of his drug use. David keeps this thought to himself. Evelyn goes on about the importance of family as they enter the apartment, but then they both stop cold in the doorway.

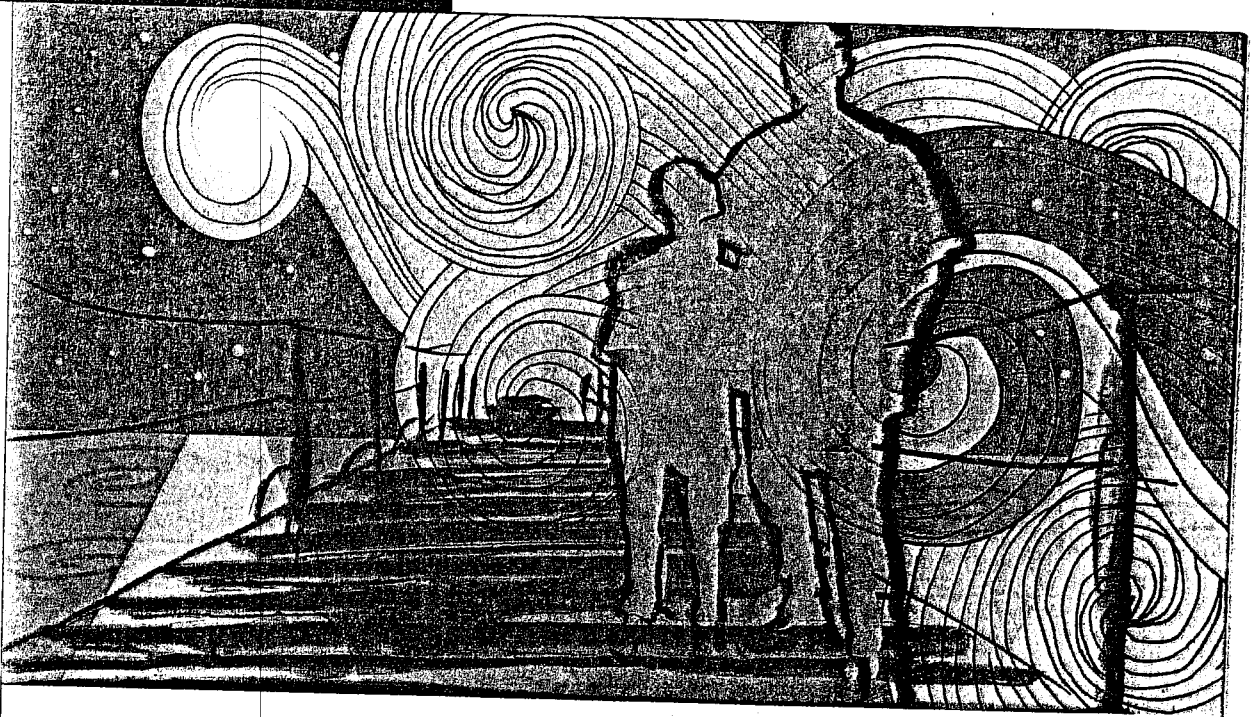
Narr 3: The apartment is in shambles. Broken dishes are shattered all over the table and floor. The calendar has been torn off the wall.

Evelyn: Reuben?

Narr 1: David and his mother can hear strange noises coming from the bedroom.

Evelyn: Reuben? Is everything all right?

Narr 2: Reuben is twitching and



crying on the bed. He is asleep, though he moves violently.

David: What do you think is wrong?

Evelyn: I don't know.

Narr 3: A knock at the door makes both David and his mother jump. Evelyn sets her jaw with resolution and answers it. A girl with a notebook waits there.

Reporter: Is this the Curry household?

Evelyn: Honey, whatever you have, we don't want any today.

Reporter: I'm a reporter from the *Amsterdam News*. I just want to get your reaction to the settlement of the Matthew Henson Community Project. Mr. Kerlin sold the building to the city, and now the community project will lease it from city holdings.

SCENE 12

Narr 1: Reuben doesn't leave the bed for three days. When he is awake, he cries, and when he is asleep, he jerks around as if he is fighting or running. The whole family is afraid that he is going to hurt himself. No one leaves the house for very long.

Evelyn: What Mr. Kerlin has done is made a lot of money by selling the building, and he made the community project much more expensive. Now he has a lot of money and doesn't have to worry about paying anyone, like your father, to work on his building.

Narr 2: David returns to his room and decides to confront Tyrone.

David: I know you're using.

Tyrone: You don't know nothing, jerk!

David: Tell me about how I'm a

jerk, Ty. Tell me how I'm a punk, and Reuben's crazy, and all the dudes on the street are weak. But you're using drugs.

Narr 3: Tyrone grabs his jacket and leaves. David knows he is headed out to the streets. Late that night, Reuben finally gets out of bed. He dresses and walks out the door, David's mother calling behind him.

Evelyn: Reuben, please! Where can you possibly go this time of night?

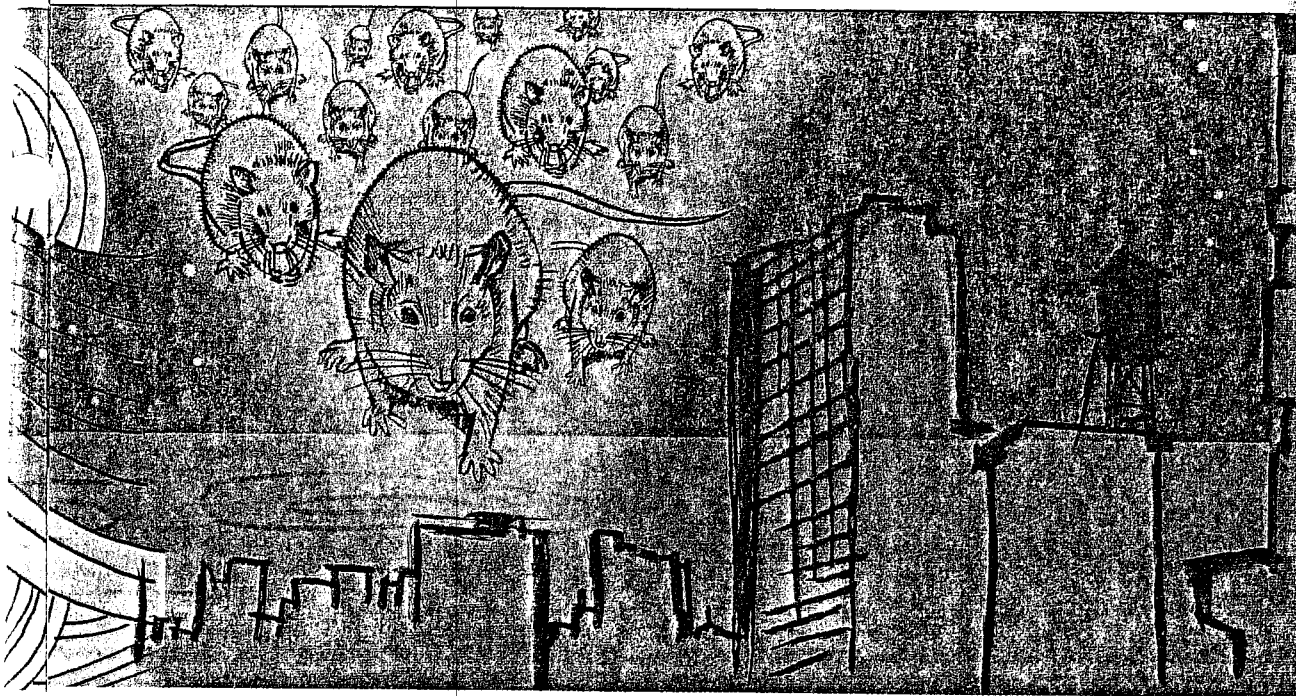
Narr 1: David quickly dresses and follows his father.

Evelyn: Don't go after him!

David: Mom, I have to.

SCENE 13

Narr 2: It is 4 in the morning and pouring rain as David follows his father down Malcolm X Boulevard. David follows his father for 20 blocks, not knowing



where Reuben is headed. Finally, at 125th Street, Reuben walks over to the pier of the Hudson River.

David: *(to himself)* Oh my God, he's going to jump. Please don't let my father jump in the water.

Narr 3: David walks up next to his father.

Reuben: Go home, boy.

David: I'm cold. You think there are rats under the pier?

Reuben: You scared?

David: Yes.

Reuben: You scared of a little rat?

David: I'm scared of what's happening. I don't want to be sitting on a pier in the dark. I want to be home with you and Mom and Ty.

Reuben: Then go on home.

David: Come with me.

Reuben: I ain't got no home. Your mama pays the bills. It's her home, not mine.

David: Everybody's got a home. Just sometimes we're not in them. I'm cold.

Reuben: What you coming out here for in the middle of the night? Walking in the rain without a coat on or ...

Narr 1: Reuben puts his arm around his son. An image flashes through David's mind, and he realizes he is seeing his father's dream. He sees hundreds of tiny things coming toward him—rats. But not ordinary rats. The rats have human faces. The rats run past David and attack a man who had fallen to the ground. The man is Reuben. Reuben kicks and fights violently as the million rats attack. David recognizes the motions that he has seen Reuben make in his sleep.

Narr 2: David and his father stand up wordlessly and walk home from the pier side by side. When they arrive outside the apartment building, Reuben sends David up to get some money to buy breakfast.

David: Are you going to stay while I go up there?

Reuben: I'll be here.

David: Daddy, don't leave.

Narr 3: David never has to call his father 'Reuben' again. ■

HORSE'S MOUTH

Find out what the author was thinking when he wrote *The Dream Bear*. Go to page 25 where you will find an exclusive **READ** interview with Walter Dean Myers.