

'Other Desert Cities' by Jon Robin Baitz

Trip: You know, let me just like preface this with – uh, I've lived most of my life in the shadow of a brother I barely knew – and I have about "this much" left – ok?

That said – the people in this book are not the same as the ones who brought me up. I've told Brooke this. They are different people than the ones I am looking at, totally.

But it's the best thing she's ever written.

I say that we all live with each other's divergent truths and in spite of having deeply conflicting accounts, which don't matter anyway anymore – (growing rage, finally it all comes out and it is scary) – Because it's the past!

And we're all getting older and if this is heading toward desolation, which I can see that it is, you will all regret it, so give your daughter a pass and your sister, too, both of you, stop fighting like weasels in a pit, because on your last day on this planet, you'll be scared and it won't



matter as long as you take your last breath – all what will have mattered is how you loved.

And I'm out. I'm done. That's all I got.