

here is how different the two **halves** of my family are. my brother Ethan, who grew up with me in California, left **high school early for** a conservatory, where he studied French horn.

he has a house, a wife, a son, and **fills in with** the LA Philharmonic. but my brother David in Florida... well, here he is:

yeah, I just got this police report for my DUI and I'm gonna read it here but I **can** already see a couple of things that are **absolute bullshit**. this wasn't **even** the **original** officer and he's gonna talk **about what** he saw

David's been arrested a bunch of times. not for anything violent, just a DUI, a **shoplifting** charge **or two**

then there's my father, the nuclear physicist, he sometimes lunches at Caltech's Atheneum, surrounded by noble warriors and here is my mom, describing someone she **might** have lunch with: ok, Tehran, I **used to call** him the Creeper, he's a street hustler and **that's all he'll ever be**. he's waiting for a liver transplant

the last time I lived with my mother, I was nine. after my parents divorced, my half-brother David, he was just an infant **at the time**, stayed **with** my mother, and my father got **custody** over me and Ethan

that's when my mom started drinking seriously. **as she got worse**, we only **caught glimpses of** her. **occasional** drunken phone calls **late at night**, a few sightings at family holidays. **for** several years in there, I didn't **even** know where **she was** once, **in an effort to** connect with her, I **arranged for** me, my brother Ethan and my girlfriend Ronnie, **to** all fly across the country to meet my mother and David for a visit **at** my grandparents' house. my mother didn't **show**