

Film Actors We Live With Who Die

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Maurice began reading obits of famous people in his twenties. Then, most died in their late sixties; now, in their early eighties. The worst were actors he 'knew' for decades. The very worst were actors he first saw as children, who aged as he did, and now died. Reading obits had become tragic (if not for them for him.)

It was different from other famous people. He cared less about politicians and rich people. Maybe it was because the actors specialized in relating. Movie actors are our royalty. We follow their fashions, their marriages, their successes and failures. It was bad enough they died—but before him? So young? Were the actors not Maurice, in his fantasies? Where else (outside of our daily lives) can we follow a person's life, from childhood to death, watching on a big screen as they wither and wrinkle?

Angela Lansbury was not too bad—she started as an adult. He watched her go from 19 to 96. But Brandon de Wildt, child star of TV and ***Shane***? Died at thirty. Heath Ledger? James Dean? They were more disturbing than when a childhood friend died—they were *all* childhood friends.

At first, reading the obits every morning was interesting. Now, he woke with sorrow.

He stopped watching films and only watched toons, whose characters never die. When they did, like Wiley Coyote, they returned same as ever. Maurice watched but it now felt hollow.