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As the door opened, Ali was greeted with a Kentucky rarity: a person of color. The Hugo Boss-clad Persian man welcomed her with what could only be described as a smile that was too nice. She was quickly pulled into the house by the overly aggressive man and into the living room, which was oddly draped in blue velvet. The somewhat startled Ali was able to utter a few audible words over the clanging of the numerous gold chains around his neck.

“Where is Mrs. Gupta?” she asked.

“Ah, my wife is in the kitchen. Come. You meet her. We show you room for rent,” he responded excitedly.

As they entered the kitchen, Ali finally met Mrs. Gupta. She was a robust woman to say the least and equally as excitable as her husband.

As she made her way from the sink over to Ali with an outstretched furry arm to greet her, Ali was finally thinking that this situation could actually work out.

But when Mrs. Gupta neared, her hand rose in the air and she began striking Ali shouting, “You take shoes off in my house!

Take off now! I just clean!”

Ali: Escape From the Valley

Written by Administrator

Ali, dodging continuous blows to the head, removed her shoes hurriedly.

“Hi, Mrs. Gupta. It’s so nice to finally meet you in person. Can I check out the room now?” asked Ali.

“It’s right here. You pay \$1,000. Won’t find better. 20 minutes to everything,” she replied.

On finishing her sentence, she pointed to a six foot by six foot space in the corner of the kitchen, which was marked off by velvet ropes. It was at this point that Ali realized the dangers of Craigslist and the Valley as a whole. If it was full of these kinds of people and so far away from everything, including her precious dream of storming the Warner lot, she was going to have to go back to where she liked it the most: Hollywood.

As she bolted out the door to make her way back to civilization, it finally happened: her first celebrity sighting. She was unable to move her legs and was legitimately star struck at the presence of ...