

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY NEVER TOLD

THE WORLD KNOWS THEM AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND
THE WINTER SOLDIER. HERE, THEY'RE JUST TWO KIDS
FROM BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn has always held a special place in its heart for our home-grown super hero, Steve Rogers. Like the rest of the world, we watched with rapt attention when Captain America, long-thought dead, returned to life in time to help defend New York from the alien attack that would irrevocably change the way we view our place in the universe.

However, in 2014, thanks to the now-infamous Hydra Information dump, we learned that Steve Rogers was not the only boy from Brooklyn and hero of the Howling Commandos to pull a resurrection stunt (maybe we grow them a little tougher here). But where Steve Rogers burst into the modern world with fanfare and praises, Bucky Barnes tore his way free of seventy years of brainwashing to a world hot on his heels to answer for the crimes he was forced to commit.

Many news organizations covered the facts: the UN bombing were pinned on the Winter Soldier, meanwhile Steve Rogers broke away from the negotiations over the Sokovian Accords to go rogue to aid and abet his fugitive status. By the time the dust cleared and the real culprit of the bombing was apprehended, the secluded Wakandan government had offered Barnes sanctuary. Subsequently, Steve Rogers was cleared of all charges and moved back home to Brooklyn.

Bucky Barnes reemerged, only to turn himself in, and now awaits trial by federal courts-martial. He faces grievous charges of treason and multiple charges of murder, with the possibility of life in prison or the death sentence.

However, there is a deeper, more personal story beneath the surface about two men whose lifelong bond has been lauded by the Smithsonian itself: separated by time, only to be reunited in a hostile world. *Brooklyn Magazine* has been granted exclusive personal interviews with Steve Rogers and Bucky Barnes to understand who the real men are behind the legends.

On a Thursday afternoon, early in November, Steve Rogers opens the door to his modest Brooklyn apartment to allow a rare glimpse into his heart and his home.

**“BROOKLYN IS
STILL MY HOME.”**

A man like Steve Rogers “Call me Steve” could have his pick of upscale New York apartments, but the humble interior of the cozy two-bedroom speaks of a man who felt more at ease around thrift-store couches and vintage Americana posters than keuregs and

Anthropologie. While tidy, the apartment is warm and lived-in, exhibiting a man who has found his home once more – but whether that was thanks to returning to Brooklyn or the return of another missing piece remained to be seen.

Amidst the motorcycle and WWII propaganda posters, a framed classic *Bride of Frankenstein* poster hangs above the living room, and when Captain Rogers notices the interest, he volunteers, “It was one of Buck’s favorites.” Despite the fact that Bucky Barnes is still incarcerated awaiting trial, his presence was certainly felt in the home that Steve Rogers has made.

Steve Rogers is back in Brooklyn, but is he back home when Bucky wasn’t yet? “Maybe not,” Steve admits, with a flush finding its way to his face. Had he chosen this apartment, and its décor, with the idea of Bucky moving in with him? “I mean, I don’t want to put the cart before the horse,” Steve says glancing around the apartment, “I’m just looking forward for Bucky to have that option.”

He settles in, and despite having fought fearlessly against aliens and Hydra alike, the statuesque man is an adorable bundle of nerves, more concerned about being a gracious host than conscious of the irony that any interviewer would be lucky for the opportunity to pick his brain following his return to New York and the public eye.

Choosing to share his story with *Brooklyn Magazine* was no arbitrary decision. “Brooklyn is still my home.” Steve says. “I know, obviously, that what people think doesn’t matter, but I want my neighbors to know the real story.”

Growing up in Brooklyn, it is impossible to escape the legacy of Steve Rogers. A giant bronze statue is a permanent addition to Prospect Park, there isn’t a deli in the borough without a Captain America-themed sandwich or dessert. You can’t pass a restaurant that boasts an establishment date pre-1940 without a placard or at least a sign that proclaims “Captain America ate here”. Most of the locals know to take any of them with at least a few pinches of salt, but it is refreshing to know that Brooklyn is as much in Captain Roger’s heart as the city has taken him into its own. After seventy years away, Steve Rogers still calls Brooklyn home. Steve speaks proudly about his decision to return. “This is what I’m fighting for, what I’ve always been fighting for: for everyone to be able to come home. Brooklyn’s mine.”

**“I WANT MY
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Steve Rogers was no stranger to hard fights, even before leaving Brooklyn to go to war when he topped the scales at 95lbs. The truth of the matter was that in the 1920s and 30s, Steve and Bucky were

more likely to have gotten into a fist fight in the back alley behind a restaurant than to have eaten there. “It didn’t take much [to get me into a fight],” he says honestly, “I always hated bullies, so even if it wasn’t me that was getting

picked on, I had a bad habit of sticking my nose in other people's business. My mouth sounded off before I could think any better of it."

Steve's motivations were just as altruistic then as they are now. "I know now that when a bully picks on a kid, they probably have their own issues they're dealing with. But when they pick the fight first, they have to be ready to face the consequences." Steve Rogers took a fought against bullying on the streets and in the war. "I didn't *start* fights, per se; I just couldn't stand by and watch someone else get victimized." Then and now, Captain America stands with the zero-tolerance policy on bullying.

way to his lips. "Next I know some third kid showed up and I knew for sure I was gonna end up with at least enough damage I wouldn't be able to hide it from Mom. I didn't even know what was happening at first. But he was just as big as them, if not bigger. he got mouthy and landed a few good hits. I was pissed at first, you know, I thought I could handle it... I could convince myself I wasn't the one being bullied if I was finishing the fights, I guess. And here this smug punk just comes up and tells them what's what."

Had that been all, we may have never had the ironclad bond between Steve and Bucky. But fortunately for everyone, he stuck around after the fight. "[The bullies] ran off and he helped

“THEN AND NOW, CAPTAIN AMERICA STANDS WITH THE ZERO-TOLERANCE POLICY ON BULLYING.”

But he didn't face bullies alone. It was in just one such encounter that led to the fateful meeting of Steve Rogers and Bucky Barnes.

"I don't even remember what started it." Steve is unable to hide the smile on his face. "I just remember I got myself in over my head... two kids, at least two or three years older than me, were just having a field day. I'm sure they did something to deserve it," he adds with a smirk, "but once they figured out I was more fun to torture than whatever they were doing it to before, I was in for it. They had me on the ground, my art supplies were everywhere." Steve shakes his head, a fond smile finding its

me pick up my stuff... He walked me to my apartment and helped me get cleaned up before Ma came home."

From there, Steve and Bucky discovered that they had more in common than just standing up to bullies. The nostalgic smile on Steve's face is contagious as he thought back to his shared childhood with Bucky, "We were nearly inseparable. Bucky's a huge nerd - don't let him know I told you know - " he winks, "and so we'd write our own comics, or listen to the radio and see sci-fi pictures. Oh, and of course Coney Island, Rockaway Beach... we didn't have a nickel to scrape

together most of the time but we found ways to have fun and get into trouble."

Since his childhood in Brooklyn, Steve's life has taken him across a variety of roles: artist, soldier, SHIELD agent, Avenger, and what some might call a vigilante. But which role is the closest to the real Steve Rogers? Steve's mouth crooks into a smile, "Who says they are all that different," he answers with a challenging roll to his shoulders. "I go where I feel I can do the most good."

However, since his recovery in 2012, the right side hasn't always been as black and white. From the revelation of the Hydra infection within SHIELD to the controversial issue of the Sokovian Accords where Steve Rogers was heavily involved in the discourse regarding the roles and regulations of enhanced individuals. Now with the benefit of hindsight, did he have any regrets about the people he worked for or the way he used his strength and influence?

"No," Steve says without hesitation. "I always did what I felt I needed to do, at the time." Steve, as much as many would like to paint him as some elevated being, is still a man at his core: a good man. Like all of us, he must make decisions based on the information he has available, and trust his gut to make the right choices regardless of the opposition.

During the 2014 Triskellion Incident, Steve was hit – literally and figuratively – with the fact that Bucky Barnes hadn't died in 1945, but instead was captured by Hydra. "I knew it was him right away." He swallows, shuddering with emotion. "He's my best friend. I don't know if there's anything to even compare it to. I thought I was alone in this century. Everyone I ever knew was dead, or at least had a whole life somewhere in between I didn't get to experience. I've made new

friends, I have a new life... but it's still nothing like having your best friend."

Seventy years is a lot of time for a person to change, but despite the long years, Steve had confidence in the man he knew Bucky to be and would have never willingly changed sides. "When you know someone as well as I know Bucky, you know what they are and are not capable of. Bucky would never give up. Never just change sides, never accept a bribe or anything. If he was with Hydra he wasn't there because he wanted to be. That is what I never doubted." Steve has unshakable faith in the nature of his friend, but despite the criticism he's received in other media outlets, he wasn't merely operating on sentiment alone. "It didn't take a professional to look at him and know he wasn't acting in his own best interest." Steve can't keep the venom out of his voice. "I knew something was wrong. He didn't know me and he didn't know what he was doing. They had him muzzled like a dog. They were not the eyes of a man who believed in what he was doing."

While Steve is known for his upstanding judgment, some have called his objectivity into question when it came to his decision to aid Bucky following the bombing at the UN Signing of the Sokovia Accords in 2016. Despite efforts to find him, Steve hadn't seen Bucky since their brief encounter following the event in DC, and had little direct knowledge of his mental state at the time. While the world knows now that James Barnes was innocent of that accusation, did Steve ever question his involvement?

Steve's jaw sets at the memory. "I didn't know anything at first, I just wanted him alive long enough to ask him. I still didn't know the whole story about what happened to him," he can't hide the sadness in his eyes, "I still don't,

I suppose. But I know the Bucky I knew could never do anything like that in his right mind."

Steve's dedication to Bucky isn't just admirable, it's remarkable. Steve has fought Hydra, world governments, and even old allies for Bucky's sake, and stands by him as Bucky faces trial. When we asked what Steve wants for himself in this future he has found himself in, his answers turn immediately to Bucky, "I want to make sure Bucky's ok. That's all I'm focusing on right now." Steve pauses, wringing his hands over the back of his neck before pressing on, using optimistic phrasing, "When [Bucky] is cleared, I'll be focusing on getting him to a good place. I'm out here and I'm with him every step of the way. And I'm going to do everything in my power to bring him home." Coming from Captain America, that is no small promise.

Thanks to the court system, however, despite the lengths Steve has gone to help him, he's unable to spend much time with Bucky while he is being held in custody. "I hate it," Steve says, "I'm not ignorant as to why I can't, but I feel like a tiger trapped in a cage. I can only imagine what he's going through." The pain is palpable in his eyes when he emphasizes the message he wishes he could convey to him now. "[I want him to know] that's it's almost over."

So what kind of man has earned this kind of dedication from none other than Steve Rogers? Who is the man Captain America feels is worth fighting for? No one can answer that better than Steve himself, "Let me tell you about Bucky Barnes: he's one of the greatest soldiers our country has ever seen." He pauses there, smiling, as he deliberately imparts the title to Bucky that many have used to describe him instead. "Not only did he fight and - for all intents and purposes - die for

this country, but he never stopped fighting. He was a prisoner of war for seventy years, but never not a patriot. He wasn't bribed. He didn't give up. Hydra had to beat him and torture him until he literally didn't remember what he was anymore- and even then he fought every chance he got." Steve speaks vehemently, the anger at Hydra flashing in his eyes. "He was [my hero] since I was ten years old."

It isn't hard to see why this kind of bond inspired decades of loyalty. But does Steve still see the man he knew in the Bucky of today? "He's tired. He's been fighting for so long. He's been running. His reward for dying for his country were decades of torture and-" he shakes his head, trailing off. "It's not like me. I'm here because I believe in what I fight for. I'm Captain America because I want to be, because of what I believe in. It's completely different to be forced to fight for something you hate, and then to not even know what you're fighting for. He deserves some peace." Steve takes a breath, focusing on what he hopes for more than anything, "I want him to find peace. I want him to be happy."

There is no denying – not even from Steve himself – the love he holds for Bucky Barnes. Fate separated them for over seventy years, only to reunite them in the most challenging of ways. "I do love him," Steve says quietly, "I hope I've done enough... that people understand why I fought so hard for him. He deserves freedom. And the world deserves to know Bucky Barnes, not the Winter Soldier." He ends the conversation with a confident nod and red-rimmed eyes

The (undisclosed) federal facility currently holding Mr. Barnes in custody subjects visitors to a thorough inspection and armed MP escort to a small, cold room bisected by a thick Plexiglas wall. An uncomfortable chair on the far side of the wall mirrors the one permitted visitors, save for the fact that the other one is bolted sturdily to the cement floor.

After a few minutes of waiting in silence accompanied by stony-faced guards, a loud electric alarm sounds through the room, heralding the click of magnetic locks; the door to the other half of the room finally opens. The man that shuffles out of the reinforced doors is nothing like the aggressive, hardened criminal that the news outlets depict the infamous Winter Soldier to be. Instead, the figure walks out with a hesitant gait, leaning a bit to his right as if overcompensating for the dramatic absence of his left arm. He appears to have been afforded the luxury of civilian clothing – at least for the purpose of the interview: a simple white tank and rolled pair of dark jeans hugged the man's thick build. However, his curled-in-on-himself posture belied his strength or the dangerous swagger he had carried himself with in news footage. His blue-gray eyes flick up with a mote of curiosity and the barest ghost of a smile flitted across his mouth in greeting. As the door falls closed behind him, his eyes jerk back reflexively before he takes a breath as if to steady himself, forcing the tension from his shoulders.

This is a man who has had to look over his shoulder for decades, anticipating punishment and pain. And yet, the first word he speaks: a polite but rough “Ma’am” in greeting carries the familiar brogue of Brooklyn with it.

He wouldn't be here if he wasn't interested in sharing a glimpse of himself with the world,

and his prepared-but-nervous energy speaks to that. Bucky shifts a bit in his seat, rolling his shoulders as the gleaming silver behind the capped socket of his arm catches the light. “It's nice to be heard.”

Despite not having been afforded his enhanced prosthetic, Bucky appears healthy, with washed hair tied out of his face. When he's asked about his health, a smile quirks the side of his mouth that, while it didn't quite meet his eyes, mimics the devil-may-care grin seen in classic war photos of young Sergeant Barnes. “All things considered, I really can't complain. Food here ain't bad for being locked up.” He even manages a hint of humor, “They're not feeding me through a tube, so that bar's pretty low, but hey. They're even letting me shave.” Bucky runs his hand along his smooth jawline. It's surprisingly easy to warm up to the man, even from behind a foot-thick piece of Plexiglas. It's not hard to see why history books described him as a charmer, and it's heartening to see that at least a spark of that still remains alive in the man today.

**“I’M
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As much as it would have been nice to see Bucky in his natural state, letting conversation meander as it came in a comfortable setting,

the prison timetable was unforgiving as the room was inhospitable. Bucky was certain not to waste time in getting to the heart of his message: "I want everyone to know that I'm here because I chose to be. I never wanted to go on the run or into hiding to begin with, but I didn't have a lot of options, even after I escaped from Hydra." He runs his hand through his hair, adjusting his bun.

"I knew Hydra was in SHIELD. I had already been used against the person that meant the most to me: I'd hurt and nearly killed Steve, and I couldn't live with the idea of doing that again. That's why I pushed Steve away – I knew he was looking for me, but for his own safety, I couldn't let him find me. I knew there were people out there who had access to my trigger words. I couldn't turn myself in because of, well, exactly what happened." Bucky leans forward, resting his elbow on his knees. His eyes are bright, if red-rimmed, and he speaks clearly and measured. "After the mess with the Accords, King T'Challa offered me an opportunity to go back into cryo until they could find a way to clear out Hydra's programming. The way I see it, that was the only option I had to keep me from being able to hurt anyone else. If I turned that down, then I would have been directly responsible for any more casualties if I were triggered again. Only now, that the people of Wakanda have helped deprogram me, I can move forward – and that begins with facing the music."

Steve seemed optimistic that justice would be heard and the trial would end well for Bucky. But when he's presented with the same question, Bucky gives a self-deprecating laugh, "I don't know if optimistic is in my vocabulary any more. It's going to be a fight – it always is - but it's one I'm ready for."

So was Bucky willing to face whatever that music might be – even if it wasn't a tune he was exactly fond of? The bags under his eyes are more evident as he lifts his chin. "Of course. Despite how much of my life has been in Cryo, I'm tired. Tired of running, tired of carrying the fear and guilt. Despite what Steve's told me, despite the fact that I *know* I didn't have a choice in the things I've done, it doesn't stop the guilt from swimming through my gut. I want the court to hear the truth, and I trust the judge and the panel to uphold justice." His voice picks up a rough gravel again as emotion tints his words, but he never breaks eye contact.

Bucky's response is admirable, but after having spoken with Captain Rogers, he may not have shared Bucky's resolute opinion. Bucky huffs out a breath, a small smile returning to his face. "Yeah, that doesn't exactly surprise me. Steve sees the best in people, and hell, I hope he's right. But I'll say that I... I'm ready for my story to be heard by an objective judge. Steve ain't exactly objective."

Many people question Steve's typically unerring judgment when it came to the anti-Accords position he took. Did Bucky find his objectivity called into question then as well? "I was kind of keeping my head down when the whole Accords thing hit – and no one exactly was soliciting my opinion on the matter. But I'll tell you one thing: no matter if someone says their end goals are pure or not, the idea that a government or anyone can assume control of a person just because they're stronger or tougher than most folks – that can go really wrong. There were plenty of people in Hydra – Pierce for example – that thought what they were doing was for the good of the world. That's what he probably told himself when he was controlling me like a damn dog-" Bucky stops, flushing at his use of

a mild expletive, “ah, pardon the language, Ma’am.” It’s easy to forget that despite what he’s been through, Bucky’s still a young man displaced in time himself. “So, Steve’s always been a little hot-headed and leaps before he looks, but you can always trust him to have his heart in the right place. I still don’t know the details of the timeline or how things went down the way they did, but I have heard that those people who didn’t sign – including some of us who didn’t ever ask for powers – were locked up for not wanting to sign up to be puppets. That sounds a lot like some of the things we fought against seventy years ago.”

But what separates Steve Rogers from other vigilantes? What gives him the moral high ground to take action into his own hands despite no longer being an official law enforcement agent? “I get why people are worried.” Bucky begins, taking the question seriously and unoffended. “The laws are out there for a reason: keeping someone with a bat or someone with super strength from just going around knocking heads because they think they’re doing the right thing. They may not know the full story, they might take it too

far, but look at the kinds of things Steve’s done, even since the war’s been over: he doesn’t go around the city block shooting criminals. He’s stopping attacks from things that frankly used to only be villains in pulp novels and B-movies: aliens, killer robots, gunships that are gonna take out millions of people... brainwashed cyborgs.” A wincing grin of apology flits across his face. “These are

unambiguous threats that are out there to cause immediate harm to people. Steve doesn’t get involved on his own accord unless it’s pretty damn black and white.”

Did Bucky find himself deserving of Steve’s involvement?

Bucky’s eyes dropped immediately to his shoes at the question. “I asked myself the same question when Steve put it all on the line for my sake. I didn’t think so then and I told Steve as much. I’m still honestly not sure if I am, but something Steve told me was that the worst - well, one of the worst - things Hydra did to me was take away my ability to choose something for myself. What Steve did for me – that was his choice, and I wouldn’t ever want to take that from him. At least, thanks to him, no one is going to use me to hurt innocent people again. Maybe that’s worth it, and that’s the

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way I've started to look at it." He gives a half-shrug, as if apologizing for even the insinuation that his life might be worth something.

But if he is given the chance to walk out as a free man, what was the first thing he wanted to do? "I've been trying to focus on the trial, honestly, but I'd be lying if I said that I hadn't given some thought to walking free and not having to hide my face. I'll tell ya one thing that I will have to do is pay another visit to Coney Island. I hear that the original Nathan's is still there selling hot dogs, and well, maybe then I'd feel like I was really home again."

Coney Island must be a nostalgic remnant for the man; perhaps he hoped to ask Steve to go along with him? "Hah!" Bucky laughs suddenly, easing into the conversation and his posture relaxes. "Yeah, sure, if I can convince him to tag along. He'll probably try to show me up on the Cyclone or something this time around." There didn't seem like much Steve Rogers wouldn't do for Bucky if he asked. Bucky furrows his brow; "Well, everyone knows we were do-or-die friends back in the day. I just hope he still feels the same way after he gets to know the new me better. I feel weird assuming that things are just going to fall back into the old patterns. I've changed; hell, he's changed too. I'm more than thankful for everything he's helped me with, but I don't want him hanging around out of some weird sense of obligation to a memory."

Bucky isn't alone in feeling that trauma has turned him into a different person, turning an over-critical eye towards himself: "You can't go through the things I've gone through and not have it change you. I wake up screaming from nightmares. I still remember what it's like to be a passenger in my own body when I was activated. Sometimes my memories were

bleary coming back, but the information was there if I looked for it and had the stomach to deal with what I found." Bucky winces, eyes shifting to the side. Even the brief mention of the painful memories changes his posture as his shoulders curl inwards again. He takes a breath before continuing, ignoring his pause. "Back in the day, sure, life wasn't easy, but we didn't exactly have a lot of regrets. If I had some change in my pocket at the end of the week I could go out dancing and drinking and not shoulder any kind of regrets. Now, it's going to take a bit to learn to dance again with that kind of baggage on my shoulders."

From everything he said in his conversation only days prior, Steve was virtually chomping at the bit to have Bucky back by his side and would help however he could, and not out of any sense of obligation. Bucky glances up, and it is impossible to miss the spark of hope in his eyes, "Yeah I'm sure he is." Bucky smiles fondly, letting the silence hang for a moment. "Again, I just hope he still feels the same way assuming we get the chance to pal around again. I'm jumpy and paranoid – those are hard habits to shake."

Considering the lengths Steve has already gone to for Bucky, it was unlikely he was going to mind. Beyond that, few could begin to imagine the trauma Bucky had been put through. There are so many people out there who have to cope with PTSD: former soldiers, first responders, victims to all hosts of terrors – who look to people like The Avengers for strength. Does Bucky know he has the opportunity to not only help himself, but be an inspiration to others if he can make the trip along the path of recovery?

Bucky's lip finds its way under his teeth. "I honestly hadn't thought that far. Looking for help, even with shrinks- er, sorry, it's

psychiatrists, right? – seeing someone like that used to be a dirty secret. By the time you needed help like that, it was too late for you anyway and they were just going to lock you up in a different kind of prison. I guess sometimes I worry that it's already too late for me, but I was just trying to get to a place where at least I didn't have to be scared of hurting anyone else." Bucky picks at the fabric of his pants, worrying at his lip. "But people getting help – real help – to live their lives – it's easy to think about that being good when it comes to other people. It's hard thinking about that for yourself."

It's difficult, but it's important. It is surprisingly inspiring listening to Bucky, or any powered person really, talk about their very human struggles. It can mean a lot when us mere mortals are feeling particularly down that even those with greater than human capabilities struggle with the same issues. "I don't see myself as a 'powered person' most of the time, if that makes any kinda sense. It's something that happened to me, and something I've got to live my life around for better or for worse." Bucky cranes his neck, as if looking for notes on the ceiling to help him explain his thoughts. "I'm not a powered person brushing my teeth, or wondering what I'm going to have for my next meal. It just means that if things go south, maybe you have a bit more of an obligation to stand up and do something, or you have to be careful about who decides that suddenly they have some kind of right to use your body."

We're lucky enough to have a bit of time remaining on the clock, and take the opportunity to steer the conversation back to Bucky's old-fashioned use of language: quick to correct himself and apologize for swearing front of a woman, even a self-professed queer 33-year old journalist who has used her own

fair share of expletives. "Sorry, still not used to that kinda thing being okay to talk about now. But good for you, darling." Bucky chuffs a good-natured laugh.

However, Steve and Bucky lived in an area of the Heights known now to be a hot spot for emerging gay nightlife that New York would later become famous for. Scholars have wondered, but none have actually asked either of the pair how aware they were of the "secret identity" of these superheroes' neighborhood. "That kinda thing a matter of public record now? Wow." Bucky shifts in the uncomfortable chair, caught off guard. "But I mean, yeah, I wasn't oblivious, not that people exactly advertised back then. But yeah, I knew a few fellas in the building we lived in who were like that. And there were rumors about what doors would open after dark if you catch my drift. Even with people trying to be careful, though, it didn't mean that there weren't police raids."

So what does this 'Man out of Time' feel about 'that kind of thing' nowadays? His answer is surprisingly insightful: "I think it's great." He notices the flash of skepticism in my eyes. "Really! I mean, they say it's something in your blood, right? Like having brown hair or blue eyes, yeah? It's kinda like how they used to force lefties to write right-handed: that's what's not natural. I'm glad that things have been changing so that people now can be open about how they feel about people." Bucky hesitates, wetting his lips. "There were – well, there were probably a lot of people back in the day struggling to try to be 'normal.'" He makes finger quotes with his right hand. It's refreshing to hear something other than the excuse of 'things were different back then', and instead a genuine appreciation for the advancement of civil rights.

It sounds like these two will have a lot to talk about when they are reunited. After all, even apart it is certainly is fascinating to hear them talk about each other. “Oh Christ!” Bucky laughs unexpectedly, “He talked about me to you? Of course he talked about me to you. Do I even want to know?” Bucky groans playfully, a genuine look of delight in his eyes. “I’ll look forward to reading the article and seeing what kind of shit Stevie said about me.” He finishes as the claxon sounds again, signaling the end of our conversation.

It was, in point of fact, hard to get Steve Rogers to stop talking about Bucky Barnes.

Steve was quite vocal about Bucky’s defense, and on behalf of Brooklyn Magazine, I would like to wish James “Bucky” Barnes the best in his forthcoming trial. This man is a national hero, and if you don’t take our word for it, trust Steve Rogers.

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