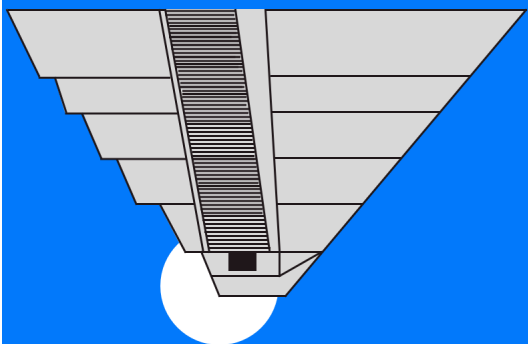


Nick Barr  
January 2015

RVINAS



Head east on Polar Ponte toward Route 109

Turn left onto Route 109

At the roundabout, take the 2nd exit

Turn left onto Cancun - Calladolid/Carr Costera del Golfo

Turn right

Continue straight

Continue straight

Continue straight

Turn right onto Valladolid - Tizimin/México 295

Turn right to merge onto México 180D toward Mérida

Take the Yucatán 79 exit toward Chichen Itza/Pisté/Dzitas

Keep right at the fork, follow signs for Chichen Itza/Yucatán 79/Pisté and merge onto YUC 79

Turn left onto Merida - Valladolid/Valladolid Merida/México 180 E

Destination will be on the left

lol

Dude 2 super hot girls cried on me last night

They were Australian sisters in a huge fight

And I consoled them separately

I should have tried to hook up with them but my confidence is super low so I settled on this girl from Seoul

But hugging a crying girl is pretty sweet

It's better than making out

IMO

I stall in front of the stall.

— Amigo! Amigo! Precios baratos. Aqui:

The vendor pulls a tshirt off the rack. He is 16, maybe.

— En este lado, tenemos el calendario maya. Y en el otro,

He flips the tshirt over with a flourish —

— Tenemos el jaguar.

— Puedo probarla?

— Si, claro.

He hands me the shirt. I put it on.

It's stiff. Too small.

— Tienes en grande?

— L? Si...

He sifts through his catalog and pulls out a tie-dyed depiction of a Chacmool consuming a heart.

— Tienes algo... mas sencillo?

— Si, si... es que todas estas camisetas son hecho a mano, usando el color de los vegetales tipicos de los mayas...

He starts throwing tshirts at me. I sag under the load.

—How old are you?  
She looks straight ahead.

Addresses the horizon.  
— 21, in Korean years.

Our hands touch.  
She pulls her top off.

— I guess we should go in.  
I run ahead.

Throw myself into the ocean.  
Like a child, she says later.

— OK, gracias, pues sigo andando. Quizás encuentro unas camisetas que me quepan.

I try to extricate myself from the shirt.

— Usted no encontrará camesitas come estas. Son hecho de mano. Tipicamente son tres cientos pesos, pero para usted...

But I'm already gone, hurrying down the trafficked sacbe.

The vendor at the next stall is selling wood whistles. His son blows one shaped like a bird. It emits a sound like birdsong.

I feel the vendor watching me. As I pass him he calls back:

— You didn't say, Gracias por su tiempo, señor!

I stop in my tracks.

— Ya le dije "gracias!"

— This isn't a shopping mall. This is our livelihood. You can show some respect for us.

My face goes red.

— What do you want from me? I mean, gracias por su tiempo, gracias por la información, gracias por todo, y gracias a usted señor. Feliz navidad, merry Christmas.

It is. Muttering to myself I storm off. I still want to see the cenote where the mayans threw their dead and got their drinking water.

— BPM. It's going to be crazy, man. All the Ds are gonna be there.

Marco sits down next to me on the curb and pulls out a pouch of tobacco.

— Where are you from?

— New York. You?

— Italy. Milano.

— Marco rolls himself a tight cigarette and passes me the pouch.

I fumble with the filter. It falls to the ground and I cover it with my feet.

I put too much tobacco in the paper. Or maybe too little. It won't come together no matter how much I lick.

— Have you been to Berlin? Marco looks at my fingers.

— It's been awhile. Do you have a light?

He does.

I light the mess of paper and tobacco. It flares up in my face then goes out. I smile weakly and wonder if my eyebrows are burned.

— Here comes the bus.