

## Full Text

***Raining Backwards***, by Roberto G. Fernandez. In [\*Raining Backwards\*](#), by Roberto G. Fernandez. (Houston, TX: Arte Público Press, 1997).

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### Raining Backwards

"Michael, Miqui, Miguel. Come here!"

"Yes, *abuela*."

"Your *abuela* is no waiting for the paramedics, no waiting for the ambulance. You hear that siren? The next one is for me, but they won't catch me!"

"Slowly, *abuela*. Slowly. Come again."

"I need your help. You help your *abuela*, okay? You love your *abuela*, right?"

"Okay, okay, *Abuela*, make it quick."

"The rescue, Miqui, the rescue, the paramedics, Miqui. Once they get you, they plug you in and you just cannot die. Besides, I no want to be bury in this country. I will be the first one here and who knows where the next one will be, dead and all alone! The whole world gets scatter in America, even dead people. When I am gone I want to be right next to my sister, Hilda, in Havana. I owe it to her. Me bury in Havana, okay? No here."

"*Abuela*, don't call me Miqui. You know I don't like it. What's your problem?"

"I am dying."

"C'mon. You aren't dying."

"Anytime now. I already have... let me think how many years I have. Mari, Mari, Mari-Clara, child, you remember how many years I have?"

"Please, mother! I'm trying to concentrate on this last posture. Don't bother me now."

"I know I have many. Anytime now. It was raining backwards yesterday. When my father died it was raining backwards also."

"There you go again, *Abuela*. It can't rain backwards! What a silly idea."

"Why you can no believe me? You think your *abuela* would trick you?"

"You had too much coffee, *Abuela*. Coffee makes you high. ¡*Mucho cafe*!"

[p. 133]

"Why you can no believe me? I believed you when you told me many years ago that a man went to sleep for twenty years and when he woke up his beard reach his feet. I remember, I told it to Barbarita and Mirta. They were very impressed. I even told it to that woman that use to rent her daughter dressed as a flag for parties and political rallies. What was her name? You remember, Miqui?"

"*Abuela*, please. My name is Michael."

"Mari, Man, Mari-Clara, you remember the name of that woman that use to rent her daughter for social events dressed as a flag?"

"Mother, please, you made me lose my concentration!"

"Anyway, *abuela* is no staying here, okay? Hilda is too alone without me and she needs me so much. I go accompany her!"

"But Hilda is dead. You told me so. Hilda is dead, Grandma!"

"Dead people feel alone too, they have feelings, you know. So you are going to help me, yes or no?"

"Okay, okay. What do you want me to do? But make it quick. I gotta be at the try-outs in half an hour. It's football season, *Abuela*."

"Mother, you're eighty-three. Her name was Emelina and her daughter's Linda Lucia."

The following morning, *Abuela* gave me the details of her flight, and I had to swear never to reveal her plan. After the swearing ceremony was over, I lent her a hand and we were on our way to the woods a few miles from the house. We went looking for a sturdy tree. In the midst of the thicket *Abuela* sniffed at a tall mahogany and said, "What you waiting for?" She placed a sharp ax in my hands and like a mad cheerleader started shouting, "Miqui, Miqui, cut it, cut it, rah-rah-rah." It was then that my eye caught a black seagull's nest perched on the mahogany's canopy. I knew that it was the sturdiest tree,

[p. 134]

but the black seagulls were on my Boy Scouts list of endangered species. I thought for a few minutes and told her that the mahogany was a sick tree. "You choose, now," said *Abuela*. I looked around, selecting an old perforated oak. She smiled when I was able to bring it down with just a few blows.

"You cut good, Miqui. I like that!"

From then on, I followed her orders like a robot. She was so determined that I couldn't question her. She instructed me to start carving a hole right in the center of the tree.

"Come on. Take the arms off! Get the arms off the tree first!"

I didn't quite understand what she meant, and *Abuela*, losing her patience, grabbed the ax, dismembering the unsuspecting vegetable. That afternoon the oak had the appearance of an old board being consumed by human termites. Then *Abuela* fell asleep for a couple of hours, while I continued laboring. She awoke, inspected the work and patted me on my back. I grinned while thinking that I had surely saved the black seagulls from an impetuous old lady who I didn't quite understand.

For the next two months, we returned faithfully to our secret enterprise, where, camouflaged under a heavy cover of pine straw, the ark was being built. It had two compartments, one for sitting up and one to keep the canned goods and water pail. It had no self-propulsion, but a fake wheel and a hole in which to place a white flag. She had patiently covered the exterior with rhinestones and pictures of Julio Iglesias and German Garcia all pasted to the surface with Superglue. One afternoon, the admiral, while inspecting the day's work, asked me a few question to determine my nautical knowledge. Somewhat ashamed, I told her that I

could doggie paddle. Very calmly, Abuela ordered me to go to the

[p. 135]

library and to obtain, using any means at my disposal, a navigational chart.

"Miqui, when you learn the chart, we are going to go to steal the pick-up truck of your father and put the canoe in the bed, then we go to the Key Biscayne Marina and we rent motor boat, understand you?"

"I guess so..."

"Then we go to tow the vessel to where the Gulf Stream flows. You know the Gulf Stream is very, very close. I heard it in a radio program. Then I go from the motor boat to the canoe and you cut the rope, understand you?"

"But why?"

"I am going South. I'm going away, Miqui, and I come back no more, no more."

"But you'll die on the way!"

"No worry. I will be there in two days. I get off the boat. I wave my white flag. I drink a cup of coffee. I take a taxi and head for where Hilda rests and then it will begin to rain backwards..."

So there I was in the library stealing a navigational chart from an old dilapidated National Geographic. I remember I put it inside my underwear to avoid detection by the electronic sensor. When I got home, I opened it. Puzzled by its contents, I stored it in my bottom drawer. Learning that chart would take me almost three weeks. When I told her I had everything down pat, she went to her room, changed to her Sunday best and headed to catch a bus for Dadeland Mall with Mom's Gold American Express. When *Abuela* returned, she had bought two evening gowns, a flowery parasol and seven tape players, which would have been the envy of any kid. She showed me her purchases, while repeating several times that she just couldn't arrive empty handed.

"The purple dress is for Hilda. Is low cut, she had nice breasts."

[p. 136]

The big day came and *Abuela* was wearing a red sequined dress and carrying her parasol like an authentic tropical toreador. I led her to the pick-up and, with great reverence, *a la* Walter Raleigh, took her by the hand while opening the door. I was euphoric! For the first time in my life I was driving my father's truck. He was completely unaware of what we were doing, because he was partying with Mom. During the night, *Abuela* had managed to steal the keys from my father's drawer.

After a couple of jerky starts, we drove towards the woods. We got out of the truck and, after struggling for a while, with the help of three pulleys, we managed to place the canoe inside. It was around three in the morning. I was going to have my first solo drive along U.S. 1. I was so happy and *Abuela* was beaming. I pulled into the parking lot like a pro and went straight to the office. We rented the motor boat using Mom's credit card. Once we were inside the boat, *Abuela* opened a bottle of cognac that she had hidden under her gown. I almost choked with the first sip. She asked me to drink the rest after returning to port. *Abuela* drank hers in a single gulp.

We headed southeast in search of the Gulf Stream. Our boat was moving slowly. It wasn't easy to tow the refurbished tree trunk. *Abuela* was really bubbly, talking incessantly, telling me of everything from the day she caught her finger grinding coffee beans to the first kiss my grandfather gave her through the iron gates that covered the living room window. We were getting closer to the point where I thought the current would take her directly to her destination. The waters were turning deep blue. I slowed down, and *Abuela*, sensing that we were closing on the Gulf Stream, turned very thoughtful and, losing her previous effervescence, said, "You know why I have to accompany Hilda? Well, I am going to tell you. The kiss your grandfather gave me was no for me, I knew that that afternoon he was going to pass by to see her because he had been enamoring her for almost a year, and then I covered my face with a silk veil and he kissed me through it,

[p. 137]

thinking I was Hilda. Then I took the cover off my face and he was bewitched by me. Hilda died a lonely old maid throwing up stars."

"Stars?" I said.

"Yes, stars. It was God's way to reward her sufferings on earth. No believe me?"

"You can't throw up stars!"

"What if I tell you that she ate a can of chicken and stars soup before she died, you believe me now?"

"Well, it makes more sense... not a whole lot, but it makes more sense since she had the soup."

*Abuela* was in a trance for a few minutes, rewinding her mind. Then her voice was trembling when she added, "I have something more to tell you. It is no all. I cheated on your grandfather once in my life. Kirby was in love with me!"

"Kirby, the black bean soup maker?"

"No, Miqui. No be ignorant. They teach you nothing in school? The poet. He was learning Spanish to talk to me because at that time I knew very little English. I remember he used to tell me in the factory, whispering in my ear, 'My poems are palest green and flaming scarlet, a wounded deer that searches for a refuge in the forest.' Pretty, eh? I memorized the lines, but I left him because he loved to say bad words and I no like ordinary people. We both worked for the Libby factory, it still makes peaches in heavy syrup. He was the foreman, but he disillusioned me because every day at five o'clock when the whistle sounded he used to tell me, 'Nelia, *cojón*, no more work, enough for today, *cojón*.' That is why I left him and we never became nothing. I never like ordinary people that say bad words."

"*Abuela*, he probably was saying 'go home' not '*cojón*.'" "Well, it is too late now. But I think I loved your grandfather the most."

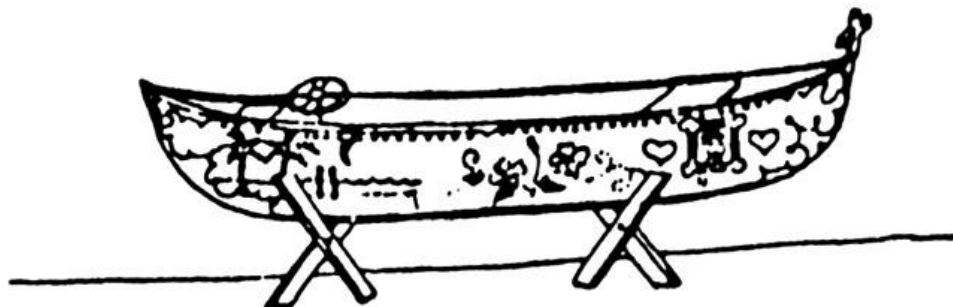
After our last dialogue, *Abuela* stepped across a plank from the tow boat to the canoe as I was pulling the rope free from the tow. Her vessel was moving now in all directions. She smiled, threw me a kiss, and said, "You be good,

[p. 138]

Miqui, okay? Make sure your mother drinks her warm milk, your father has the paper at breakfast and your brothers' tennis shoes are always clean, and you no worry for me. If I have problems I buy them with the tape players. That is why I carry them with me. You be good Miqui, okay?"

I didn't look back. I started the motor and kept my eyes fixed on the horizon, heading for port.

The tides have come and gone thousands of times, and I have come to the same marina as many times just to gaze South and have a shot of cognac. A week ago, for the first time, I noticed that my shoes were soaked and my head was dry. It was raining back wards! Then I realized that rabbits can't lay eggs and that my time was coming. I told my grandson and he said, "Grandpa Mike, you had too much coffee." I went straight to the old chest and found the yellowish chart we had used. I studied it for a while. I was determined to land where she had. Suddenly I realized the arrows indicating the direction of the current were pointing northeast, not south, like I had thought. I had read it upside down, or maybe backwards. I pictured *Abuela's* frozen figure in her sequined dress, holding her parasol inside some floating iceberg off the coast of Norway, having died alone like an old tropical Viking. Somehow I felt the iceberg's chill. Then the ambulance's siren brought me back from what I thought was simply a deep slumber and someone was shouting, "Mouth to mouth! Give him mouth to mouth. Get some air in his lungs. Hook him up to the machine!"



## Full Text

***Miracle at Eighth and Twelfth***, by Roberto G. Fernandez. In [\*Raining Backwards\*](#), by Roberto G. Fernandez. (Houston, TX: Arte Público Press, 1997).

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### Miracle at Eighth and Twelfth

Me and Manolo were walking toward Eighth and Twelfth after we left Pepe's Grocery 'cause I needed a few things for Sunday when the grandchildren would be over. I know what you are thinking, but it's my very own shopping cart. I'm no thief. Well, I was guiding my Manny and thinking how hard life had got ever since he went blind after lighting that old kerosene kitchen. I warned him, but he's always been so hard headed. You want some coffee? It's not American coffee. It's not watery. So the kitchen exploded right in his face, and my poor Manny pretended for weeks that he could still see and he even tried to drive the car and ended up smashing it against Mr. Olsen's porch. Mr. Olsen never knew Manny did it 'cause he was vacationing in Georgia at the time. Let me tell you, life then was a lemon and I didn't have no sugar to make it a lemonade.

So we were walking and it was good Friday. Wait a second, I think something is burning in the kitchen. Manny, is that you, my little heart? I wonder what he is doing in the kitchen. Last week, he turned on all the burners and nearly burned the house down. Now that he can see again he still likes to pretend to be blind. I guess he enjoyed all that extra attention. I always took care of him, like the king of this house he is. So we were walking along Eighth and Twelfth and it was Good Friday. It must have been around a quarter to three since it was really getting dark and windy. I was saying a rosary, just to do something, and I was admiring this huge mango when I noticed next to the mango tree, near the fence, Mr. Olsen's sea grape crying. It wasn't really crying, but sap was oozing from its branches. Somehow I was inspired and I helped Manny jump the fence and then I jumped. Actually, it wasn't really that easy since Manny's privates got tangled in the fence and I had to help him. I remember

[p. 19]

he screamed: "Barbarita, they are useless. Let's leave them there."

I went straight to the tree, gathered some sap in my hands and rubbed it all over my poor Manny's sightless eyes. At first, he cursed me, but then he knelt, lifted his arms and shouted: "*Coño*, I can see. Barbarita, I can see!" I thought he was kidding, so I asked him what color his blouse was. "Red, white, and blue," he said. I wasn't convinced yet, so I asked him again what color his shoes were. "Blue sneakers," he said with a grin. I quickly knelt and was beating my chest in gratitude when Mr. Olsen came out with his shotgun and threatened to kill us for trespassing. I tried to explain, but he wasn't interested.

Finally, I had to bribe him with some bubble gum. You know how Americans go crazy for stuff like that. He let us go, screaming that only Superman could save him from this foreign plague. While he was shouting, I was trying to scoop up some more holy sap in case Manny had a relapse, but he saw me and placed his gun right in my nose and said, "Lady, put that sap where it belongs... you... you tropical scum, or I'll blow your head off."

We were very scared of Mr. Olsen, but very thankful for Manny's sight, and now we go everyday at a quarter to three to pray across the street from Mr. Olsen's house, facing the tree, while a watchful Mr. Olsen keeps his gun cocked. "Scuse me, just a minute. Manny is that you, my little heart? It's Manny, alright. Every time he goes to the toilet he closes his eyes like he's blind and misses. I always have to go clean up after him. I want you to promise me by your mother's body lying in her funeral casket that you will tell everybody you know about this divine happening, so the faithless can become believers. But what I told about Manny's privates, keep it to yourself.

[p. 20]

ATTENTION PLEASE. MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE: WOULD YOU PLEASE DISPERSE AND GO HOME. GO CASA! THIS AREA IS BEING CORDONED OFF BY ORDER OF THE POLICE. POR FAVOR, GO AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. PRONTO!

That sure is a big helicopter up there! Please, ma'am! Please, ma'am, don't push. Let me go by, please. Please don't push, don't you see I'm carrying a sick child! Who pinched my ass? Mima, where are youuuu? Hail Mary full of grace, the gentleman with the green shirt please get out of the way. Excuse me, please. Forget it, honey. I ain't moving, I saw this spot first. Out, out, out! This is private property, *propiedad* private! Hot dogs! Hot dogs! Get your hot dogs and cockfight tickets here. Oh, my tree! Oh Julia, if you could only see what they are doing to my tree. My beautiful sea grape! Who pinched my ass? The mother who pinched my ass! Hail Mary full of get your Bud, get your ice cold Bud here. This butt's for me. Ouch! If you touch my tree again, I'll kill you! Shut up, old man. Lois, Lois call the police! I am not. This is so much fun, ole! I swear by my little boy that I saw everything from my bathroom window. She was pushing the shopping cart with a man inside. The man had no legs. Then I saw her jump the fence and gather something from the sea grape tree and spreading it all over his stumps and the next thing I saw was the man sprouting a new pair of legs. I swear by my mother's grave that I saw everything from my bathroom window. That's why I'm here. You spic English? Yes, a little. What the police saying from the helicopter? They said that the Virgin is coming real soon. How they know she is coming? They are gringos, my friend, they know everything. If Superman could only hear me, but I can't get to my watch now. Holy cards, with the Pope blessing the holy tree, with your order of a small pizza and a Bud. Number, numbers, *bolita*. Coke, coke. Get your coke here. Snort, excuse meeee, drink your Coke

[p. 21]

here. C'mon, Manny, rub a little bit of sap on your pipi, it might make it work again. Do it for me, Manny. Okay, Barbarita, but just a little bit! Let me go by, I have arthritis. Connie, just chip off a piece. It'll keep Bill at your side. And her royal highness for the Queen Calle Ocho Festival is, may I have the envelope: Lovee Martinez, a modeling student. Hey, don't take that whole branch. Shut up, *viejo*. My country tis of thee sweet land of liberty. And then he sprouted two legs and an arm. Caridad, our lady, is landing. She's landing upside down on top of the tree! Who pinched my ass? Oh, Manny, that's incredible. It's so big and hard!!!!



## Full Text

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### Boys

"Hey, boys, make room for me," shouted Pepe while drying his bloody hands on his butcher apron. "I am through cutting up this cow. You take over, Raul. Try to do a good job. We had some complaints yesterday. The 'palomilla' steaks you cut were too thick."

"Yes, boss. I only needed to see you doing it."

"Yes, yes, yes, you Marielitos always need expert advice. Didn't they teach anything over there in 20 years?"

"Hey, Pep. Give the Marielito a break. We're waiting."

You said to make room and we don't have all day."

Pepe dragged his lucky stool from his office to the front where the men where playing, took off his dirty apron and sat down to play.

"Are we playing partners?"

"Yes. It'll be Pepe and Manolo, Clavo and Manolito, Pepito and Rolando, Roberto and Frankie and Edgar and Miguel."

"Marielito, bring us ten cold ones and make it quick. Other wise you are fired. He's really a good worker," whispered Manolo to the players. "They only need discipline. It's not their fault. There is no respect over there."

"There is nothing over there," Clavo hurried to add. "There is nothing to eat, there are no houses where to live, there is nothing, only suffering."

"Who's shuffling the bones?"

"It's my turn," said Frankie.

Everyone kept an eye on Frankie. He'd been known to cheat by getting a few bones up his sleeve.

"Okay. The one who has the highest spinner sets."

"I set," shouted Edgar sipping his beer at the same time. "Pepe don't be stingy, what about some munchies?"

"Raul, bring us some tapas."

"Are you happy now, kid?"

[p. 185]

"I'll be happy as soon as I see the 'tapas' land on this table. By the way, Pepe, who are those two policemen that have been hanging around here lately?"

"They are working on the murder."

"Shit! What murder are you talking about? Just last week, there were over ten."

"I am talking about Connie Rodriguez. Anyway, the force assigned them to this area. I am glad because I needed some police protection after nine when I open the bar. Sometimes there are a few extra drunks, a few extra druggies, and they sure can cause a lot of trouble. Manolo, you should know more about that girl's case than most of us. Aren't you related to her mother?"

"Yes, I am, through my mother's side. I haven't heard much about them. Last time I saw them was three Christmas Eves ago when Jacinto was still alive and Keith wasn't a fugitive. After Jacinto died, she decided not to have anymore Christmas Eve celebrations. I am sure she misses him a lot, and the celebration without him makes her sad."

"Man, if I had to make my money the way Keith Rodriguez made his, I wouldn't want any. Now he has become some sort of born again revolutionary."

"Wasn't she hanging around that Bill Cloonan guy? People say he was the one who turned Keith in."

"Whose play is it?"

"Mine!"

"I think Bill and Connie had a thing going."

"I hear the one that's really doing good with her plantain chips business is Mima, their old lady. I think Frito-Lay wants to buy her out. I remember when she didn't have a health permit and disguised her business as an embroidery outlet. Someone told me there is a drive to make her son Quinn bishop."

"Isn't he the saint that manages the Santa Barbara-Shango Shrine over in Hialeah?"

"Yes, that very same one. He has cured a lot of people."

"Okay, who farted?"

[p. 186]

"Don't look at me. It was probably Roberto or your son Pepito."

"Next one that farts loses his turn!"

"Hey, Frank, between Sanchez and Bush, who do you think will win the election?"

"Ten to one that's going to be down to the wire."

"Who cares! What we need are more cannons, bombs, airplanes to liberate our homeland," Manolo interrupted with a trembling voice.

"Papa, take it easy. Remember your blood pressure."

"Who was the asshole that set that spinner on the table?"

"That's not a spinner. It's a five-seven. What's the matter, are you blind or not getting enough at home?"

"That's no way to talk to my dad, Bob. Don't you realize you're talking to a war hero? Dad has a sight problem from his war days. A grenade exploded right in his

face. He was blinded for a while, but God gave him his sight back. Lately, he's been having problems again."

"I didn't know, Manolito. I'm sorry, Mr. Gonzalez. I didn't mean to be disrespectful."

"I accept your apologies. You turds don't know a thing about life!"

"Let's keep playing."

"Miqui, what do you call an easy woman in Miami?"

"..."

"Give up?"

"Yeah!"

"A frijol."

"You must be referring to Connie! HA, HA, HA."

"Miguel, do you know anything about Jose Marti?"

"Sure, isn't he a boulevard in Hialeah?"

"You know nothing. Marti said, 'Of woman, maybe you will die from her bite, but don't stain your life talking bad about a woman.' So, don't do it. Besides, she can't defend herself."

"I'm getting back with my wife."

[p. 187]

"Clavo, stop talking nonsense. Emelina doesn't love you, and she has a new boyfriend. Forget about her. The problem with you is that you never met El Cid at Varadero Beach when you were young. She would have straightened you out then. One night with El Cid was a lifetime of excitement. All these problems with Emelina would have meant nothing. She used to drive men crazy. I remember, hundreds killed themselves because she refused their love. She loved only one man. Me. After I left her she took up with Aristoteles, a wimpy law student. I guess she was devastated. But I had to do it. I had no other choice. I was engaged to Barbarita. God bless her soul. Back then, I used to like to burn oil. So, Clavo, 'water that you aren't going to drink, let it go by.' By the way, you are murdering the hand."

"How can I forget thirty years of marriage?"

"Who's next?"

"I pass."

"Edgar, I hear you're moving to Gables by the Sea. Even if I had all the money in the world, I wouldn't move there. No more dominoes at your place. That city has an ordinance against dominoes and colored underwear. For me, moving there is like living in a Listerine bottle, too disinfected, lifeless."

"Well, Mike, I bought a house there because my wife wants to open a studio in Coconut Grove. You know Muriel is an artist. And how is your developing company?"

"Hey, let me tell you, we have a fantastic project! Do you remember the old Freedom Tower on Biscayne?"

"Sure, I do."

"Well, we bought the property and we're turning the whole thing into luxury condominiums. My partner wants to call it Kennedy Towers. It's going to be the most fantastic enterprise this city has ever seen. You know how much is going to be the price for the smallest unit?"

"\$80,000?"

"Don't make me laugh! One and a half million big bucks!"

[p. 188]

"Excuse me, young man, my hearing is not too good, but did I hear you say you are going to call your building Kennedy Towers?"

"Do you realize what that name means to us?"

"Sure, the name of one of our Presidents."

"Do you realize he sold us into slavery?"

"He's dead, Mr. Gonzalez. Give the man a break!"

"One death is nothing compared to the calvary of a whole people. You are too young to remember, but he never made good what he promised us at the Orange Bowl!"

"Papa, you're getting red! Take it easy."

"We are lost, Pepe. We have plowed in the sea!"

"Manolo, that is really profound!"

"Well, thank you, Pepe."

"I have something very important to say. From now on everybody has to call me Count Pepe."

"What happened? Are you shacking up with some boulevard beauty named Countess?"

"I have never been unfaithful to my wife Berta! I won the title in a raffle. This count came by about two weeks ago and he didn't have enough money to pay for the groceries, so he offered me a ticket instead. I take food coupons, so I accepted his ticket. I felt sorry for the guy. But I thought that if I was to win, it would be good publicity for the bar. Yesterday, I checked the list posted at the door of his house and I was the lucky number. I felt sorry because his wife was crying. She was saying that he should have waited. The count also sounded upset and I heard him saying: 'Sucre, you know very well that neither our son nor our daughter can have children, and we needed the money.'"

"Why can't they have children, Count Pepe?"

"I don't know, Manolo. Maybe they are sick."

"You might be right, Count Pepe. They are probably hemophiliacs."

"Who cares about that crap!"

"I think Roland is cheating while you two are talking."

[p. 189]

"*Coño*, I don't cheat. The only cheater here is Frankie, who colors in extra spots on the bones to win."

"If you call me a cheater again, I'm going to smack you!"

"Okay, boys, cool it. It is only a game. Try not to say '*coño*' in this establishment. Remember the disglossa law. Marielito, bring us another round."

"My name is Raul."

"Pepe, our only hopes the papal election. We need a warring one, like Urban II."

"Manolo, you are genius! I know nothing about history."

"Mr. Gonzalez, the paper says the Russians are going to dismantle their missiles in Europe."

"Hah, Pure cane straw! They are nothing but liars! In fact, with the tripe of the best communist, I would hang the worst one of them."

"I feel like a couple of eggs sunny side up with rice."

"Pepito, didn't you have some tapas?"

"That's queer food. Not for a man."

"There are no eggs in this country! Do you call eggs those tiny whitish things Pepe sells here?"

"Hey, Manolo, take it easy. There is nothing wrong with the eggs I sell. They just come that way from the farm. And the name is Count Pepe."

"Don't take it personally, Count Pepe. It is just that the eggs over there had a tough shell and bright red yolk. The eggs over there were so big that the layers had to have C-sections, and the land, what bountiful land! You planted a seed today and within a week you had the whole tree with leaves and fruits."

"Ha, hahahaha. Everything was bigger over there. Next, he's going to be saying that over there his was ten inches long. It just shrank when he got here."

"Listen to me, young man. At least over there we didn't spend a fortune going to dingaling trainers, like you men have to do over here, just to get it up."

"I guess we are making him mad."

[p. 190]

"Mike, a little more respect. Remember you're talking to a war hero."

"Let's see how many of you young boys are willing to do like the national anthem says: 'to die for the fatherland is to live.'"

"Hey, Mr. Gonzalez, I was born here, and you know what my national anthem says: 'to make enough money, to have a Trans Am, that is to live.' Who's playing

next?"

"We are lost, Count Pepe."

"Mr. Gonzalez, don't take it so hard. The world keeps on turning. Have another beer!"

"Domino!"

