



Makes You Wanna Holler!

By
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December 5, 2009

Ese homie, you're not gonna believe this shit. El pinchi Güero that nobody can figure out, especially when he's all acelerado on glue, came over all excited yesterday like he was being chased or something. We all thought it was because he was seeing things after he had gone to the movies to see *Dawn of the Dead* and since he dint have no money to be chased to the mall like in the movie, he came to our chante.

We couldn't understand a damn thing he was saying but it sounded important. He was saying all kinds of shit nobody could understand, like,

"They're comin! They're comin! They're gonna throw peanuts at us like changos in a cage! We gotta do somethin', we gotta do somethin! We can't let them do it! They're comin', they're comin'!!!!"

Listening to the vato, la Flaca said that the Japanese invented un collar para los perros that translate the barks into words, and that she was gonna buy one for 'im. We couldn't understand him so we tol him to shut up and when he dint we threw him outa the chante.

It wasn't til today that we found out what he was talking about. There is this used-to-be gangbanger from the other

side of town who's gonna put on some gang tours of the barrio for the gavas that want to see gangbangers. Ain't no lie, it's gonna cost gabachos \$65 bolas to get in a bus and go into the barrio ese. Asi como en el zoo.

There's gonna be this cholo dude on the bus with a microphone pointing out the vatos in the hood – *"and there you can see a perfect example of a tattooed out gang member. Notice that this young criminal type has the name of his barrio on his left arm and the name of all his homeboys in a list all across his back, and if you notice very carefully, there is also*

tattooed a list of all the crimes that have been committed by him since he turned thirteen. Why don't we throw him our hand sign and yell out real loud the name of your suburb? Oh, and don't worry about any retaliation, this neighborhood has a gang injunction in place to keep them all under control. See that one? He has an ankle bracelet to monitor his location at all times. No honey, it's not jewelry. And on this side people, you'll see a young pregnant chola that has dropped out of school that's turning tricks for her man. Throw some coins if you want, it's Ok, they need the money. Isn't





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this exciting angelinos? I caaaan't heeeear you! Again, isn't this exciting angelinos? Now on to another neighborhood where you'll be able to get out and spray your monikers on the walls of somebody's house. You won't have to worry about being caught, over there they all work two jobs so they're hardly ever home. Get your cameras ready."

Simon carnal, the chotas won't even have to go on patrol anymore to identify the homies. All they gotta do is take the magical mystery tour theys gonna call "Better than a Monkey Cage" to get all the info they need. And if they give the tour guide a good tip he might even want to be a witness in the court.

If the vatos on the street are smart they're gonna ask for some protection money so the tourist don't get shot while they on the tour. They said that they was gonna take the tourist to a shopping stop first on the route at the local Target store to buy t-shirts with the store logo. They are going to watch the vatos all dressed out with bandana and shit and make like theys' shooting it out in the alley or stabbing each other with the fake knives they use in the movies con un chingo de red paint for blood. *Maybe they can go by your chante Flaca and watch your jefito hitting you mama, le dijo el Moco. Fuck you Moco, Flaca said, why not to yours when you're dressing up all chavala.* That shut Moco up good.

Anyways, the tourists are gonna get off in some alley and the vatos are gonna make like they are stickin' them up with water guns and take their feria, only

they're gonna keep it and the tourists are gonna consider it a tip for the performance. ¡Qué loco! La Flaca said that she had seen somethin' like this in Arizona where cowboys would shoot Indians in this deserted cowboy town museum.

The vatos says that he's gonna use the million dollars he's gonna make a year back into the community. I wonder who's eating that one up carnal? We as wondering if the radicals are gonna jack this pendejo up anytime soon or are we gonna have to?

We went over to Profe's to see if he already knew about it. But we dint have to knock on the door. Shieet, he was cussin' up a storm and everybody around could hear – GADDAM!! GADDAM! WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS PINCHI SYCO THINKING?? It took us a little while to let him calmarse before we could come in. He was going on – *If this is what you call getting saved from the*

life, man, then we need for these vatos to be torcidos for life. Who the hell is bankrolling this vato? I bet it's those fuckin' weasels from the Westside the same ones that are bankrolling some of the vendido political groups too.

Well to make a long story short homes, nobody is liking this except the transa organizing this and those that are gonna be making money on our fucked up situation. Even Moco's all pissed off. He was saying, *I'll tell you something right now, homies, they come into our barrio and they ain't gonna be making it out.*

But I'll be letting you know what happens homie. Al rato.

