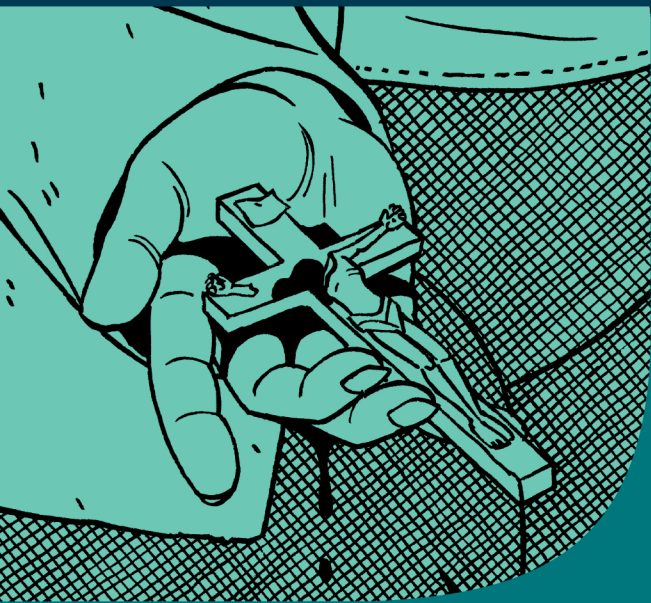




Jaime
Hernandez

ESPERANZA

A LOVE AND ROCKETS BOOK



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Fantagraphics Books
7563 Lake City Way NE
Seattle WA 98115

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Edited by Kim Thompson
Original series edited by Gary Groth
Series Design by Jacob Covey
Design by Alexa Koenings
Production by Paul Baresh
Eric Reynolds, Associate Publisher
Gary Groth and Kim Thompson, Publishers

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in writing, at 7563 Lake City Way NE,
Seattle, WA 98115.

First edition: June 2011
Second edition: October 2015
ISBN: 978-1-60699-449-8
Library of Congress Control Number:
2015940691

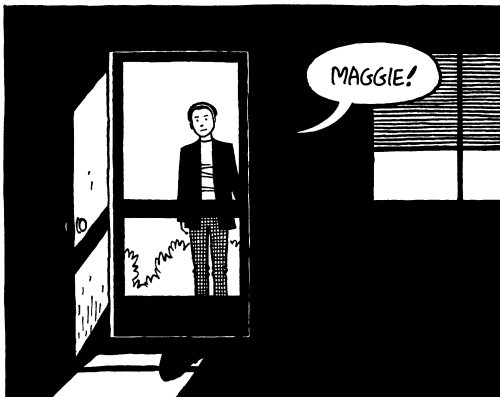
Printed in Singapore

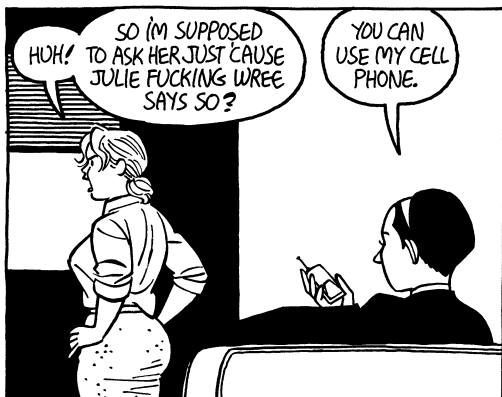
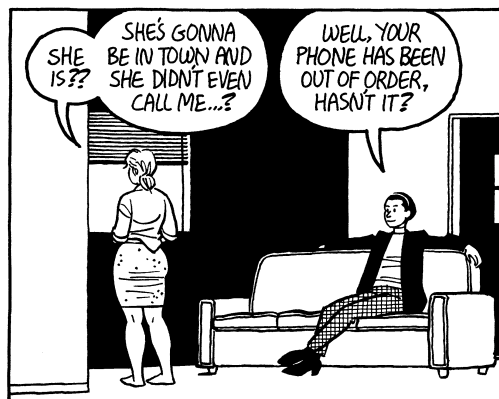


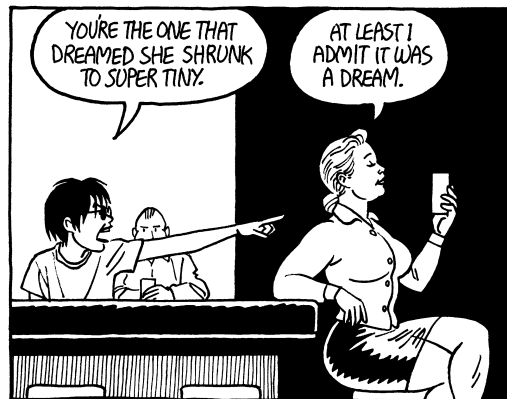
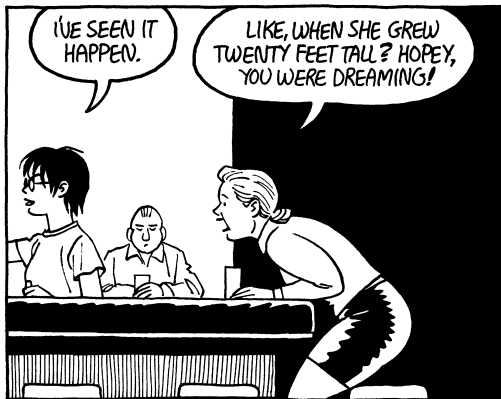
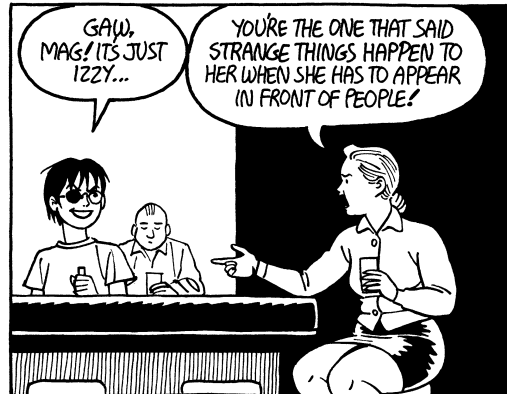
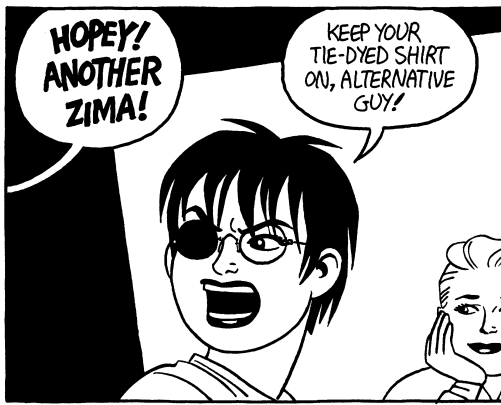
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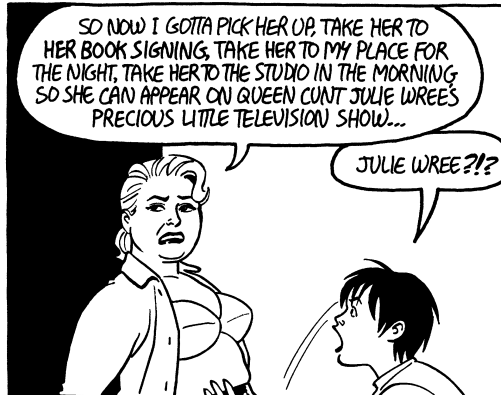
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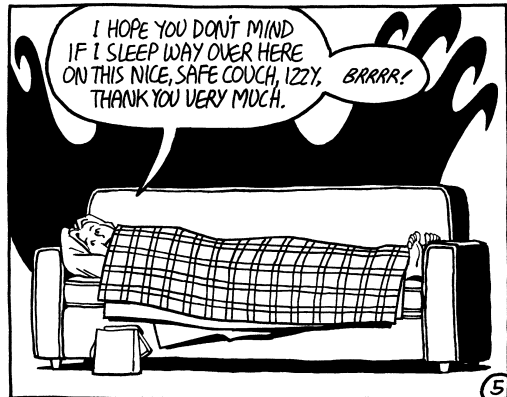
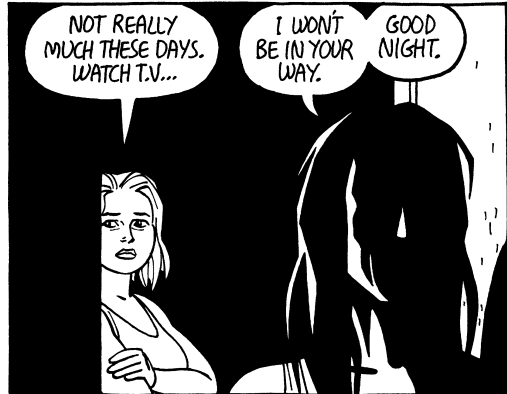
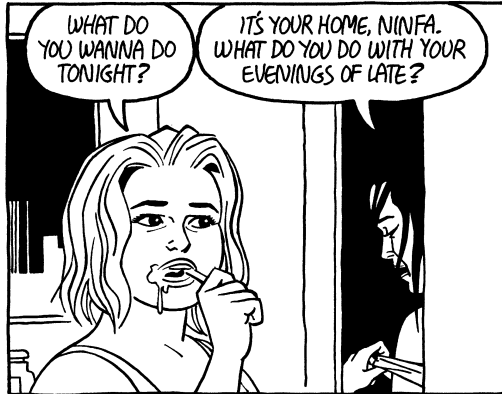
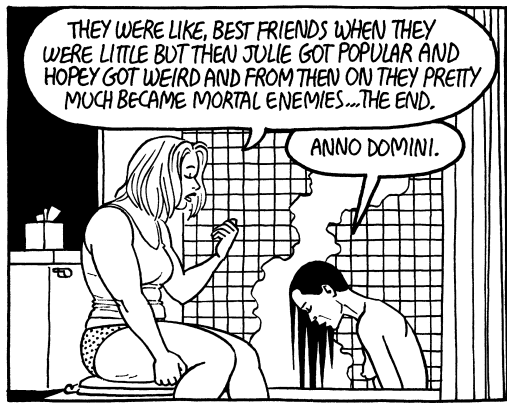
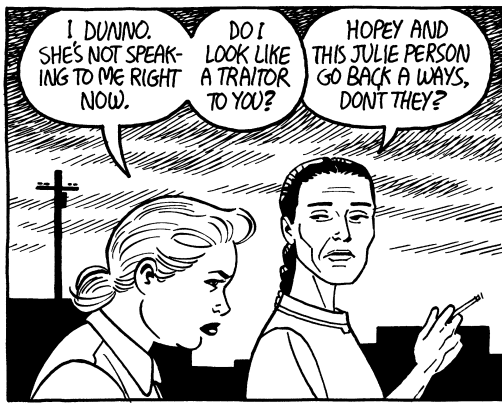
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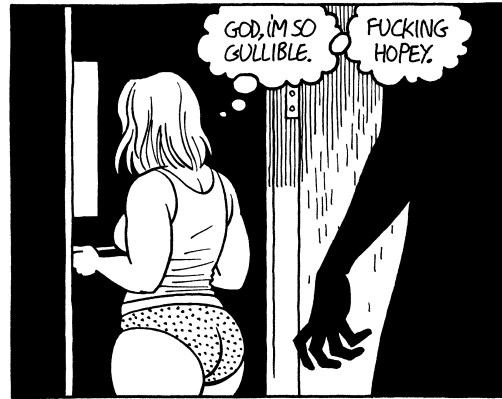
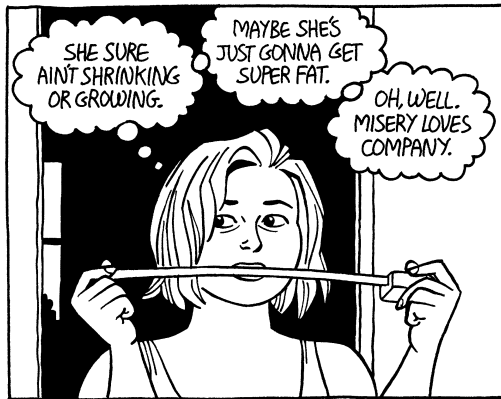
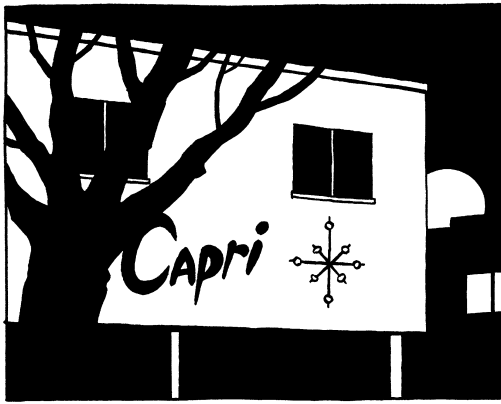


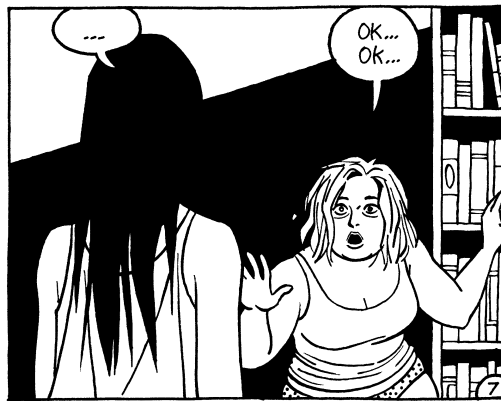
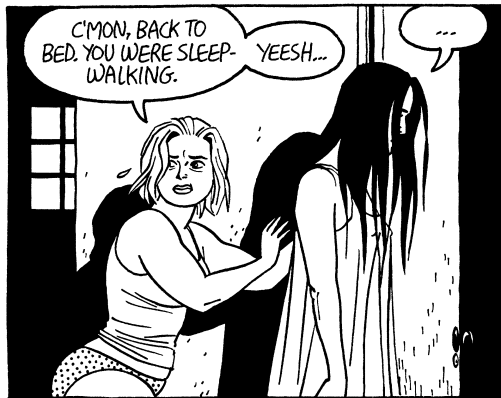


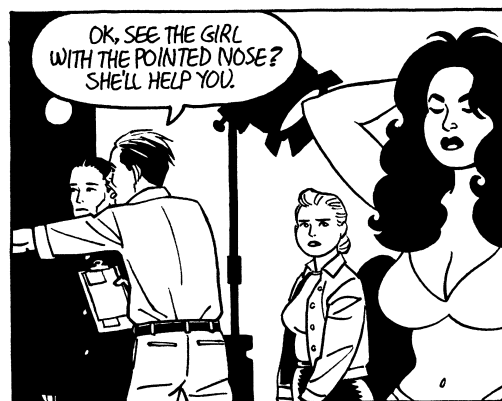
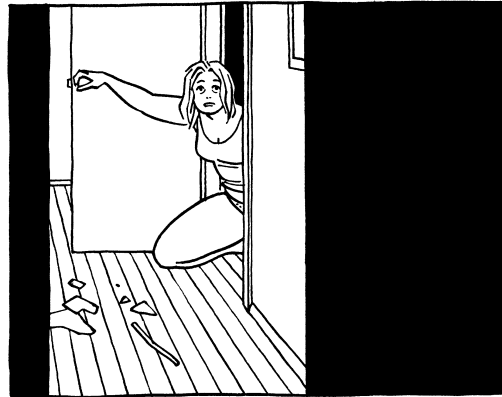
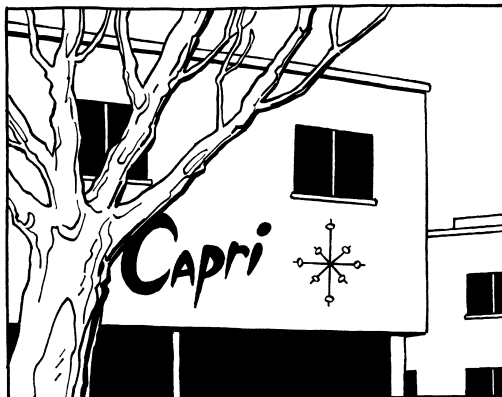


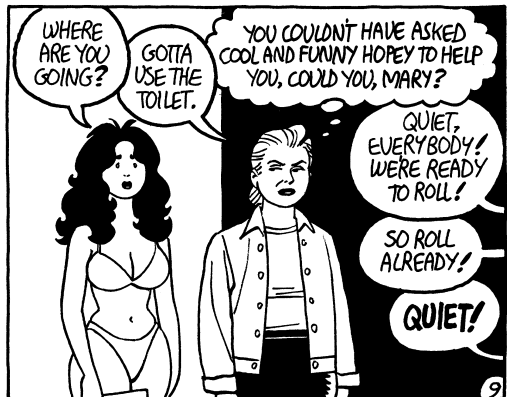
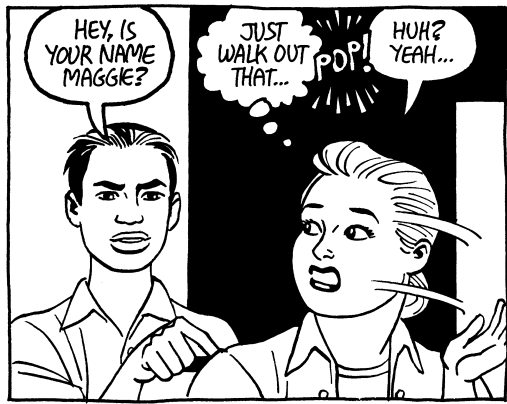








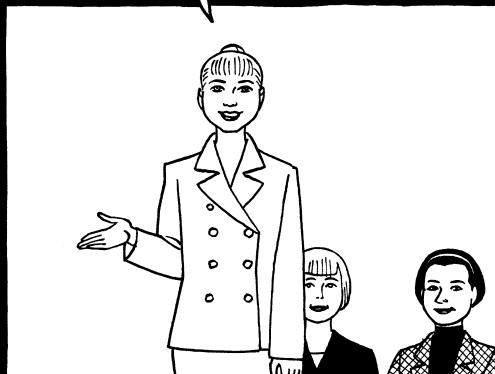




I'VE GOT A BRAND NEW PAIR OF ROLLER SKATES, HE'S...



HI, WELCOME TO OUR SHOW. I'M JULIE AND THESE ARE MY FRIENDS MADISON AND MARY AND THIS IS A SHOW WHERE WE JUST HAVE FUN AND SAY WHAT'S ON OUR MINDS.



I'M TOTALLY STOKED ABOUT TODAY'S GUEST. SHE IS ISABEL ORTIZ AND SHE HAS WRITTEN A BOOK ABOUT, OF ALL THINGS, MY OWN HOMETOWN OF HUERTA.



BUT FIRST, IT'S TIME FOR TODAY'S STATISTIC.

WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK IS THE PERCENTAGE OF PEOPLE IN ENCINO THAT WEAR SUNGLASSES?

OH, GEE...



WELL, HERE'S OUR RINGCARD STATISTIC GIRL VIVIAN WITH THE ANSWER.

WOW! ONLY FORTY-TWO PERCENT? I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE MORE.

SO DID I.



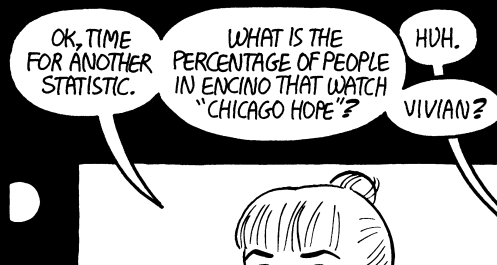
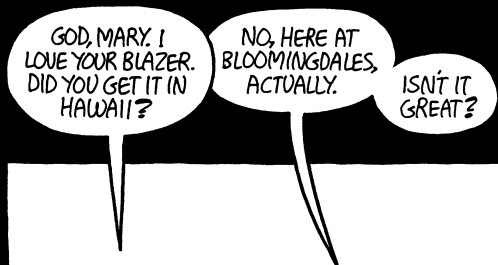
MARY JUST GOT BACK FROM HAWAII.

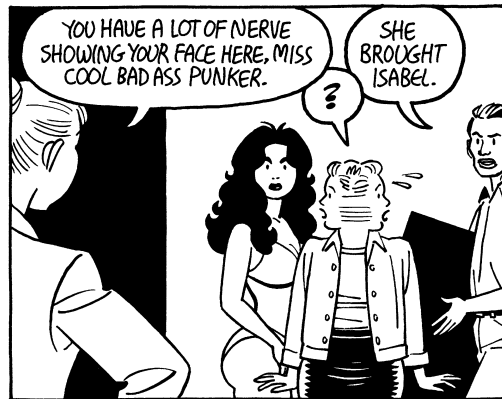
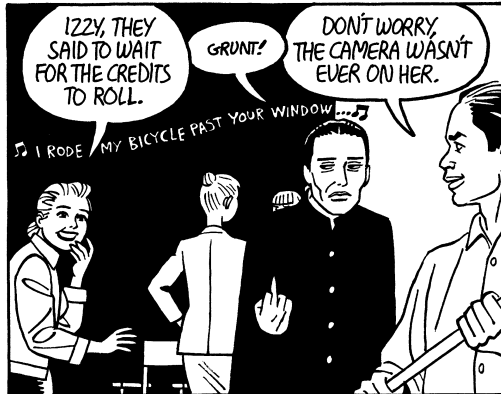
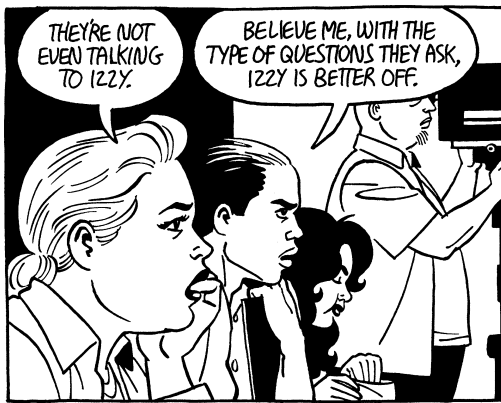
MARY, YOU'RE SO LUCKY. HOW WAS IT?

GREAT!

I HEAR YOU BROUGHT PICTURES.





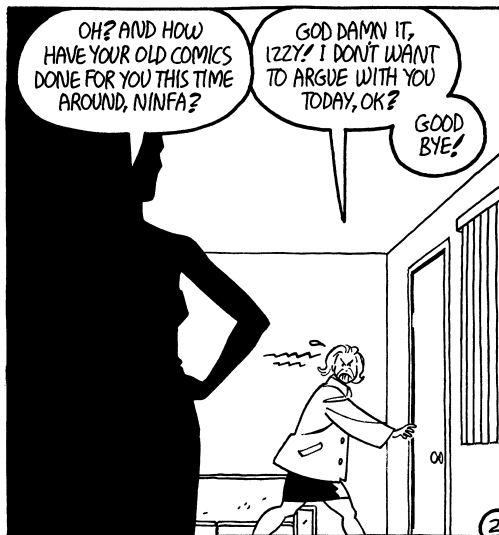


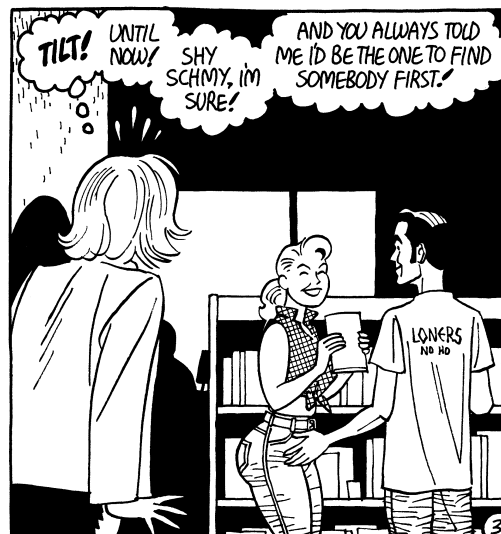
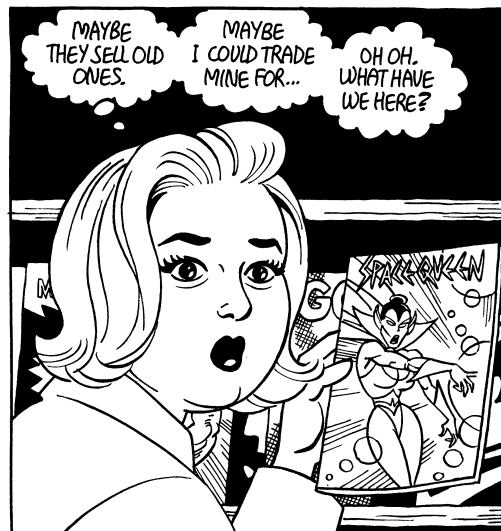
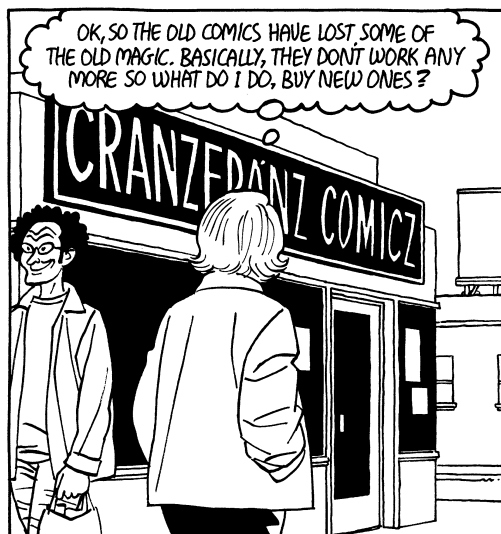
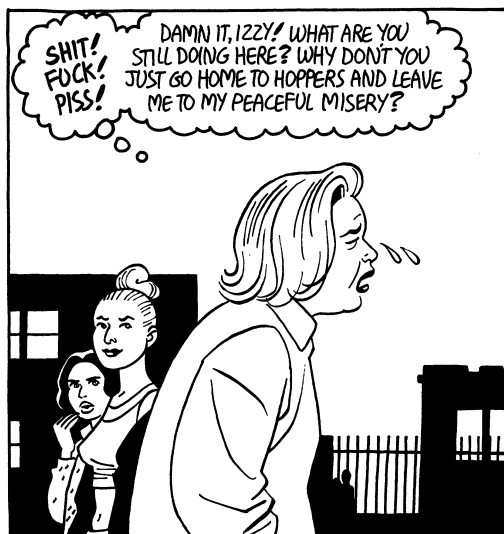


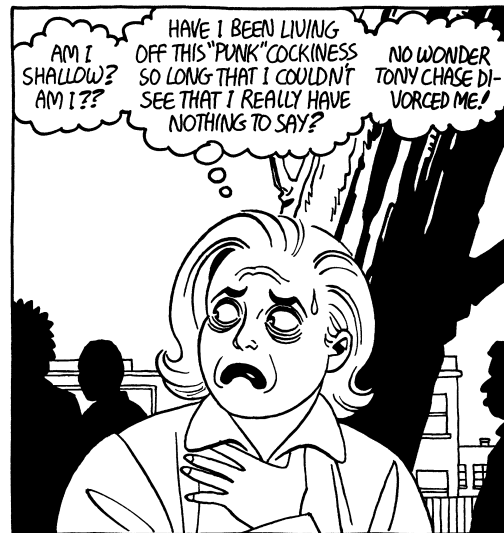
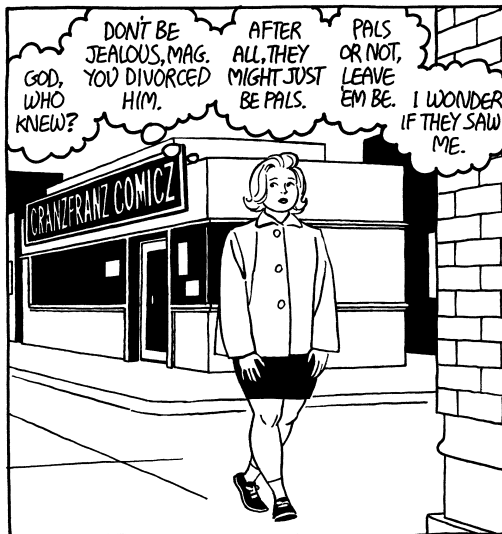
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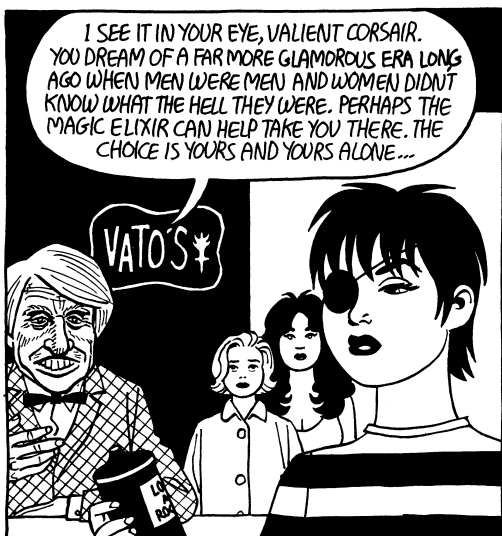
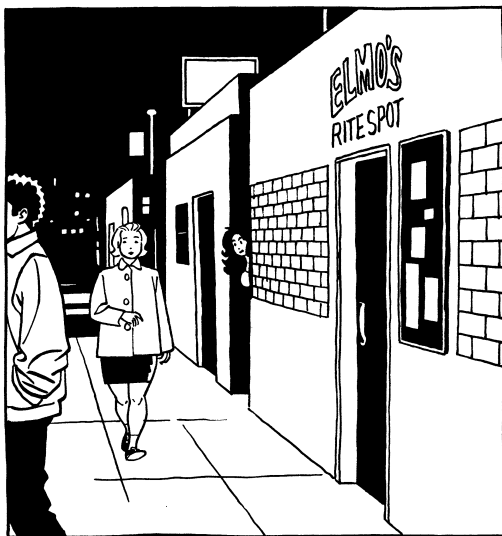
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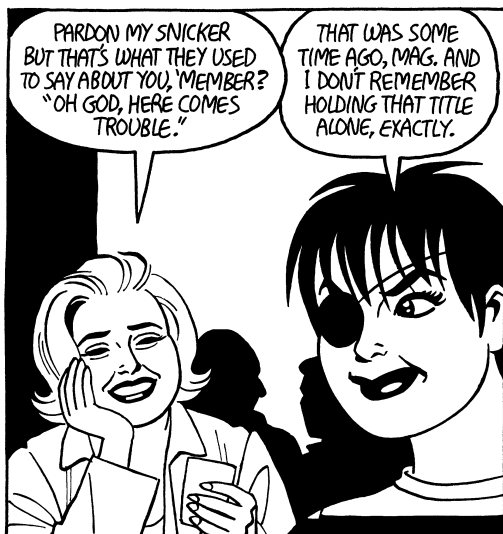
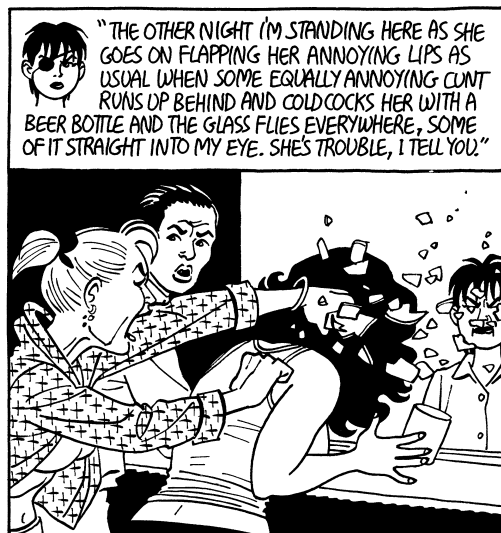


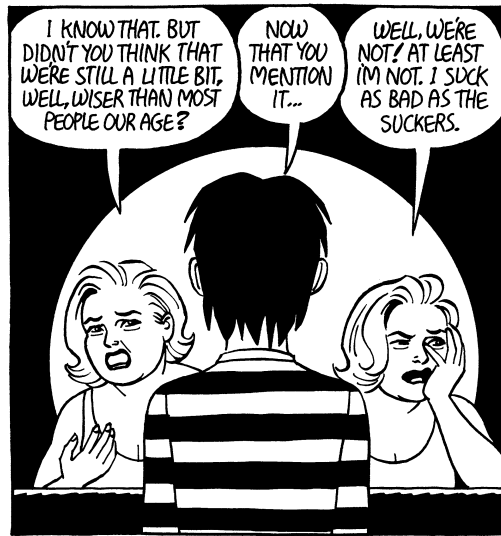


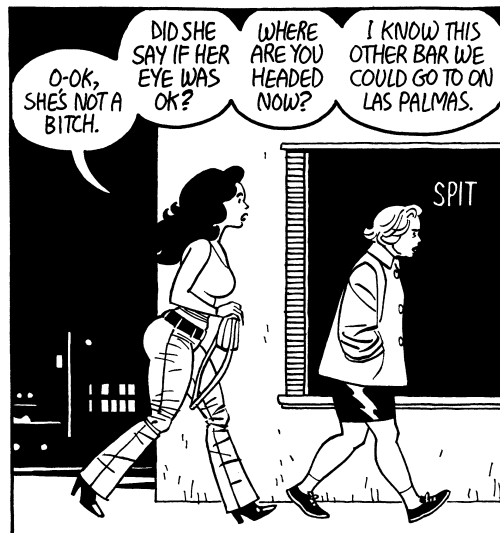
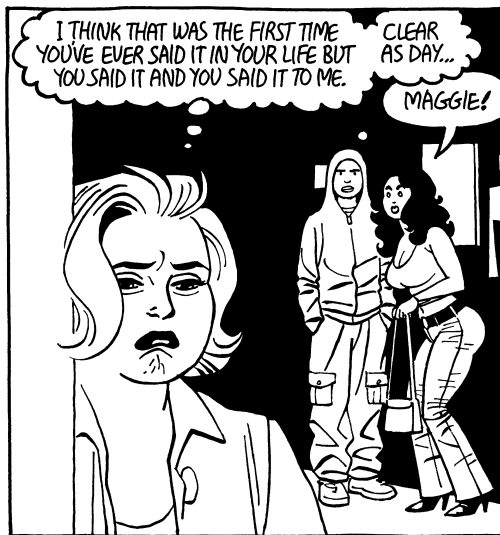




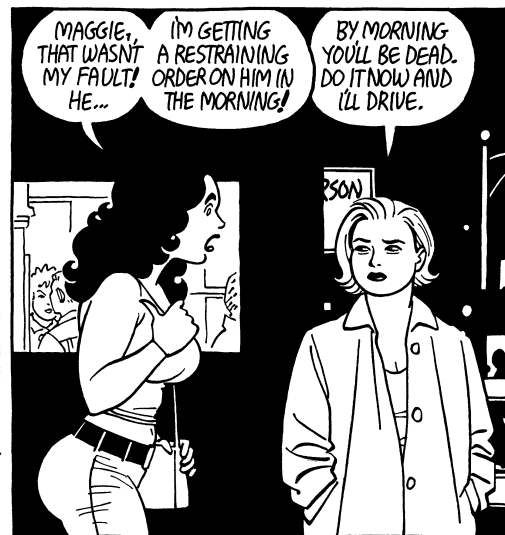
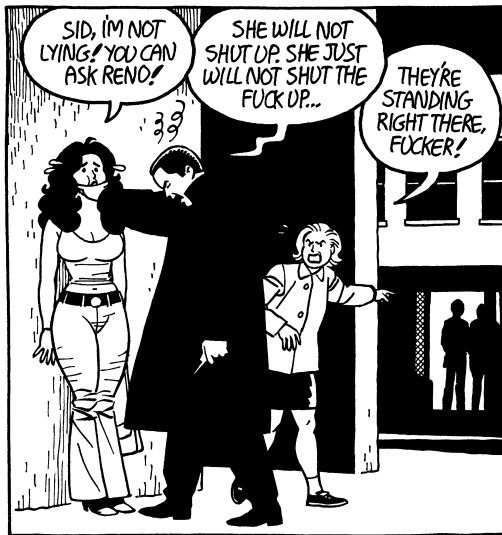


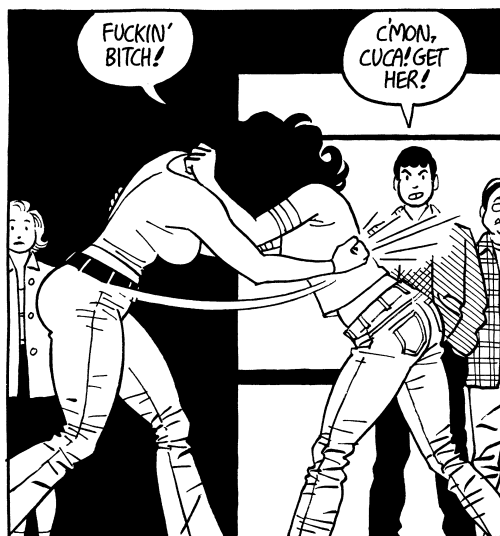


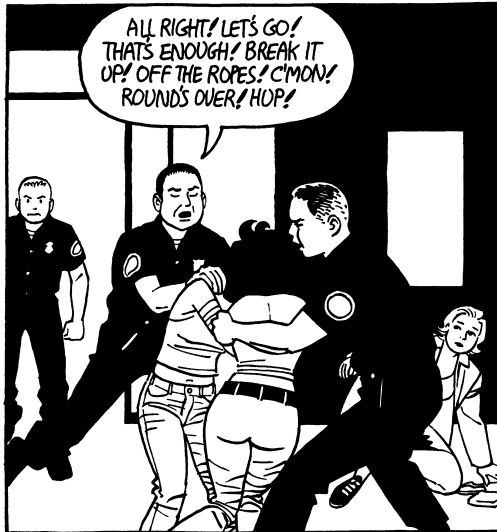
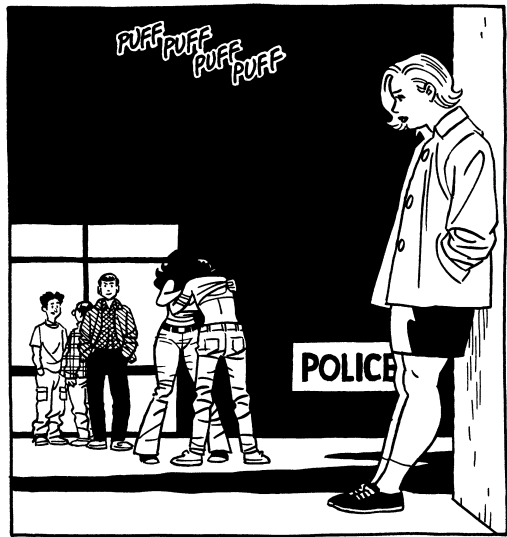


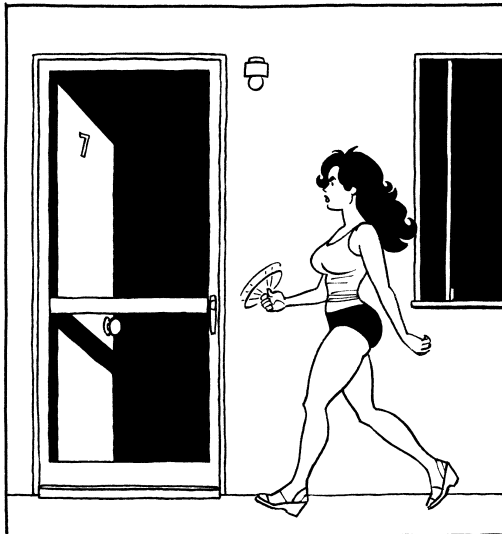


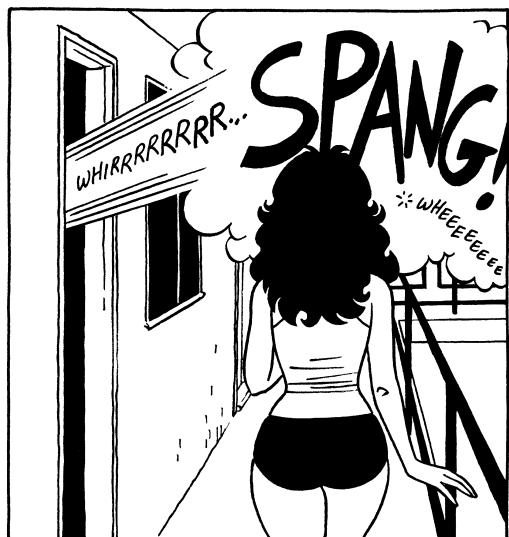














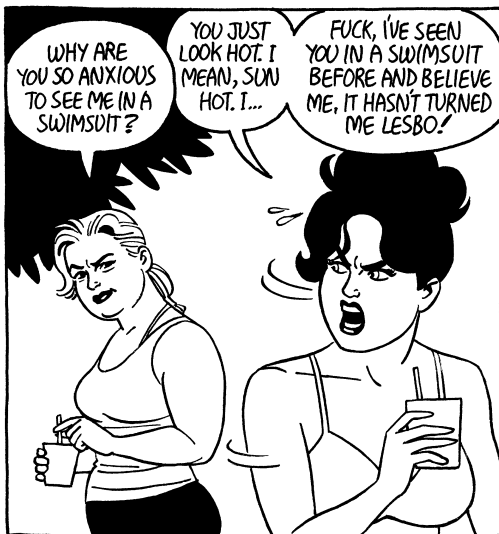
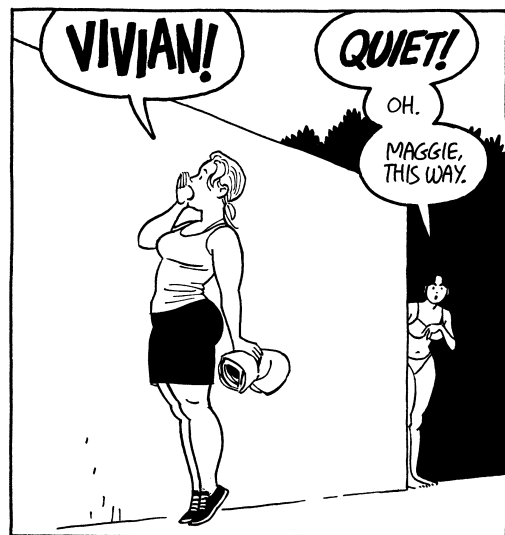
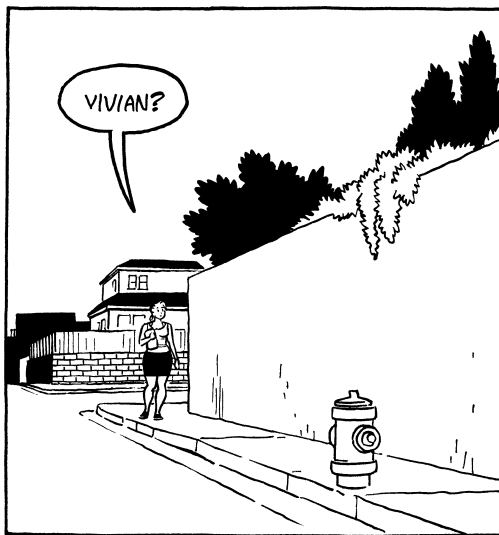




Maggie

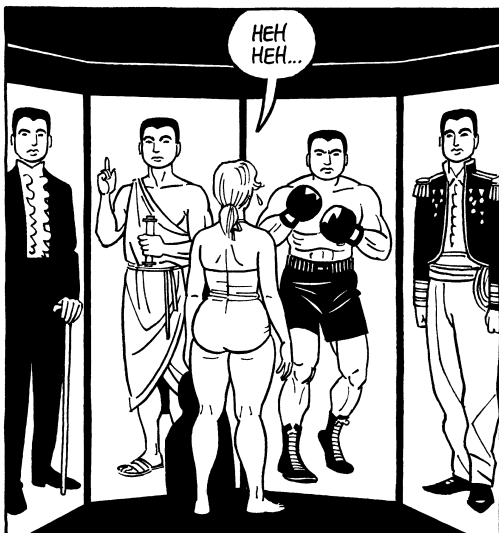
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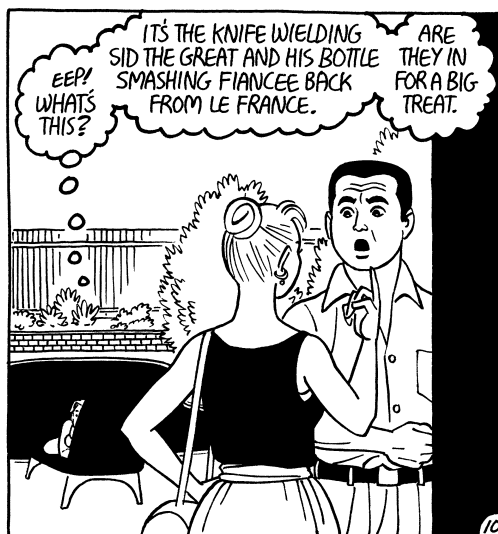


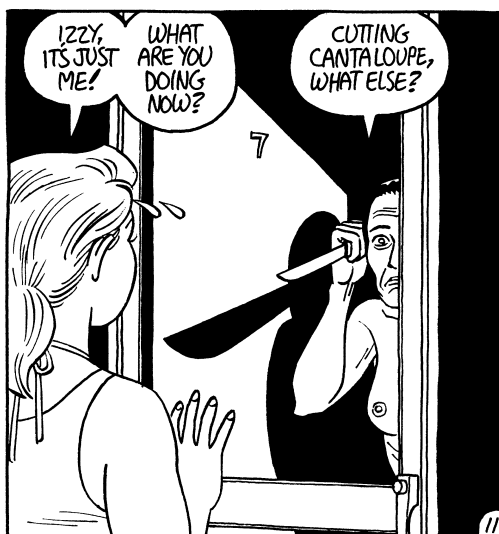


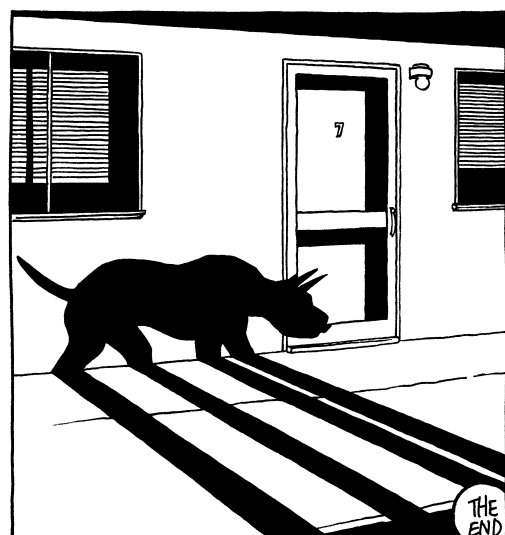


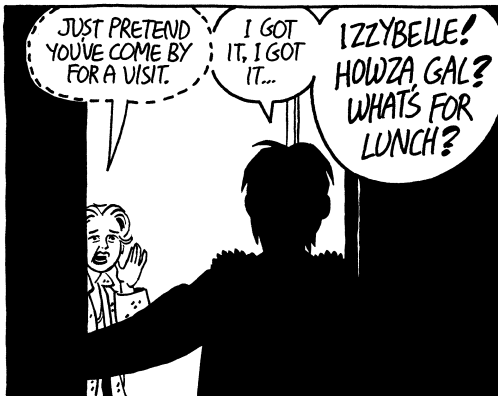
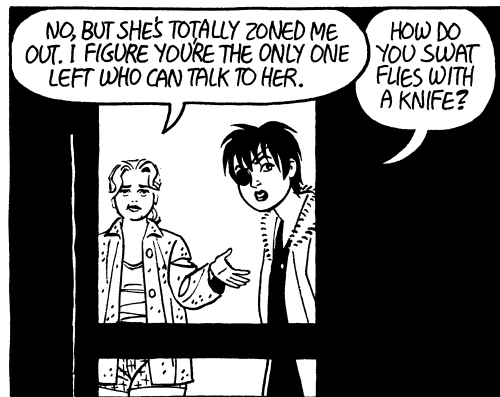
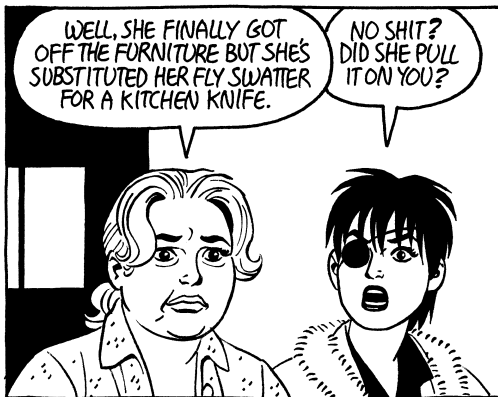
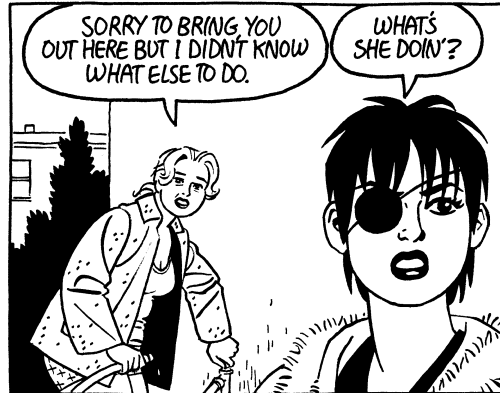
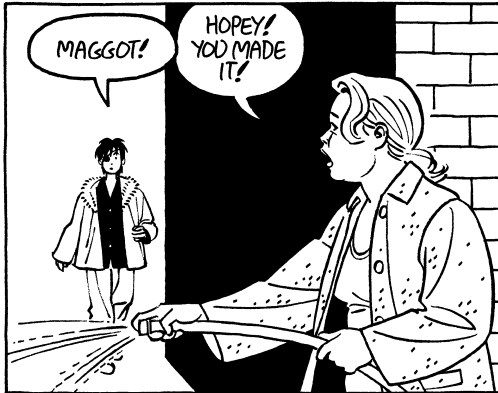
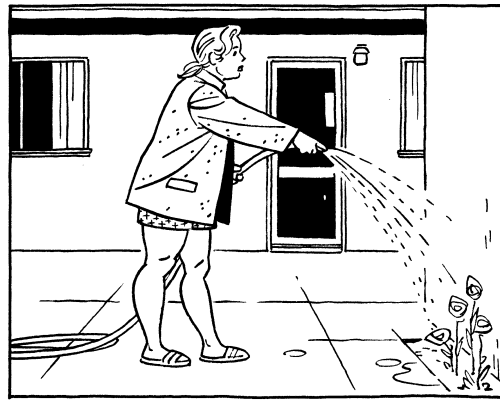


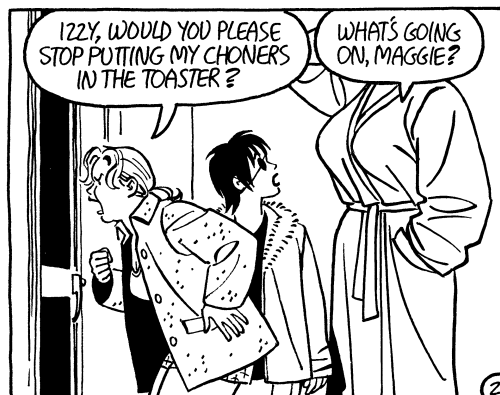
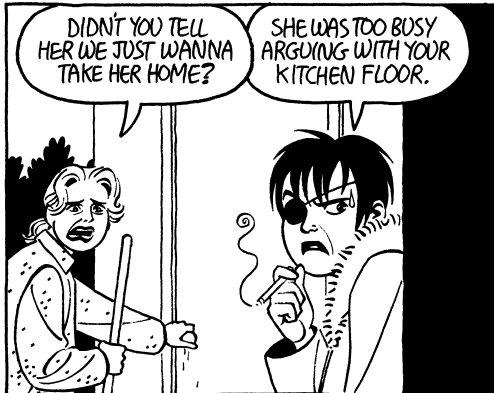
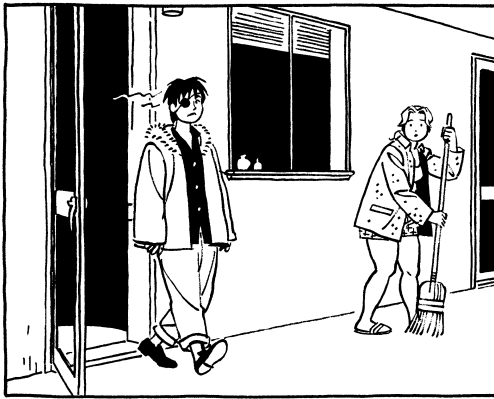


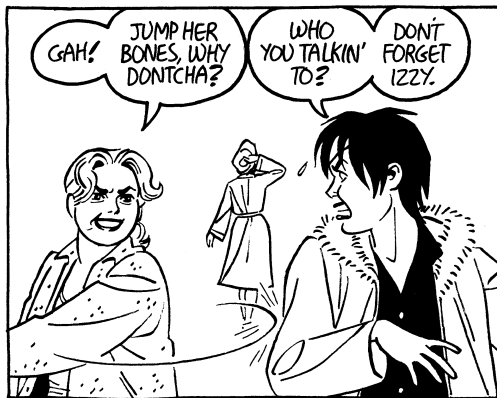
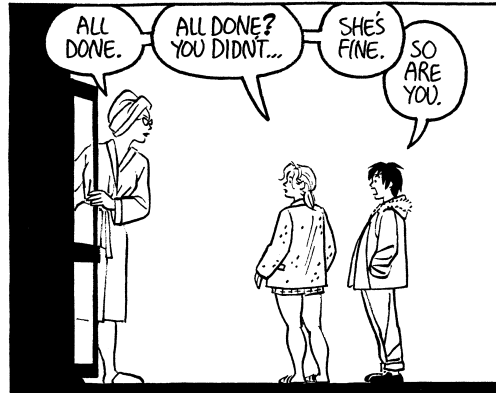
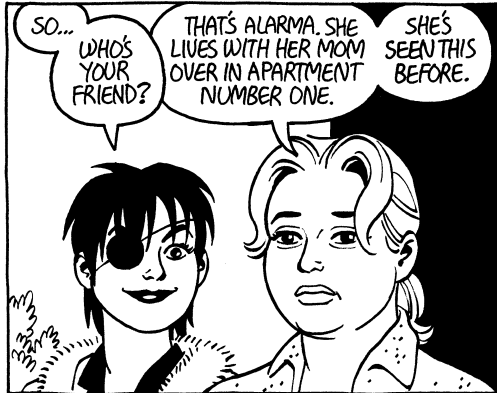


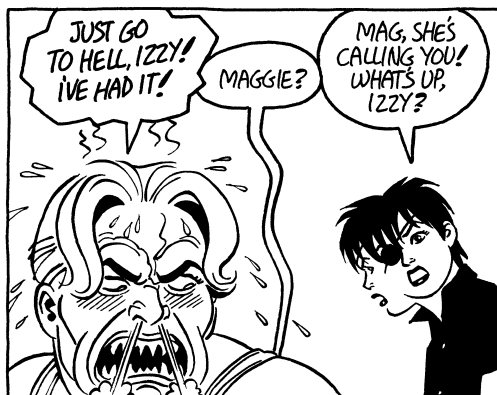
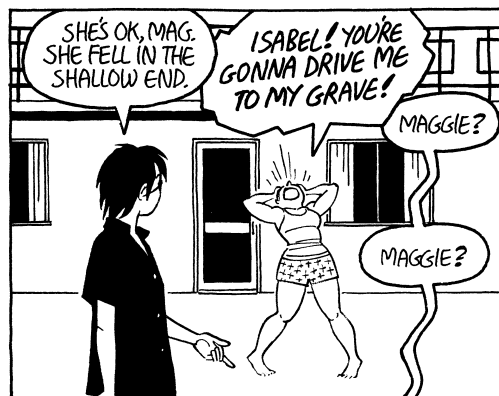
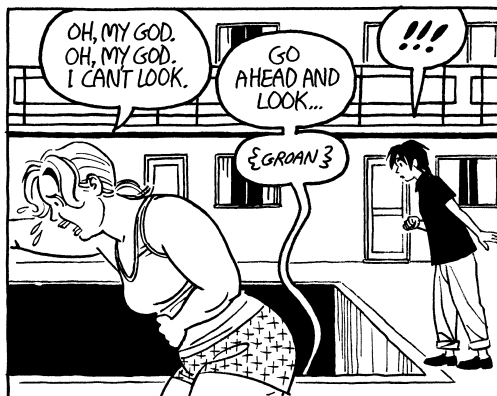
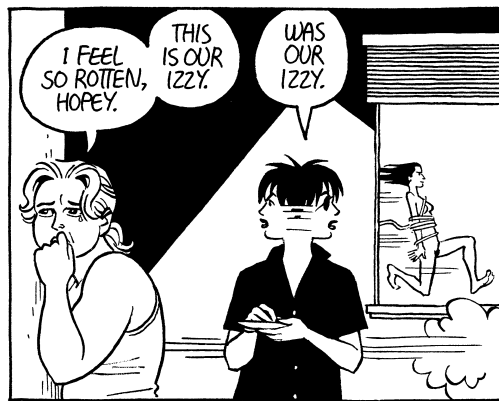












MAGGIE

WHY DIDN'T HOPEY COME ALONG?

SHE HAD TO GET BACK HOME OR SOMETHING, I DUNNO.

YOU DONT KNOW?

OR SHE HAD TO GO TO WORK, I DUNNO.

YOU DONT...

TSK! THAT WASN'T HOPEY.

NO WAY...

OH, REALLY? THEN WHO WAS THAT MYSTERIOUS WOMAN?

NOBODY YOU OR I KNOW.

WHAT ARE YOU POPPING OFF ABOUT NOW?

YOU CAN'T SEE IT? SHE'S BEEN TWISTED AND MANIPULATED LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE AROUND YOU AND I.

LOOK WHO'S TALKING ABOUT BEING TWISTED...

YOU SAID SO YOURSELF. EVER SINCE YOU RETURNED TO CALIFORNIA YOU FEEL AS IF YOU'RE WALKING ON FAKE EARTH. LIKE IT DOESN'T SIT STILL BENEATH YOUR FEET. DID YOU NOT SAY THAT?

YOU EVER HEAR OF A METAPHOR?

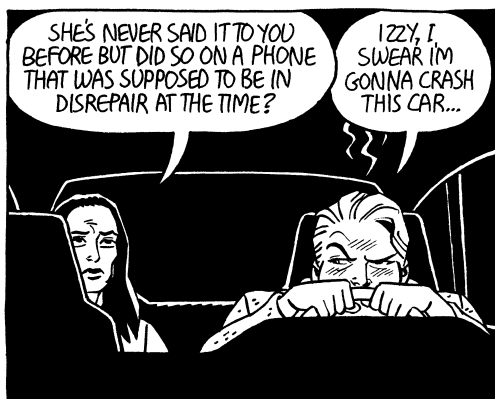
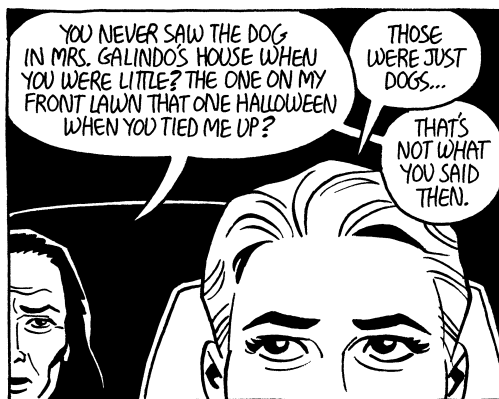
YOU DONT EVEN REMEMBER YOUR OWN MARRIAGE. YOU SAID YOU WERE IN A FOG THE WHOLE TIME.

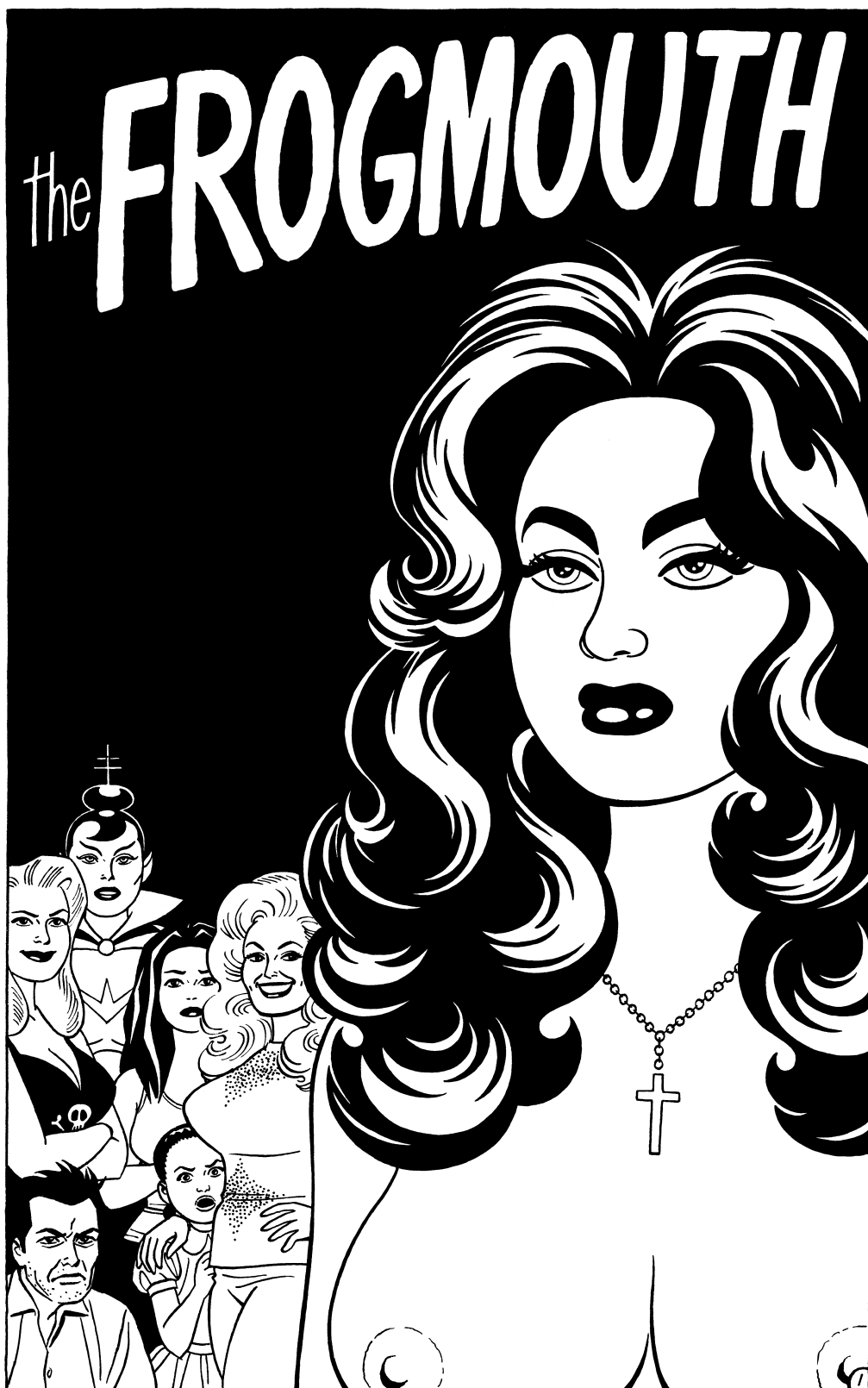
YES, BUT THAT WAS ALL ME! I CREATED THAT IN MY MIND! NOBODY DID IT TO ME BUT ME!! ME, ISABEL, ME!

SO IT WAS YOU THAT CREATED THE DOG?

I NEVER SAW ANY DOG. MR. MAYNEZ UPSTAIRS HEARD A DOG. NOBODY SAW ANY SUCH DOG.

YOU NEVER SAW THE DOG?





THERE I AM AT THE RACK ON CAHUENGA CHECKING OUT THE BIG GIRL PORN AND THERE HE IS LIKE I SAW HIM ONLY YESTERDAY.



FUCKIN' DOYLE. STANDING THERE WITH THAT BOYISH GRIN THOUGH LOOKING LIKE HE'S LIVED ALL OF HIS NINE LIVES AND THEN SOME.



WE CATCH UP ON THINGS OVER A COUPLE OF PISTOS AND I FIND OUT TO NO SURPRISE THAT ONE WEEK OF DOYLE'S LIFE IS MILES MORE EVENTFUL THAN A YEAR OF MINE.



HE TELLS ME HOW HE DID A LOT OF SOULSEARCHING IN THOSE MISSING YEARS AND FOUND OUT A LOT ABOUT HIMSELF. RIGHT THEN I'M NOT SURE IF HE'S GONNA PULL OUT A BIBLE OR A SWASTIKA. SO I SORT OF RECHANNEL THE SUBJECT...



I ASK HIM IF HE STILL DATES STRIPPERS. HE NODS. I ASK HIM IF HE KNOWS A STRIPPER AT CHEETAH TORPEDAS NAMED VELVET. AGAIN, HE NODS. I ASK HIM IF HE EVER DATED (FUCKED) HER. HE GRINS AND NODS. FUCKIN' DOYLE.



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? THE VERY GODDESS THAT TORTURED MY LAME VOYEURISTIC SOUL FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE CENTURIES. OF COURSE HE FUCKED HER. EVERY MAN IN THE WORLD BUT ME PROBABLY GOT TO FUCK HER.



HE TELLS ME HOW THE LAST TIME HE SAW HER SHE WAS FIRED FROM CHEETAH TORPEDAS, FOR DUKIN' IT WITH ANOTHER DANCER. BY THEN I'M TOO FAR GONE IN MY SELF PITY AND WE CALL IT A NIGHT.



FUCKIN' DOYLE. FUCKIN' VELVET. FUCKIN' GOD. WHY DID YOU GIVE MEN WEENIES IF ONLY SOME ARE ALLOWED TO USE THEM AWAY FROM HOME? I SINK DEEPER, LORD, DEEPER.



TWO NIGHTS LATER DOYLE HITS ME UP AND WE GO OUT TO SOME DIVE ON LAS PALMAS. WE WALK IN AND ALREADY SOME FUCKHOLE IS STARING AT ME LIKE I RAPED HIS SISTER. I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE GOT OUT OF BED TODAY.



I BRAVE MY WAY PAST AND SEE THAT DOYLE'S ALREADY SITTING WITH A GROUP OF FRIENDS. THEY LOOK NONE TOO FRIENDLY BUT NEITHER DO I, THE WAY I'M FEELING, SO I SIT MY ASS DOWN WITH THE REST OF THESE FUCKIN' REJECTS.



AND THERE SHE IS, MY GODDESS, SITTING TWO CHAIRS AWAY FROM ME. FUCKIN' DOYLE. DID HE KNOW SHE'D BE HERE? DID HE SET THIS UP? WHO CARES? DRINK YOUR BEER AND ENJOY IT, RAY.



AS THE DRINKS PILE UP IN THE NEXT TWO HOURS, I PRETTY MUCH KEEP TO MYSELF MAINLY BECAUSE I CAN'T HEAR ANYBODY TALK OVER THE LOUD FUCKIN' MUSIC BUT ALSO BECAUSE SOME SHITHEAD HAS BEEN HOGGING MY FUTURE WIFE THE WHOLE TIME.



I'M PRETTY BLITZED BY THE TIME THE CROWD HAS DWINDLED. IT'S BEEN A HALF HOUR SINCE DOYLE SAID HE'D BE BACK AND THE SHITHEAD FINALLY GIVES UP AND LEAVES VELVET AND I ALONE. VELVET AND I ALONE?? SAY SOMETHING, FOOL! SHE'S GONNA LEAVE!



SO I SPRING INTO ACTION AND ASK HER HOW SHE KNOWS DOYLE. LAME QUESTION, SURE, BUT IT WORKS. SHE SITS BACK DOWN BUT ONLY BECAUSE SHE COULDN'T HEAR ME OVER A BLARING "DOWN BY THE LAZY RIVER". I THEN HAVE EXACTLY TWO SECONDS TO COME UP WITH A LINE THAT WILL MAKE HER STAY SEATED...



SO I TELL HER HOW "THE SLIDER" IS THE SULTRIEST SONG EVER STRIPPED TO AND SHE ACTUALLY SEEMS DELIGHTED THAT I'VE SEEN HER PERFORM. BEFORE YOU KNOW IT I'M YAKKING THE POOR GIRL'S EARS OFF ABOUT NOTHING SO I BACK OFF AND GO TO MY ORIGINAL QUESTION. THEN SHE ANSWERS...



HOLY SHIT! WHEN SHE OPENED HER MOUTH TWENTY SAILORS, SIX BUS CRASHES AND A BULLFROG FELL OUT OF IT! HER VOICE SHATTERED EVERY BEER BOTTLE ON THAT TABLE! ONLY GOD COULD PULL SUCH A CRUEL JOKE! BUT IT COMPLETED THE PICTURE PERFECTLY...



THAT ATOMIC BODY, THAT BABY DOLL FACE YOU DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO KISS OR PUNCH AND THAT VOICE. OH, THAT VOICE. FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL MINUTES I LET HER TALK. I JUST SAT THERE MAKING WEDDING PLANS IN MY HEAD WHILE ALL THE BLACKBOARDS WERE BEING CLAWED TO DEATH.



JUST WHEN THINGS GET RELAXED BETWEEN US SOME YUPPIE SHIT WALKS UP AND STARES HER UP AND DOWN. SHE SEEMS TO PRETEND NOT TO NOTICE HIM AND JUST WHEN I THINK HE'S SOME KIND OF PEST HE HANDS OFF AND OPEN HANDS HER.



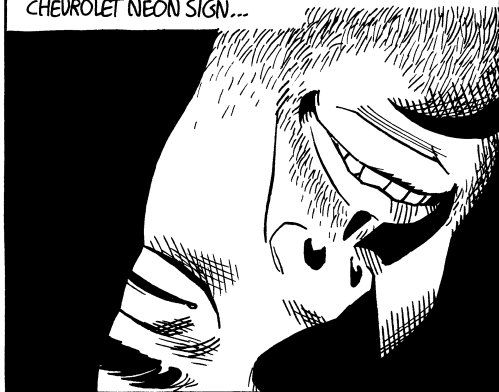
BEFORE I CAN REACT HE'S POINTING HIS FINGER AT ME LIKE HE'S TRYING TO FREEZE ME AND LIKE A SORRY SACK... I FREEZE. BY THE PANICKED LOOK ON VELVET'S FACE IT'S OBVIOUS SHE KNOWS HIM. THE NEXT THOUGHT THAT COMES TO MIND IS "PIMP."



JUST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO YANK HER OUT OF THE CLUB I JUMP UP BUT SOMEBODY CLOBBERS ME FROM BEHIND AND BEFORE I KNOW IT VELVET'S PRACTICALLY SITTING ON MY FACE BUT BEFORE I'M ALLOWED TO ENJOY IT SOMEBODY'S FOOT COMES DOWN AND PUTS ME OUT.



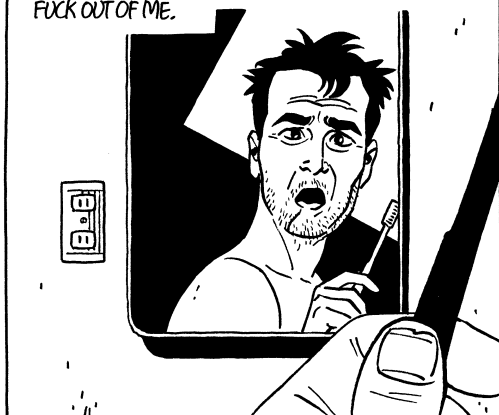
THE NEXT THING I SEE IS VELVET SHRIEKING LIKE A BANSHEE AT SOME BLACK GUY OUTSIDE OF THE CLUB. AFTER THAT THE NIGHT IS PRETTY VAGUE LIKE A SET OF STILL PICTURES. A PAY PHONE WITHOUT A RECEIVER. A CHINESE SLIPPER IN THE GUTTER. THE FELIX CHEVROLET NEON SIGN...



ONE OF THE CLEARER PICTURES IS OF DOYLE LAUGHING NEXT TO ME AS WE LEAN OVER A FOUNTAIN WASHING THE BLOOD OFF. I GUESS I BLOCKED DOYLE WHEN HE WAS CHARGING TO CLOCK THE YUPPIE SHIT AND SMASHED HIS NOSE ON THE BACK OF MY HEAD.



THE NEXT MORNING I WAKE UP HUNG OVER, I HAVE A CUT ON MY CHIN BUT MOSTLY I HAVE THIS REALLY EMBARRASSED, DOOMED KIND OF FEELING IN MY GUT FROM I'M NOT SURE WHAT AND IT NAGS THE FUCK OUT OF ME.



COULD IT BE FROM THE FACT THAT I HANDLED MYSELF IN THE USUAL COWARDLY FASHION AND IN FRONT OF MY BELOVED FROGMOUTH? BOTH ARE GOOD GUESSES BUT MY DOOMED GUT TELLS ME IT'S SOMETHING ALL TOGETHER DIFFERENT. DAMN, I WISH I KNEW.



THE NEXT DAY I TRY TO PICK DOYLE'S BRAIN OVER THE PHONE. I ASK HIM WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE YUPPIE SHIT THAT SLAPPED VELVET AND HE MUMBLES "THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF IT." RIGHT THEN I FEEL LIKE IM IN SOME MYSTERY MOVIE WHERE EVERYONE KNOWS SOMETHING BUT ME. WHO'LL TAKE CARE OF WHAT ???



HE TELLS ME TO FORGET ABOUT IT AND TO MEET HIM TOMORROW FOR LUNCH AT SOME PLACE ON VERMONT. HE SAYS VELVET, WHO HE CALLS VIVIAN, WORKS AT THE VINTAGE CLOTHING STORE NEXT DOOR TO IT. I TAKE HIM UP ON HIS OFFER. MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT WHAT AILS ME.



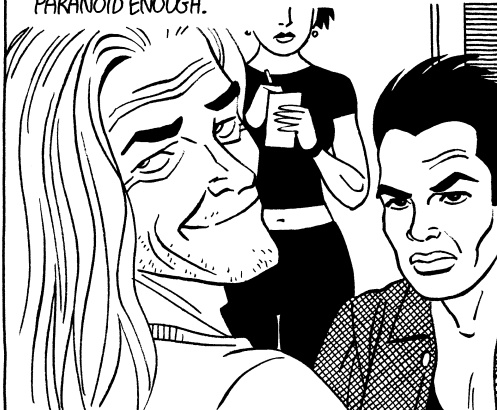
THAT NIGHT I SURROUND MYSELF WITH MY FANTASY GIRLS JUST TO LET OFF SOME STEAM BUT AS USUAL IM GANGED UP ON. BEATEN BLACK AND BLUE BY A BUNCH OF CACKLING HENS. THEY DONT APPROVE OF MY BURNING INFATUATION FOR THE EVER STICKIN' VELVET. FUCK'EM, I SAY.



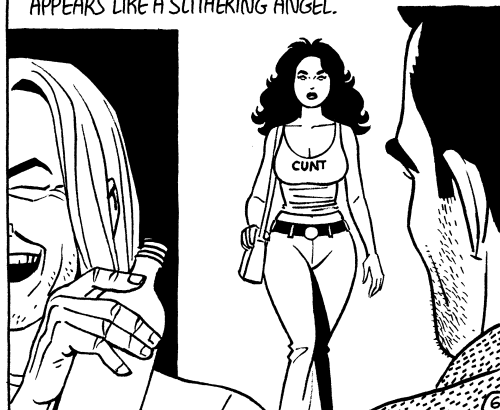
THE NEXT DAY I ARRIVE A LITTLE EARLY SO I CAN PRETEND I DROPPED IN TO SHOP IN VELVET'S STORE. I CANT BE SURE SHE'LL REMEMBER ME, THE WAY THAT SHIT WORKS, SO I SPEND THE NEXT TEN MINUTES WATCHING HER FROM BEHIND CLOTHES RACKS OF UGLY SEVENTIES SHIT. ITS BOTH WEIRD AND EXCITING TO SEE HER IN DAYLIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME.



WHEN IT'S TIME TO MEET DOYLE I GO OUT AND FIND HIM WAITING WITH THE BLACK GUY THAT VELVET WAS RAILING ON. DOYLE SEEMS SORT OF CAUTIOUS WHEN HE GREET'S ME. DAMN, AS IF I AINT FUCKING PARANOID ENOUGH.



SO I COME RIGHT OUT AND ASK HIM WHAT THE FUCK I DID THAT NOTORIOUS NIGHT THAT I CANT REMEMBER BUT THAT'S TURNED ME FUCKIN' BATTY. HE CACKLES BUT BEFORE HE CAN ANSWER MY BELOVED VELVET APPEARS LIKE A SLITHERING ANGEL.



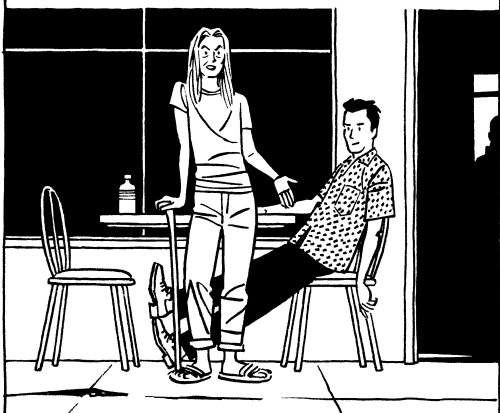
MAN, I COULD HAVE WRITTEN THIS SCRIPT MYSELF. SHE GOES STRAIGHT TO THE BLACK GUY, ACKNOWLEDGES NO ONE ELSE AND TAKES OFF WITH HIM. DOYLE SWATS HER ASS ON HER WAY OUT AND SHE RETURNS THE FAVOR WITH A CROAKY "FAGGOT!"



DOYLE TELLS ME THE BLACK GUY IS A COMRADE FROM HOPPERS, AND THAT HIS UNCLE WAS THE LEAD SINGER OF AN OLD DOO WOP GROUP. SO, WHY IS HE TELLING ME ALL THIS? SO I'LL LIKE THE GUY WHO GETS TO FUCK MY FROGMOUTH ANY TIME HE BLOODY WELL PLEASES?



DOYLE MUST SENSE MY FRUSTRATION BECAUSE HE STARTS GOING OFF AGAIN ON ONE OF HIS NEW SERMONS ABOUT SOUL SEARCHING AND FINDING YOUR TRUE SELF AND PEACE OF MIND AND ALL THAT.



I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHO THE NEW DOYLE IS BY ALL OF THIS BUT THE MORE I DWELL ON IT THE CLOSER I'M GETTING TO THE CAUSE OF MY EMBARRASSED DOOMED GUT FEELING. THEN POW! IT HITS ME LIKE A LOCO'S MOTIVE.

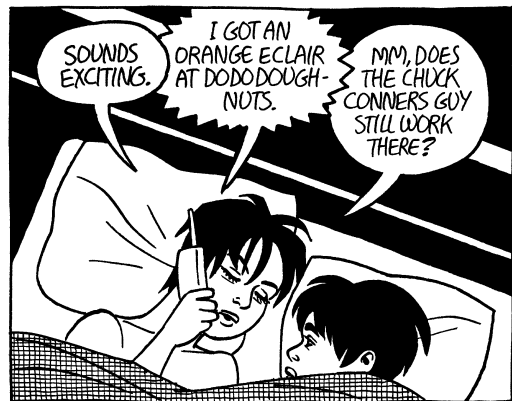
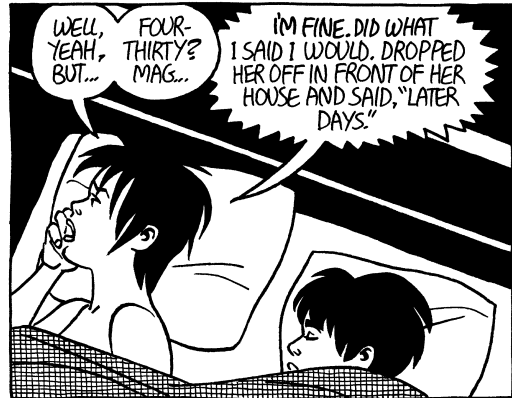


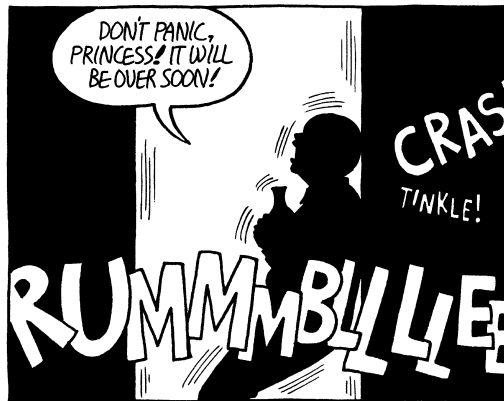
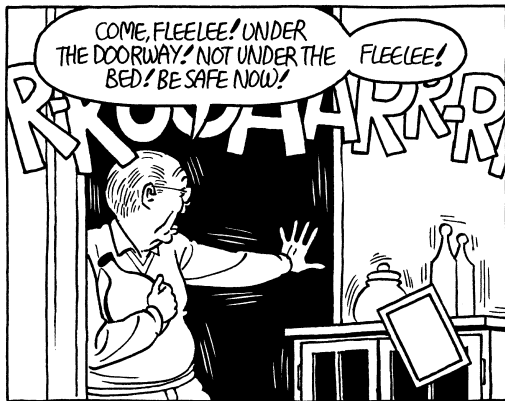
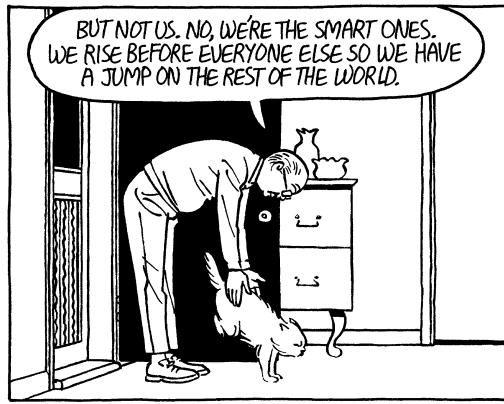
ONE OF THE MISSING STILL PICTURES FROM THE "NIGHT" SLOWLY MATERIALIZES IN MY BRAIN. THE DOOMED GUT FEELING. THE SOUL SEARCHING. THE COLD CONCRETE. THE WARM FEELING BELOW MY WAIST. THE TOP OF DOYLE'S MOTHER FUCKING HEAD.



I JUST GOTTA LAUGH AS THE DOG BOY GRINS HIS BOYISH GRIN. AND ALL I CAN SAY TO HIM IS "DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT SOME PEOPLE CAN'T GET OFF WITH THAT MUCH ALCOHOL IN THEM, MISTER SNAKE IN THE GRASS?" HE SHRUGS AND SAYS "WELL, I KNOW NOW, MISTER LIMPET." FUCKIN' DOYLE.



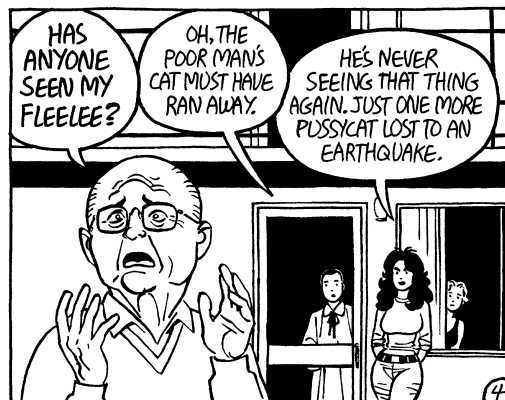
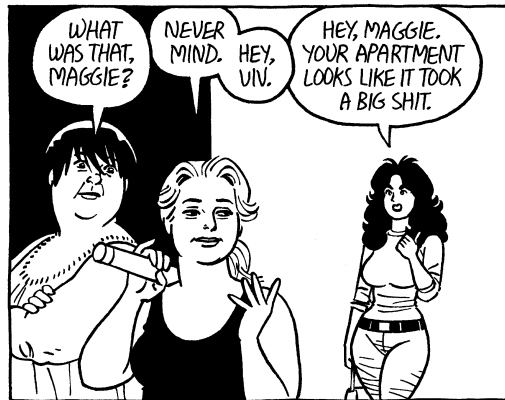


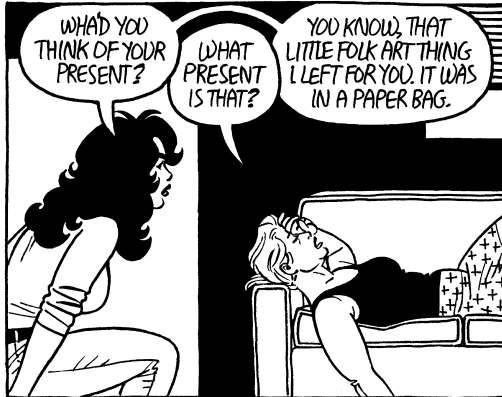


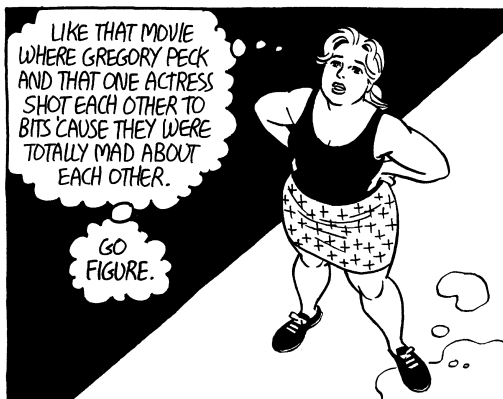
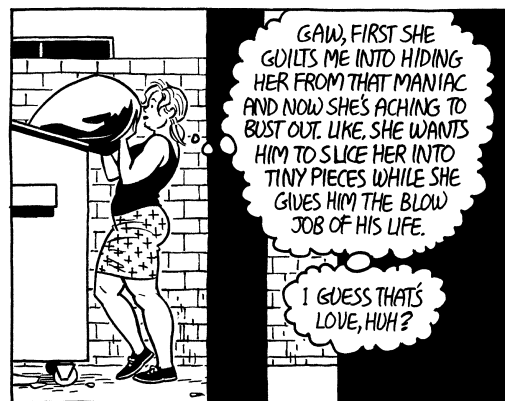
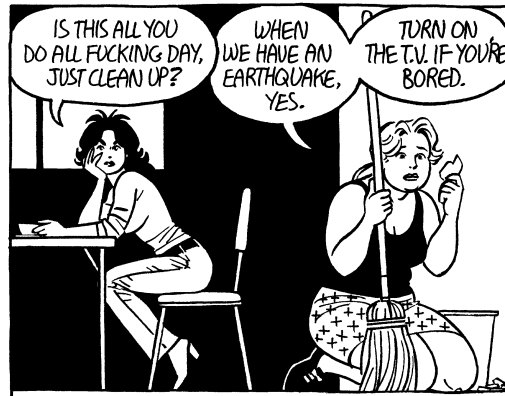
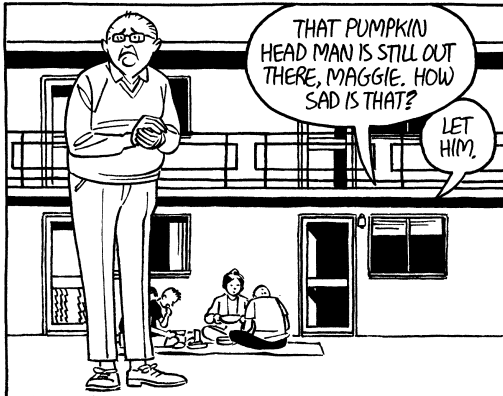
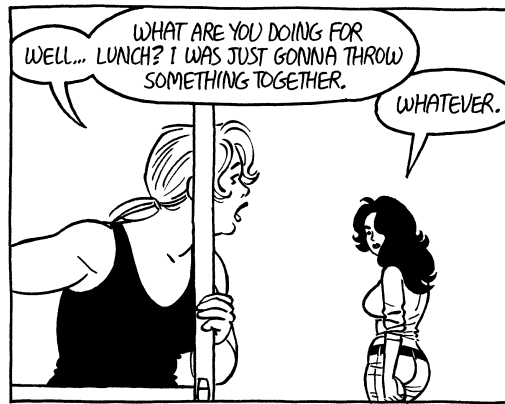
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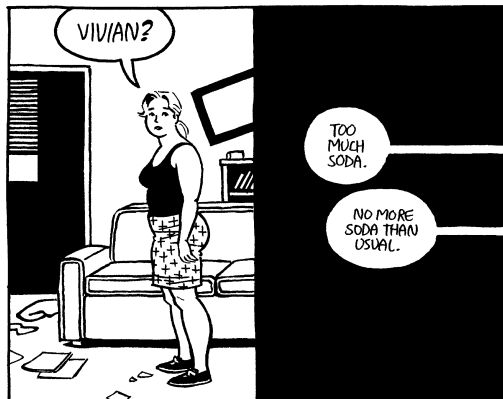
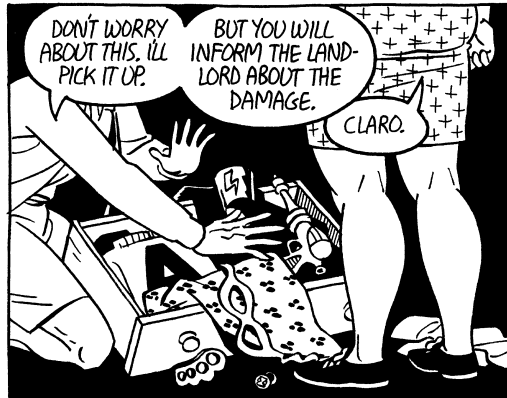
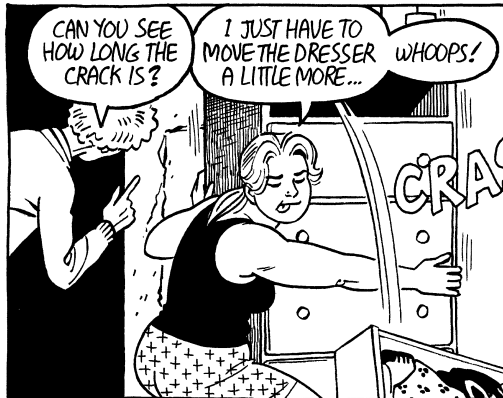
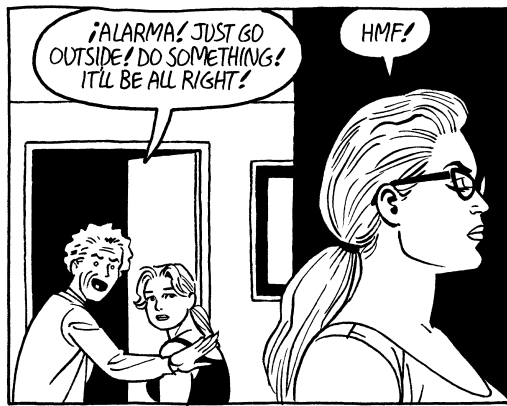
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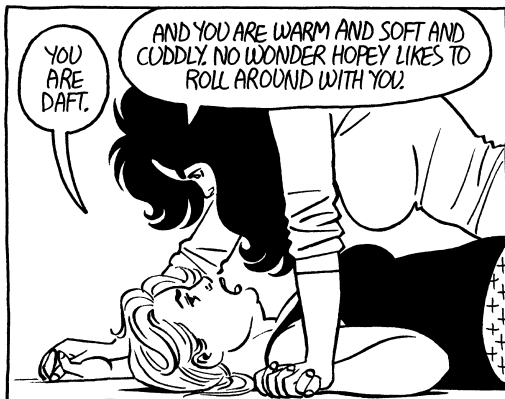
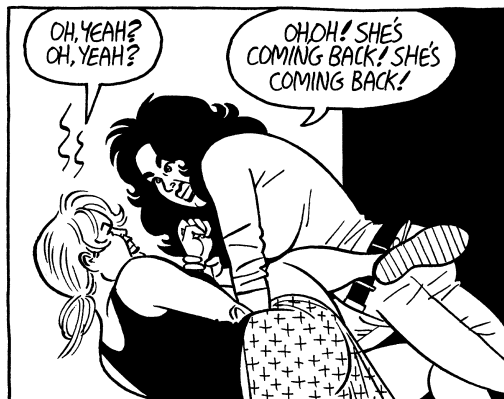






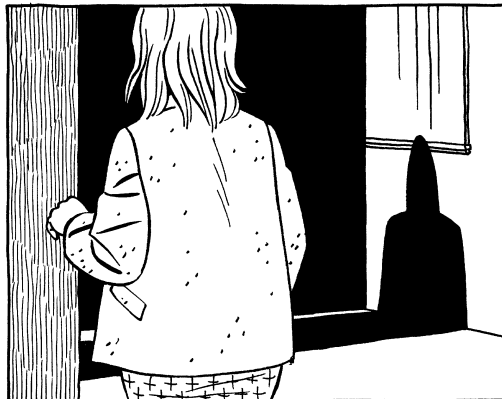


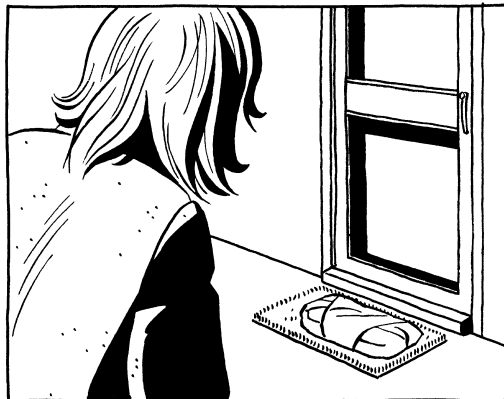
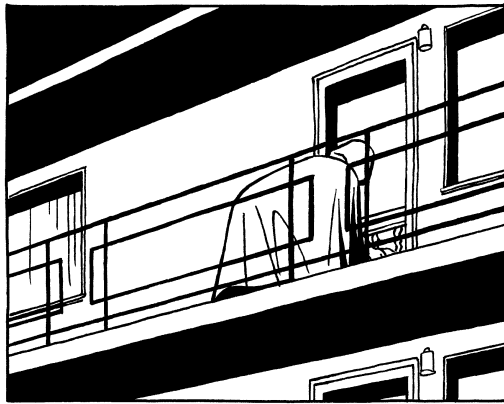


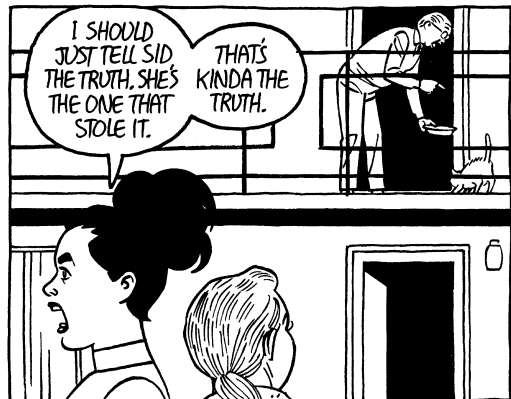
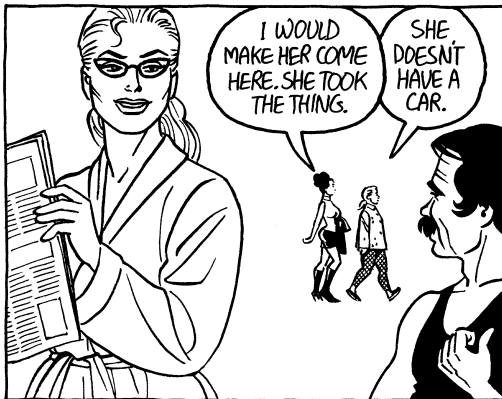
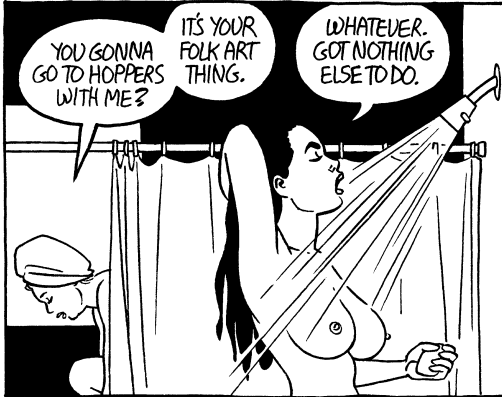




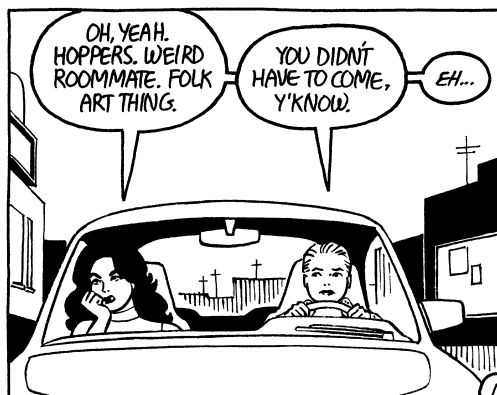


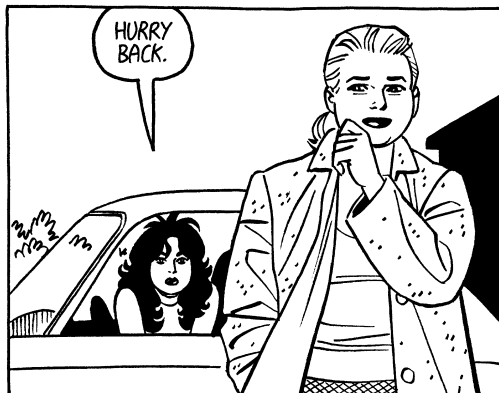
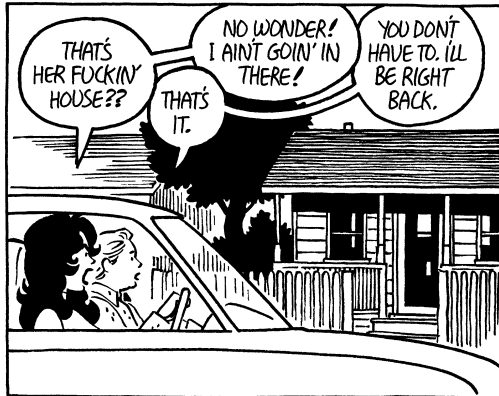
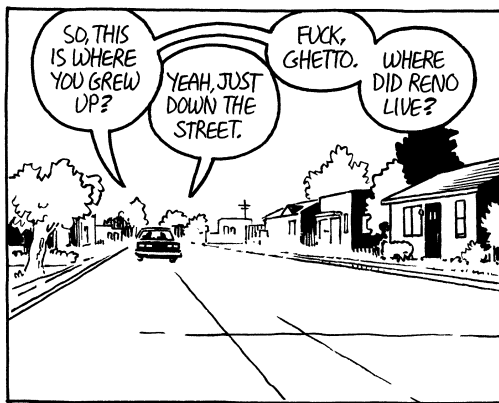


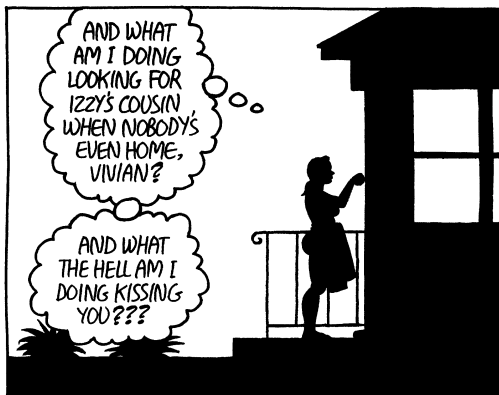
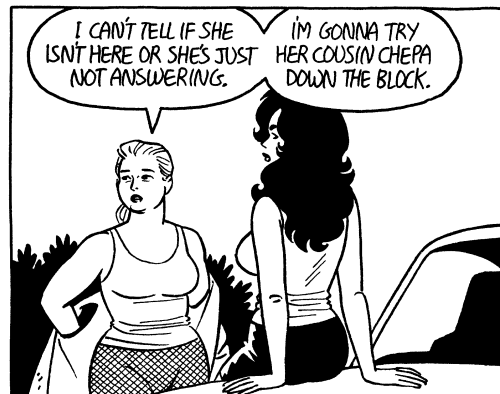


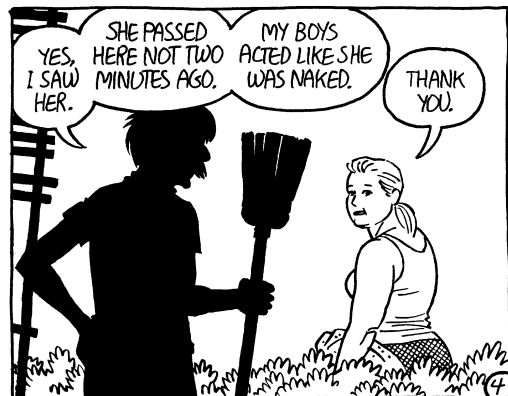
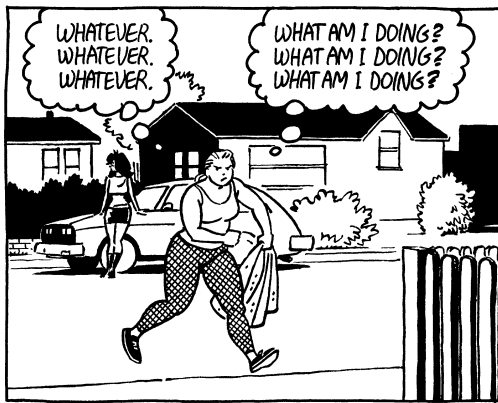


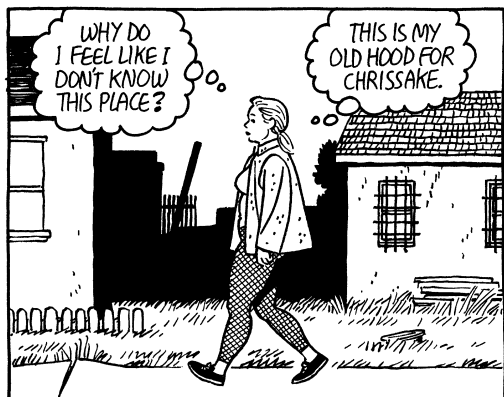
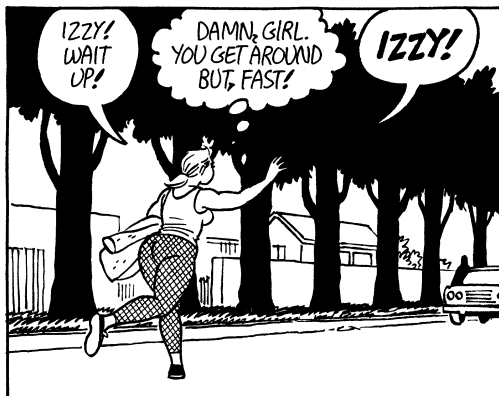
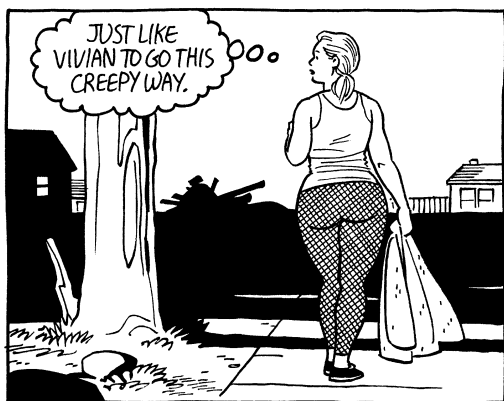
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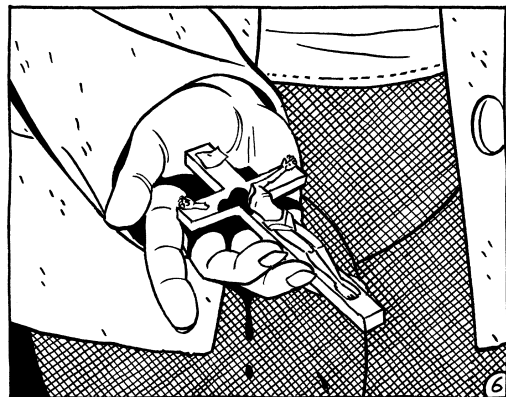
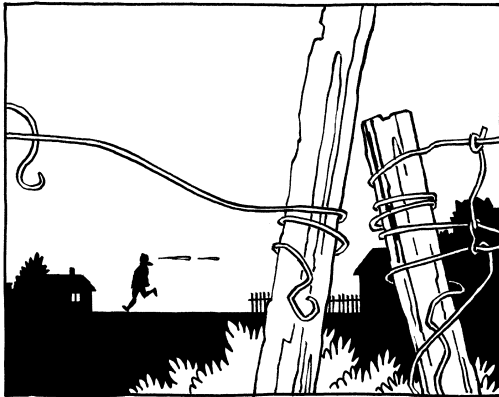
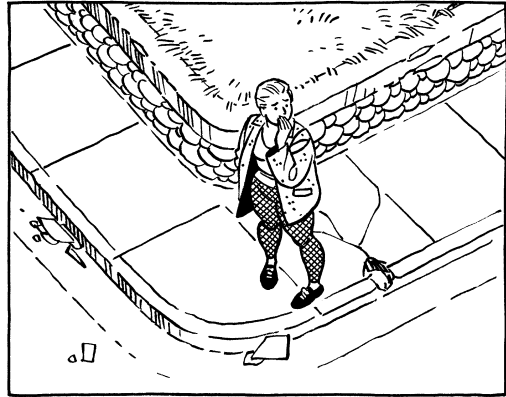


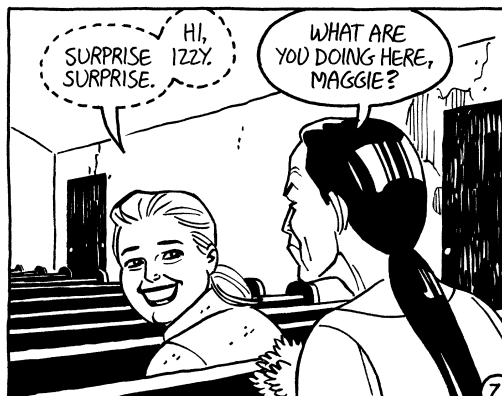
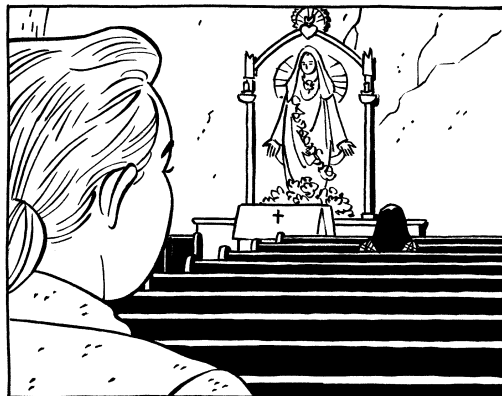
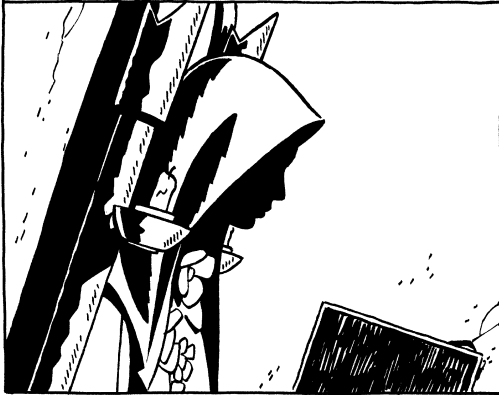
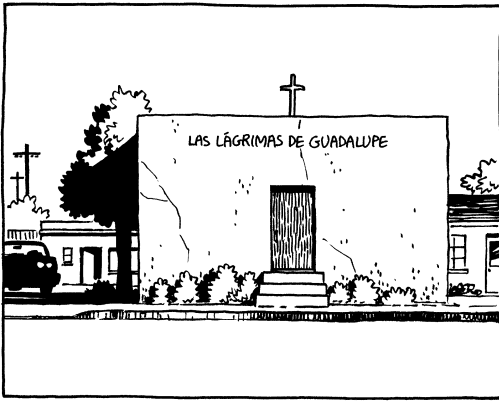


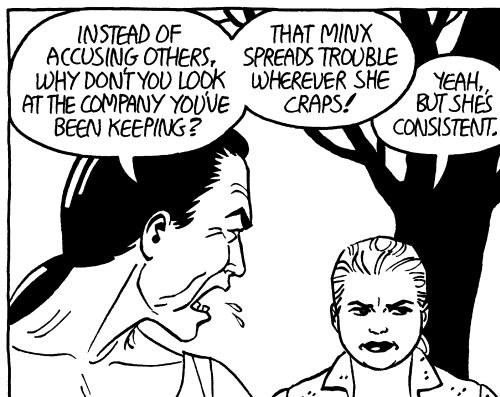
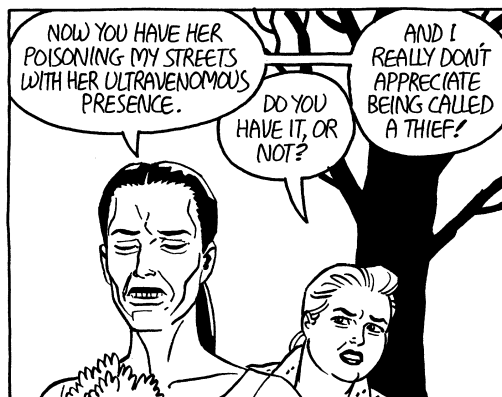
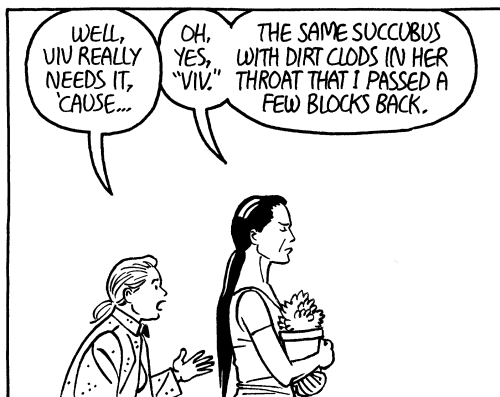
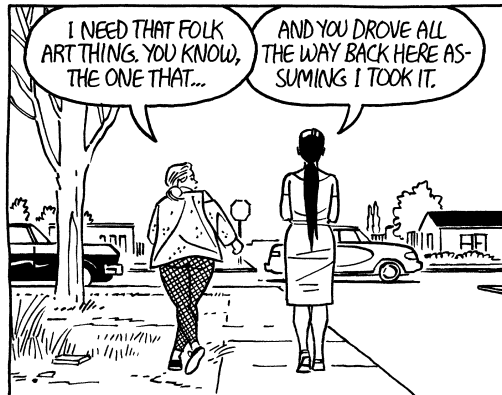
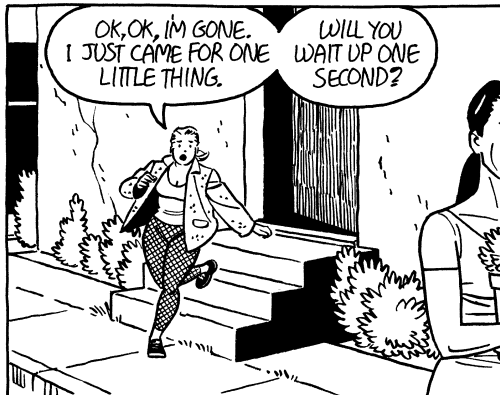


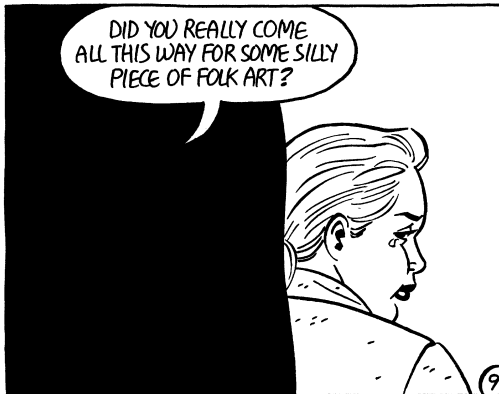
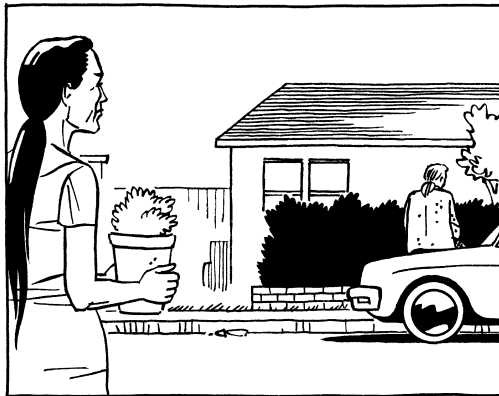
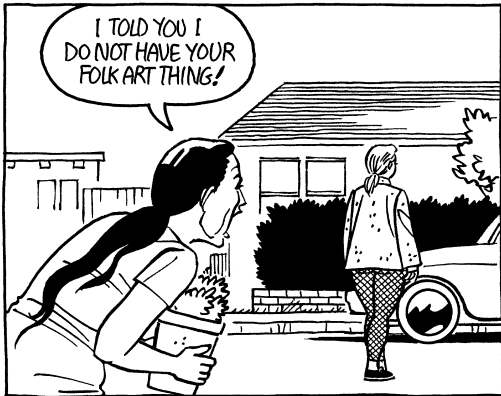
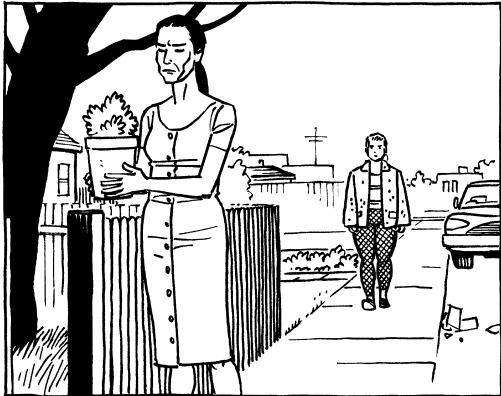
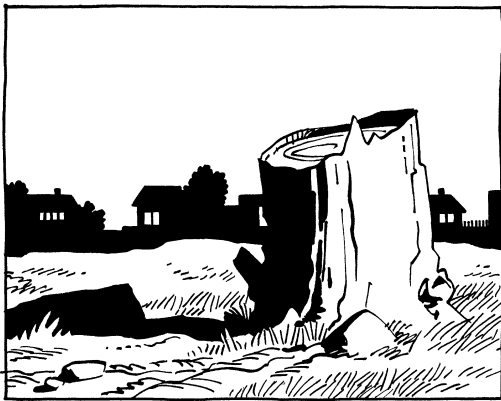


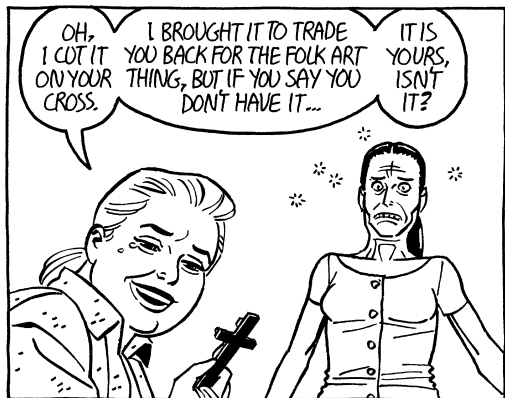
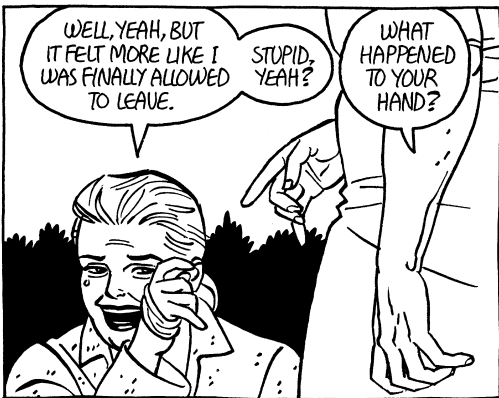
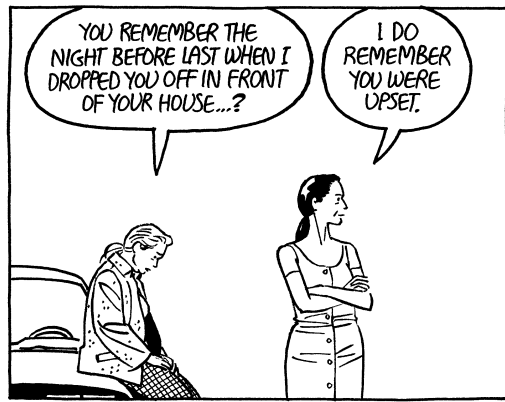
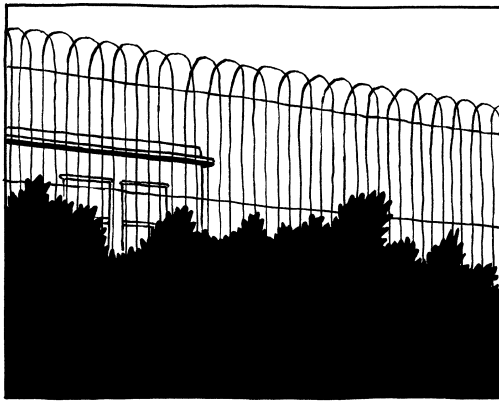


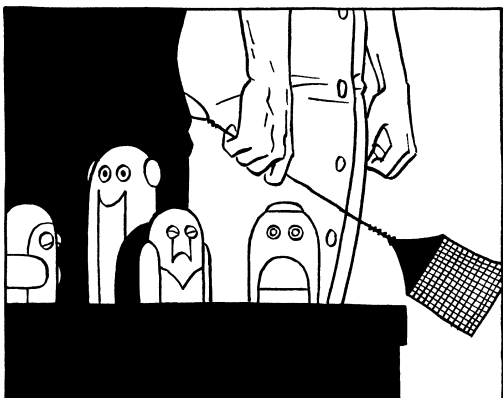
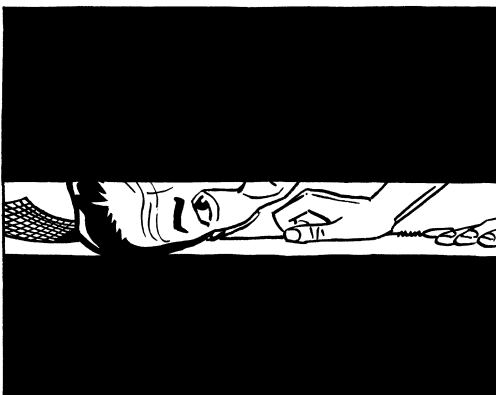
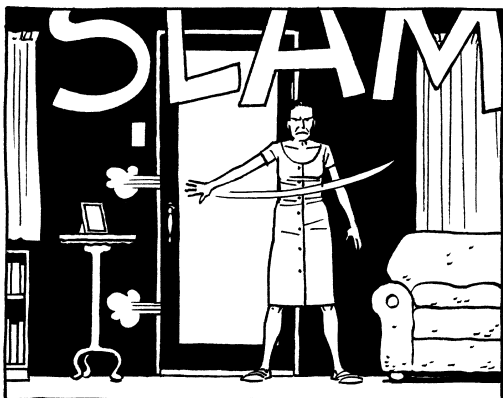




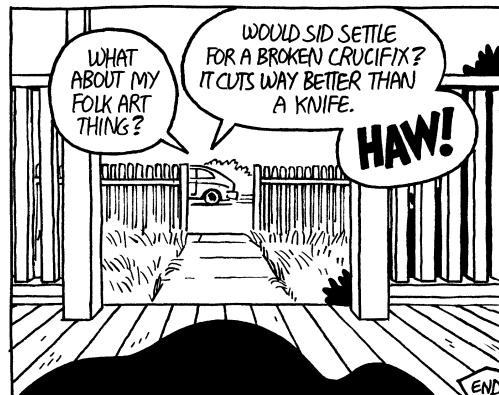
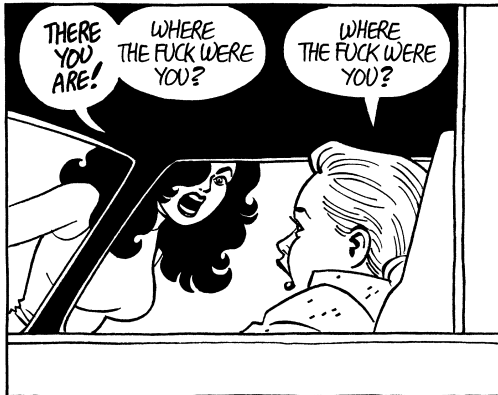














I KNOW,
LET'S SEE WHAT
OUR RINGCARD
GIRL HAS FOR US
TODAY.

OH, YAY.

GREAT.



OH, I'M SO
SORRY, MADISON.
I SPILLED MY CHAI
TEA ON YOUR NEW
TENSEL SKIRT.

THAT'S OK,
JULIE. IT'S SCOTCH-
GUARDED.

I LOVE
TO SCOTCH-
GUARD MY
CLOTHES.

MAGGIE

OH, LOOK. IT'S A COLOR XEROX
FROM A PHOTO I TOOK WHEN I WAS
IN BAJA LAST WEEKEND.

I TOOK
IT FROM MY
CAR.

THAT'S A
XEROX? IT'S SO
CLEAR.

THANKS,
I MADE IT AT
KINKO'S.

I LOVE
KINKO'S.



XALME 2003

I LOVE
KINKO'S,
TOD.

THEY JUST
OPENED A NEW
ONE CLOSE TO
MY HOME.

I DON'T NEED TO GO
TO THE ONE ON VENTURA
AND LAUREL CANYON ANY
MORE. THE PARKING...



WILL YOU GET
YOUR FAT ASS OUT
OF MY FACE?

MOAN...
WHATRE
YOU DOING,
VIVIAN?

WHAT? I'M
THE RING CARD
GIRL!



NOT
ANY MORE
YOU'RE
NOT!

WHAT THE HELL
ARE WE DOING WITH A
BIKINI BIMBO ON THIS
SHOW ANYWAY? IT'S
RIDICULOUS!

IT WAS
SID'S IDEA. YOU
REMEMBER
SID...



SID, DOESN'T RUN THE
SHOW ANY MORE! I'M THE
BOSS NOW AND WE DON'T
NEED HER ANY MORE!

FUCK IT, SO I'LL
LEAVE THEN! SHITTY
FUCKIN' PROGRAM
ANYWAY...



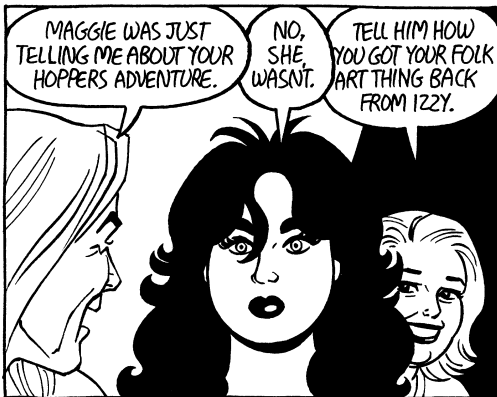
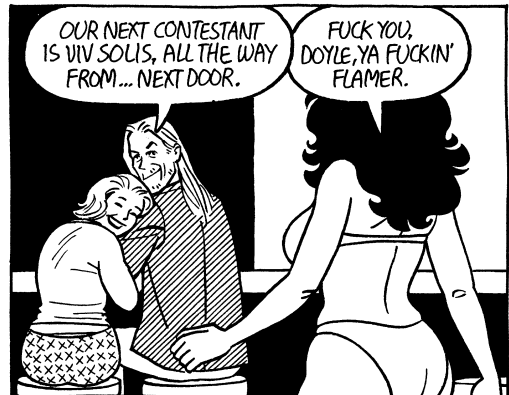
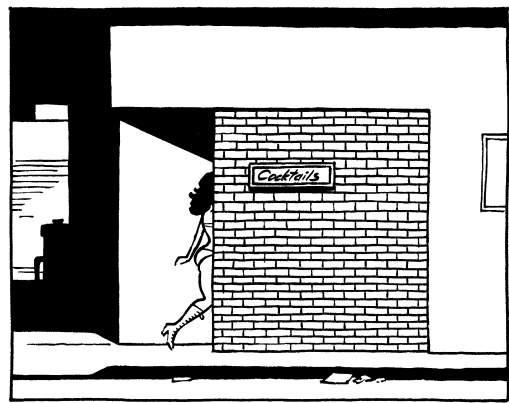
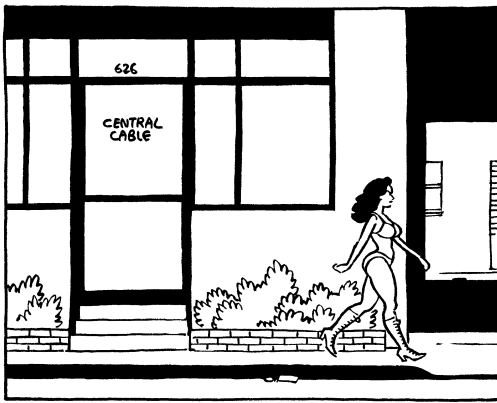
KLOB! BONK! TINKLE!

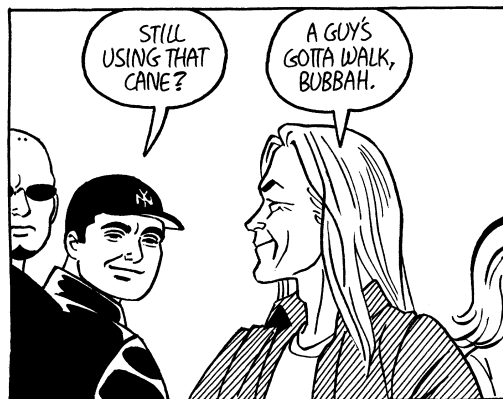
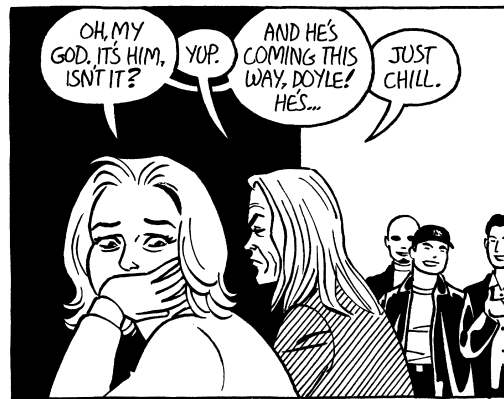
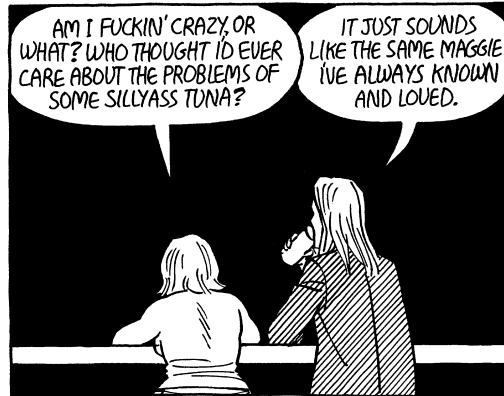
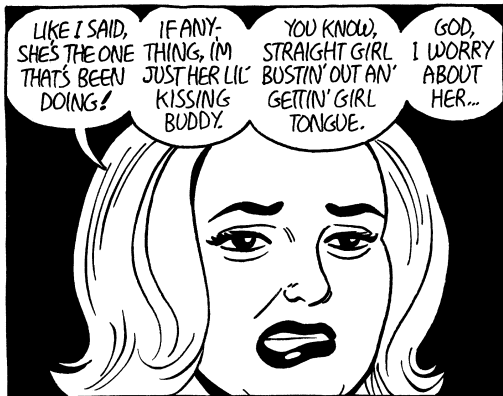
FUCKIN' CUNT! I'LL
KICK YOUR
ASS!

GET OUT!

WERE
YOU FILMING
THIS WHOLE
TIME?







"Y'SEE, WHEN I LEFT HOPPERS BACK IN '90, I WAS PRETTY LOST. I DRIFTED ALL OVER FROM VISALIA TO ALBANY AND SOMEHOW ENDED UP IN PHOENIX WHERE I HOOKED UP WITH SOME GUY WHO TOOK PITY ON MY RAGGEDY ASS AND GAVE ME A PLACE TO STAY. THAT GUY WAS, YUP, SID DOAN.



"WE WERE PRETTY TIGHT IN THOSE DAYS. HIT THE HIGH TIMES TOGETHER, THE LOWS AS WELL. SO, SID HAD THIS FRIEND BACK IN L.A. WHO OFFERED HIM A JOB MAKING WIND-UP TOYS, AND HE ASKED THIS FRIEND IF THEY HAD ROOM FOR ME. THIS FRIEND TURNED OUT TO BE JULIE WREE.



"WHEN WE GOT TO L.A., I FOUND ALL THESE HUERTA (HOPPERS) PUNK REJECTS WORKING FOR JULIE. RENO BANKS, ITSUKI YETO, KIKO KURIHARA, TONY BELLE, EVEN BOXHEAD NESLO.



"PLUS, THERE WAS MARY CHRISTMAS, VARAN THE UNBELIEVABLE AND HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND AND PART-TIME STRIPPER NAMED VIVIAN SOLIS OR BRUNET OR AGAJANIAN OR WHATEVER. IT WAS A REAL ZOO AND EVERYBODY FUCKED EVERYBODY AND WE WERE ALL SO HAPPY. THAT IS, UNTIL SID MET KEBRA.

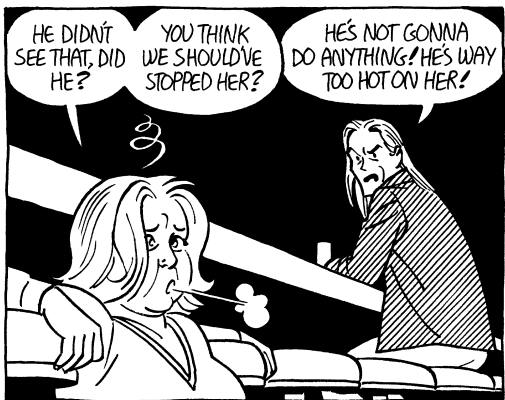
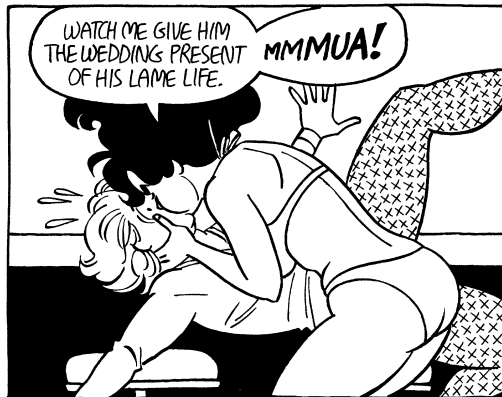
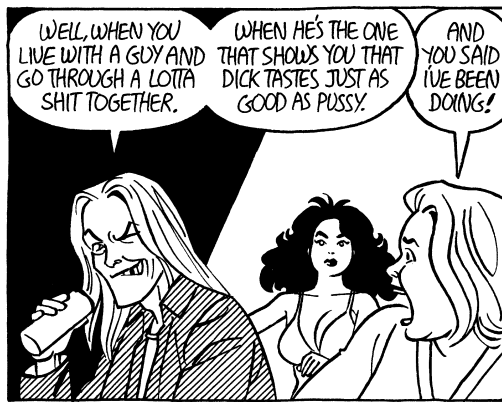
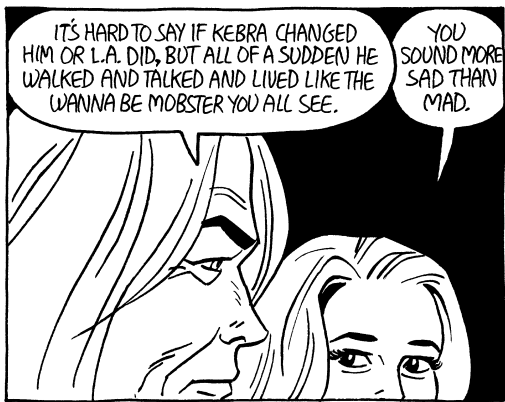


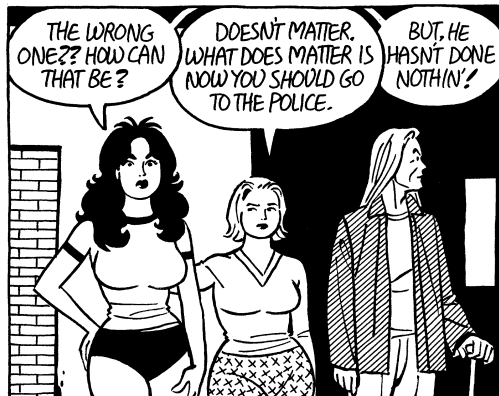
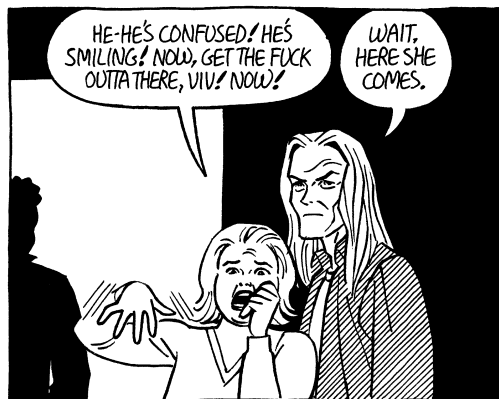
"KEBRA WAS THIS HANGER ON FRIEND OF JULIE'S. SHE PUT THE 'U' IN SHRED. NOBODY LIKED HER HANGING AROUND BUT SID. HE WAS TOTALLY HOT ON HER. THEY STARTED GOING OUT. TROUBLE IS, HE WAS GOING OUT WITH VIV AT THE SAME TIME.

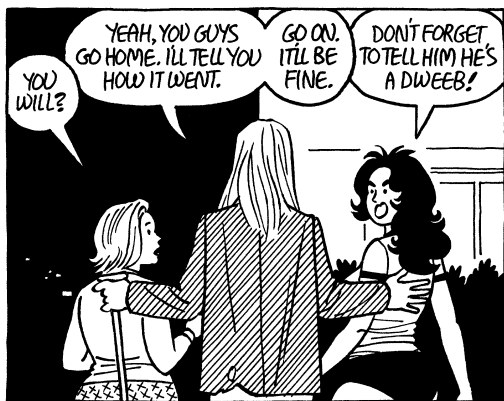


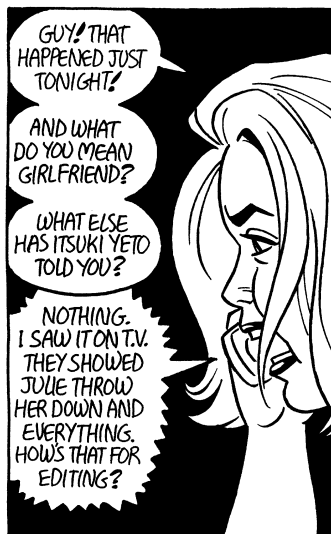
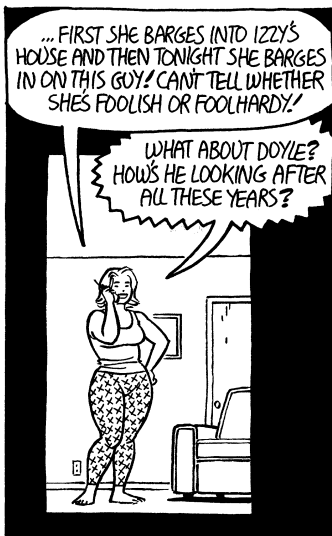
"SO JULIE DECIDED SHE WANTED TO START A CABLE ACCESS SHOW AND SID HAD THIS KEENLIKE BUSINESS SENSE, SO THEY WENT IN AS PARTNERS AND IT SEEMED TO WORK. THEN KEBRA WANTED IN. THAT'S WHEN EVERYTHING CHANGED. SID CHANGED. EVERYBODY CHANGED."

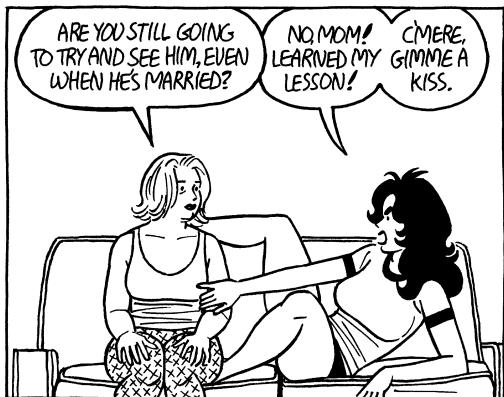
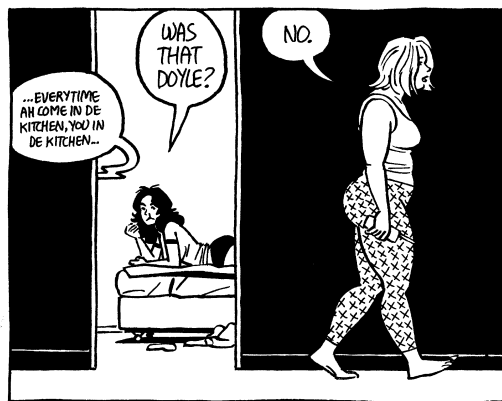


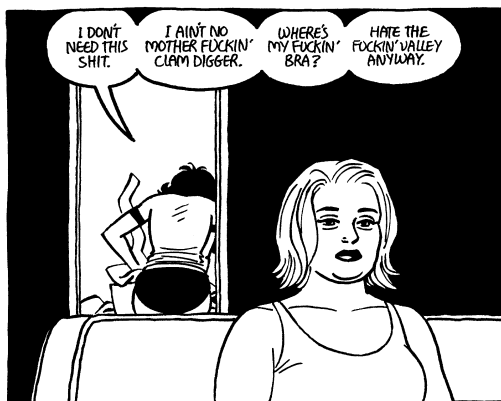


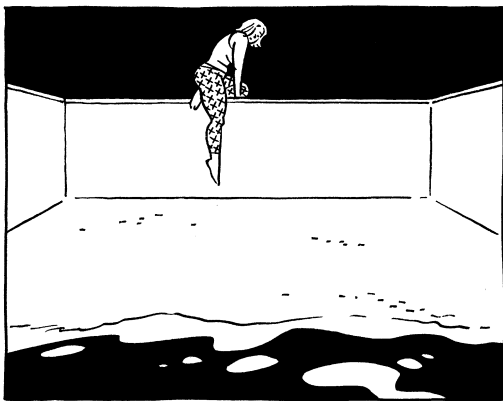


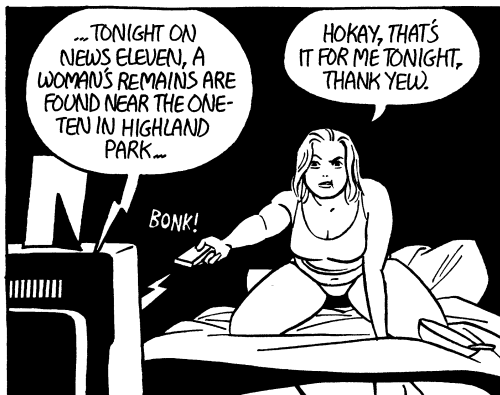


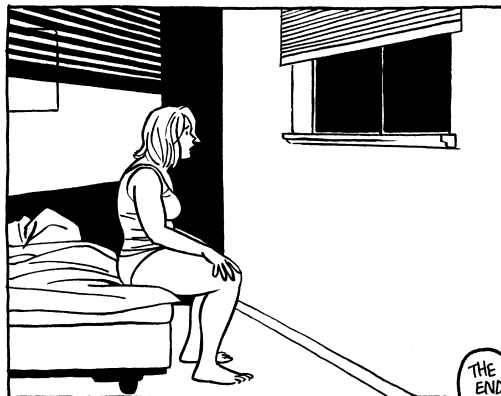




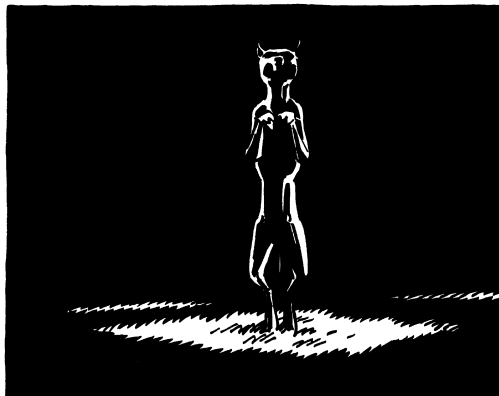


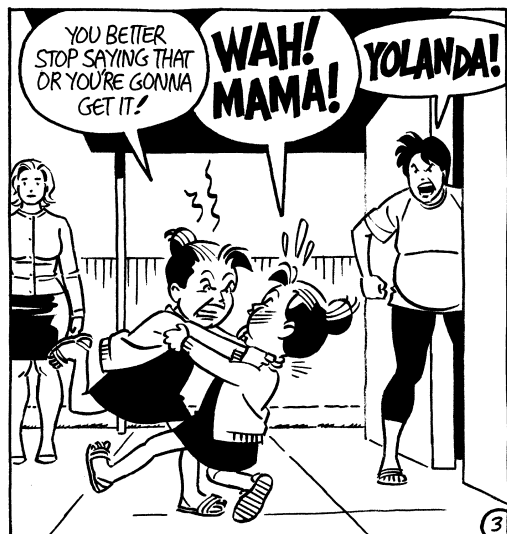
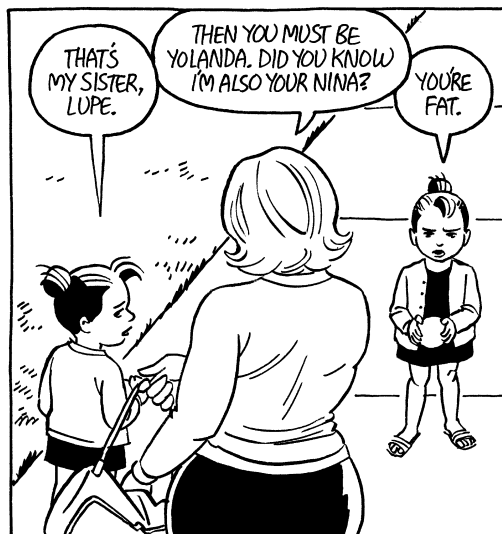
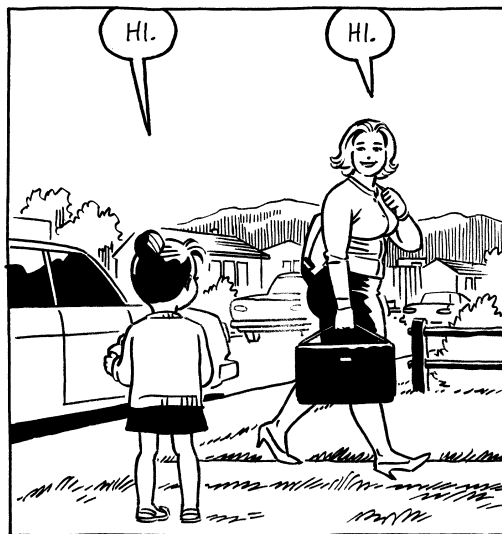
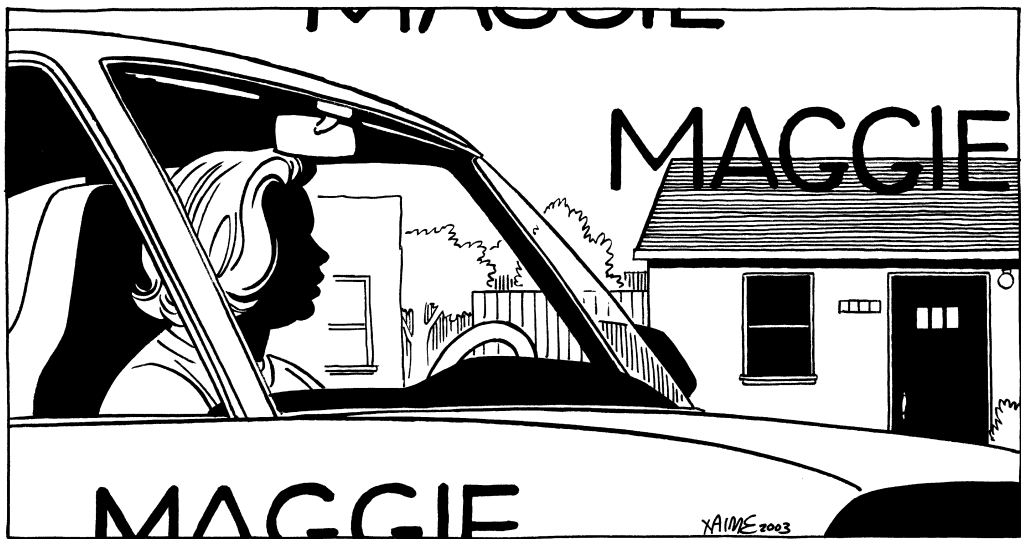


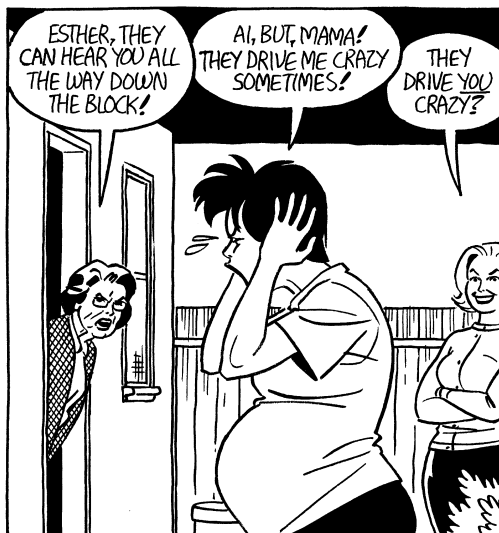














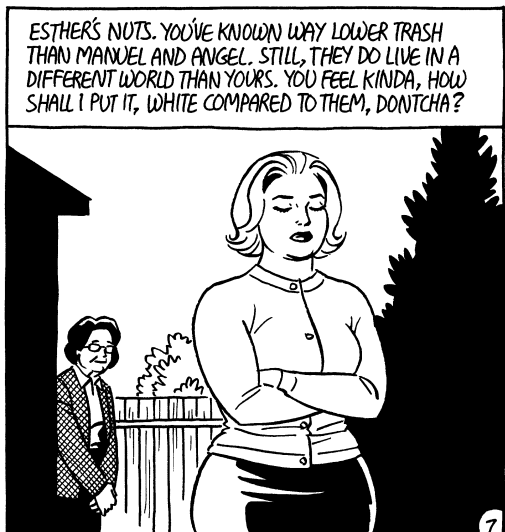


PEDOS/FARTS CHUECO/CROOKED

IT'S THAT "COMING HOME" SHIT THAT YOU'VE HAD TO HEAR SINCE YOU GOT HERE WHEN THIS IS THE VERY HOUSE YOUR FAMILY MOVED AWAY TO AND LEFT YOU BEHIND TO LIVE WITH YOUR CRAZY WRESTLER AUNT.

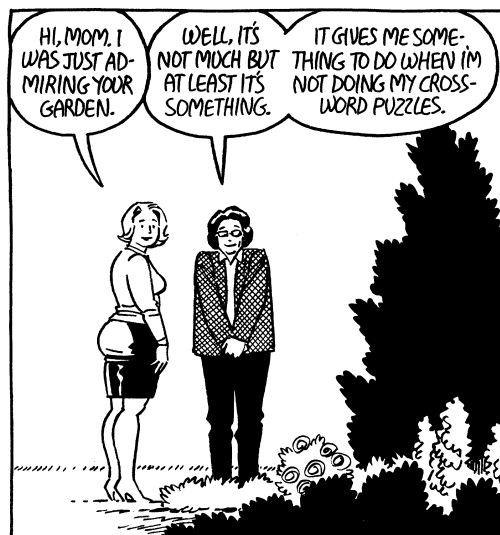


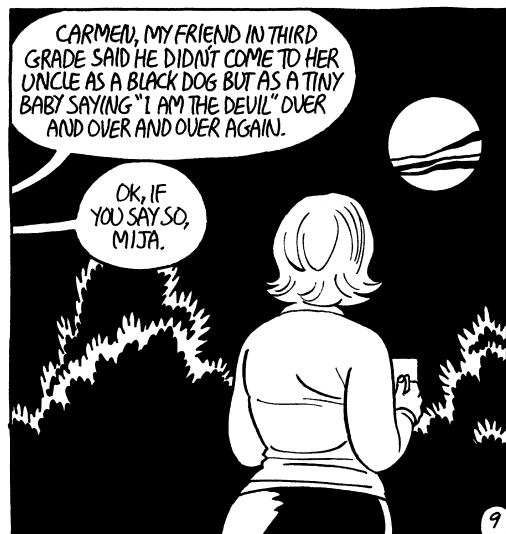
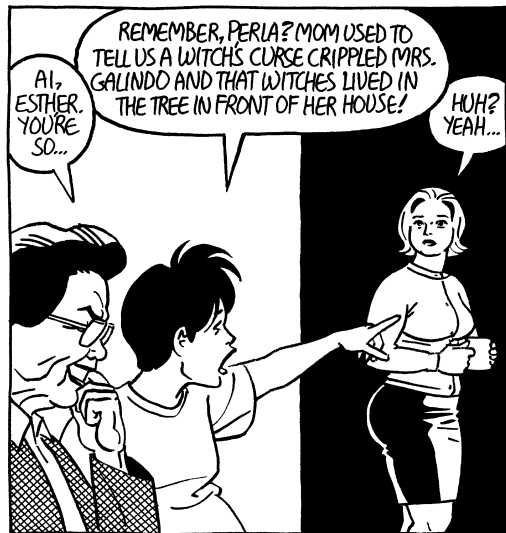
THIS AIN'T FUCKIN' HOME. THESE AIN'T YOUR FUCKIN' MEXICANS. YOUR MEXICANS, HOPPERS MEXICANS WOOP DAIRYTOWN MEXICANS ANY OL' DAY. SHIT, NO WONDER YOU PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS KILLING EACH OTHER.

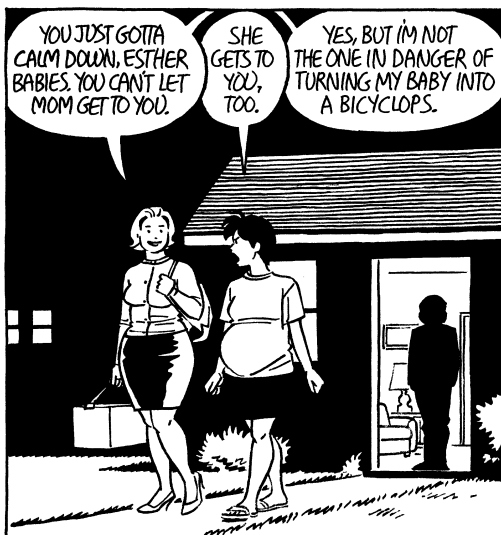


MAYATES, AFRICAN-AMERICANS

7







GOOD LORD, THE GALINDO HOUSE. CONSTRUCTED IN NINETEEN-TWENTY-SIX. HAS HAD ONLY FOUR OWNERS, EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM CURSED IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. IT'S A MADHOUSE, I TELL YOU.



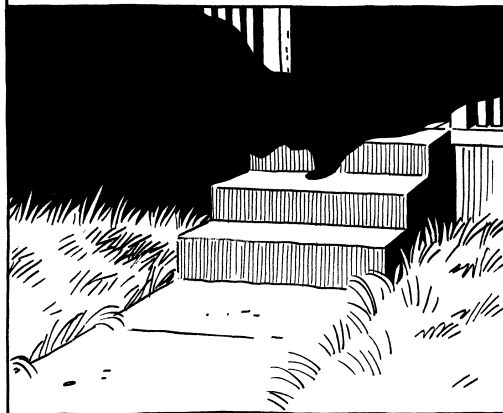
LOOK, THERE IT IS, COVERED IN THAT WEIRD, BLACK PAINT. NOW, WHO IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD...? OH, BUT THEN, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT IZZY ORTIZ, AREN'T WE? THE CURSED OF THE CURSED.



THE SAME WOMAN WHO, WHEN YOU WERE VERY YOUNG, WOULD STAND YOU ON THE CURB AND TELL YOU TO RUN ACROSS THE STREET WHEN A CAR WAS COMING AND THEN YANKED YOU BACK AT THE LAST SECOND.



CHRIST, MAGGIE, HAVEN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH? THE WOMAN HAS GIVEN YOU CONSTANT GRIEF FOR SO MANY YEARS, YET YOU KEEP COMING BACK FOR MORE. IS IT SISTERLY LOVE OR PITIFUL SELF TORTURE?

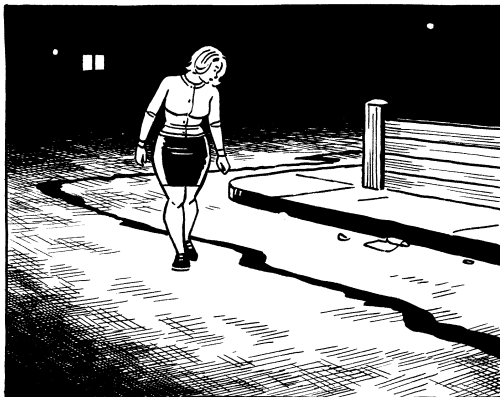


OK, THEN WHAT ABOUT THE BLACK DOGS? THE FLIES? THE LIZARD WITH HUMAN HANDS? THE WITCHES IN THE TREES? AREN'T THEY ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU VERY FAR AWAY FROM HERE? WHAT ABOUT THE BLACK PAINT??

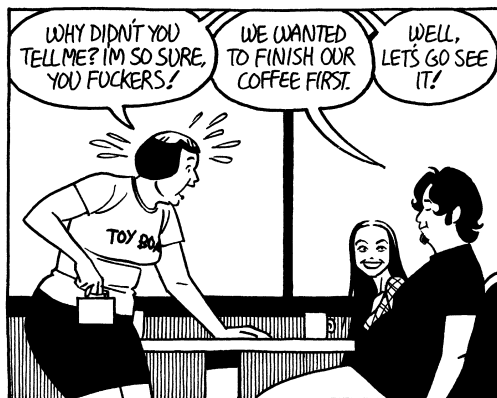
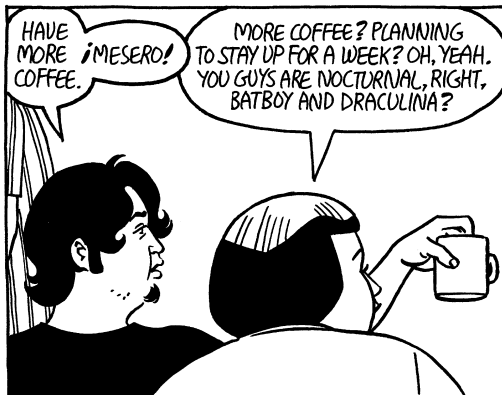


WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT'S NOT PAINT?? OF COURSE IT'S PAINT! OK, THEN FUCK YOU! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN! I'M OUTTA HERE! I'M SICK OF THIS BULLSHIT! Y-YOULL SEE! YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU DIDNT LISTEN TO ME! GOOD-BYE!!

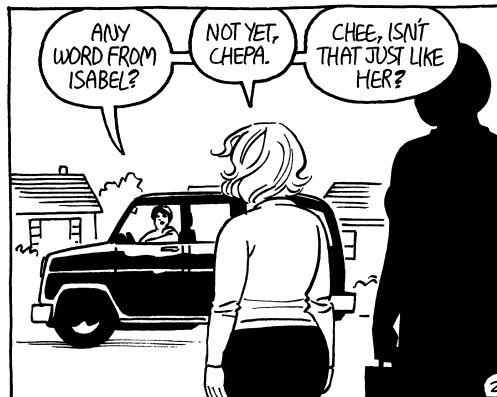
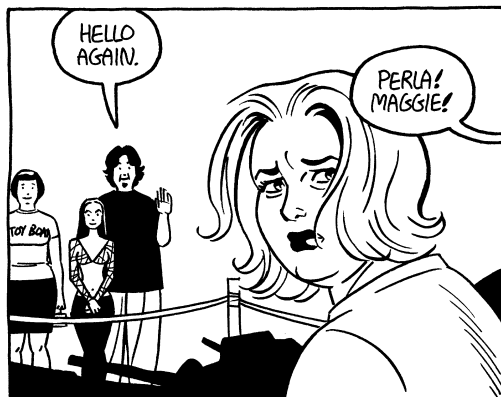
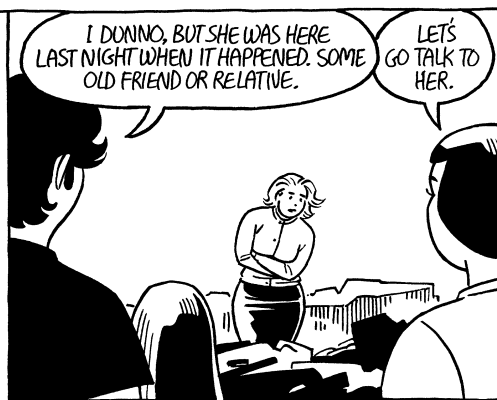
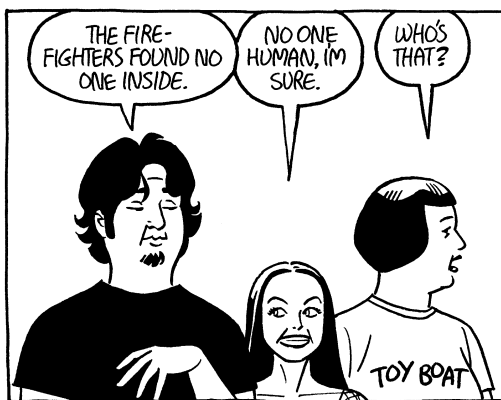
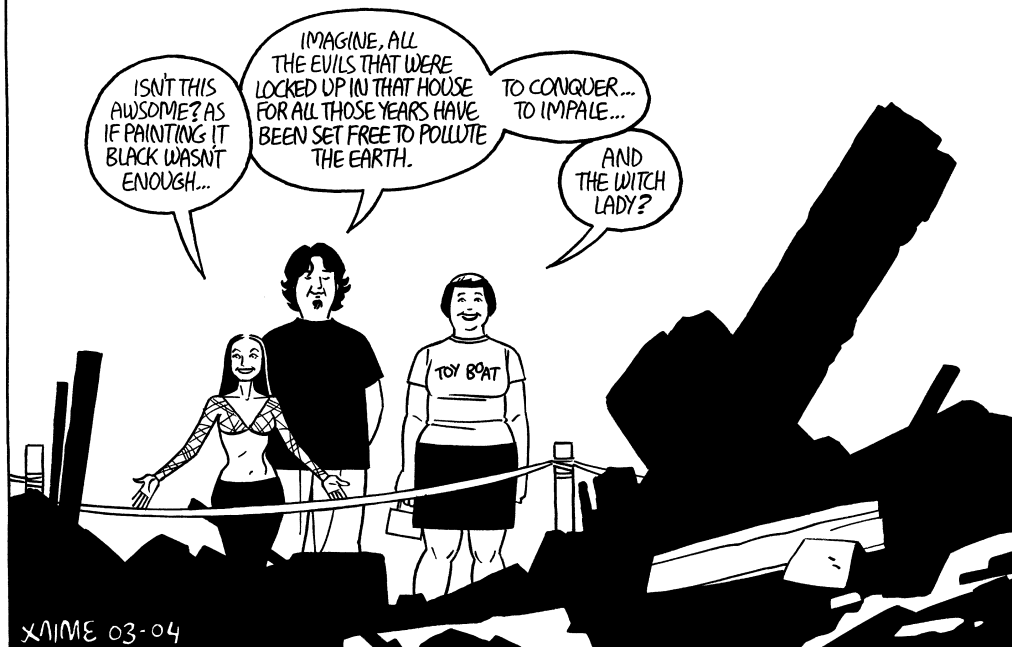


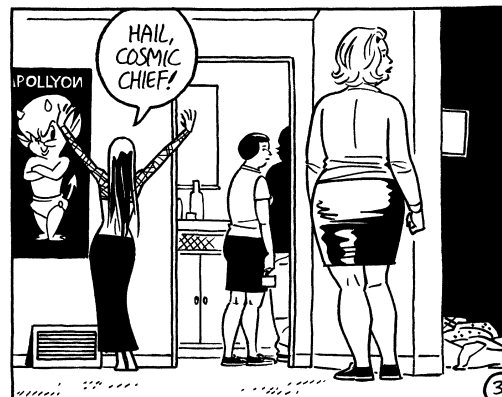
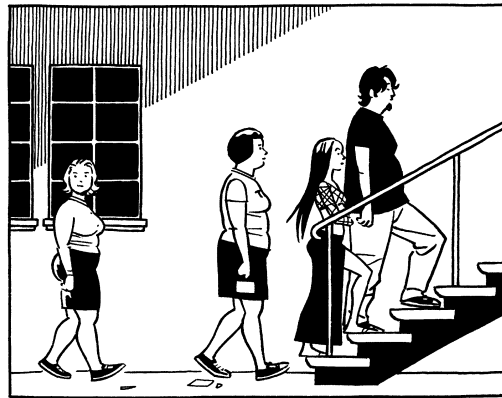


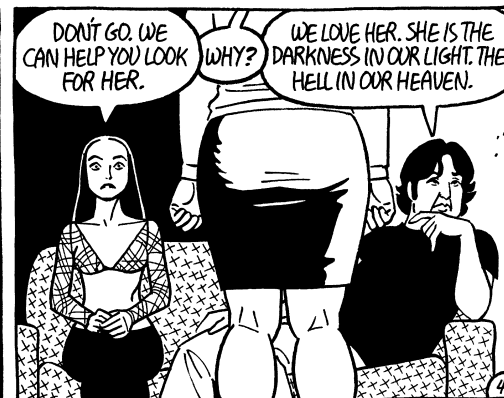
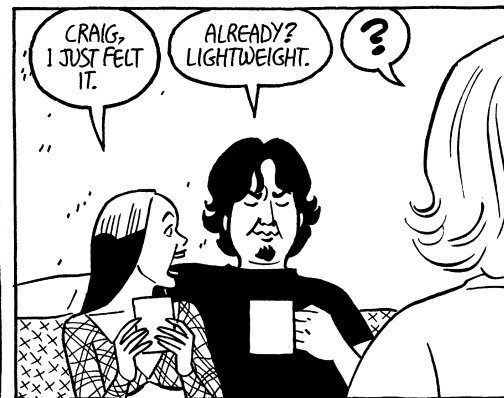


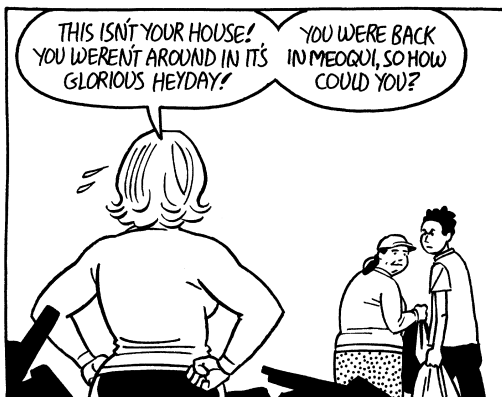
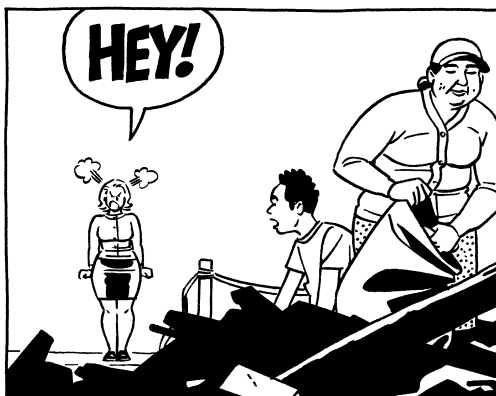
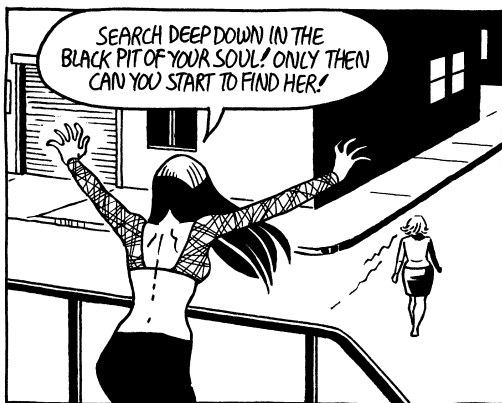


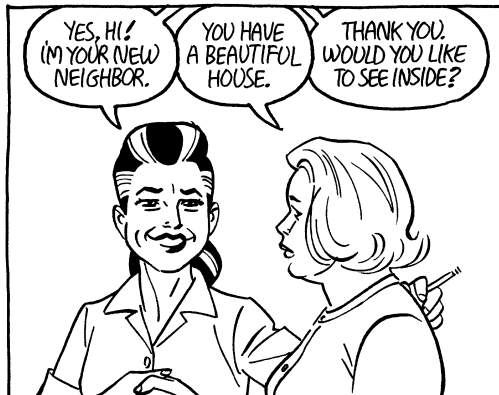
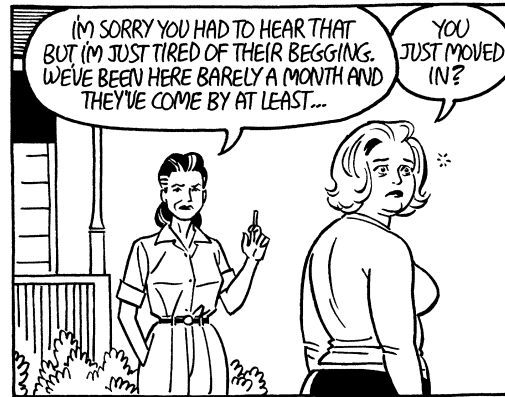
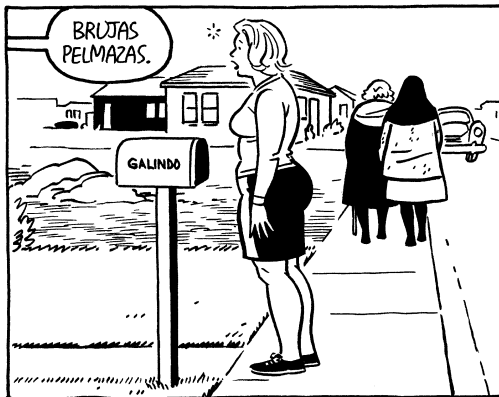
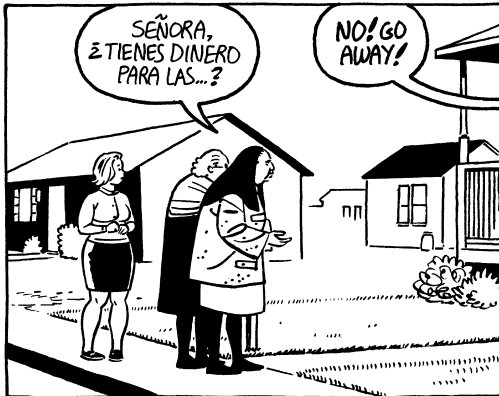
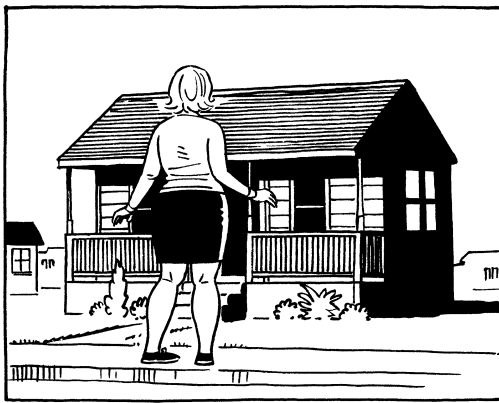
MAGGIE

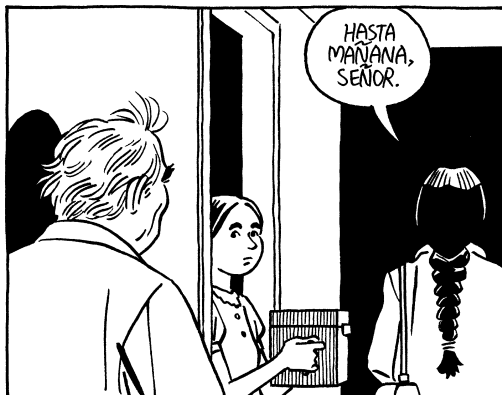


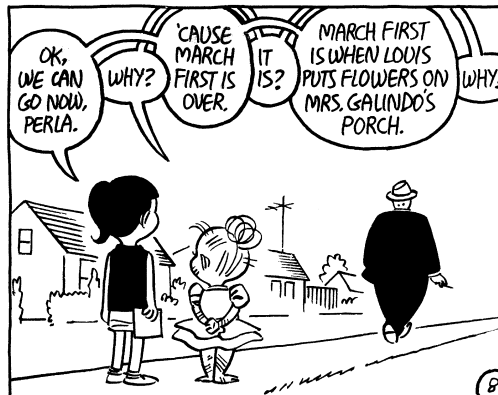
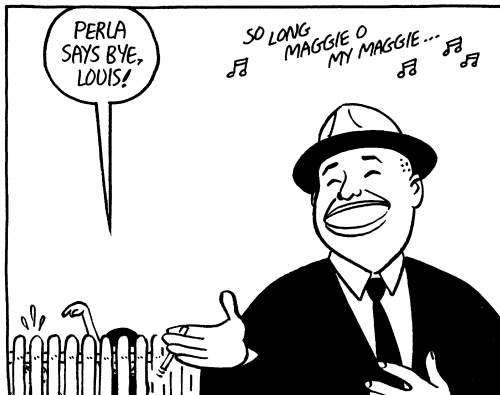
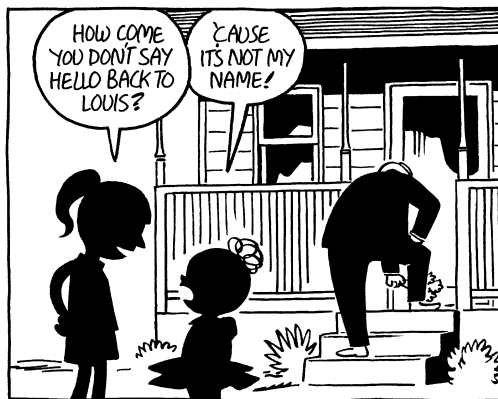
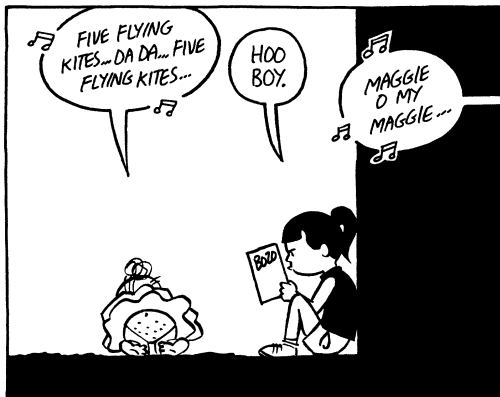
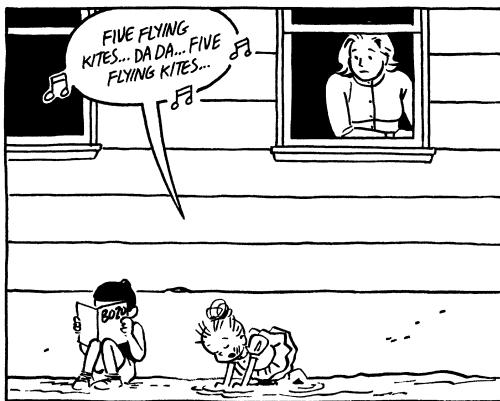


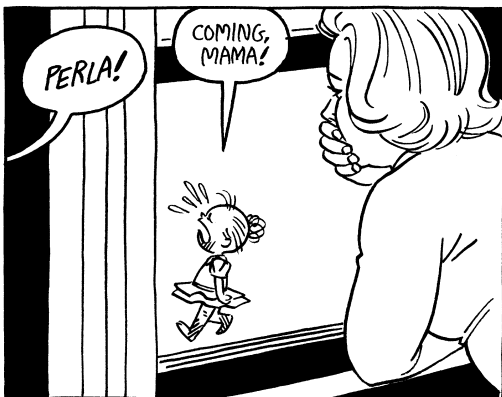
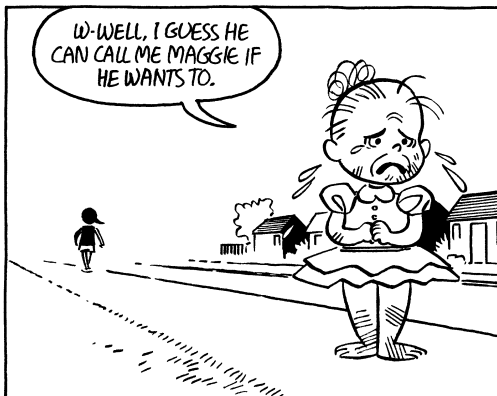
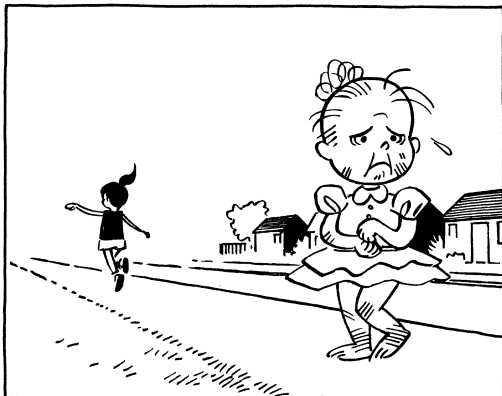
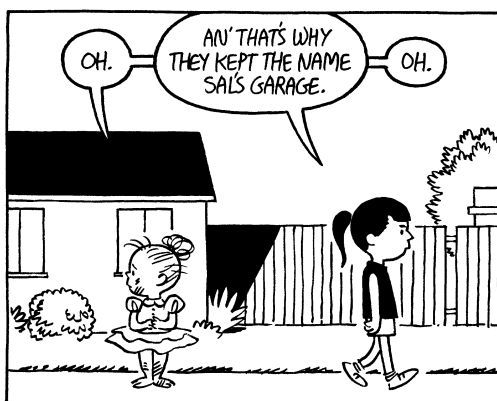
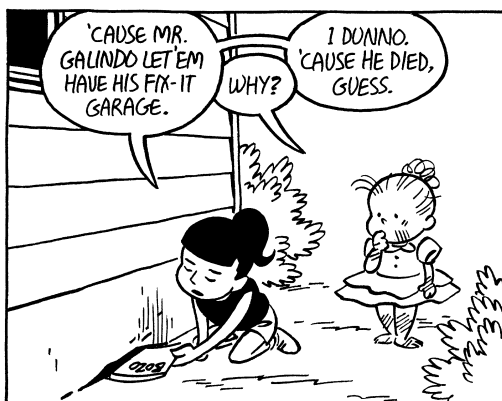


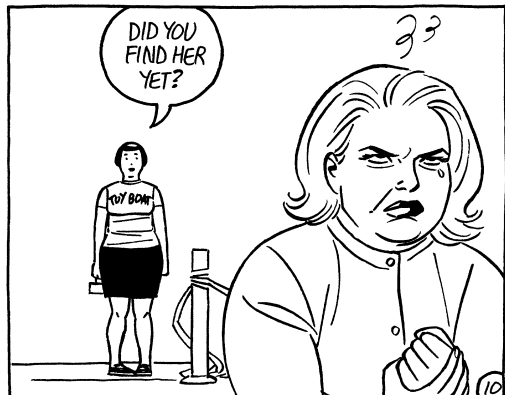
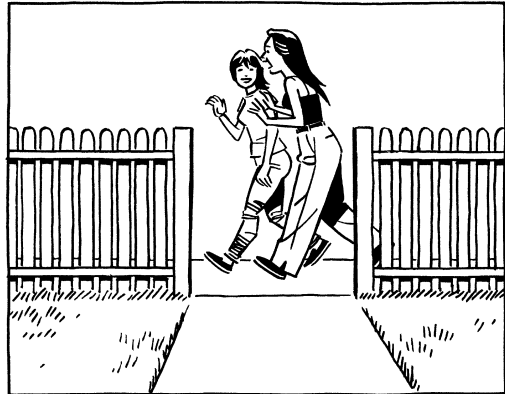


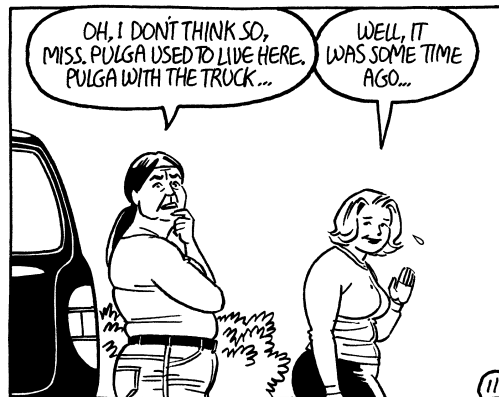
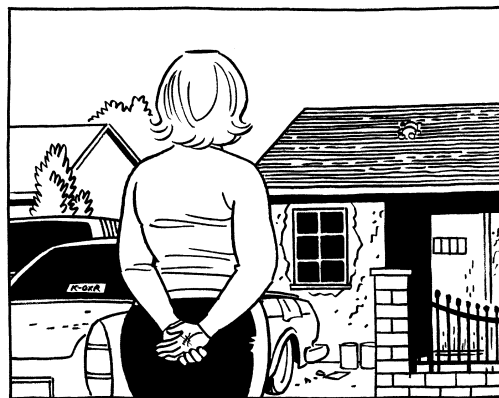
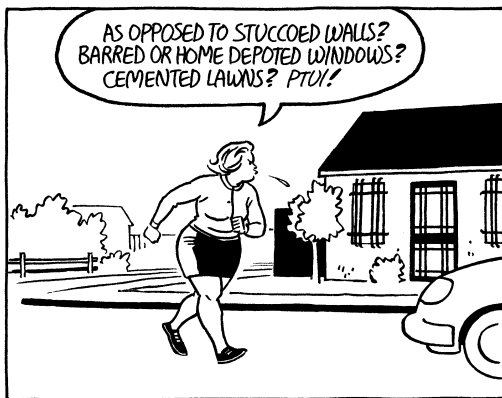


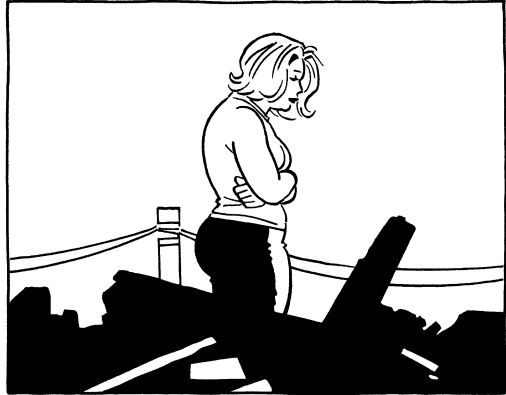
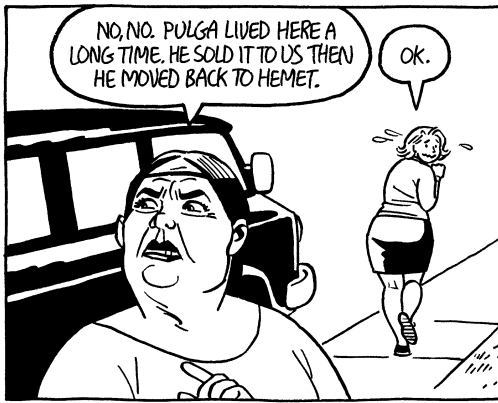


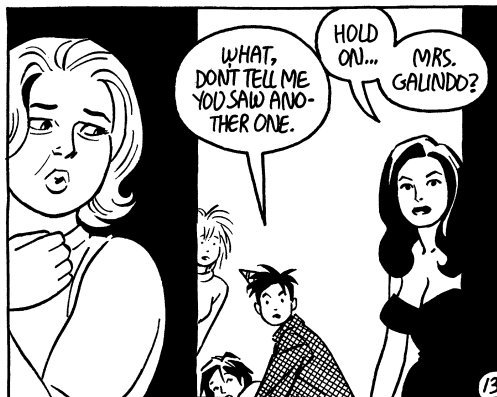
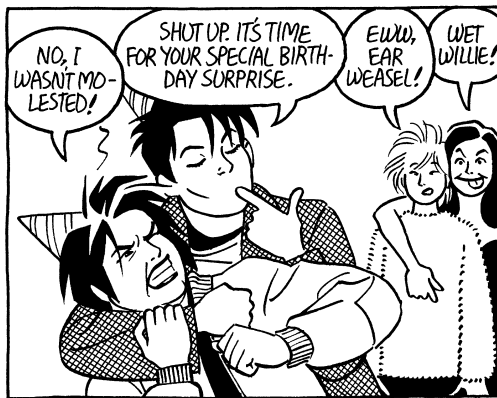
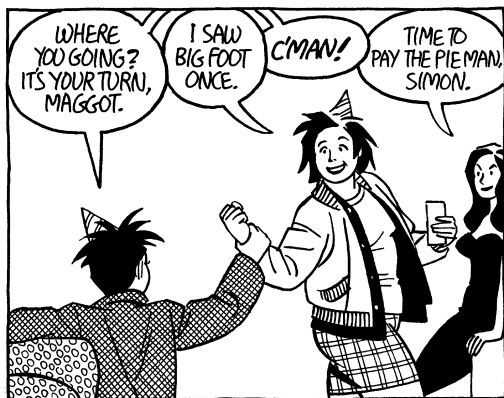
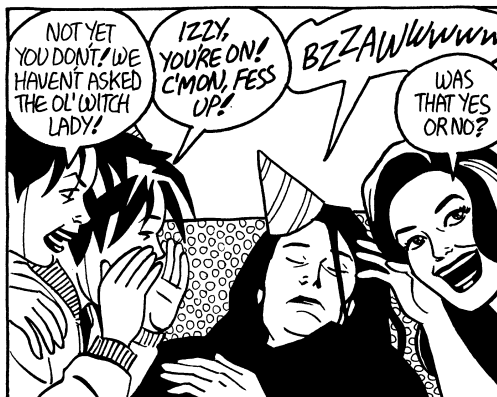
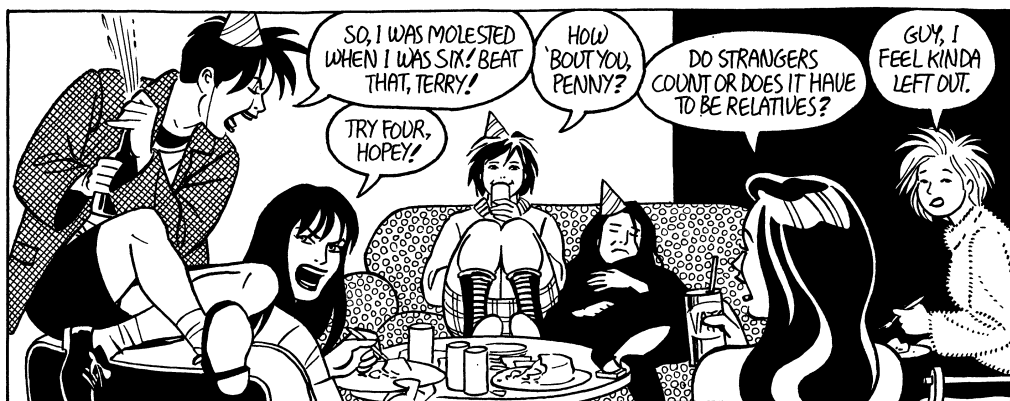


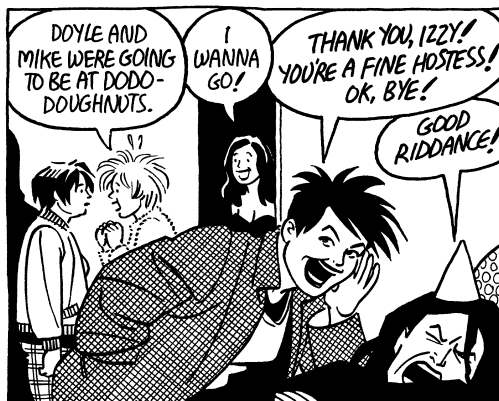


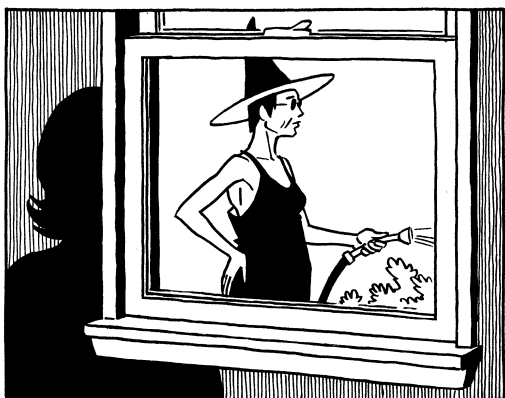
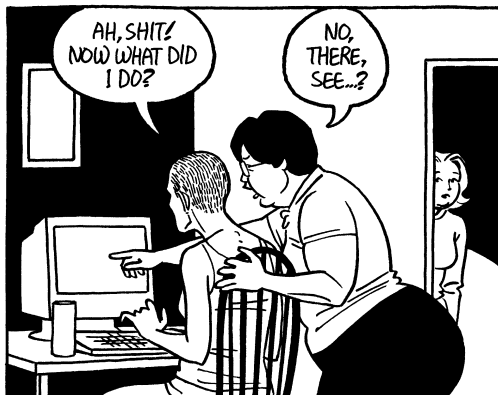
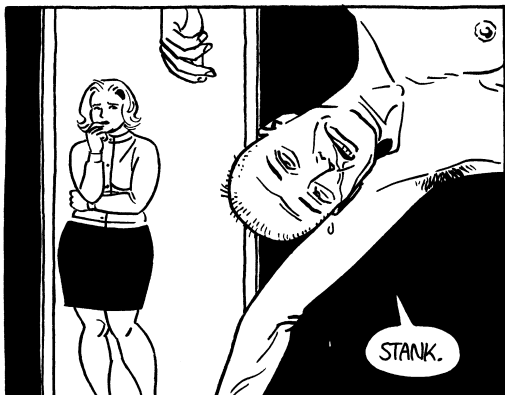


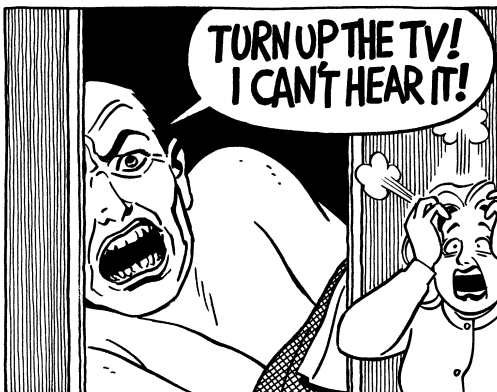
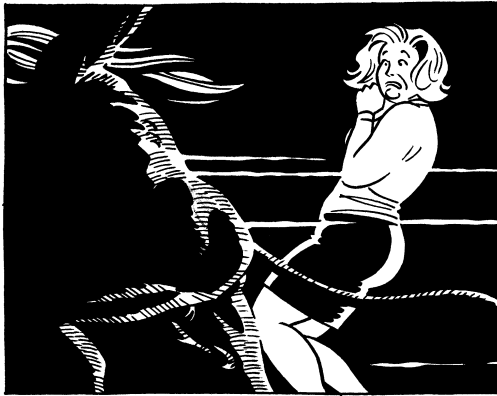
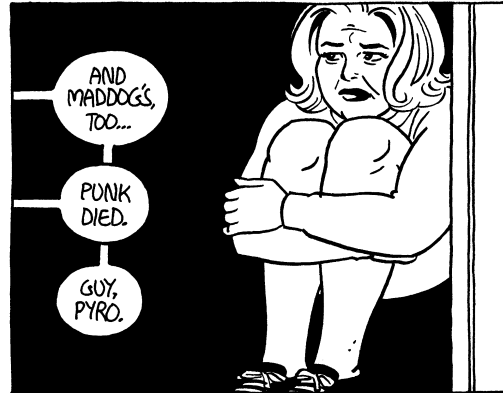
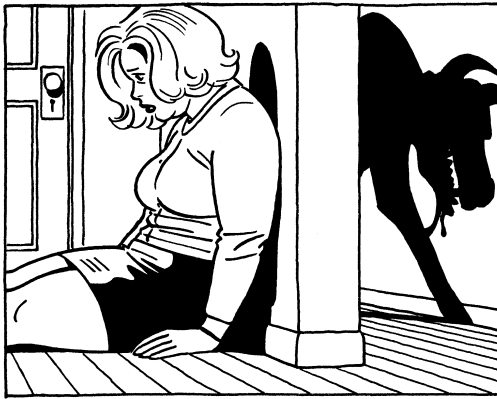


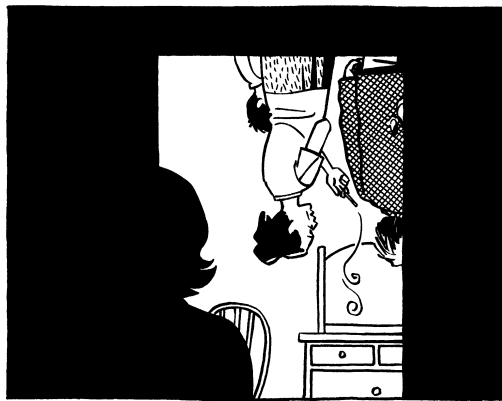


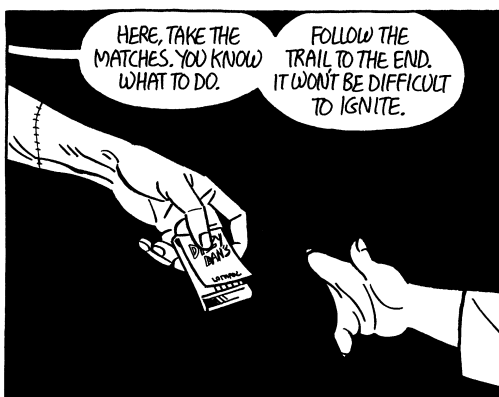
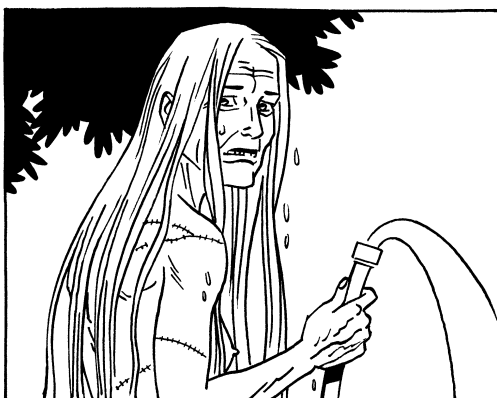
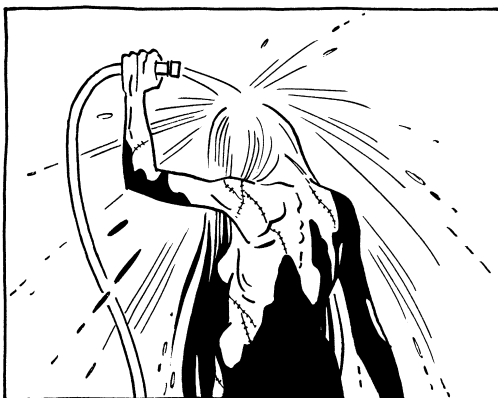




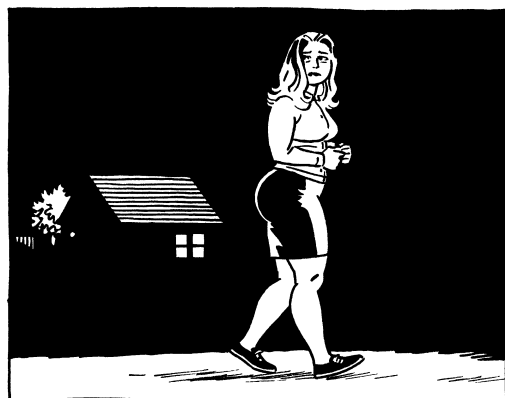


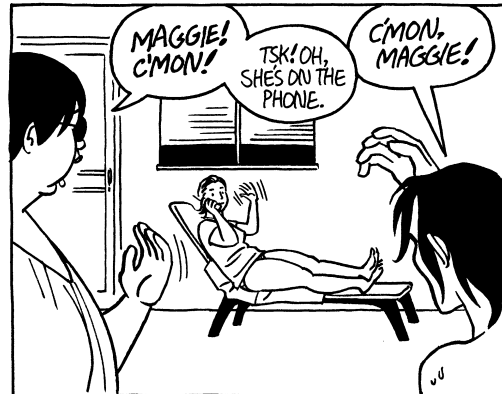


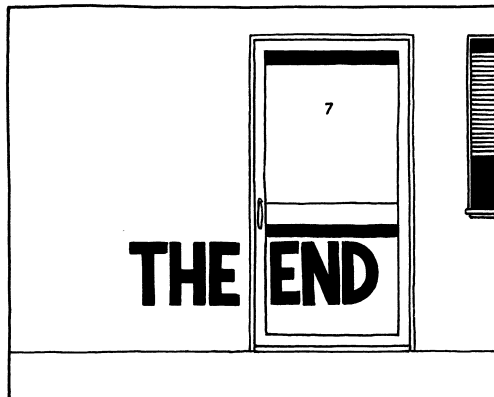
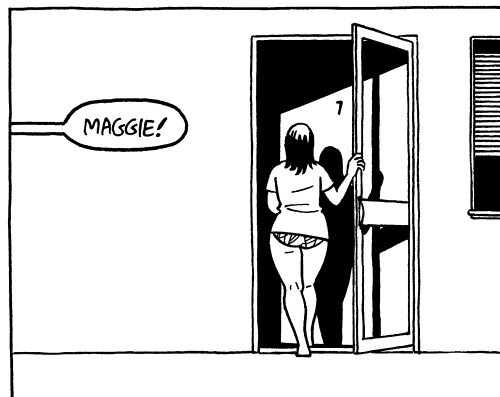
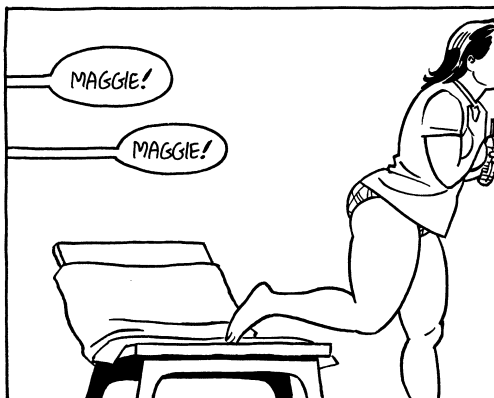
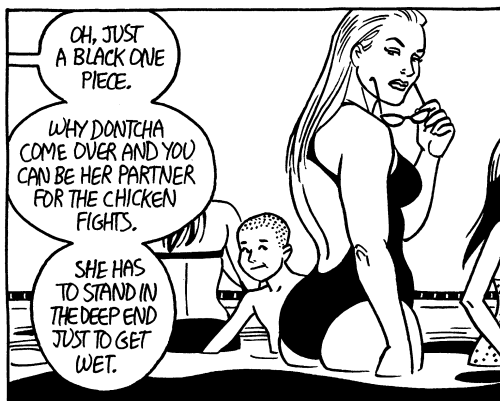












Life through whispers

by Xaime
2004

WENT TO THE MOVIES THE OTHER NIGHT WITH JOE FROM WORK AND HIS COUSIN LOUIE FROM BELL GARDENS. CRACKING ME UP WITH THEIR USUAL BICKERING AND SPECIAL BRAND OF CHICANO UNHUMOR.



AFTER THE MOVIE THE GUYS WEREN'T READY TO HEAD HOME JUST YET SO WE POPPED INTO CHEETAH TORPEDA'S FOR A NIGHTCAP AND A LITTLE POOCHIE.



I HADN'T BEEN THERE FOR SOME TIME, EVER SINCE MY FAVORITE DANCER AND OVERALL HEARTBREAKER, THE LOVELY VELVET, OR VIVIAN I GUESS IS HER REAL NAME, DISAPPEARED, JUST WHEN I GOT TO KNOW HER, TOO.



COME TO THINK OF IT, I HADN'T SEEN ANYBODY IN SOME TIME. EVER SINCE DOYLE CAME OUT AND TRIED TO GIVE ME THAT HUMMER WHEN WE WERE BOTH SCHNOCKERED, THINGS SLOWED DOWN QUITE A BIT. MAYBE HE'S EMBARRASSED ABOUT IT, I DUNNO, MAYBE IT'S ME.



THEN LIKE A LARK, THIS ONE BLONDE WHO SITS DOWN WITH US TURNS OUT TO BE ONE OF DOYLE'S GANG FROM THAT DIVE ON LAS PALMAS AND ASKS ME WHY I'M NOT OVER THERE WITH EVERYBODY CELEBRATING ITS LAST NIGHT OPEN.



ALL I KNOW IS 'EVERYBODY' BETTER MEAN VIVIAN SO I ASK THE GUYS IF THEY WANT TO HIT IT UP BUT THEY'RE TOO BUSY HITTING THE BLONDE UP FOR LAP DANCES SO I LEFT WITHOUT THEIR SORRY ASSES.



SO, WAS SHE GONNA REMEMBER ME? I MEAN, WE ONLY TALKED ONCE. AND WHAT IF SHE'S WITH THAT SLIMY MOBSTER GUY SID? WHAT IF SHE'S NOT EVEN THERE?? WHAT IF...? SHIT, I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS.



TOO OLD TO BE HOPPING AROUND TOWN IN PURSUIT OF A PRETTY GIRL. TOO OLD TO BE WASTING TIME NOT BEING IN PURSUIT OF THIS PRETTY GIRL. TOO OLD PERIOD. THEN AGAIN, WHAT ELSE SHOULD I BE WASTING MY TIME ON?



SO THE PLACE IS PACKED. I DON'T SEE DOYLE OR VIVIAN BUT THERE'S THAT CRAZY SILENT Fucker, THE ONE THEY CALL BORNEO, BEATING THE HOLY SHIT OUT OF SOME POOR BASTARD. I CAN SEE THE FUN HAS ALREADY STARTED.



TEN MINUTES AND I HAD IT. VIV OR NO VIV, I DECIDED TO JET BEFORE I RAN INTO MY OWN BULLSHIT. SO THEN, I'M NOT TWO FEET FROM THE EXIT AND BLAM! THERE IT IS. MY HEART JOLIED BUT I STILL MANAGED TO MAKE IT OUTSIDE.



DAMN, WAS IT REALLY HER? WAS IT MAGGIE? MAGGIE WITH DIFFERENT HAIR? WHAT THE HELL WAS SHE DOING HERE? WELL, I KNOW SHE KNOWS DOYLE, BUT... DOES SHE KNOW VIVIAN, TOO? FUCK, DID SHE NOTICE ME? SHE LOOKED RIGHT AT ME! MY GOD, WHAT'S NEXT?



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S NEXT. VIVACIOUS VIV AND SLIMY SID, THAT'S WHAT. THEY SEEMED TO BE (IN PRIVATE CONVERSATION). BEFORE I COULD SLIP BACK INTO THE BAR, THEY SPOTTED ME AND VIV/AN SAID HI.



I SAID HI BACK BUT BEFORE I COULD ESCAPE SHE CALLED ME OVER IN THAT FOGHORN VOICE OF HERS. ON ANY OTHER OCCASION IT WOULD BE HEAVEN BUT AT THIS MOMENT I WANTED TO GO HOME AND HIDE UNDER MY BED.



SHE ASKED ME HOW I'D BEEN LIKE WE WERE OLD PALS. I COULDN'T TELL, WAS I SAVING HER FROM THAT SLIME WHO JUST KEPT GLARING AT ME LIKE HE WAS STUDYING MY FACE SO HE'D KNOW WHO TO HAVE KILLED LATER?



HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT AS MUCH AS I'D LOVE TO BE HER KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR, I WANTED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE MUCH MORE. I TOLD HER I HAD TO PEE BUT THAT I'D SEE HER INSIDE. PURDY SMOOVE, EH?



THEN I MADE MY SMOOVE EXIT (WHICH WAS MORE LIKE A FAST MOTION SCENE FROM GILLIGAN'S ISLAND) BUT I WENT IN THE WRONG DIRECTION AND ENDED UP RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER DEAD ENDED IN A FLOWER BED.



I DIDN'T DARE MOVE, HOPING THEY WOULD THINK I TOOK OFF DOWN THE STREET. I COULD STILL HEAR THEIR VOICES BUT COULDN'T MAKE OUT THEIR CONVERSATION. I THINK THEY WERE ARGUING ABOUT FOLK ART.



THERE I WAS, TRAPPED IN THIS STUPID, FUCKING SITUATION WHEN I COULD HAVE BEEN SITTING WITH BORING OL' JOE FROM WORK AND HIS COUSIN LOUIE WITH THEIR CRUMMY JOKE WATCHING POOCHIE.



THEN I THOUGHT ABOUT SEEING MAGGIE. I HADN'T SEEN HER IN SO LONG. GOD, SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL. SHE'S LIKE THIS WOMAN NOW. THIS... JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT... MAN O MAN.



BUT THEN I STARTED THINKING ABOUT HOW WE SHOULD HAVE NEVER BROKE UP AND ALL THAT SHIT BUT BEFORE I COULD BLAME THE WHOLE WORLD FOR MY BITTERNESS, I HEARD SOME RUDE SOUNDS AROUND THE CORNER.



I SWORE SID WAS HURTING VIVIAN BUT WHEN I DARTED OUT TO TRY AND STOP IT THEY WERE NOT THERE. BUT FURTHER DOWN THE WAY WAS DOYLE. HE WAS WATCHING SOMETHING GOING ON IN THE PARKING LOT.



IT LOOKED LIKE THE GUY BORNEO AND ANOTHER GUY WERE HELPING SOMEONE INTO A CAR. BUT BEFORE I COULD SEE MORE, DOYLE BLOCKED MY VIEW AND ASKED ME WHERE THE FUCK MY SAGGY ASS HAS BEEN.



I ASKED HIM WHAT WAS UP AND HE SAID SOME ASSBITE GOT TOO DRUNK AND THEY WERE TAKING HIM HOME. I GET IT, FIRST, BLOODY UP THE GUY AND THEN NURSE HIS WOUNDS. THEN DOYLE TOOK ME IN TO BUY ME A DRINK AND ASKED IF I'D SEEN VIVIAN YET.



SHE WAS SITTING INSIDE BY HERSELF. I ASKED DOYLE IF THAT SID FUCK WAS STILL AROUND AND HE JUST LAUGHED AND SAID, "THE FUCKER'S MARRIED." I'M NOT SURE WHAT THAT MEANT BUT I FELT A LITTLE EASIER TO SIT WITH HER.



THERE SHE WAS, STICKIN' STICKIN' STICKIN' BUT NOW SHE WASN'T TALKING. DOYLE SAID HE'D GO GET MY DRINK AND THEN SHOT ME THAT 'GOD FOR IT' GLANCE BEFORE HE LEFT. JUST LIKE THE FUCKER USED TO DO IN HIGH SCHOOL.



SHE AND I SAT THERE FOR AWHILE NOT TALKING. THEN JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO ASK HER IF SHE KNEW MAGGIE, SHE DECIDED TO SPEAK. FROGMOUTH LIKE, SHE ASKED ME WHY I WEAR A SUIT.



I DECIDED TO BE CHARMING AND USE AN OLD STANDBY. I SAID THAT EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE A MAN OUGHT TO WEAR A SUIT. IT WENT NOWHERE. SHEESH, IMAGINE IF SHE KNEW THE JACKET AND PANTS DIDN'T EVEN MATCH.



THEN DOYLE CAME BACK AND RIGHT AWAY HE ASKED ME IF I COULD TAKE VIVIAN HOME LATER. I SHRUGGED, THEN HE GAVE HER THE 'BEHAVE YOURSELF' LOOK. I STARTED TO FEEL LIKE I WAS BEING SET UP, BUT NOT FOR A DATE.



THE NEXT HALF HOUR I SPENT IN THAT BAR WAS JUST PLAIN WEIRD. PEOPLE COMING IN AND OUT. A LOT OF WHISPERING BACK AND FORTH. AND WHERE DID MAGGIE GO? I NEED SOMEONE NORMAL AROUND.



THEN IT WAS TIME TO GO. DOYLE WALKED OUT WITH US. HE TOLD ME I WAS A GALLANT KNIGHT FOR DRIVING VIVIAN HOME. I TOLD HIM TO SUCK MY DICK. THEN I SAID, NEVER MIND. THINGS GOT NORMAL FOR A SECOND.



THEN I SAW THE GUY, OR I THINK IT WAS THE GUY THAT BORNEO BEAT THE FUCK OUT OF. DID HE COME BACK FOR MORE? HE REALLY DIDN'T SEEM THAT DRUNK. I DUNNO, IT GOT REAL STRANGE ALL OVER AGAIN.



THEN I SAW IT. THE PUDDLE OF BLOOD IN THE PARKING LOT AND SOMETHING CLICKED IN MY HEAD AND I GOT A COLD CHILL. THEN I SWEAR I HEARD DOYLE SAY UNDER HIS BREATH, "THOSE FUCKERS WENT AND DID IT."



I LOOKED AT HIM AND HE HAD THE SADDEST LOOK ON HIS FACE, THEN IT CHANGED AS HE LOOKED AT ME LIKE WE BOTH KNEW SOMETHING, THEN HE SAID TO MAKE SURE VIV GETS HOME OK AND THEN HE WAS GONE.



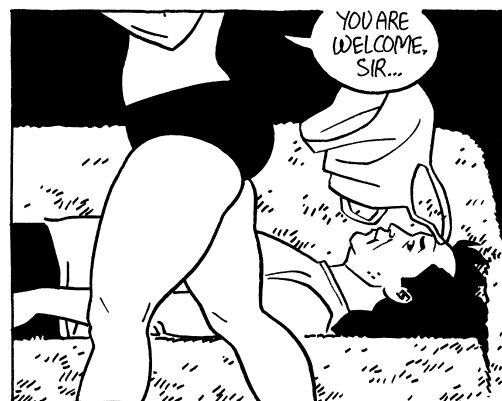
AS I DROVE VIVIAN HOME SHE STARTED TO OPEN UP. SHE ASKED ME IF I KNEW A GIRL NAMED MAGGIE. I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT I JUST SAID "YEAH, THROUGH DOYLE." SHE SIGHED AND SAID, "EVERYTHING'S THROUGH DOYLE."

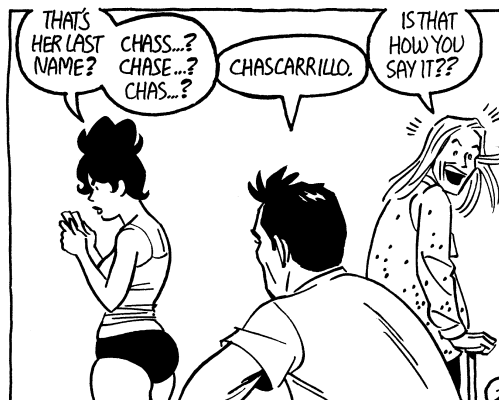
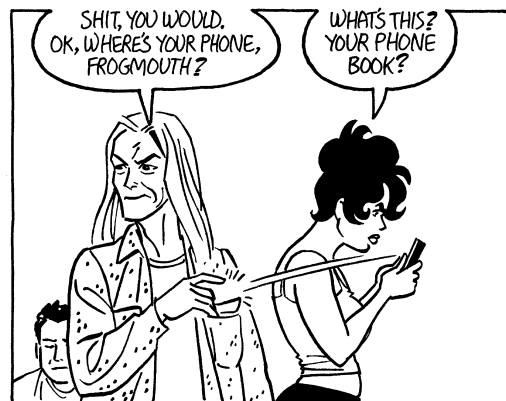
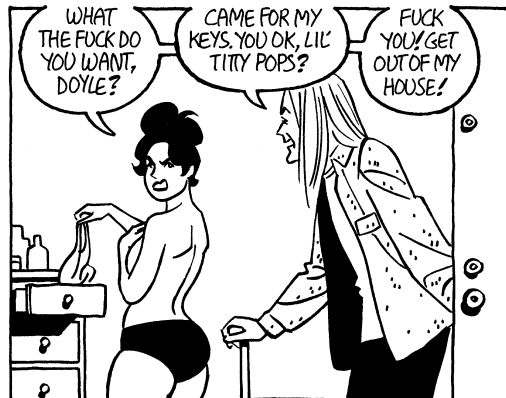


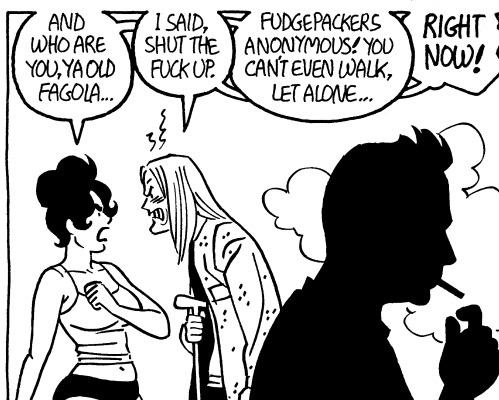
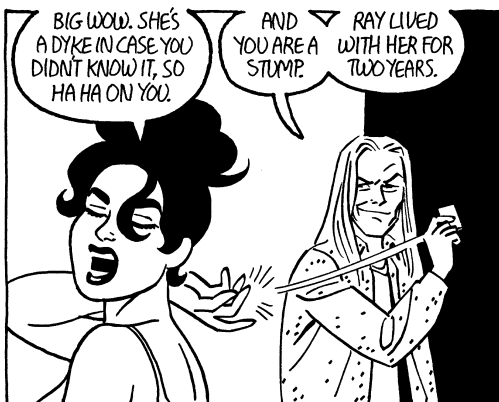
BUT I WASN'T REALLY LISTENING. ALL I COULD DO WAS PICTURE SOMEONE'S FUCKED UP DEAD BODY LAYING SOMEWHERE IN THE L.A. RIVER. THEN I WONDERED WHERE JOE AND LOUIE WERE, CRUMMY JOKES AND ALL.

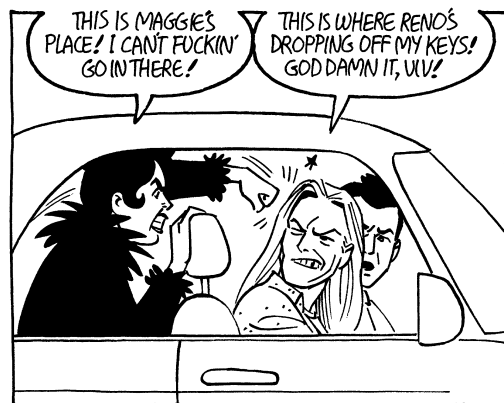
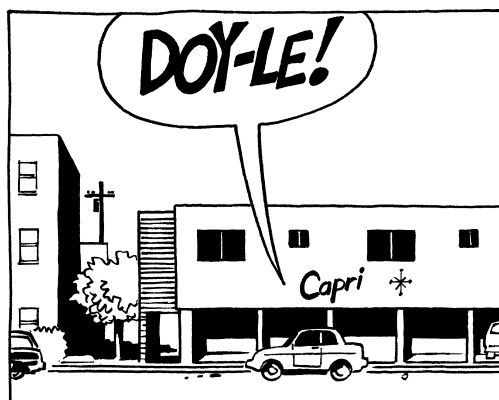
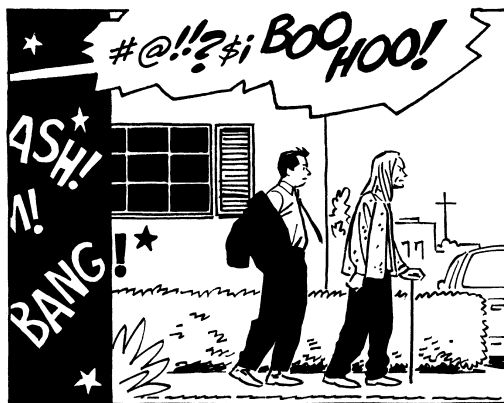


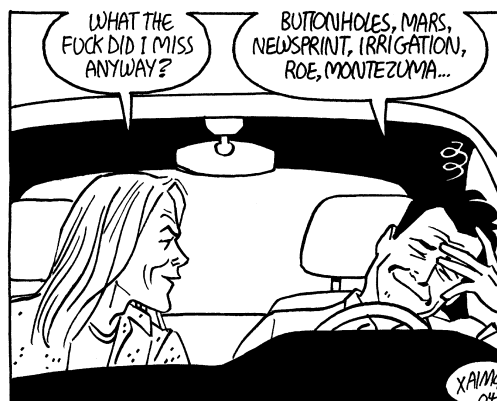
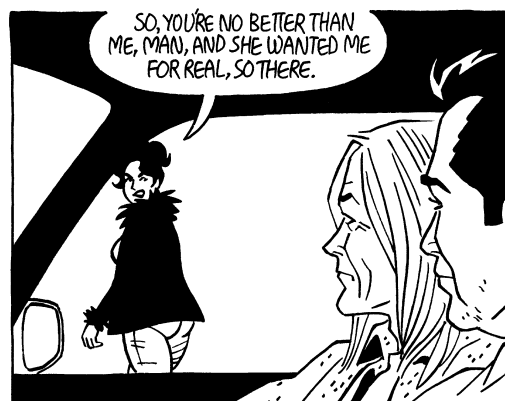
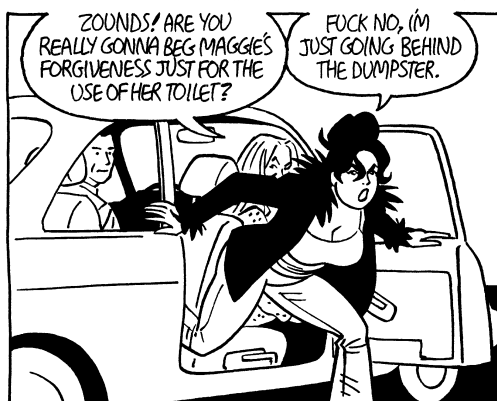
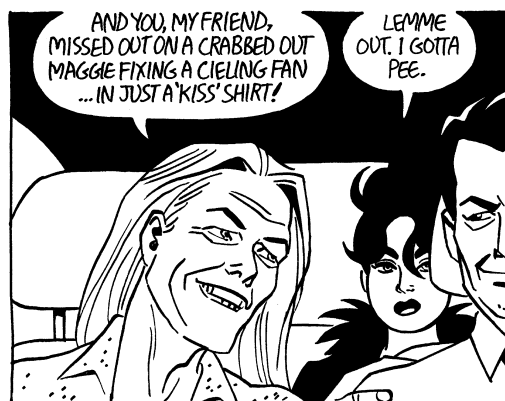
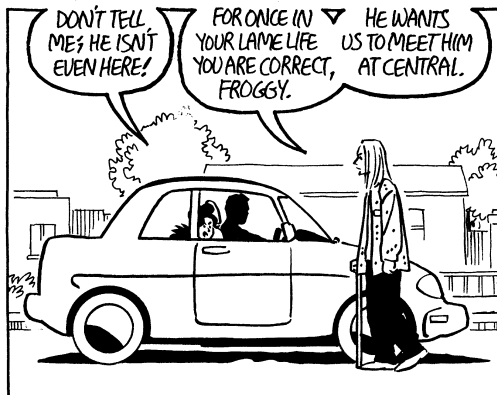
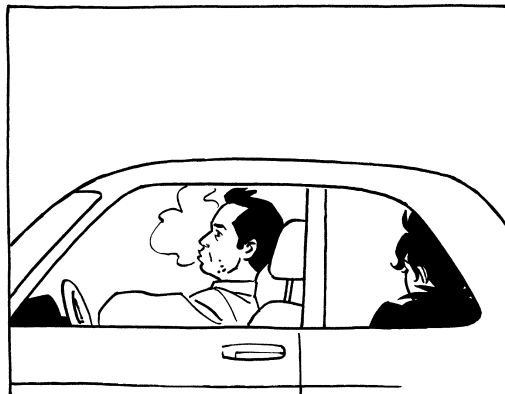
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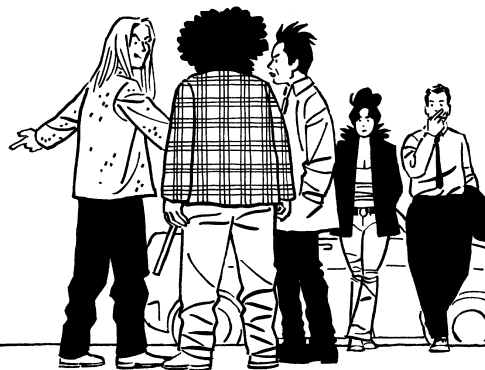






hagler and hearns

SO HERE WE ARE. WE MEET UP WITH RENO IN FRONT OF SOME CABLE ACCESS BUILDING DEEP IN THE VALLEY. HE HAS THAT BORNED ANIMAL WITH HIM WHICH RIGHT AWAY MAKES ME NERVOUS.



THE FROGMOUTH HAS GONE INTO SILENT MODE AGAIN. SHE SEEMS TO DO IT EVERY TIME THESE GUYS POW WOW. LIKE SOME GANGSTER'S MOLL WHO WOULD GET HER FACE SMASHED IF SHE SPOKE OUT OF TURN.



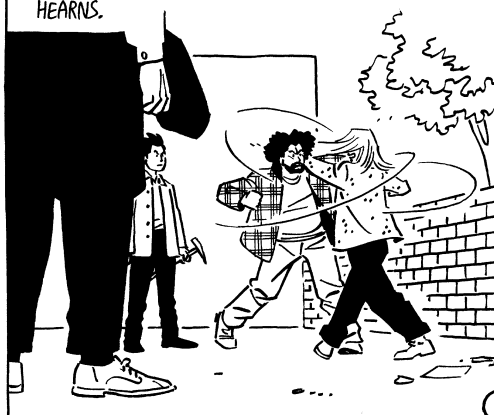
SO WHAT ARE THESE GANGSTERS POWWOWING ABOUT THIS TIME? I SOMEHOW DOUBT IT'S ABOUT DOYLE'S KEYS. IS IT A DRUG DEAL? MAYBE. PLANNING TO PULL A HALE? CHALE, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT SID THE CORPSE.



THEN THE GUYS WALK AROUND TO THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING. I'M NOT SURE IF VIV AND I ARE SUPPOSED TO FOLLOW BUT WE DO ANYWAY AND I MAKE SOME KIND OF GANGSTER CRACK AND VIV ACTUALLY SNICKERS.



I'M ABOUT TO PUSH MY DUMBASS LUCK AND MILK MY ALREADY LAME JOKE TILL WE HEAR THE CRACK OF SOMEONE'S JAW AND RIGHT THERE DOYLE AND BORNED ARE GOING TDE TO TDE LIKE FUCKIN' HAGLER AND HEARNs.



THE FISTS WERE FLYING AND LANDING LIKE FUCKIN' BRICKS. MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS THAT DOYLE WAS GOING TO DIE. BUT THEN I THOUGHT, DOYLE DIES NEARLY EVERY DAY OF HIS LIFE. I KNEW BETTER THAN TO STEP IN.



SURE ENOUGH, BORNEO'S PUNCHES STARTED TO LOSE THEIR BITE AND DOYLE'S JUST GOT HEAVIER AND MORE PRECISE AND PRETTY SOON THE WILD MAN WAS ON RUBBER LEG STREET AND DOWN FOR THE COUNT.



NOBODY HAD TO BREAK IT UP. DOYLE BACKED OFF AND BORNEO GOT UP AND STARTED TO LEAVE WITH RENO WHO JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD LAUGHING. VIN CALLED DOYLE A 'FUCKED UP LITTLE BOY' AND LEFT WITH THEM.



DOYLE DIDN'T SAY MUCH AFTER THAT, ONLY THAT THAT SCRAP WAS NOBODY'S BUSINESS BUT HIS AND BORNEO'S AND THAT HE WANTS TO EAT LUNCH AT THE KING TACO ON BROADWAY AND GRIFFIN (IN LINCOLN HEIGHTS).



I'M NOT SURE WHY HE WANTED TO EAT WAY OUT THERE, MAYBE IT WAS TO GIVE HIM TIME TO BREAK DOWN IN THE PRIVACY OF MY CAR BLUBBERING HYSTERICALLY ABOUT WANTING A PARTNER AND SETTLING DOWN FOR GOOD.



I NEVER GOT TO TELL DOYLE THAT I NEVER GOT TO GET 'GOT' WITH THE FROGMOUTH LAST NIGHT, THAT I SLEPT ON HER STINKIN' COUCH AND THAT WAS IT. IT SEEMED A LITTLE FUTILE TO MENTION ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY, I DUNNO.



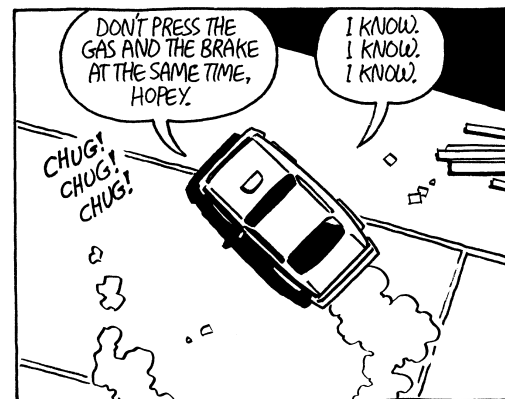
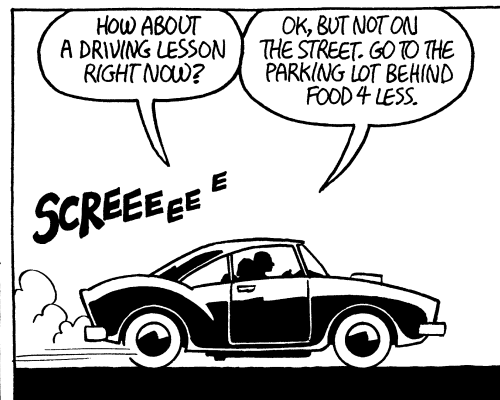
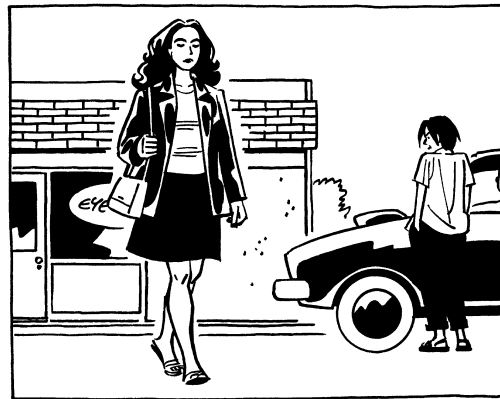
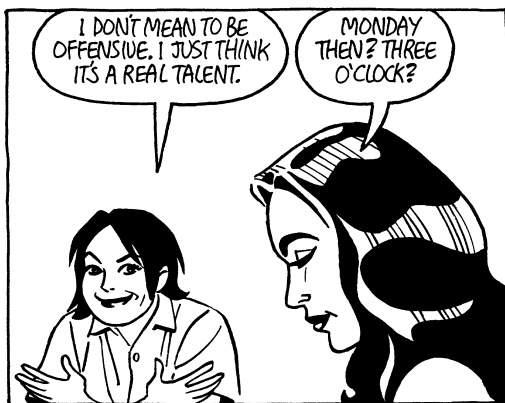
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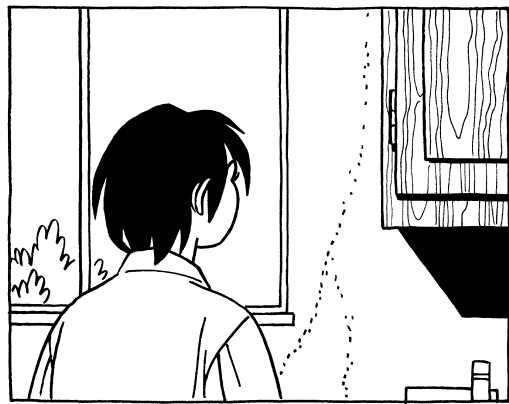
DAY by DAY WITH hopey

HAVE A TAMPA, NAG CHAMPA.

"TUESDAY IS WHOSE DAY?"



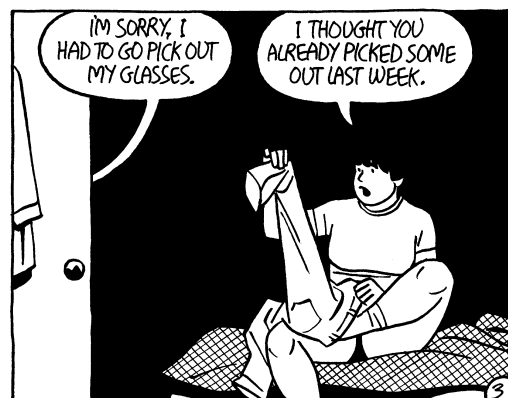




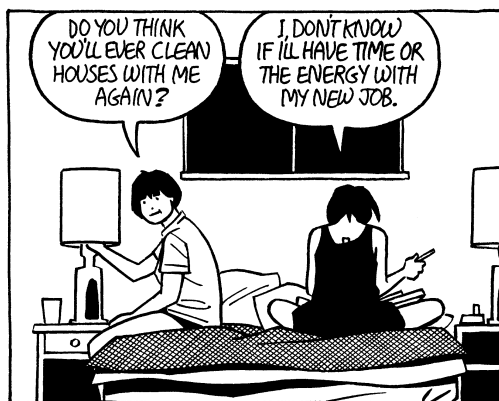
IT'S TOO LATE. IT TOOK ME TWICE AS LONG TO FINISH TODAY.



THAT'S NOT TILL NEXT WEEK.



I THOUGHT YOU ALREADY PICKED SOME OUT LAST WEEK.





SO, I'M LAYING IN MY BED THAT NIGHT OBSESSIVELY TRYING TO CREATE IN MY MIND WHAT POSSIBLY HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE, REALIZING FULL WELL THAT ALL OF IT MAY HAVE NEVER HAPPENED.



SO, SID'S THIS CRIMINAL FUCK WHO HAD TWO GIRLFRIENDS. HE GOT ENGAGED TO ONE BUT KEPT THE OTHER ONE (VIV) AROUND. WHEN THAT STARTED TO JEOPARDIZE THE ENGAGEMENT, SID WAS GOING TO END IT THE ONLY WAY HE KNEW HOW, TO SILENCE THE FROGMOUTH.



SO, BEFORE HE COULD DO HER IN, HER GANG DID HIM IN. THEN DOYLE, ANOTHER ONE-TIME SID LOVER, KNOWING IT HAD TO HAPPEN, SETTLED HIS OWN PERSONAL SCORE WITH ONE OF THE ASSASSINS. THEN MAGGIE SAYS, "WHAT ABOUT THE FIANCEE?"



THEN VIV SAYS, "LET'S GO SEE," AND THEN THE THREE OF US GO ON FOOT TO THIS HOUSE IN LOS FELIZ AND VIV ADDS, "WE KNOW HOW TO BREAK IN. JUST LIKE LAST TIME, RIGHT, MAGGIE?" AND I SWEAR, THESE GIRLS ARE REALLY INTO IT.



SO, WE GO INTO THIS DARK BEDROOM AND THERE'S THE FIANCEE WITH HER THROAT CUT FROM EAR TO EAR AND I START TO WONDER IF THAT'S WHOSE KEYS DOYLE WAS TRYING TO GET FROM RENO THIS MORNING.

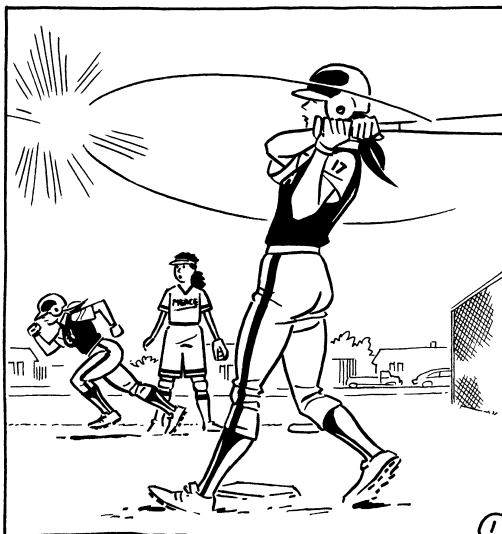
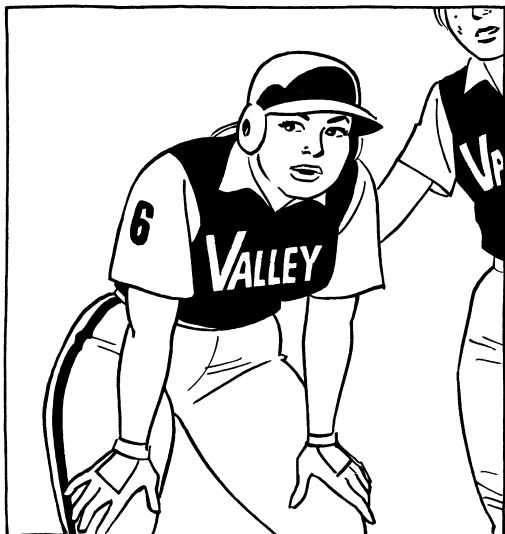
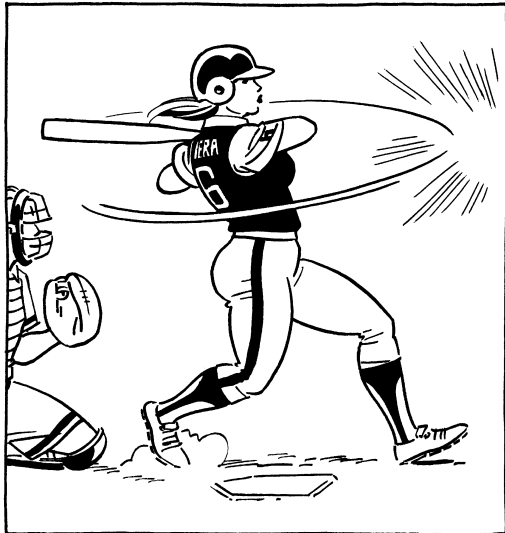
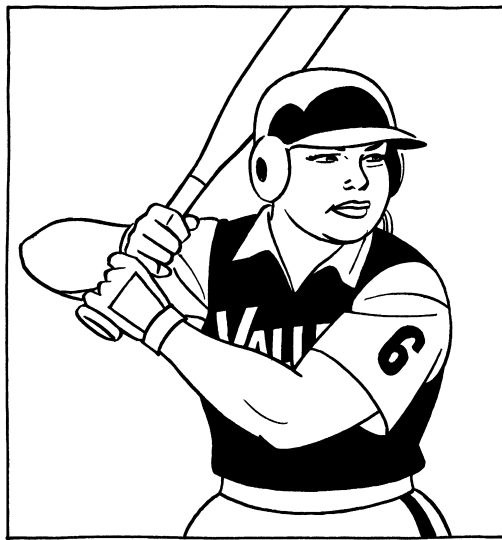


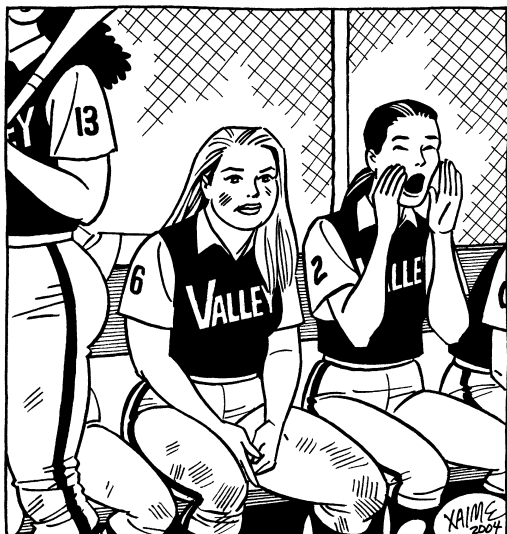
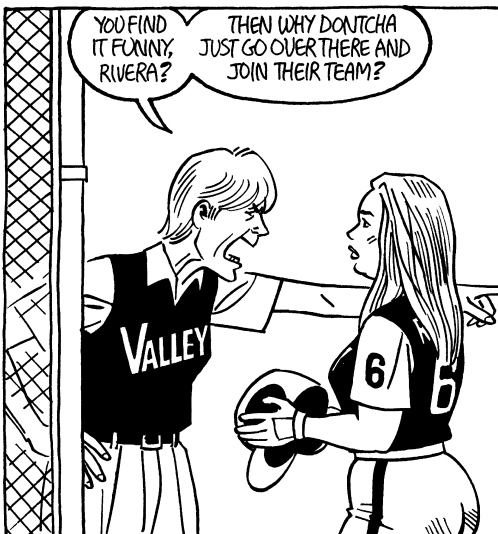
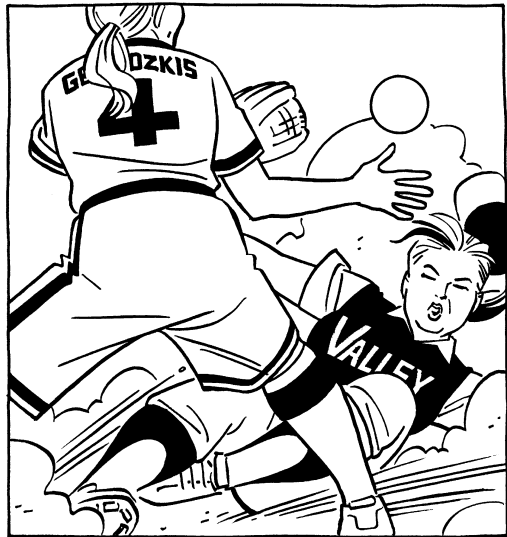
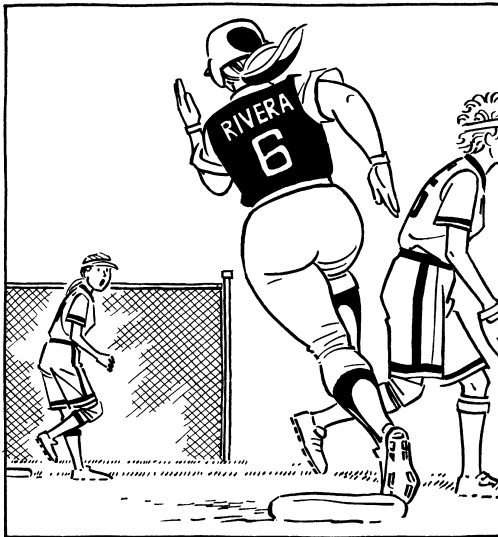
THEN A FUCKIN' M-80 GOES OFF RIGHT BELOW MY WINDOW AND I WAKE UP AND SPEND THE REST OF THE NIGHT THINKING ABOUT MAGGIE AND HOW I WANTED TO FUCK HER REALLY BAD IN THAT DREAM.



ANGEL OF TARZANA

P. NUTTALLI RESURRECTUS

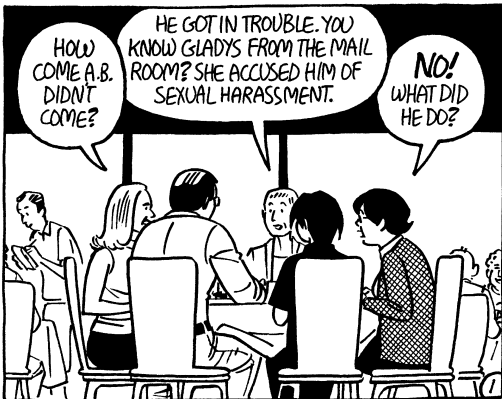
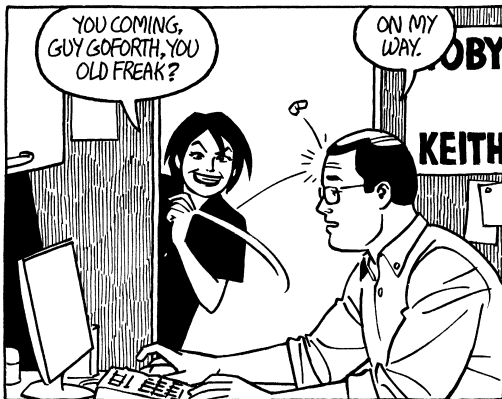


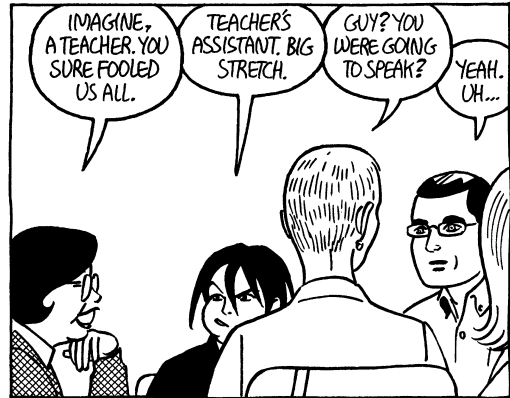
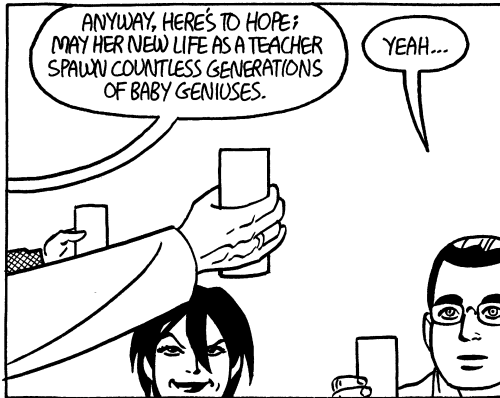
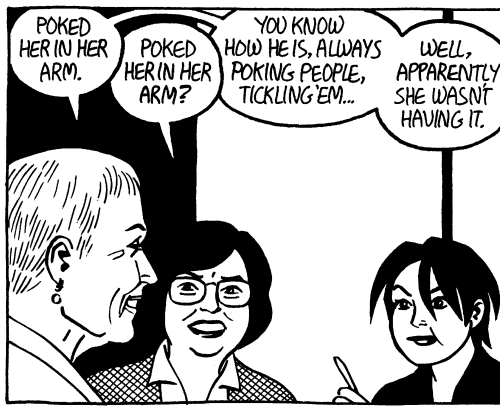


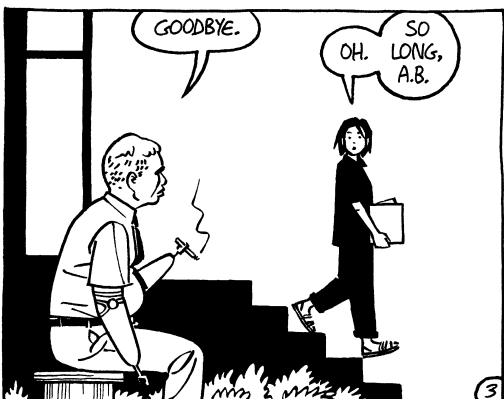
DAY BY DAY WITH hopey

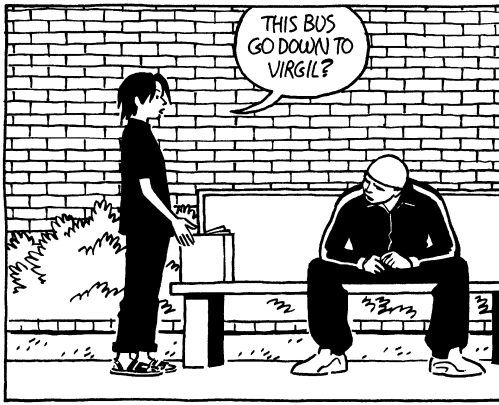
THE PICASSO OF THE GHETTO!

"WEDNESDAY IS BITTER ENDS DAY"

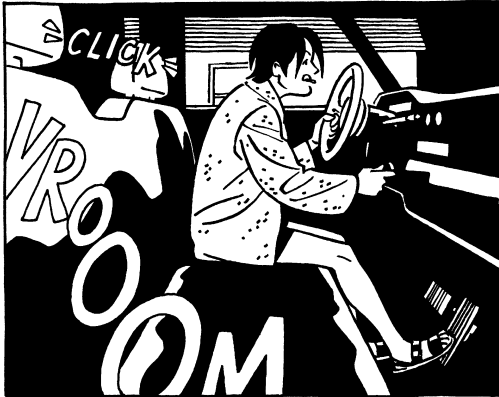
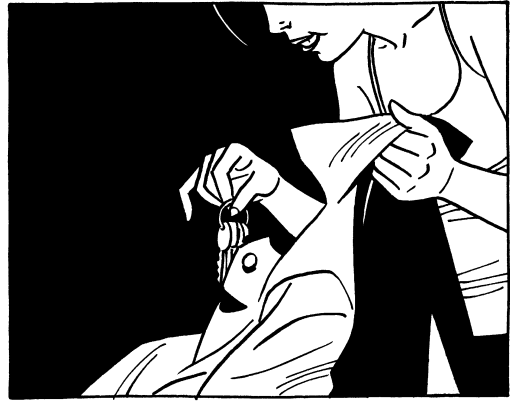
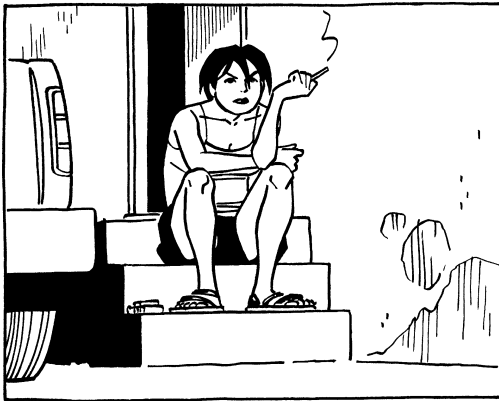


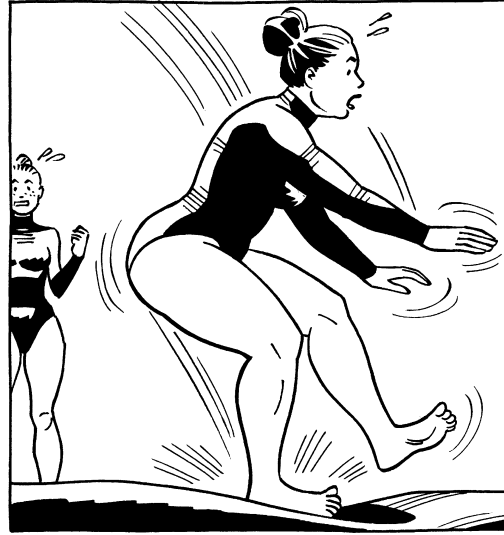
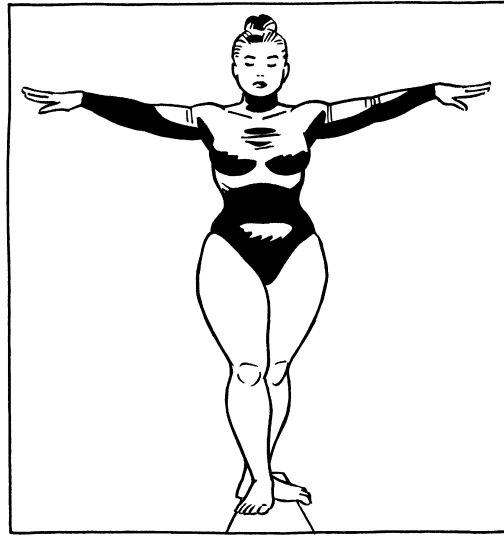












DID YA GET GOT?

SO, ALL OF A SUDDEN THE FROGMOUTH HAS BEEN CALLING ME LIKE, TWO OR THREE TIMES A DAY, EVEN AT WORK. SHE NEVER HAS MUCH TO SAY. BUT I GOTTA ADMIT, I GET A BIG KICK OUT OF THE WAY SHE SAYS IT. YATATA YATATA.



TODAY SHE TALKED ABOUT USING TOOTHPASTE ON A BIG BLACK BUG IN HER BATHROOM. I ASKED HER IF SHE HAD ANY BUG SPRAY. SHE ASKED ME TO MEET HER AT SAV-ON (OR SAV-ONS, AS SHE PUT IT) TO HELP HER BUY SOME.



I TOLD JOE FROM WORK I HAD TO BREAK OUR LUNCH DATE. HE CALLED ME A VIBORA. IF HE ONLY KNEW I WAS ACTUALLY THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE TRUSTED FRIEND CLUB, WHICH MEANS, I'D NEVER GET INSIDE THIS GIRL'S PANTIES.



WHEN I GOT THERE I DIDN'T SEE HER RIGHT AWAY, SO I FIGURED MAYBE WE WERE THINKING OF DIFFERENT SAV-ONS BUT THEN I SPOTTED HER INSIDE AT THE DOLLAR SECTION LOOKING AT CHEAP, PLASTIC, NEW WAVY PICTURE FRAMES.



WE STROLLED THE AISLES AS SHE ENTERTAINED ME WITH COCKEYED COMMENTARY ON SELECTED ITEMS. SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE JUST GOT OUT OF BED, WHICH SHOWED ME THAT TOTAL SENSE OF SICKENING TRUST. HOOPY DOO FOR ME.



I MEAN, HOW COULD I ACCEPT SUCH A FATE WHEN HER SOFT FUZZY NECK WAS DRAWING ME IN LIKE THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN? WAS I GONNA HAVE TO LIVE ON BONERS AND CHEAP THRILLS? I WASN'T SURE I WAS STRONG ENOUGH.



AS SHE STOOD IN LINE TO PAY, I WAITED OUTSIDE ASKING MYSELF IF I SHOULD JUST CHUCK IT AND SPLIT OUT OF HER LIFE. THE FUCKED PART IS, SHE MIGHT BE FINE WITH THAT. MAYBE I AM BETTER OFF WITH BONERS AND CHEAP THRILLS.



SHE WAS TAKING A LOT OF TIME IN THERE AND I HAD TO GET BACK TO WORK. THEN I NOTICED IT WAS BECAUSE SHE WAS YAKKING IT UP WITH SOMEONE WHO TURNED OUT TO BE THAT STRIPPER FRIEND OF HERS FROM CHEETAH TORPEDAS.



WHEN THE GIRL LEFT, VIU'S MOOD SEEMED SOMBER. THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT ME, YOU'D THINK THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT ME, BUT I WAS ONLY FLATTERING MYSELF. NO, SHE ASKED ME IF I HAD ANY IDEA WHERE SID DOAN HAS BEEN.



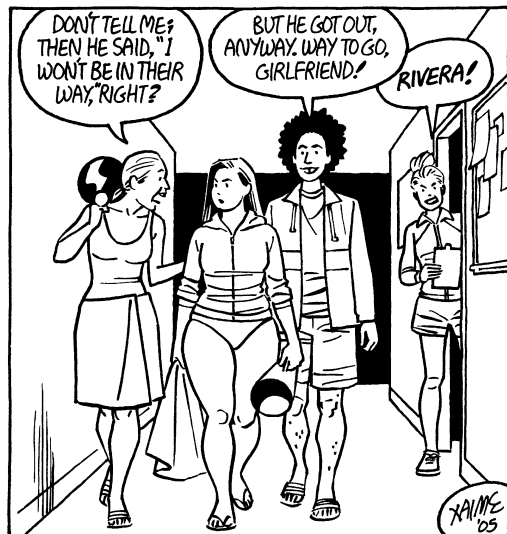
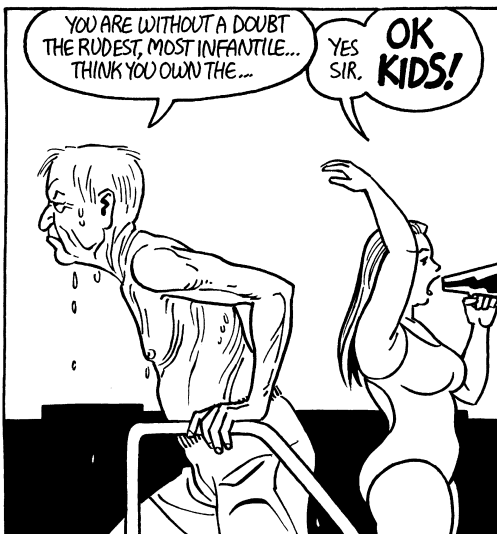
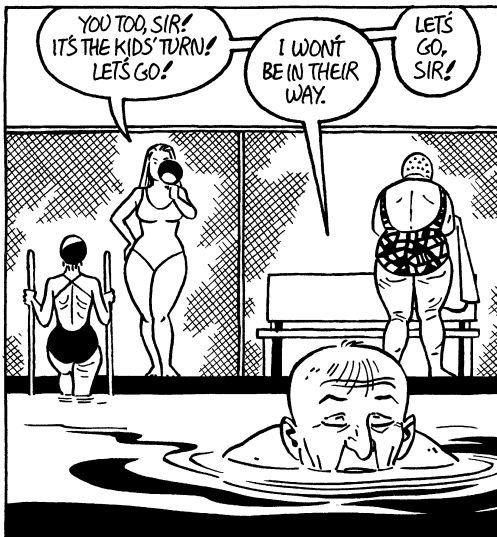
JUST WHEN I THOUGHT THIS SID SHIT WAS OVER, HERE SHE WAS CONFRONTING ME LIKE I WAS PART OF THIS BULLSHIT CONSPIRACY. NATURALLY, I PLAYED DUMB AND PRETENDED NOT TO KNOW WHO HE WAS, WHICH IS BASICALLY THE TRUTH.



SHE LEFT WITH HARDLY A WORD AND I FELT I WAS RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED. TO THIS GIRL, I WAS ONCE AGAIN JUST ONE OF DOYLE'S CREEPY FRIENDS. OH, WELL, NOW THAT I'M A CREEP, MAYBE I'D GET TO FUCK HER, HUH? YEAH, RIGHT...



ANGEL OF TARZANA



CREAM CITY

SO, I GET THIS KNOCK ON MY DOOR AROUND MIDNIGHT AND THERE'S VIV LOOKING LIKE QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES. I COULDN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHAT WAS UP. DID DOYLE TELL HER WHERE I LIVE? WHO CARES, SHE'S HERE, AIN'T SHE?



SHE SAID SHE WAS AT A DANCE CLUB WITH FRIENDS NEARBY AND DECIDED TO POP BY ON HER WAY HOME. THEN SHE ASKED ME FOR A DRINK. I ONLY HAD WATER AND A GROLSCH. SHE TOOK THE BEER AND JUST STOOD THERE STARING AT MY TV.



THEN SUDDENLY SHE LIT UP AND SPOUTED HOW "A LETTER TO THREE WIVES" COINCIDENTALLY WAS HER FAVORITE MOVIE. I DIDN'T MENTION IT WAS ACTUALLY "FAST COMPANY" AND THAT WAS POLLY BERGEN BEING DECKED BY IRON EYES CODY.



THIS WAS GETTING INTERESTING BECAUSE I REMEMBERED HOW "A LETTER TO THREE WIVES" WAS MAGGIE'S FAVORITE MOVIE BACK WHEN. IT STARTED ME WONDERING JUST WHAT KIND OF RELATIONSHIP VIV SAID THOSE TWO HAD.



SO, I THOUGHT I'D HAVE FUN AND JUST ASK. I DID AND KIND OF CAUGHT HER OFF GUARD. AS SHE SAT STUMPED FOR A SEC, I JUMPED IN FEET FIRST. I TOLD HER I DIDN'T BELIEVE THEY EVER WERE ANY SUCH ITEM. THREE... TWO... ONE... IGNITION.



SHE WENT OFF LIKE A PACK OF WILD PARROTS. SHE SAID I HAD NO IDEA WHAT A GREAT KISSER MAGGIE WAS. YATATA YATATA. THE MORE I SMIRKED, THE MORE SHRIIL SHE GOT. LITTLE DID SHE KNOW I WAS BURNING INSIDE WITH ENVY.



THEN SHE STARTED ON MY OVERALL LOVELIFE, AS IF SHE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT IT. SHE WENT ON HOW I'D GET SOME IF I ONLY DID THIS, DID THAT. SO THEN I ASKED HER WHY HER THING WITH MAGGIE ENDED IF IT WAS SO GREAT.



RIGHT THEN, BAM! SHE SHUT OFF. SHE STOPPED TALKING AND JUST STARTED WATCHING THE MOVIE. I GUESS I SHOULD'VE FELT BAD BUT I JUST SHUT UP AND STARTED WATCHING THE MOVIE. IT STAYED THAT WAY FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES.



THE MOVIE FINALLY ENDED BUT VIV DIDN'T BUDGE. "ROPE" WAS ON NEXT BUT I WASN'T GONNA DO THIS FOR ANOTHER TWO HOURS, SO I TOLD HER SHE WAS WELCOME TO STAY BUT I HAD TO GET UP EARLY. SHE SAID OK BUT STILL DIDN'T BUDGE.



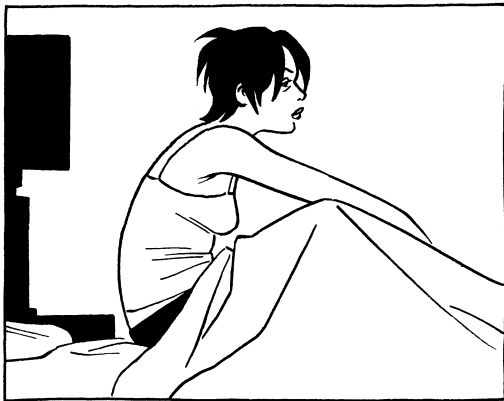
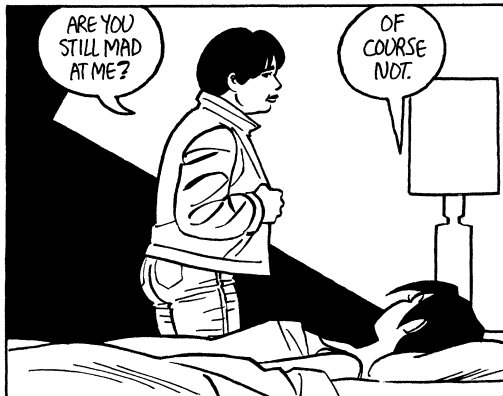
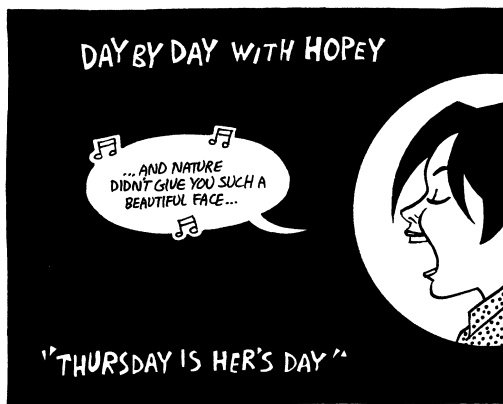
DID SHE SAY OK BECAUSE SHE WAS LEAVING OR BECAUSE SHE WAS STAYING? I WAS TOO TIRED TO CARE. I MADE MY WAY INTO THE BATHROOM TO PREPARE FOR BED. WHAT WAS GOING ON OUTSIDE THE LOO WAS HER OWN BIRTHNITH.

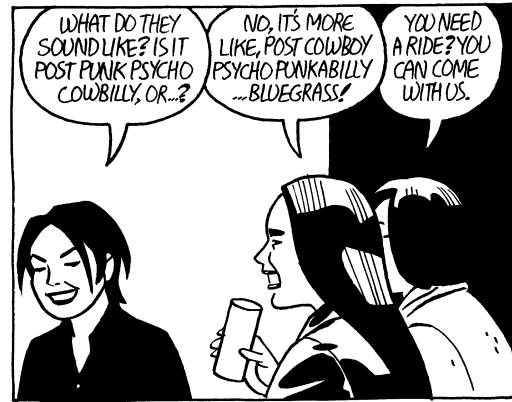
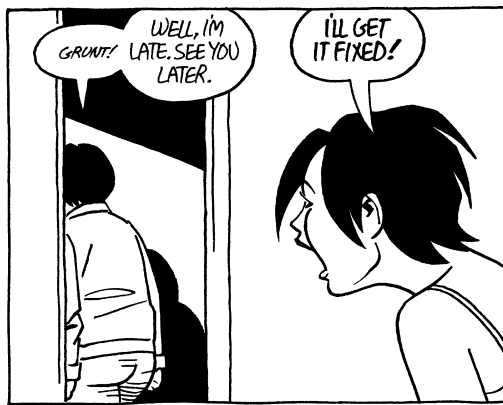


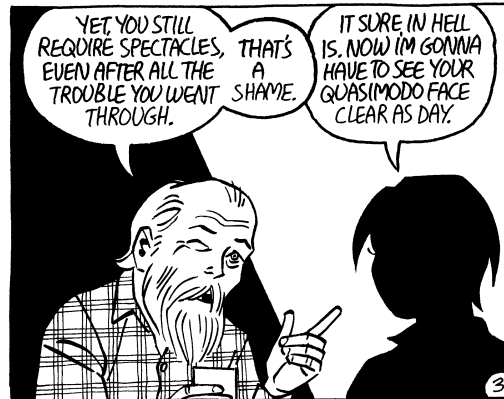
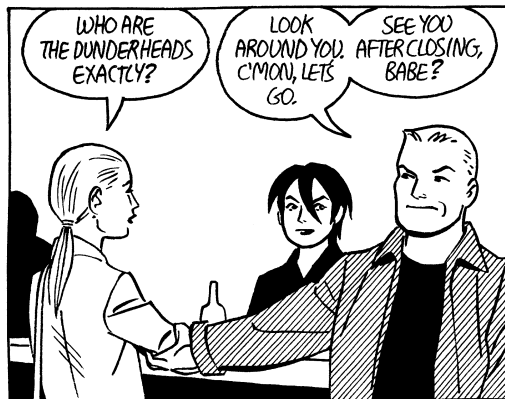
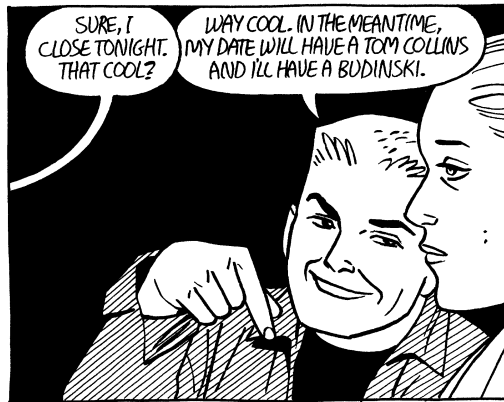
WHEN I CAME OUT SHE WAS STILL THERE IN THE SAME, COLD POSITION. I COULDN'T TELL IF SHE WAS STILL AWAKE OR NOT. I FLICKED OFF THE LIGHT AND CRAWLED INTO BED. I COULD STILL SEE HER SILHOUETTE SLUMPED IN THAT CHAIR.

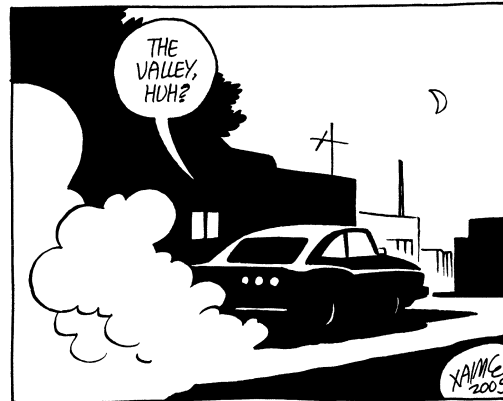
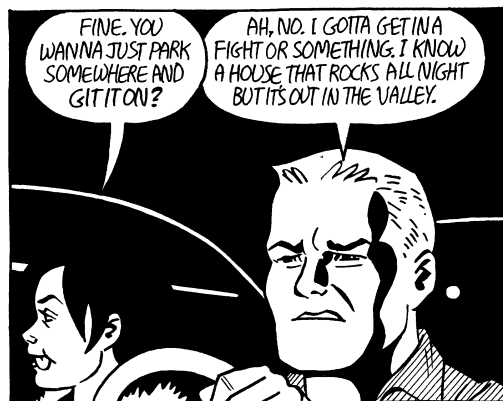
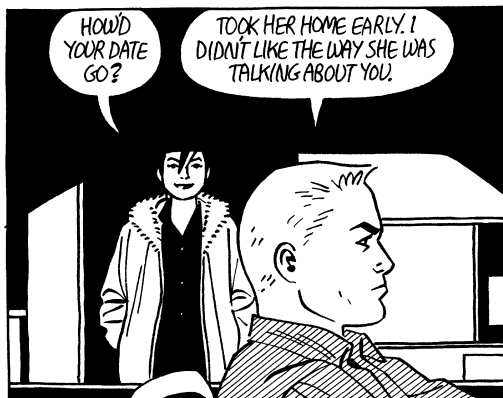


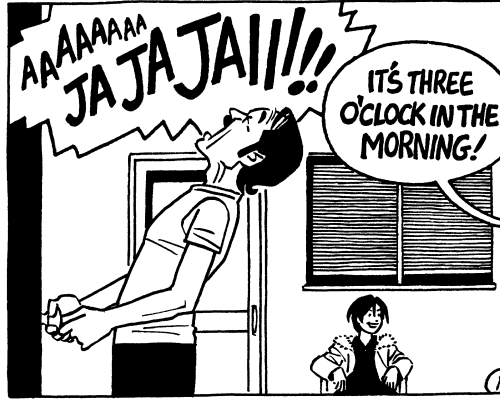
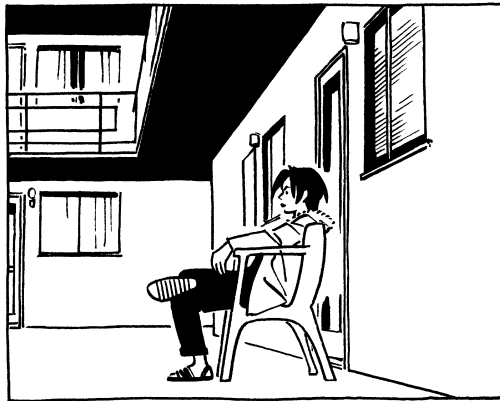
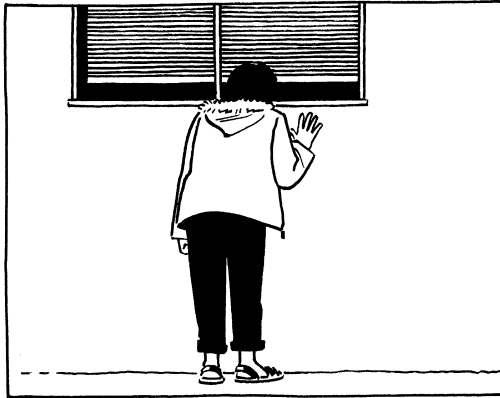
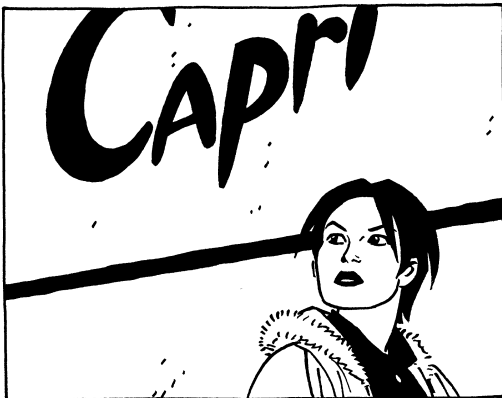
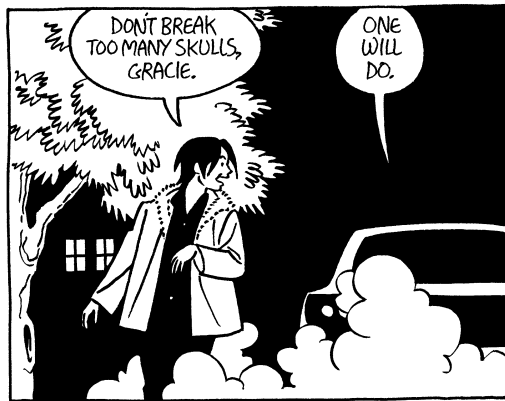
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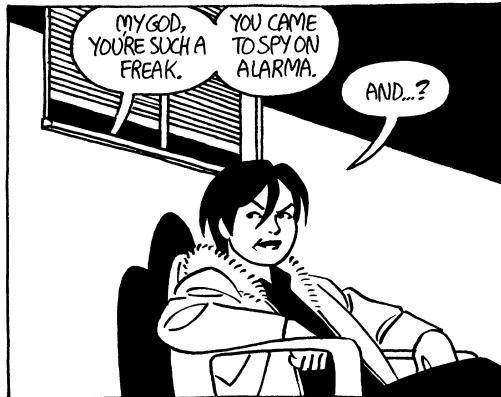


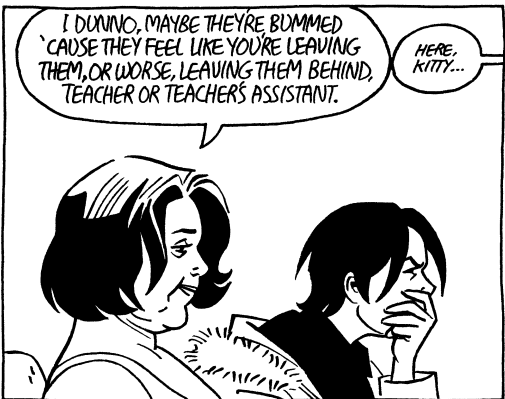
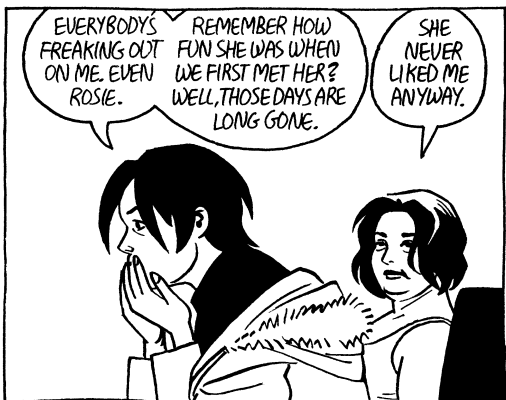
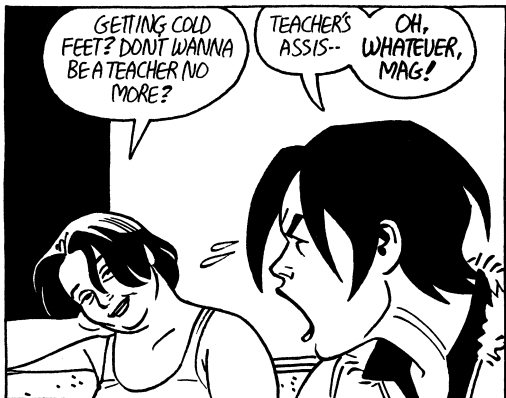
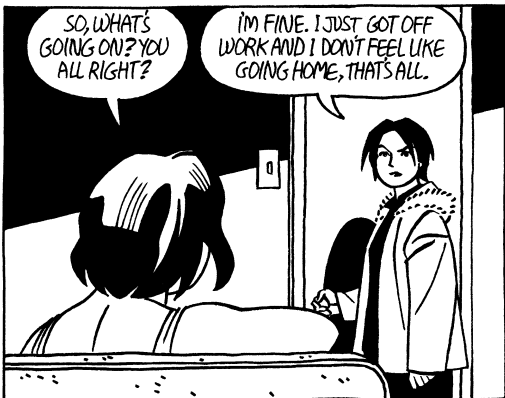


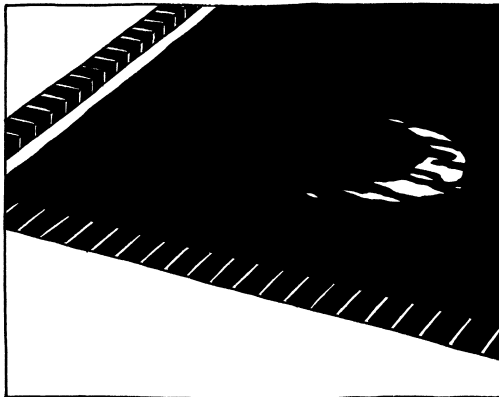
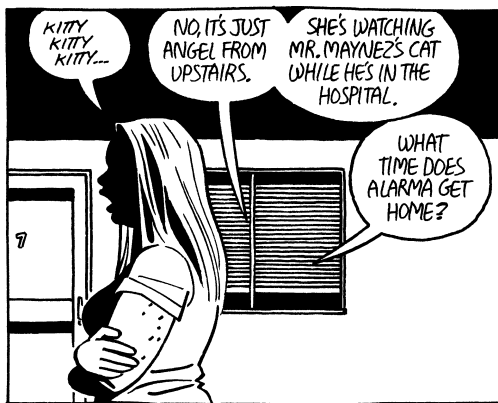


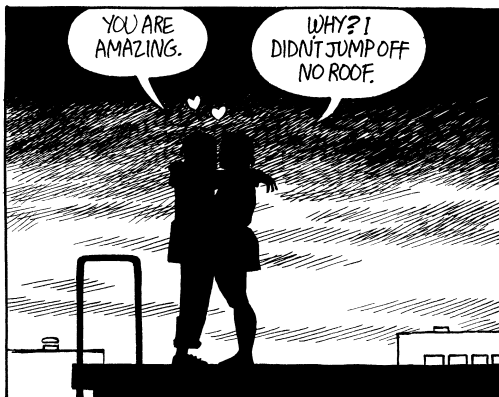
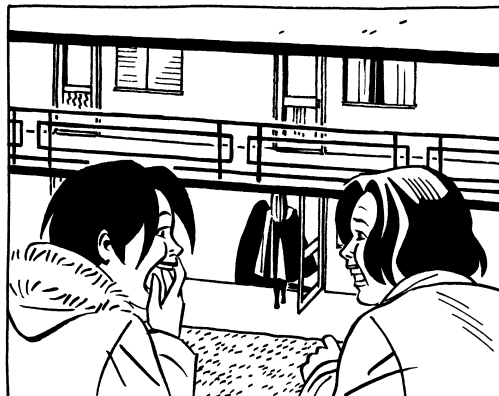
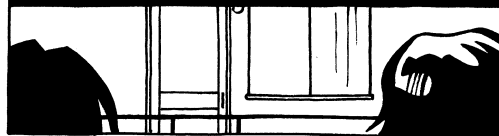
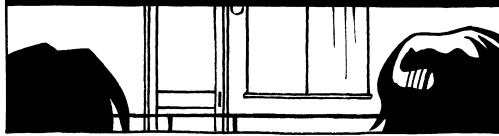


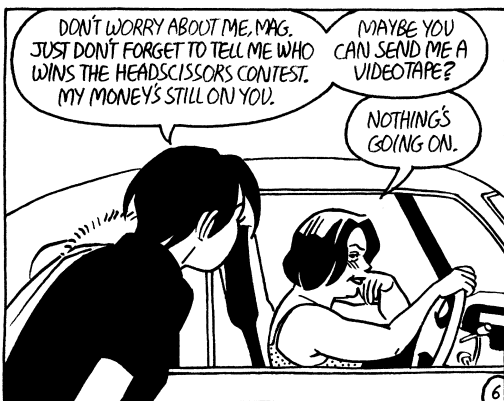
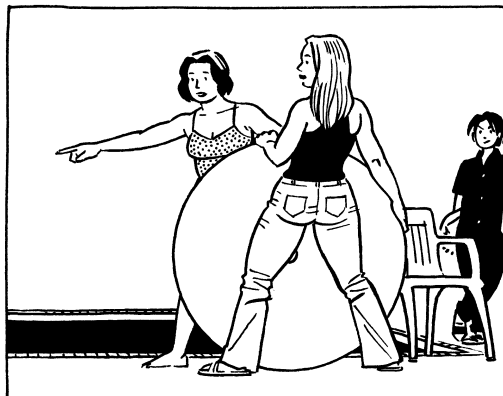
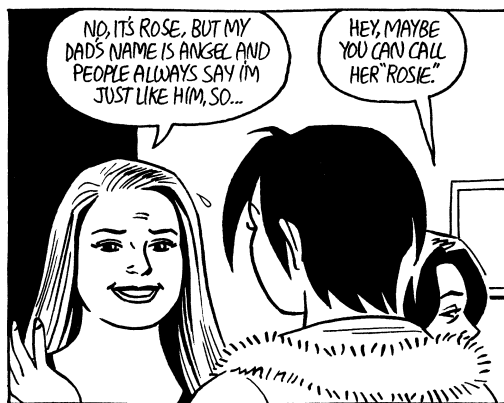
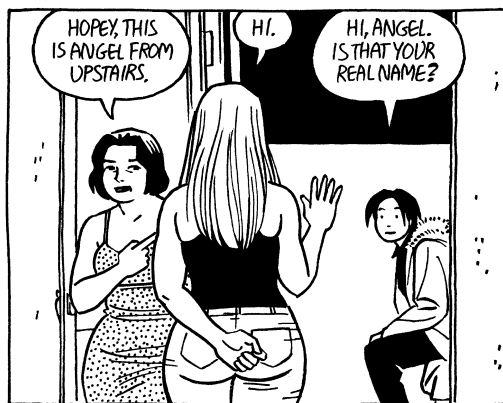


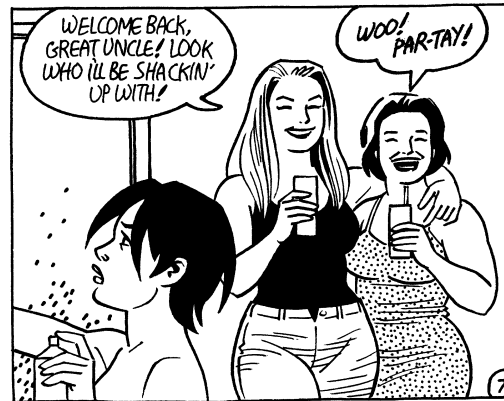
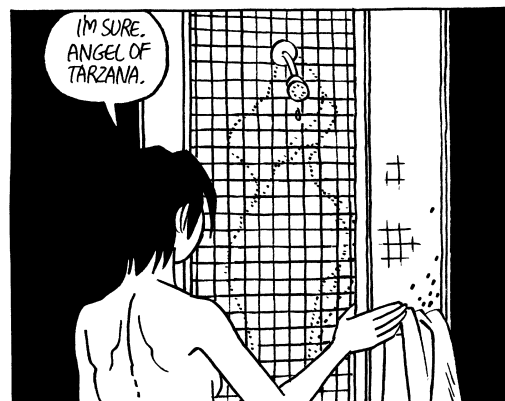
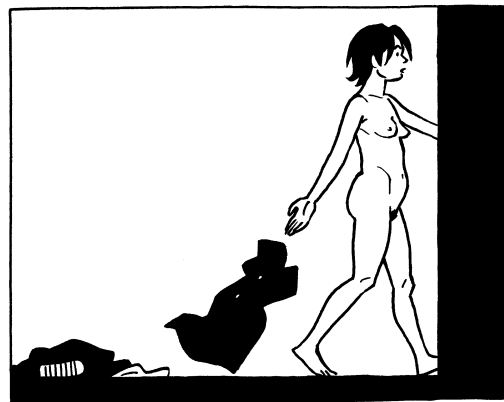
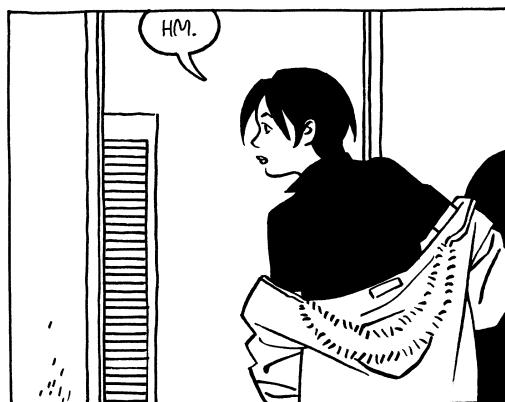
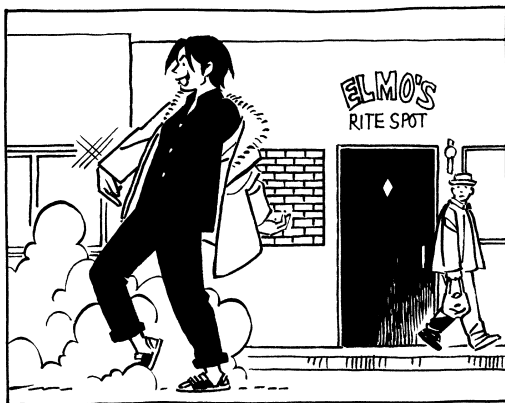


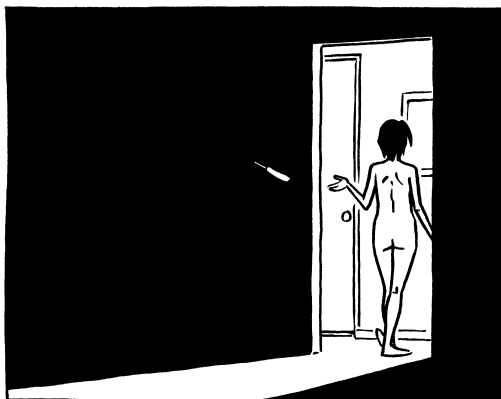
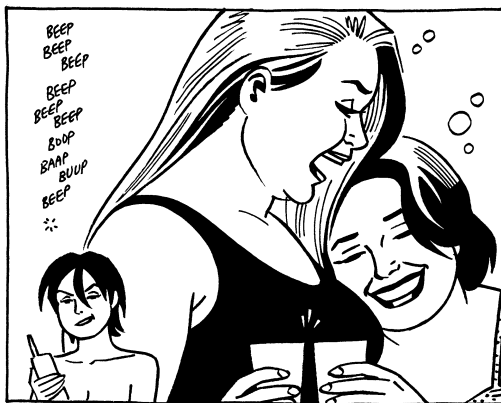


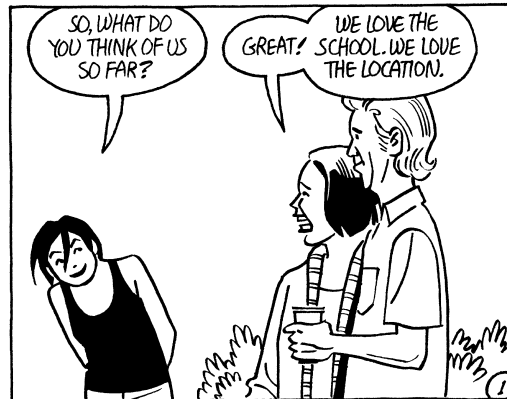
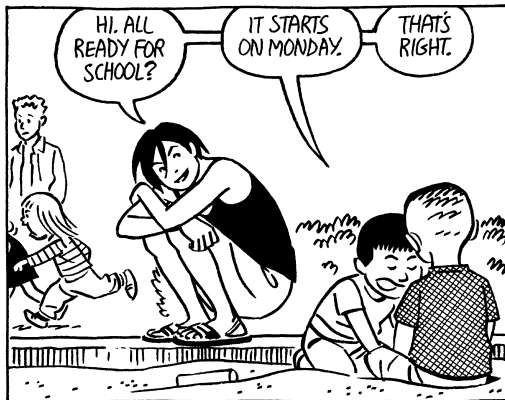
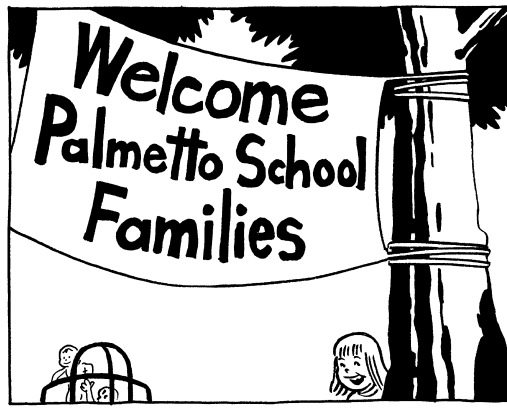
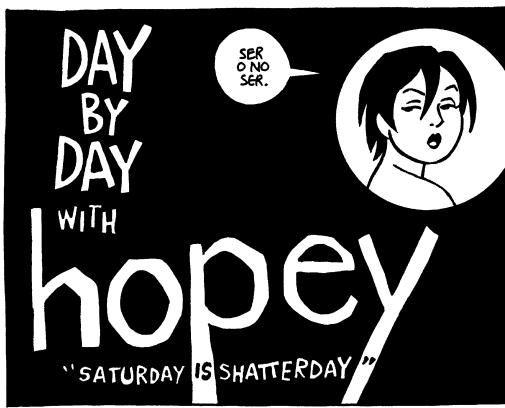


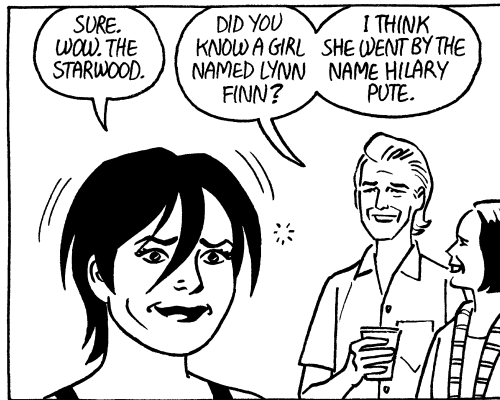
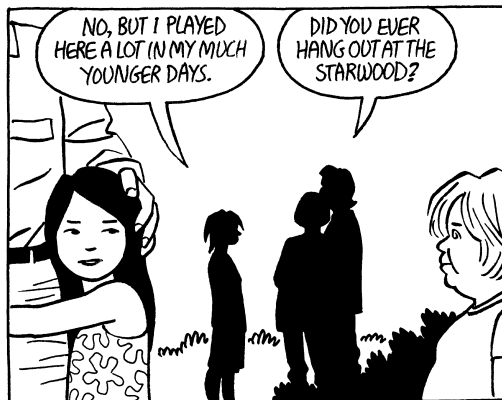
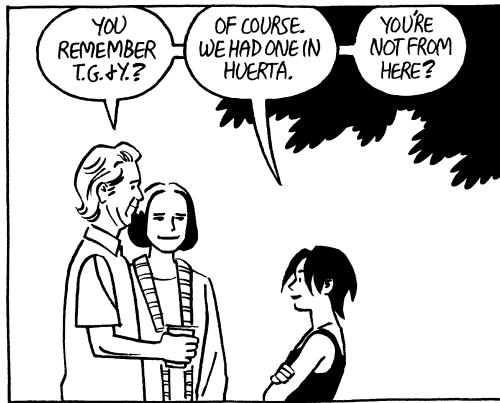


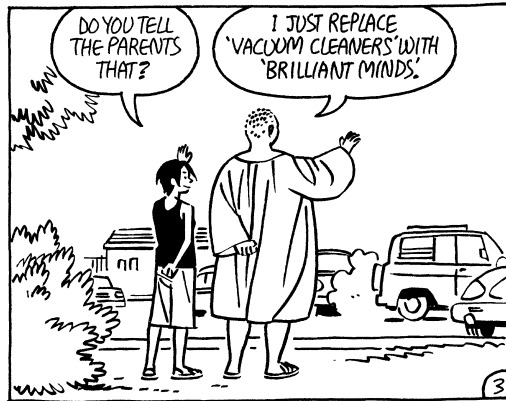
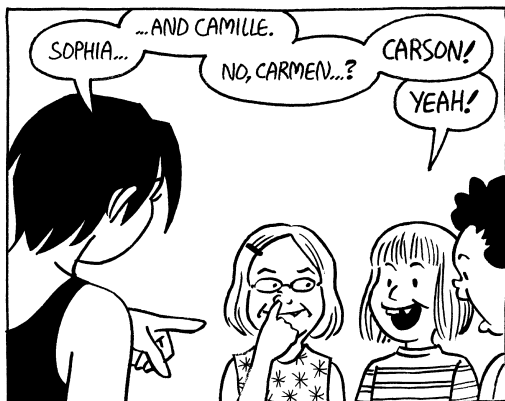
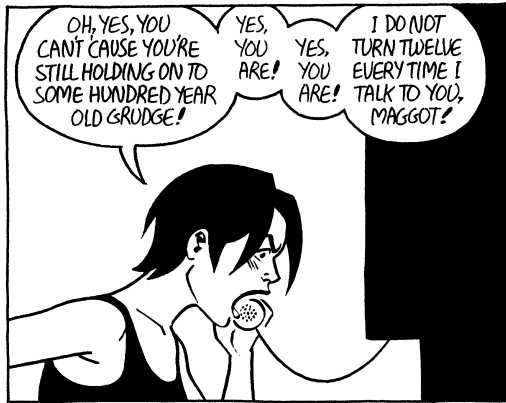


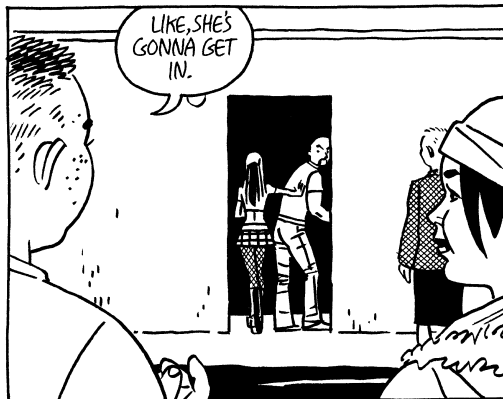










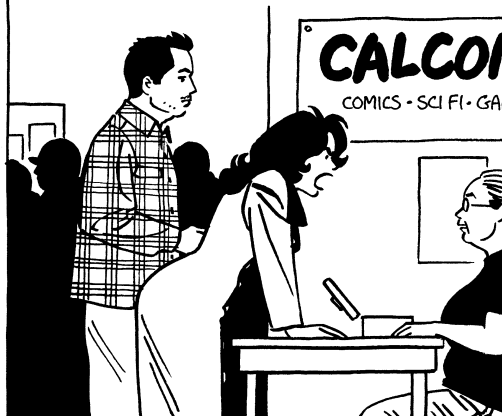






NEAR MINT

WENT TO MY FIRST COMIC BOOK SHOW IN SEVERAL YEARS. VIVIAN WAS GOING TO WORK AT HER EX-BOYFRIEND'S BOOTH AND ASKED ME TO DRIVE HER. IT TURNED OUT HER EX WAS A DEALER I KNEW FROM YEARS BACK NAMED MIKE VARAN.



MAGGIE AND I USED TO BUY ALL KINDS OF STUFF FROM HIM BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN WE USED TO DRIVE FROM HOPPERS FOR THESE SHOWS. HE WAS PART OF THAT HOLLYWOOD COMICS/ MONSTER MOVIES/PUNK/WRESTLING SUBCULTURE SCENE.



VIV SAID WHEN SHE AND VARAN WENT OUT HE USED TO MAKE HER DRESS UP IN SEXY COSTUMES AT HIS BOOTH TO BRING IN THE SUCKERS. I IMMEDIATELY GOT JEALOUS. I'VE BEEN DOING THAT A LOT LATELY. GO FIGURE.



AS SOON AS WE GOT TO THE BOOTH, IN TYPICAL FROGMOUTH FASHION, VIV LAUNCHED INTO HIM ABOUT SOMETHING OR OTHER BUT THE GUY APPEARED UNFAZED.



SHIT, I DON'T CARE WHAT HE SAYS. I'M NOT TAKING THIS COAT OFF FOR NOBODY!

IT FIGURED THAT SHE WAS INVOLVED WITH YET ANOTHER SLICKSTER TRYING TO USE HER EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE NO LONGER TOGETHER. BUT HEY, I WANTED TO SEE THE VA-VA-VA-VIVIAN SHOW, TOO. AND HECK, I DROVE HER, DIDN'T I?



NOT EVEN FOR ME?

FUCK YOU. GET OUTTA HERE, YA FUCKIN' PERVERT.

I SMIRKED AND WALKED AWAY. ANYBODY ELSE WOULD HAVE GONE STRAIGHT OUT THE DOOR BUT NOT THIS IDIOT. I MUST BE ONE OF THOSE SUCKERS VIVAN TALKS ABOUT. BUT NOW THE QUESTION WAS, FOR HOW MUCH LONGER?



FROM AFAR I COULD SEE HER BITCHASS STILL PLEADING HER CASE TO VIVAN BUT SHE WAS UP AGAINST A MASTER.

LOOK, TAKE IT OFF OR DON'T TAKE IT OFF! I REALLY DON'T GIVE A RAT'S ASS! JUST GET THE FUCK FROM BEHIND MY TABLE!



SEE WHAT I FOCKIN' MEAN?



SO WHAT WAS WITH THIS GUY? IS IT BECAUSE HE WAS BLESSED TO SHARE HIS NAME WITH A JAPANESE MONSTER? I REMAINED IN EYESHOT OF VIV. I JUST FELT IT WAS MY DUTY TO PROTECT HER FROM ALL THIS DEBAUCHERY, DAG NAB IT.



BUT THE MORE I CHECKED OUT THE COMICS, THE MORE I STARTED TO FORGET VIV AND THINK ABOUT MAGGIE. SOME OF OUR FUNNEST TIMES TOGETHER WERE AT THESE SHOWS. WE ALWAYS TOOK HOME STACKS AND STACKS OF OLD SHIT.



WE WOULD SPEND THAT NIGHT LAYING IN BED GOING THROUGH THEM ALL. SOME OF THEM I READ BUT MOST OF THEM I GOT FOR THE ART. MAGGIE READ EVERY SINGLE ONE OF HERS FROM FRONT TO BACK, TO MY AMAZEMENT.



THERE WAS A SUPER HERO TITLE MAGGIE WAS REALLY INTO CALLED SPACE QUEEN (WHO USED TO BE SPACE GIRL). THE WHOLE TIME WE WERE TOGETHER MAGGIE DROVE HERSELF BATTY SEARCHING FOR THIS ONE SPACE QUEEN ANNUAL.



I BEGAN TO WONDER IF SHE EVER FOUND THAT COMIC. WAS SHE STILL LOOKING FOR IT? COULD SHE BE AT THIS VERY SHOW LOOKING FOR IT? I STOPPED WONDERING BECAUSE THEN I KNEW. THE CLOSER I GOT BACK TO VARAN'S BOOTH, I KNEW.



THERE SHE WAS LOOKING LIKE THE AWESOMELY BEAUTIFUL GROWN UP SHE'D BECOME. STANDING AMONG A GROUP OF PEOPLE HODDLED AROUND VARAN'S BOOTH. I WAS DYING TO GET CLOSER BUT THOUGHT I'D OBSERVE A LITTLE FIRST.



SHE SEEMED TO BE WITH A MUCH YOUNGER GIRL. COULD IT HAVE BEEN HER DAUGHTER? NO, THE MATH DIDN'T COMPUTE. HER NIECE? HER COUSIN? HER SEX PARTNER? OK, OK. WHOEVER SHE WAS, SHE SEEMED TO BE INTO STAR WARS.



MAGGIE WAS HOLDING A COMIC WHICH I FELT WAS A GOOD SIGN THAT SHE STILL HAD THE SPIRIT BUT I COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHAT IT WAS. SHE WAS GABBLING WITH DIFFERENT PEOPLE AROUND THE BOOTH BUT SEEMED TO BE IGNORING VIV.



I TRIED TO SLIP CLOSER BUT WAS INTERCEPTED BY VARAN WHO ACTUALLY RECOGNIZED ME EVEN THOUGH I WAS JUST A CUSTOMER BACK THEN. THE SICKENING PART WAS THAT HE WAS JUST AS FRIENDLY AND FUNNY AS I REMEMBERED HIM.



I FINALLY MADE MY WAY NEAR MAGGIE WHERE SHE AND STAR WARS GIRL WERE NOW STANDING OFF TO THE SIDE. I COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL THAT SHE MIGHT NOT BE TOO GLAD TO SEE ME. THEN AGAIN, MAYBE SHE ALREADY HAD SEEN ME.



WELL, IF SHE HAD SHE SURE DIDN'T RUN, WHICH WAS A GOOD SIGN FOR ME. FUCK IT, I SAID, AND MADE MY MOVE. NOT THE SMOOTHEST OF MOVES BUT ANY MOVE WOULD SAVE MY ASS FROM CROMBLING ON THE SPOT LIKE THE IDIOT I AM.



WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT SHE HELD IT UP. IT WASN'T THE SPACE QUEEN ANNUAL BUT A GOOD ONE ALL THE SAME. I SMILED AND SHE DIDN'T AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE RIGHT THEN IF VIU DIDN'T YANK ME AWAY.



ON THE DRIVE HOME VIVIAN WAS STILL WITCHBITCHING ABOUT VARAN. I WAS NO LONGER IN THE MOOD TO HEAR IT. I TOLD HER SO AND WE GOT INTO A SHOUTING MATCH THAT SHATTERED THE CAR WINDOWS. THEN SHE TOLD ME TO PULL OVER.



THE WAY I WAS FEELING, IF SHE WANTED TO GET OUT AND WALK HOME, I'D BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO HELP WITH MY HARD SHOE. INSTEAD, SHE JUMPED MY SORRY BONES AND WE WENT AT IT LIKE A FUCKIN' BUS CRASH.



THOUGH I'D BEEN DREAMING OF THIS FOREVER, SHE WOULD HAVE TO PICK THE TIME WHEN ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS MA GGGIE. BUT THAT'S COOL BECAUSE ALL SHE WAS THINKING ABOUT WAS VARAN THE UNBELIEVABLE. OR WAS IT MAGGIE?



ANGELS of TARZANA

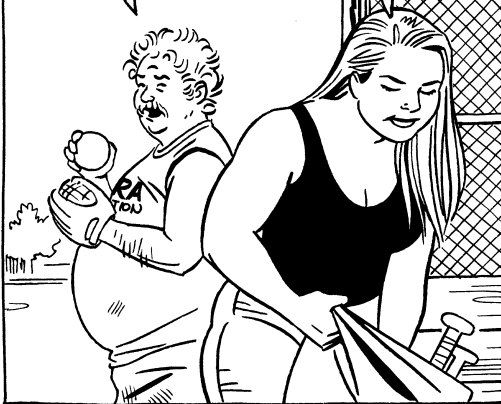
SO, WE'RE AT THIS COMIC SHOW AND WE RUN INTO THIS MAN MAGGIE USED TO LIVE WITH AND SHE STARTS GETTING ALL SHY AND WANTS TO HIDE FROM HIM AND EVERYTHING...

IT FELT A BIT WEIRD, I DUNNO.



I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, PUMPKIN. LIKE WHEN I WAS SIX AND I SAW MY DAD CRY AT MY TIA LA'S WAKE.

I CAN'T EVEN PICTURE GRAMPAPA CRYING.



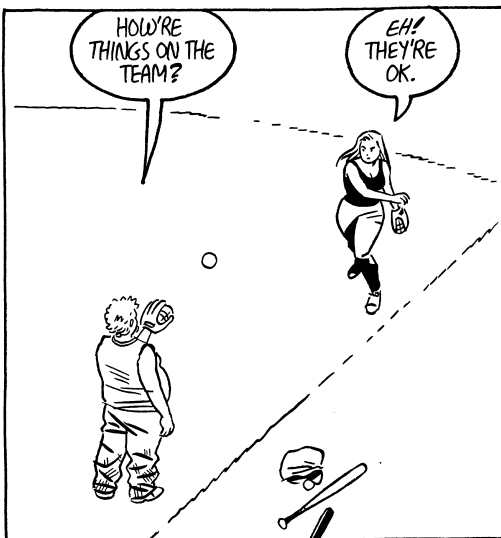
YEAH, I WOULDN'T GO TO ANOTHER WAKE AFTER THAT.

NOT TILL GRAMPAPA'S, OF COURSE. AND YOU SAW HOW I FLOODED THAT PLACE.



HOW'RE THINGS ON THE TEAM?

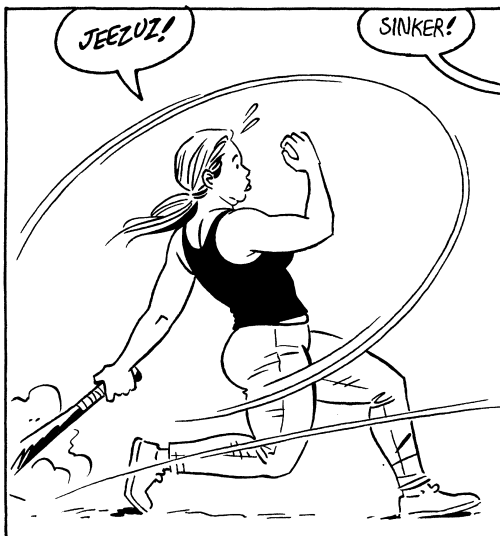
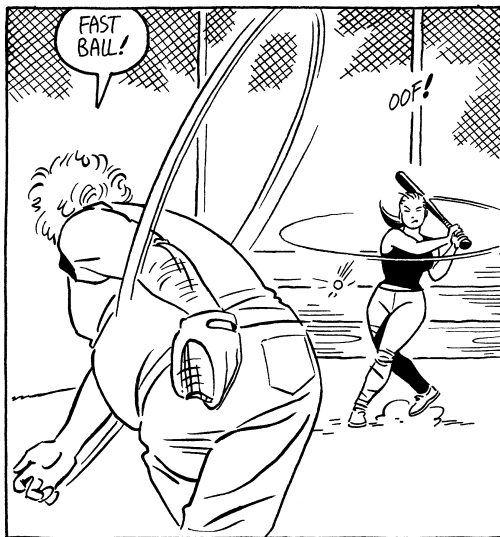
EH! THEY'RE OK.



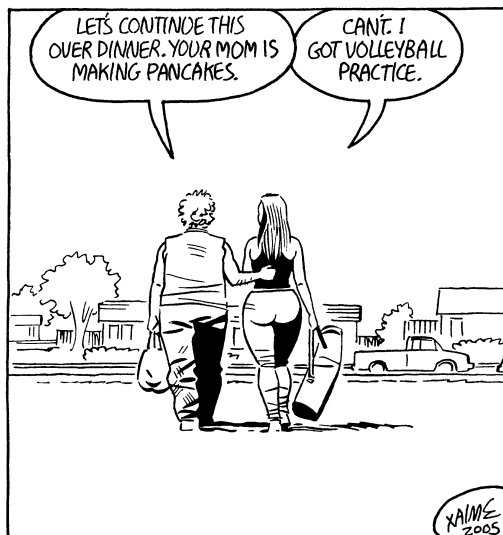
OK, EH? WELL, SOME BATTING PRACTICE?

YEAH.









FINE TO
VERY
FINE

OH, MY ACHIN' DICK. VIU AND I WENT AT IT FOR FIVE HOURS IN MY CAR. I WOULDN'T COMPLAIN BUT JUST THIS VERY MORNING I HAD A MAJOR WANK SESSION AND I WAS SORE THEN. HOW WAS I TO KNOW I'D BE GETTIN' SOME?



DOES IT COUNT THAT I WAS SPOOPIN' OVER THOSE BLACK HO SHORTS THE FROGMOUTH HERSELF THINKS SHE CAN WEAR IN PUBLIC? THEN OUT OF THE BLUE SHE GOES APE SHIT ON ME. MAN OH MAN, I THINK I BROKE THE SKIN.



AFTER THE BONING THRDATS VIU SAYS SHE'S GOT SHIT TO DO, THAT SHE'LL CATCH ME LATER, THEN SHE KICKS ME OUT. I REMEMBER HER MENTIONING MIKE VARAN THROWING AN AFTER CON PARTY SO I THINK, COOL, THE NIGHT AINT OVER.



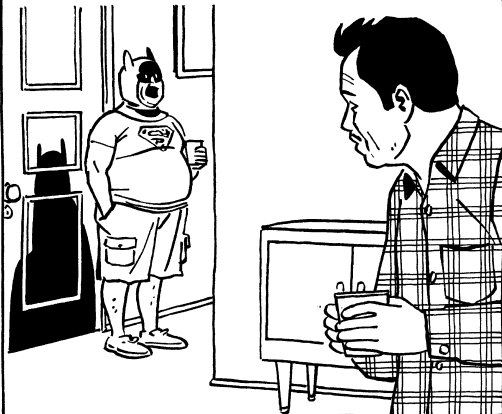
SO I DRIVE UP TO THIS HOUSE AND THE FIRST GUY I SEE IS WEARING A BATMAN COWL AND A SUPERMAN SHIRT AND AS ENTERTAINING AS THAT WAS, I WASN'T SURE IF I WANTED TO BE AT A PARTY FULL OF CHARACTERS LIKE HIM.



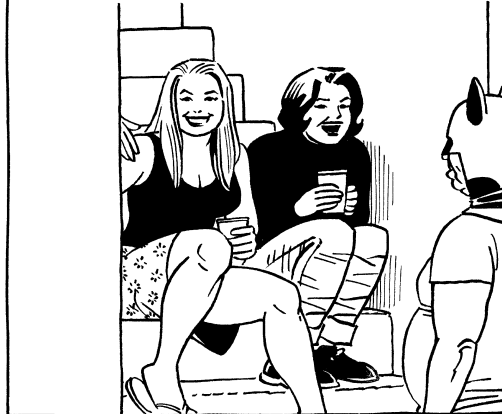
INSTEAD, IT TURNED OUT TO BE FULL OF THESE BURNED OUT ARTISTS AND FANBOY TYPES WHO CAME TO L.A. FOR WORK AND STAYED TWENTY YEARS TOO LONG. EGADS, I DID BETTER WITH THE SUPERMAN/BATMAN GUY.



I DECIDED TO AMUSE MYSELF AND SEEK OUT WORLD'S FINEST (SUPERMAN/BATMAN GUY). I FOUND HIM BUGGING SOMEONE ON THE STAIRS. I WAS HOPING MAYBE IT WAS VIV BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE A BIGGER PAYDAY.



IT WAS MAGGIE AND STAR WARS GIRL HIDING FROM THE REST OF THE PARTY. THEY SPOTTED ME AND I SORT OF FROZE NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO. THEN STAR WARS GIRL WAIVED ME OVER. I FIGURED SHE REMEMBERED ME FROM THE CON.



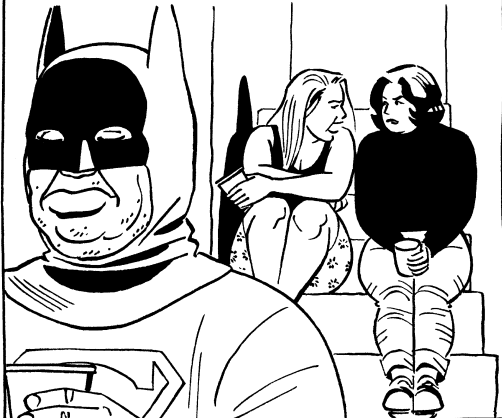
SHE WANTED ME TO SETTLE A COMICS ARGUMENT. SHE ASKED ME IN WHICH ISSUE SPACE GIRL CHANGED HER NAME TO SPACE QUEEN. SHE SAID MAGGIE THOUGHT IT WAS ISSUE THIRTY. WORLD'S FINEST SAID IT WAS THIRTY-TWO.



I TOLD HER MAGGIE WOULD KNOW MORE THAN I WOULD, THAT TITLE BEING ONE OF HER FAVORITES. WORLD'S FINEST CONTINUED HIS ARGUMENT BUT MAGGIE SEEMED NO LONGER INTO IT. I GOT THE FEELING I SPOILED HER EVENING.



BUT I THINK STAR WARS GIRL WANTED ME THERE TO SAVE THEM FROM WORLD'S FINEST WHO WENT ON HOW HE WAS AN EXPERT ON COOPERMAN COMICS IN THE 50'S AND 60'S. HE LEFT WHEN HE NOTICED THE GIRLS WERE NOT RESPONDING.



I WAS GONNA LEAVE MYSELF TILL STAR WARS GIRL HELD OUT HER CUP AND ASKED ME IF I COULD GET HER A REFILL. I ASKED MAGGIE IF SHE WANTED ONE, TOO. SHE SMILED BUT SHOOK HER HEAD. OH WELL, AT LEAST SHE SMILED, HUH?



ONE MORE REFILL LATER AND ANGEL (STAR WARS GIRL) WAS DOING ALL THE TALKING AND TALKING SHE WAS. THERE WAS SOME PERSONAL STUFF COMING OUT OF HER THAT LED ME TO BELIEVE THIS GIRL DIDNT GET DRUNK OFTEN.



SHE STARTED TALKING ABOUT ALL THESE DIFFERENT SPORTS SHE WENT OUT FOR AT VALLEY COLLEGE, EVEN GOING INTO GREAT DETAIL ABOUT HER UNIFORMS AND THE MIRACLE OF HOW HER GYMNASICS TIGHTS NEVER RODE.



THEN WITH A BIG SNEER SHE QUIETED DOWN TO SAY THAT OUT OF ALL THESE DIFFERENT SPORTS SHE LOVED TO PLAY THAT, LET ME QUOTE :

BUT I STILL LIKE ALL THAT RASSLIN' THE BEST.

HAHAHAHAHA



THE CONVERSATION CONTINUED WITH MAGGIE AND I SORT OF COMMUNICATING THROUGH SUPER ANGEL. I WAS HAVING THE BEST TIME TRYING TO PIECE TOGETHER THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THESE TWO ATOMIC BEAUTIES.



WE STARTED TALKING ABOUT THE PEOPLE AT THIS PARTY AND STARTED WONDERING WHY WE HADNT SEEN VARAN, THE UNBELIEVABLE HOST, AND WHERE WAS VIU? THAT QUICKLY LED US TO REALIZE THAT WE WERE AT THE WRONG PARTY.



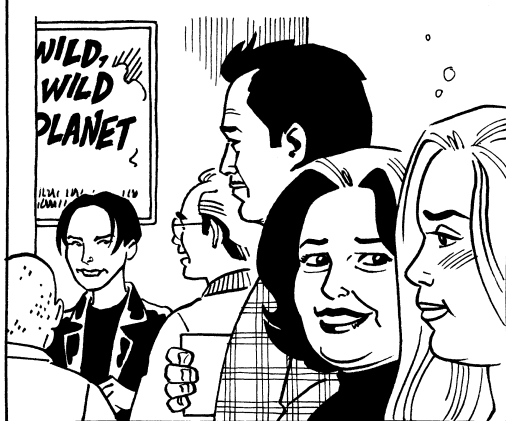
SO THE THREE OF US GOT OUT OF THERE AND HEADED FOR THE RIGHT PARTY WHICH TO OUR LUCK WAS JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY. ANGEL WANTED WORLD'S FINEST TO COME BUT HE MUST HAVE BEEN FIGHTING CRIME SOMEWHERE.



ON THE WAY, ANGEL BOASTED SHE COULD CARRY ME AND PROCEEDED TO DO JUST THAT. TWO AND A HALF STEPS LATER AND WE WERE ON THE PAVEMENT. ANGEL WAS VERY EMBARRASSED. I TOLD HER TO FORGET IT.



THE THREE OF US GOT TO VARAN'S WHICH WAS PRETTY CROWDED. WE FOUND US A CORNER TO STAND IN. ANGEL HAD QUIETED DOWN A BIT BUT I COULDN'T TELL IF IT WAS BECAUSE OF THE BOOZE OR OUR SPILL.



VARAN WAS SHOWING A FEW PEOPLE A DVD OF 'THE MAGIC SWORD,' COMPLAINING HOW THE LETTERBOX VERSION WAS BOGUS BECAUSE THEY JUST PUT BLACK BARS OVER THE FULL SCREEN VERSION, BLAH BLAH BLAH...



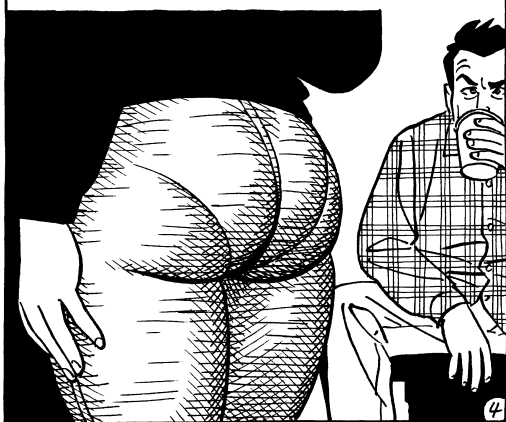
VIU WAS THERE WITH SOME OF HER CRONIES. I POKED HER SHOULDER AS SHE WENT BY. SHE DIDN'T RESPOND BUT GAVE A GOOD INDICATION THAT SHE KNEW I WAS THERE.



I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THAT FROM HER BUT IT STILL FELT SHITTY. THE ONLY REASON I DIDN'T LEAVE RIGHT THEN WAS BECAUSE OF THE AMAZING SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY I HAD JUST MADE THAT LAY RIGHT BEFORE MINE OWN EYES.



MAGGIE WAS SPORTING SOME SERIOUS PANTY LINES AND I HAD TO KICK MYSELF FOR NOT NOTICING BEFORE. I SPENT THE NEXT FEW MINUTES STUDYING AND FOLLOWING THOSE PERFECTLY PAVED ROADS THAT ALWAYS LEAD TO ROME.



THEN ANGEL PERKED UP BECAUSE SHE SPOTTED SOME GUY SHE KNEW FROM SCHOOL. SHE QUICKLY WENT OVER TO HIM. I WAS HOPING TO GOD HE WAS SOME SORT OF POTENTIAL BOYFRIEND BECAUSE NOW IT WAS JUST MAGGIE AND ME.



WE JUST STOOD THERE SAYING NOTHING. THE MAD SILENCE WAS CARRYING US FURTHER APART BY EACH SECOND. I NEVER FELT SO SILLY AND SERIOUS AT THE SAME TIME. RAY, YOU'RE IN YOUR FORTIES, GODDAMN YOU.



THEN VIV WALKS UP TO THE BOTH OF US WITH TEARS IN HER EYES AND DROPS A BOMB. OR WHAT SHE THINKS IS A BOMB.



OH, HORRORS. DID SHE MEAN SID, THE ASSHOLE WHO USED TO ABUSE HER? I ACTED LIKE I CARED BUT I REALLY DIDN'T. HELL, I ALREADY KNEW THAT FUCK WAS DEAD AND TOTALLY DESERVED IT. MAGGIE APPEARED TO CARE EVEN LESS.



VIV EXPLODED ON THE SPOT, ACCUSING ANYONE WITHIN EARSHOT OF BEING INSENSITIVE, AND THEN GOT IN AN AWESOME CLAW MATCH WITH AN EQUALLY OBNOXIOUS WOMAN TILL VARAN THREW THEM BOTH OUT OF HIS HOUSE.



I DIDN'T FOLLOW VIV OUT BECAUSE I WANTED NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT SID BULLSHIT. THEN I SAW MAGGIE AND ANGEL LEAVING THE PARTY, TOO. THEY WAVED, I WAVED. I ONLY PAUSED FOR A MOMENT, THEN I WENT AFTER THEM.



I STOPPED MAGGIE OUTSIDE. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, ALL I KNEW WAS I DIDN'T WANT HER TO DISAPPEAR FROM MY LIFE AGAIN. I ASKED HER IF SHE'D LIKE TO HAVE LUNCH SOMETIME, BUT I SAID SLUNCH AND SHE SORTA LAUGHED.



THEN SHE ASKED ME ABOUT VIV, IF WE WERE GOING OUT, OR WHAT? THEN IT TURNED INTO THE TWO OF US SHARING RIDICULOUS FROGMOUTH STORIES. I WAS JUST HAPPY THAT WE FINALLY FOUND THAT ICEBREAKER.



THEN WE ENDED UP COMPARING NOTES ON THIS DAMN SID THING. MAGGIE HAD SOME GOOD TIDBITS FROM HER END OF IT AS I DID FROM MINE. WE WENT ON ABOUT IT FOR TWO HOURS TILL SHE AND HER LOVELY PANTY LINES HAD TO GO.



I WENT BACK INTO THE PARTY FEELING PRETTY FUCKIN' GOOD. THAT IS, UNTIL I REALIZED I NEVER GOT ANY CONTACT INFO FROM MAGGIE. IN AN INSTANT, I WAS BACK TO MY PISSY, CYNICAL SELF ALL OVER AGAIN.

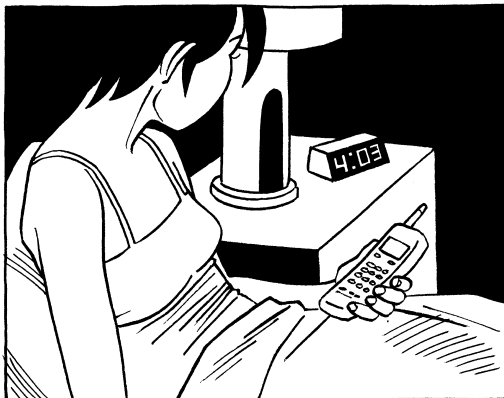
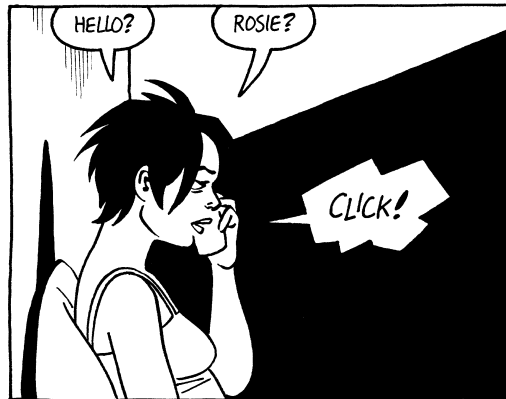
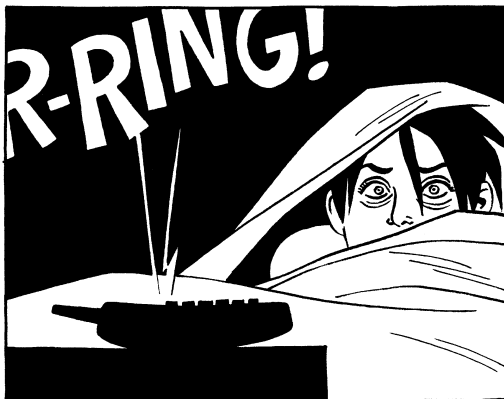
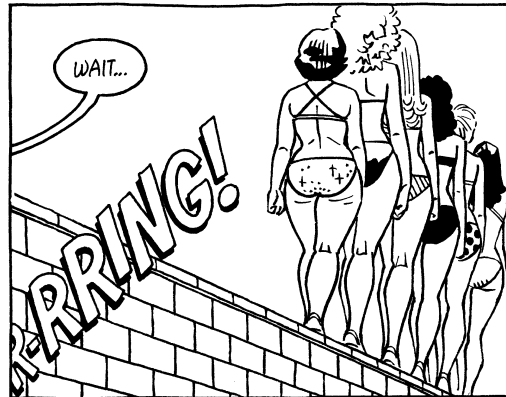
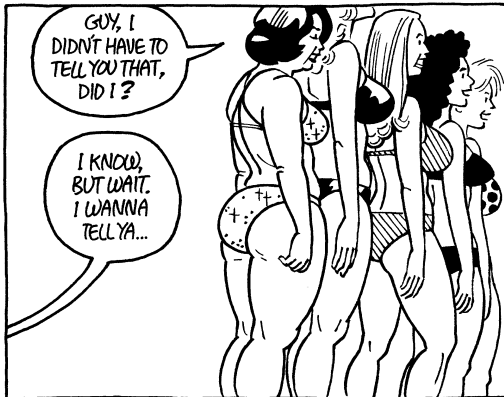


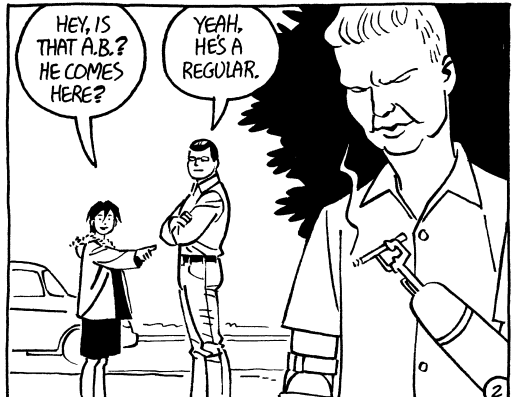
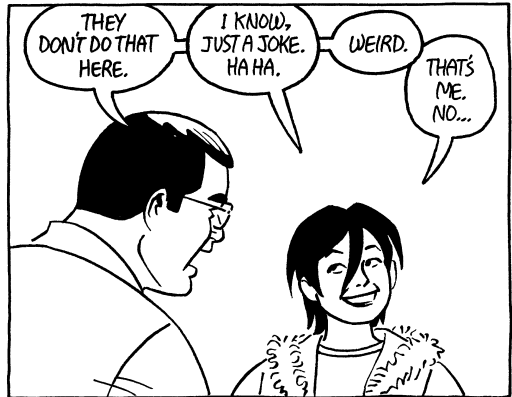
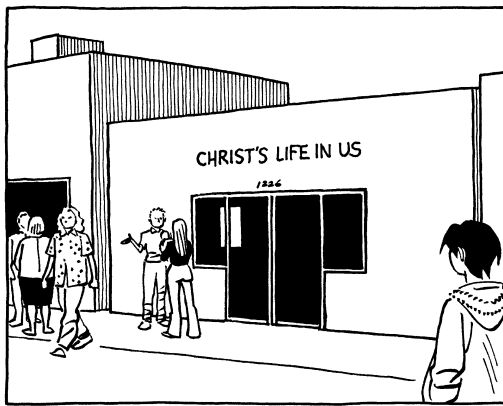
WHEN I GOT HOME, VIV HAD LEFT A COUPLE OF MESSAGES FOR ME TO COME OVER. AT FIRST I IGNORED THEM BUT THEN I THOUGHT, OK, BUT I BETTER BE FUCKING GETTING SOME WHEN I GET THERE, RAW DICK OR NO RAW DICK.

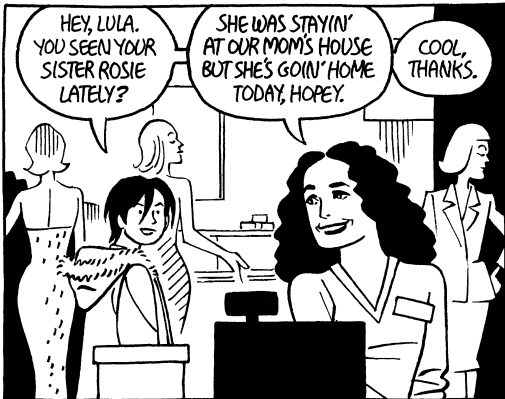


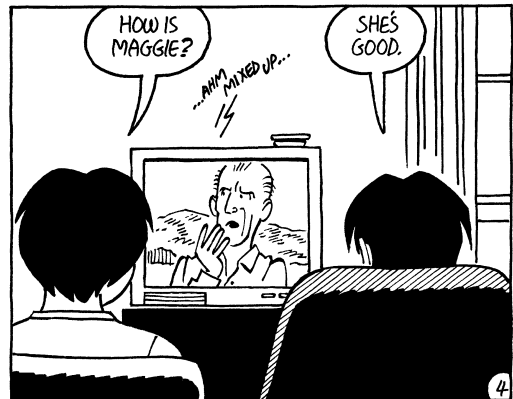
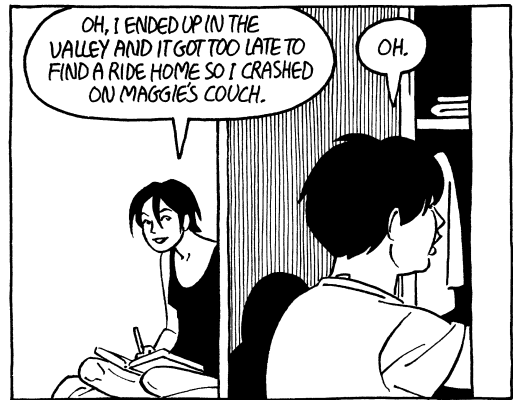
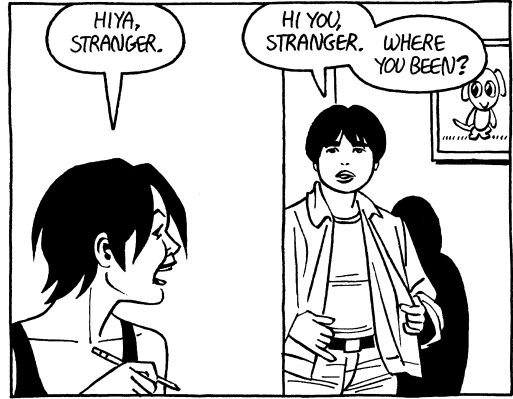
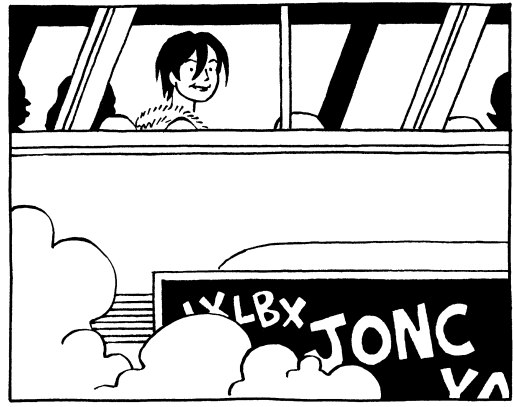
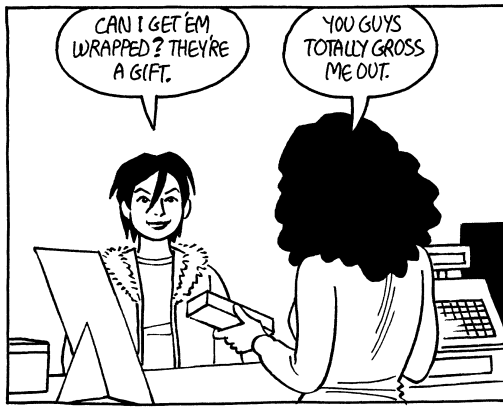
I STARTED TO NOTICE WHAT A TOTALLY DIFFERENT ANIMAL I'VE BECOME WITH VIV THAN WITH MAGGIE AND I'M NOT SURE I LIKE IT. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I THINK VIV DESERVES A MORE SENSITIVE SIDE OF ME. HM, MAYBE I'LL START TOMORROW.

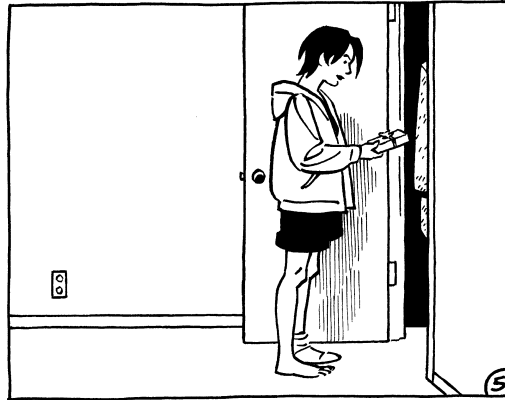
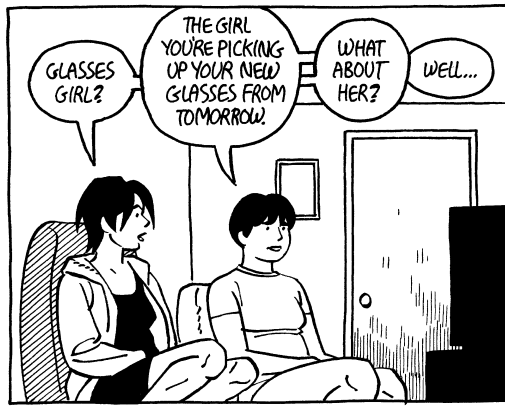
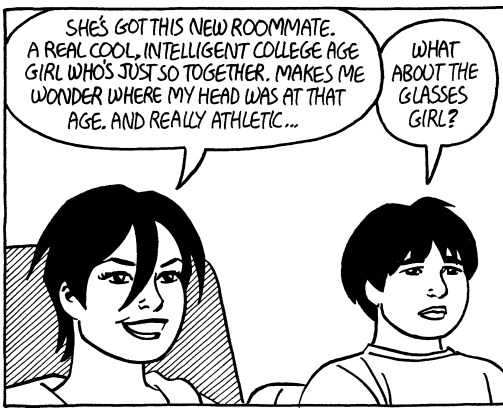


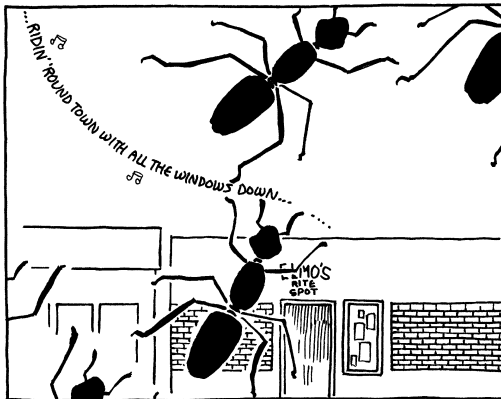
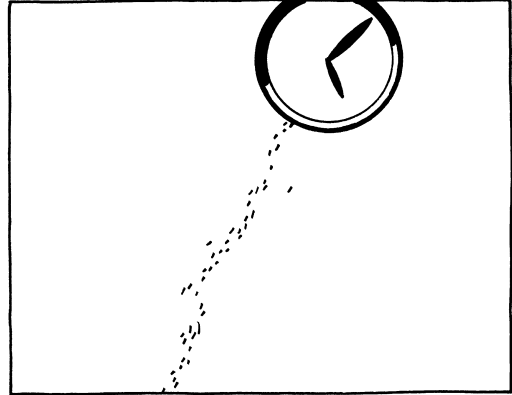
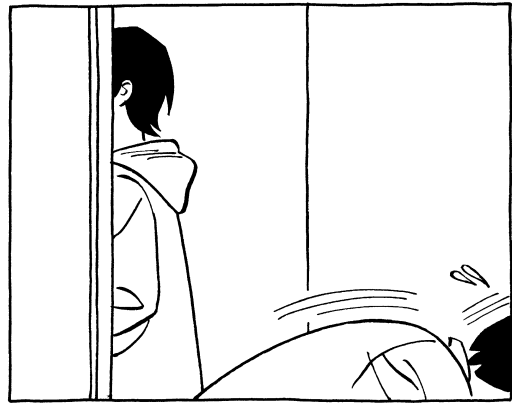


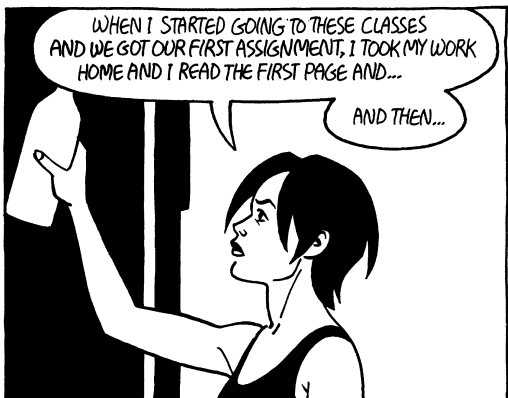
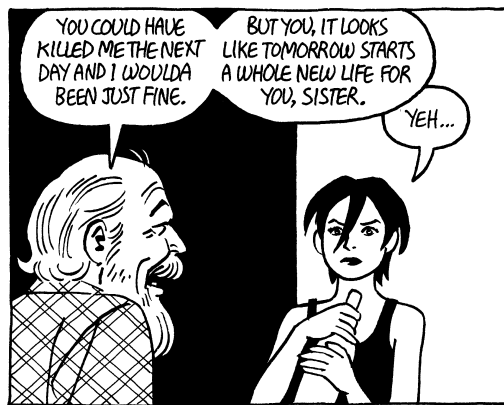


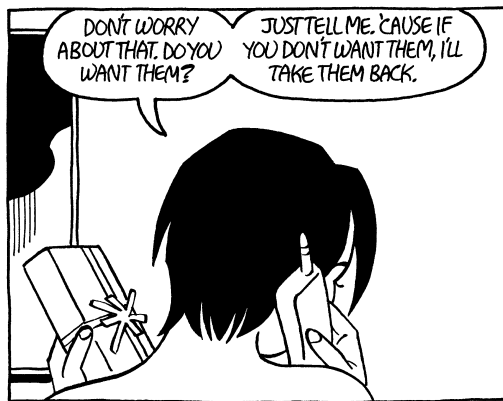
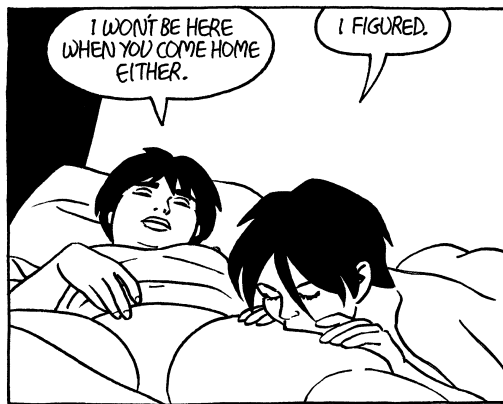


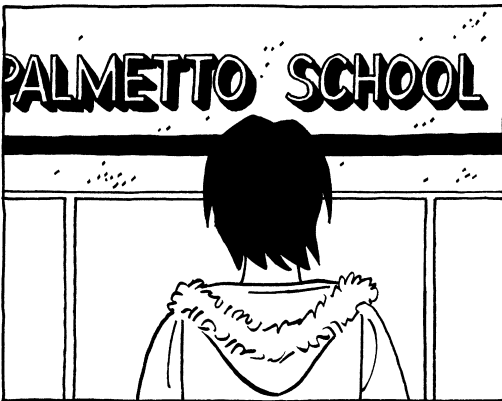
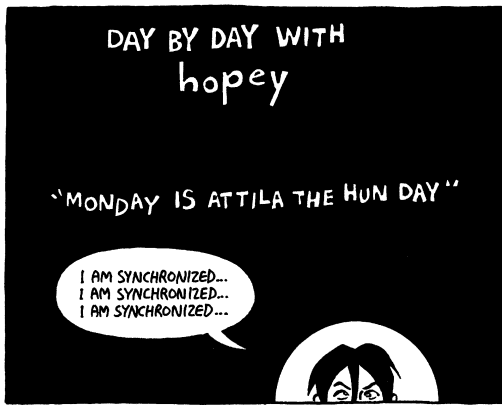


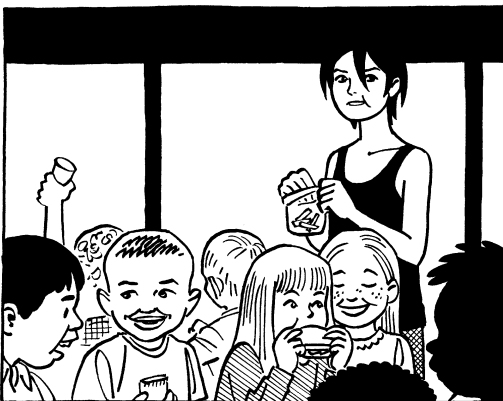


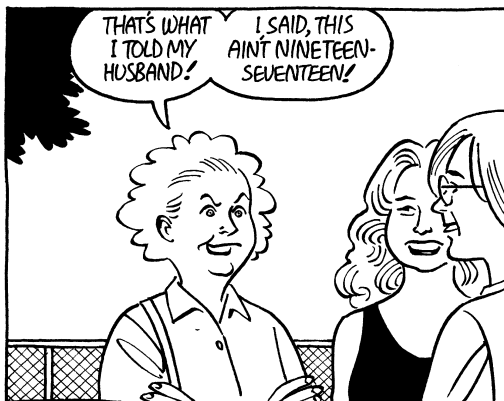


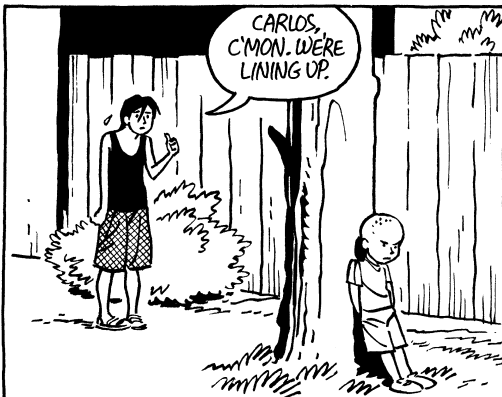
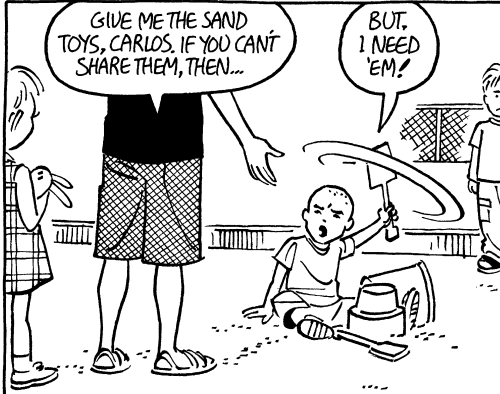
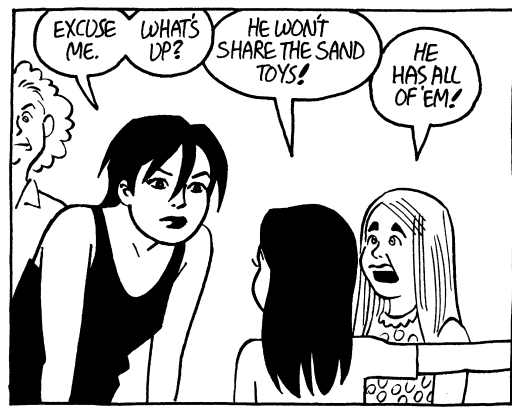
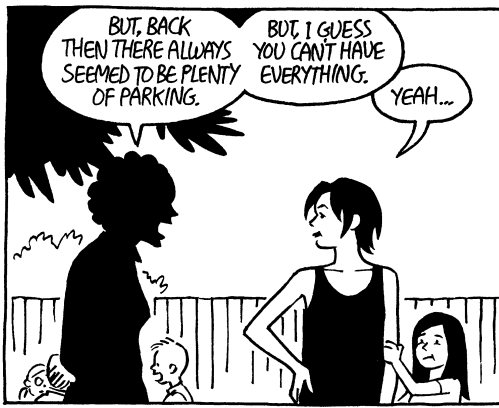


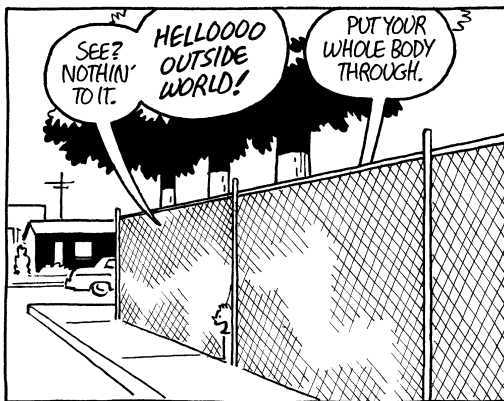
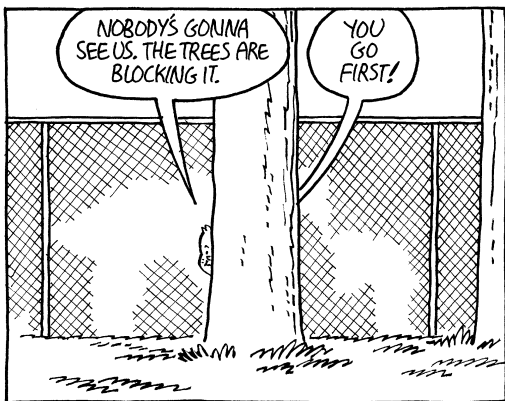
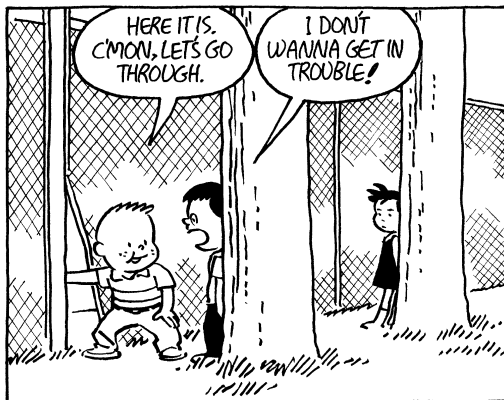
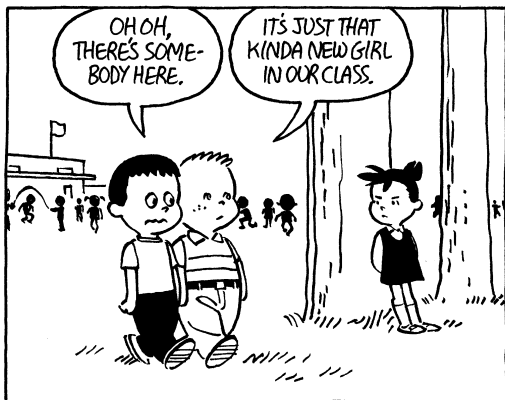
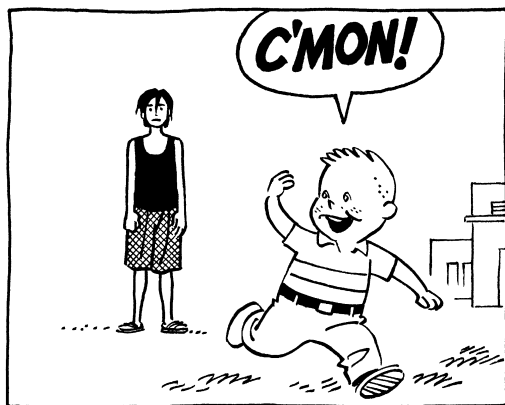


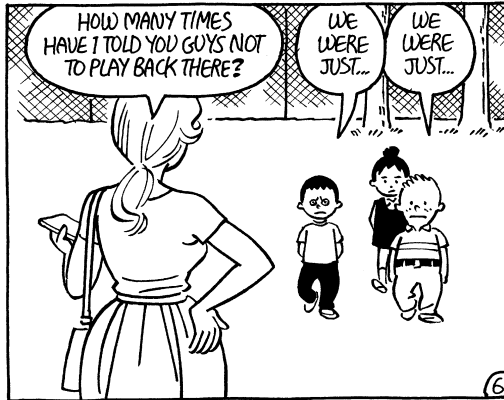
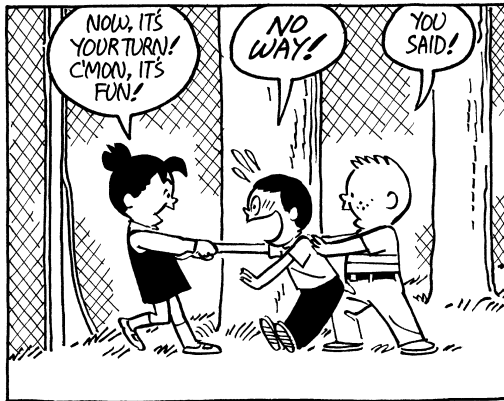
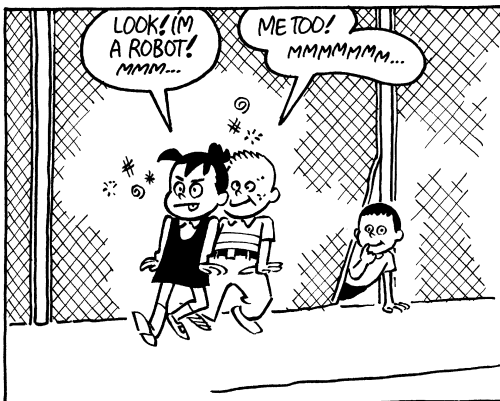
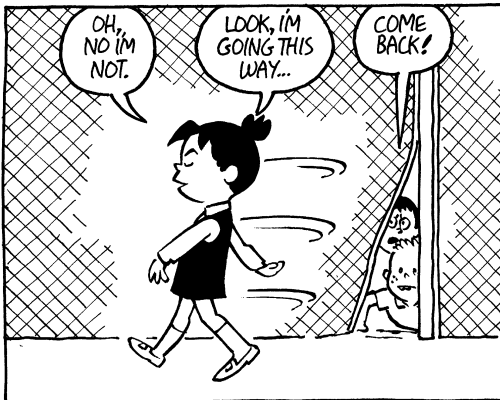
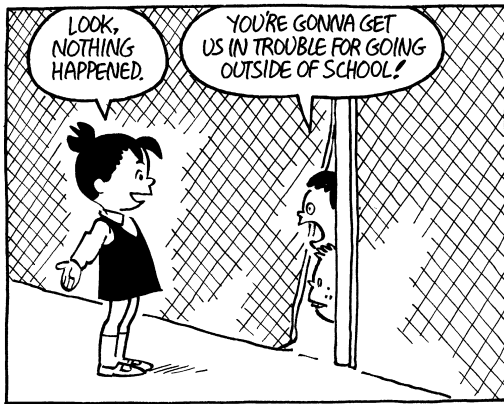


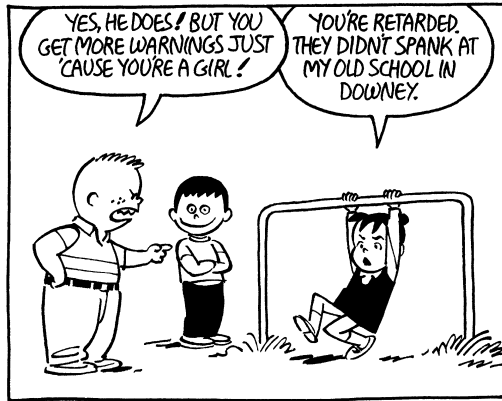
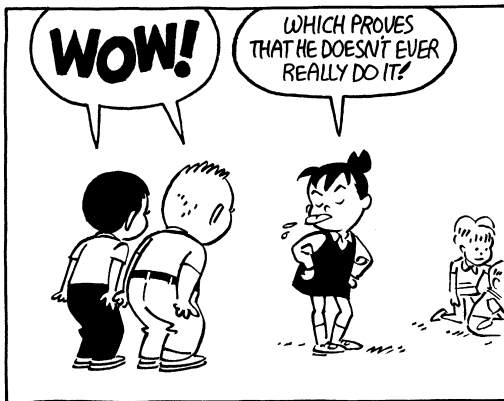
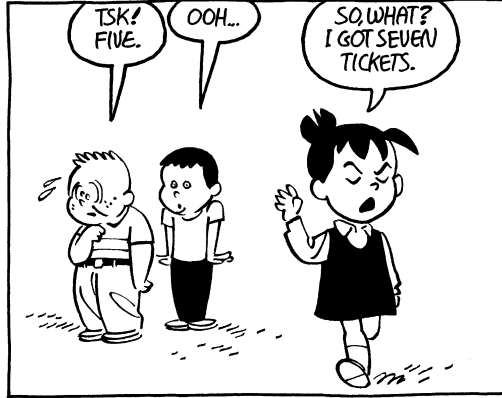
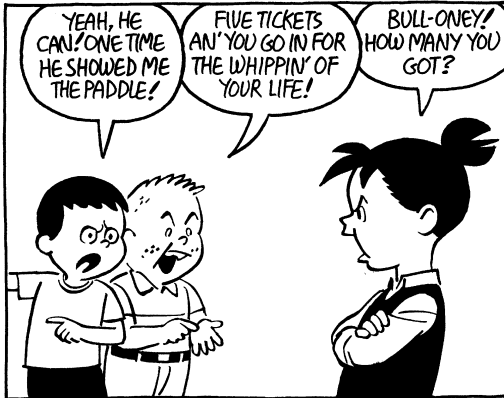
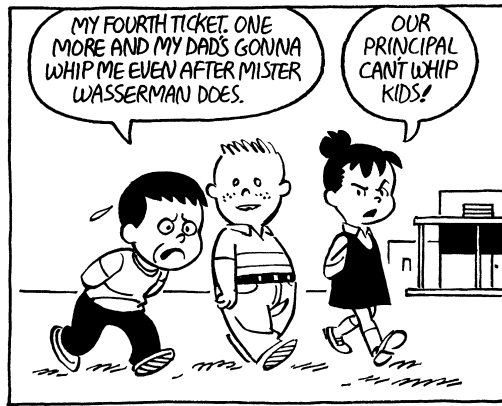
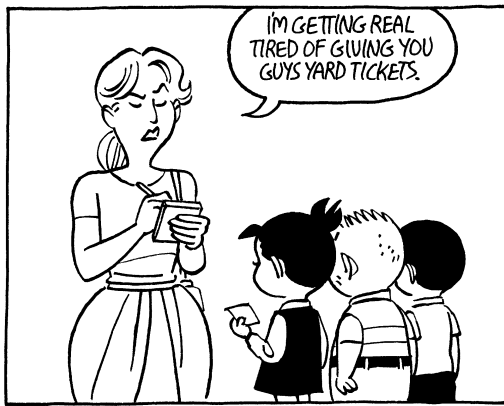


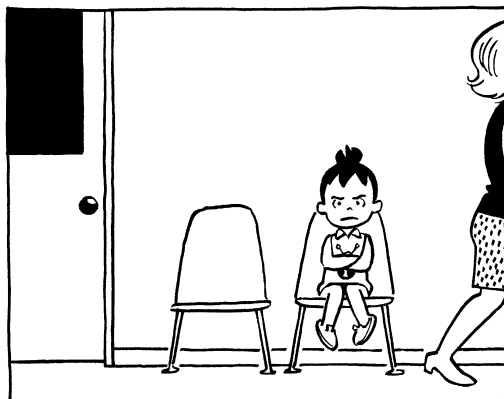
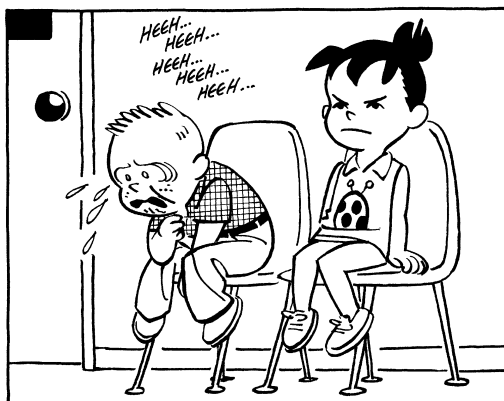
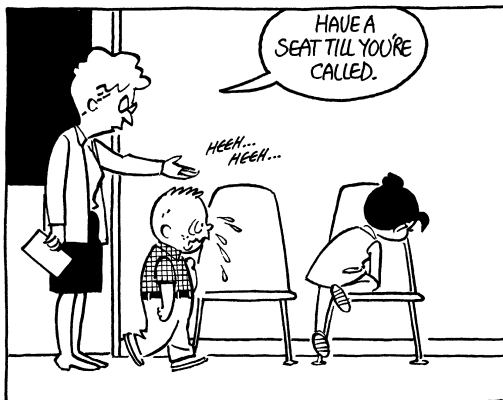
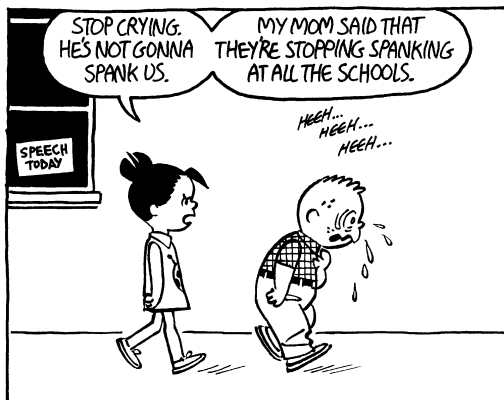
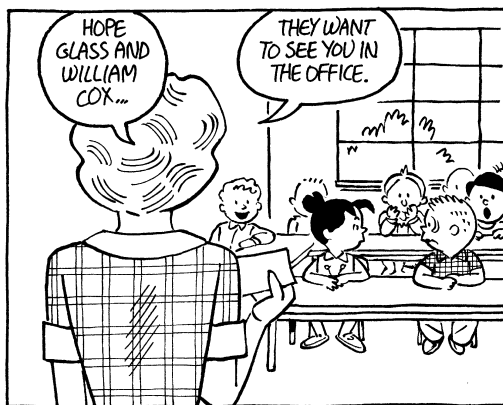


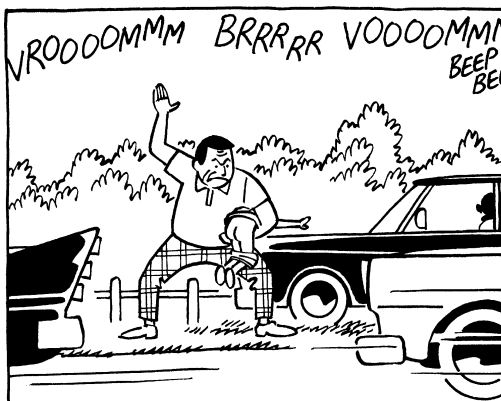
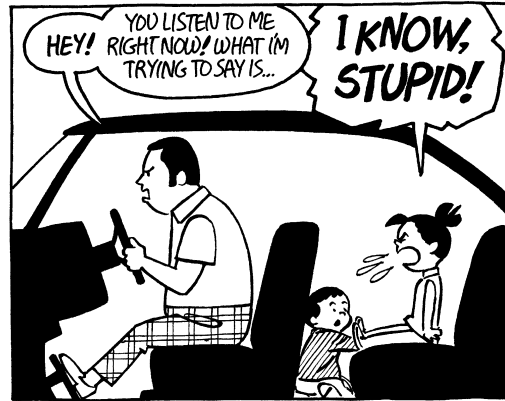
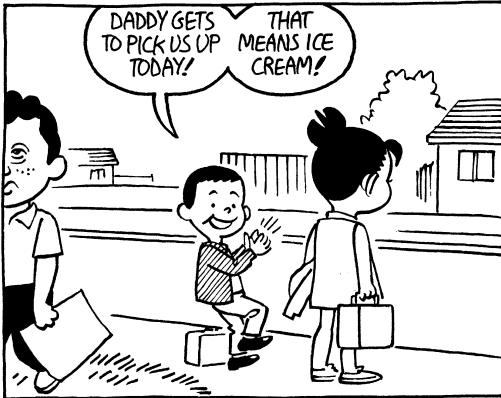
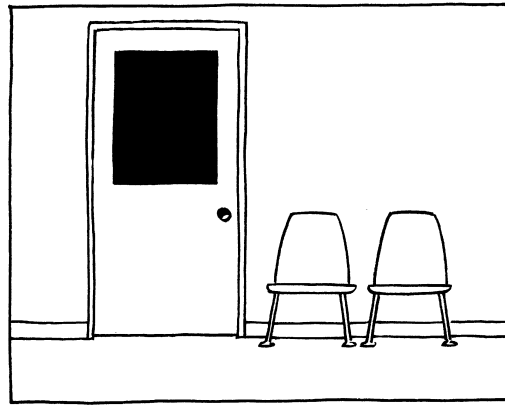


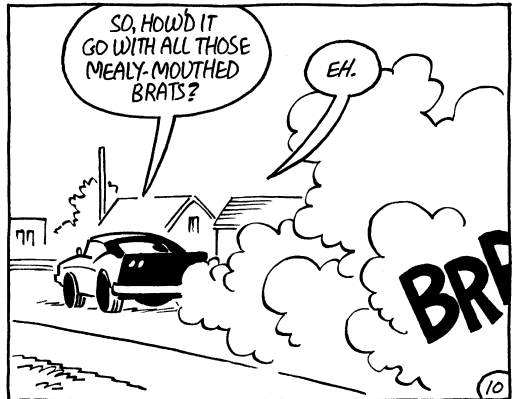
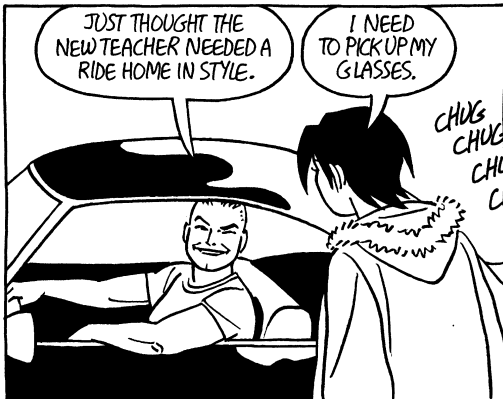
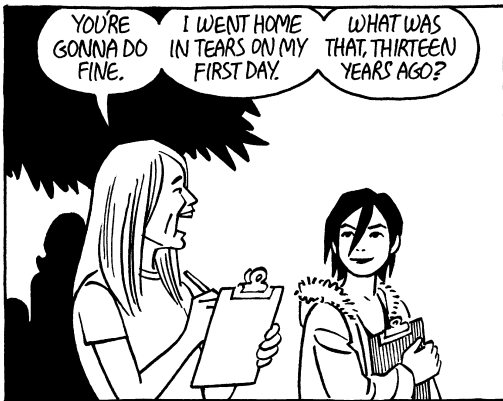
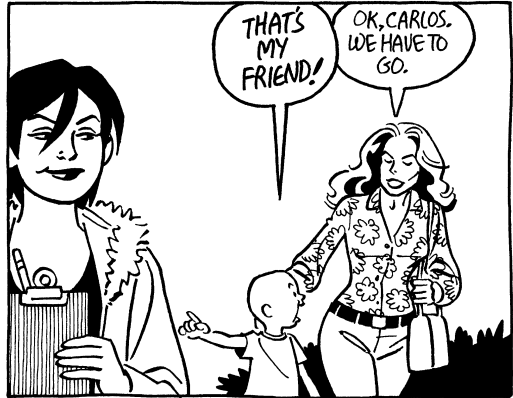
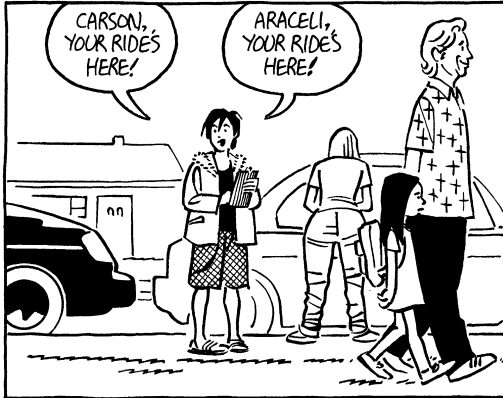
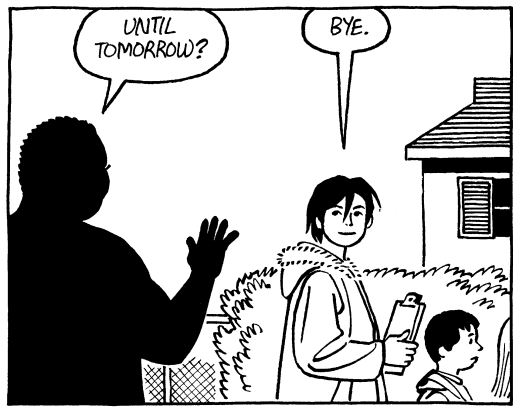
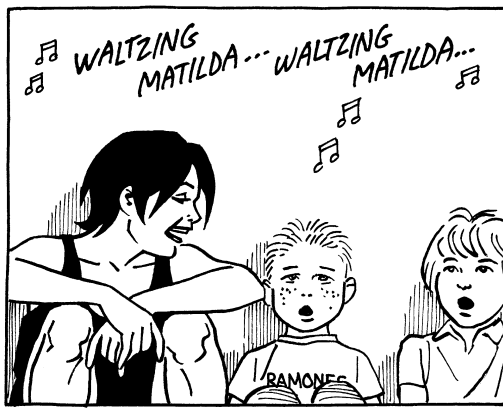


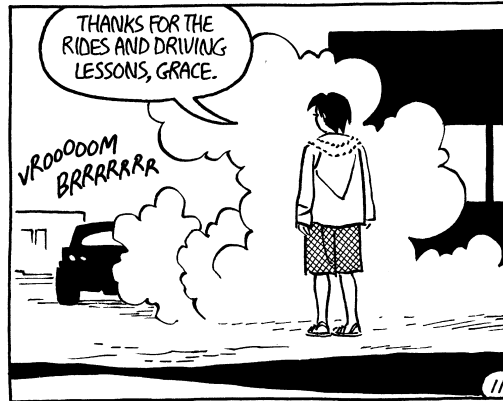
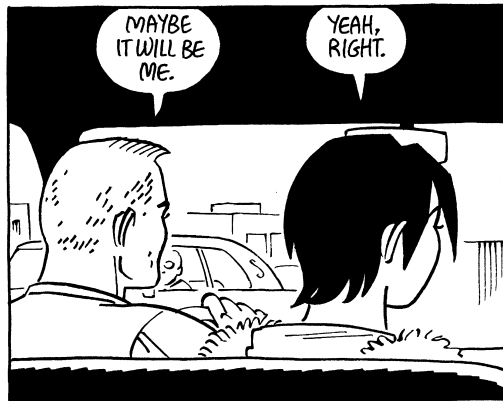
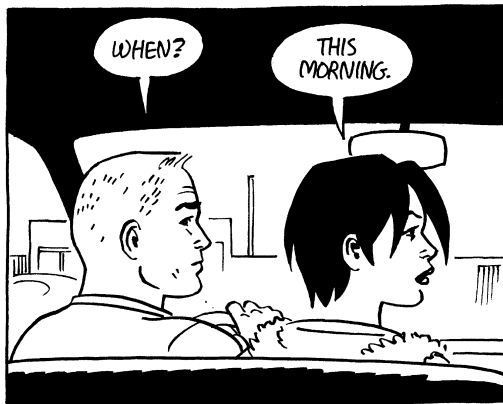
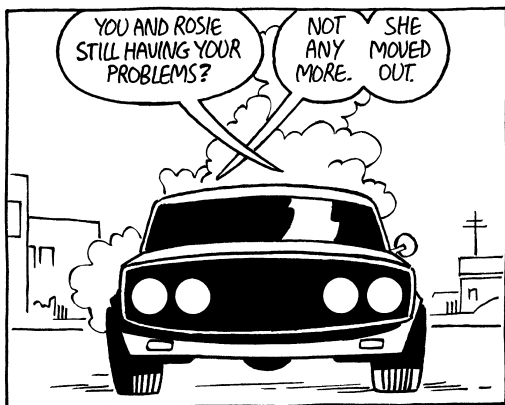


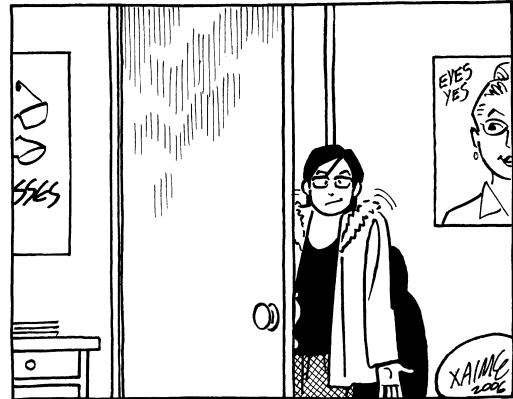
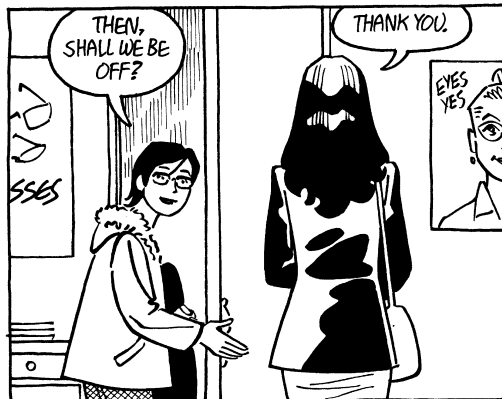




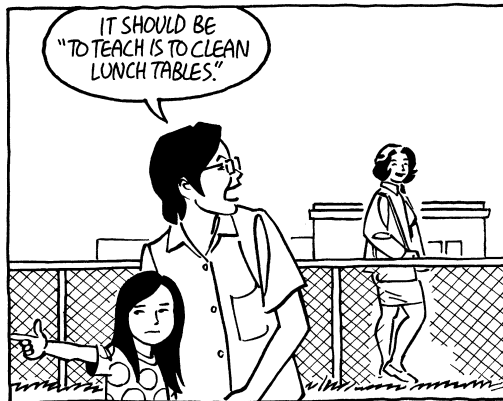
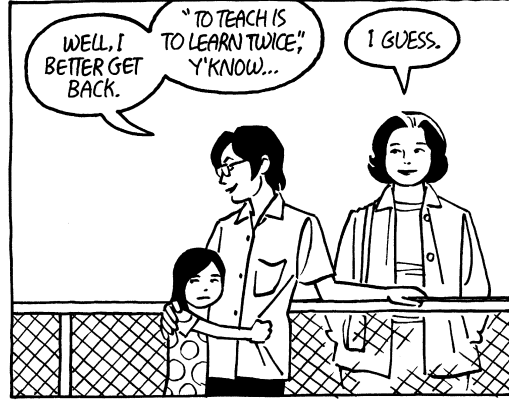








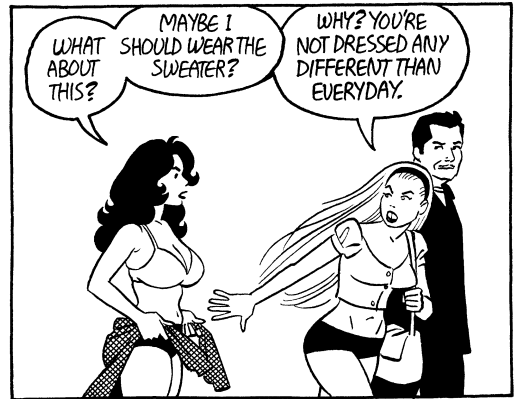
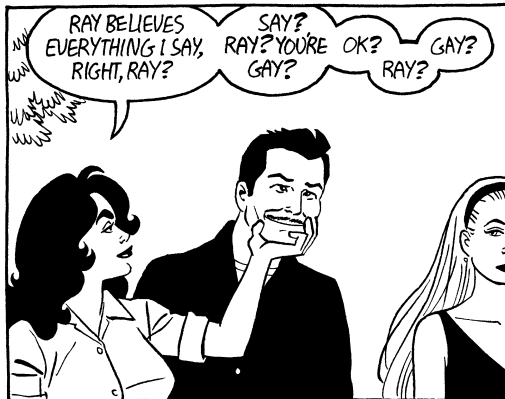


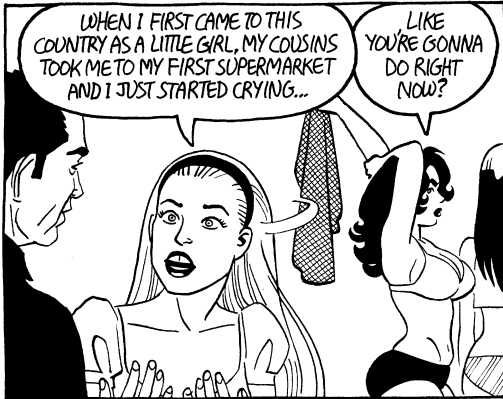
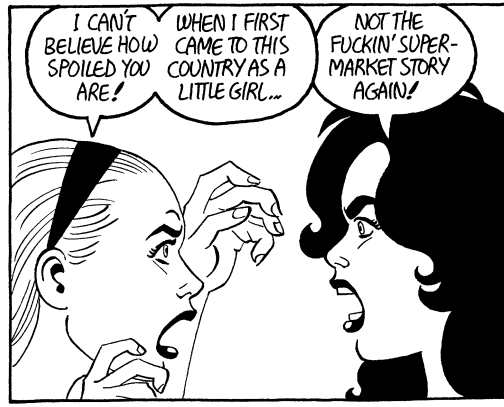
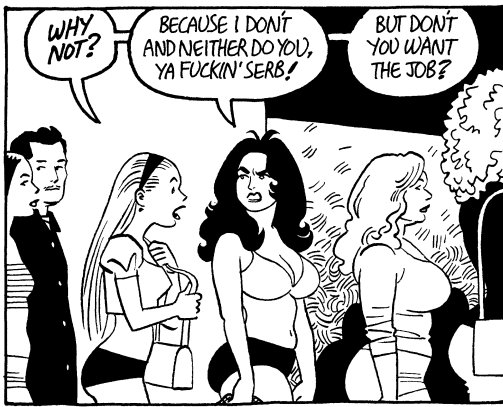


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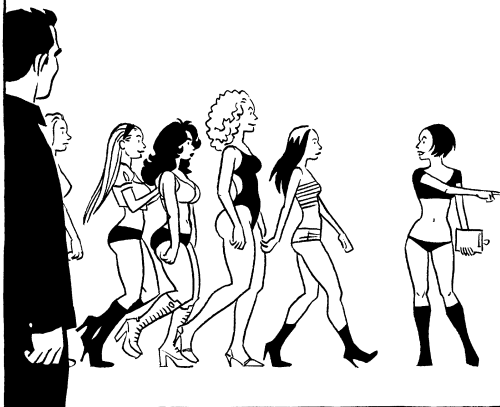
BY JAMIE H.



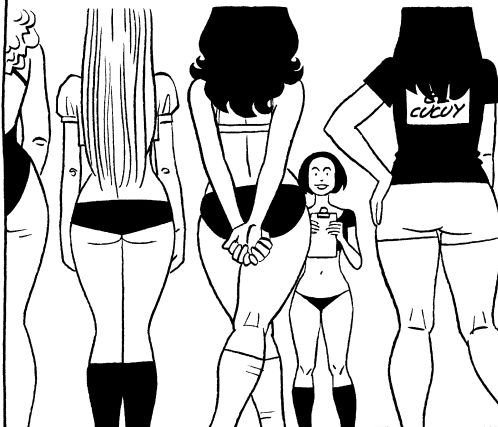




THIS IS NOT HOW I PLANNED TO SPEND MY DAY OFF. I WAS SUPPOSED TO HOOK UP WITH DOYLE, BUT VIN WENT AND TOLD HIM THAT I WAS GONNA BE BUSY DRIVING HER AND HER FRIEND AROUND ON AUDITIONS ALL DAY.



AS MUCH AS I ENJOY HANGING OUT WITH THESE CRAZY GIRLS, TODAY WAS THE DAY THAT MAGGIE WAS GONNA COOK DOYLE HIS FAVORITE BREAKFAST OF HUEVOS CON CHORIZO AND SHE SAID THAT HE COULD BRING A FRIEND.



IT'S FUTILE BUT I CAN'T HELP MYSELF. MAGGIE'S ALL I THINK ABOUT. THE OTHER NIGHT I DROVE ALL OVER THE VALLEY FOR HOURS TRYING TO REMEMBER WHERE HER APARTMENT WAS THAT I TOOK DOYLE TO THAT ONE TIME.



AH, I'M JUST GONNA HAVE TO THINK OF ANOTHER WAY TO GET TO HER. IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL JUST HAVE TO ENJOY ALL THE BOOTY THAT'S CRAWLING AROUND HERE. THE GUY IN CHARGE LOOKS FAMILIAR AND NOW I KNOW WHY.

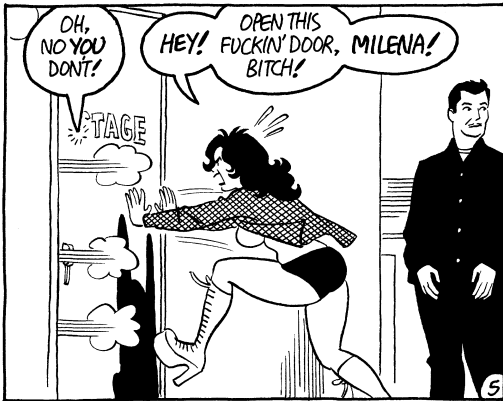
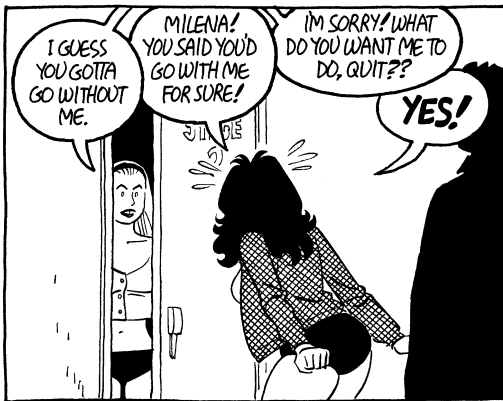
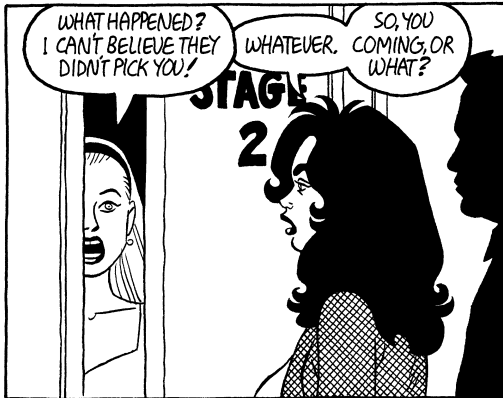
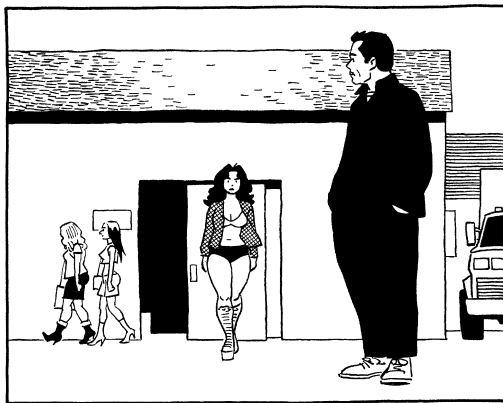


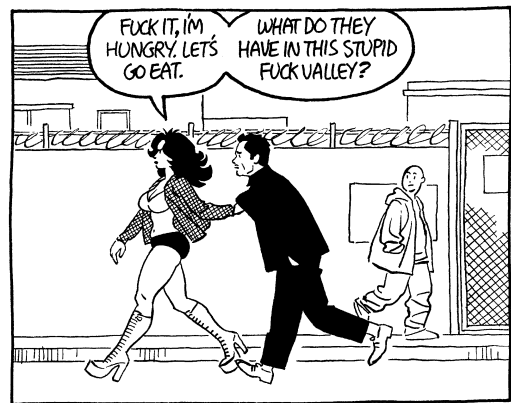
THE GIRLS ARE ADDITIONING FOR THAT LOCAL SPANISH SPEAKING COMEDY/VARIETY T.V. SHOW 'NOPALES NOPALES'. HOLY SHIT, I'VE WATCHED THAT GUY'S SHOW FOR YEARS, MAINLY FOR HIS LEGENDARY LINE UP OF HEFTY BABES.

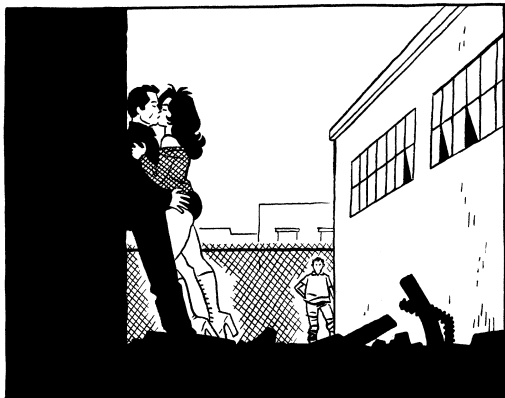


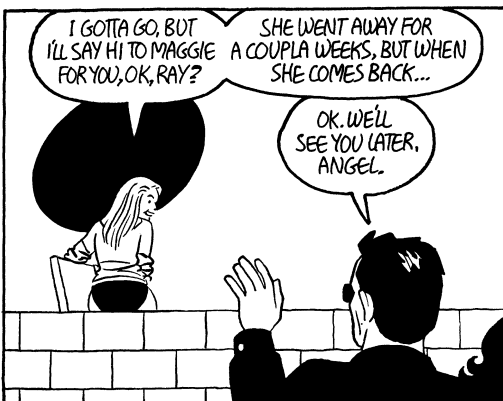
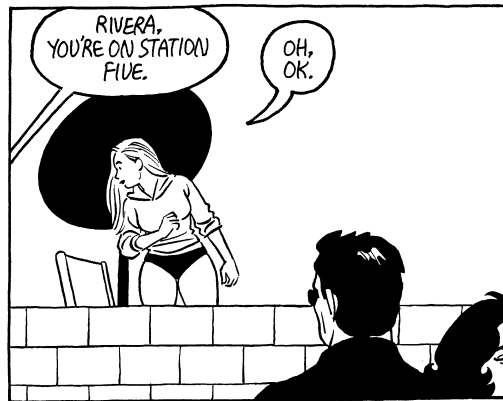
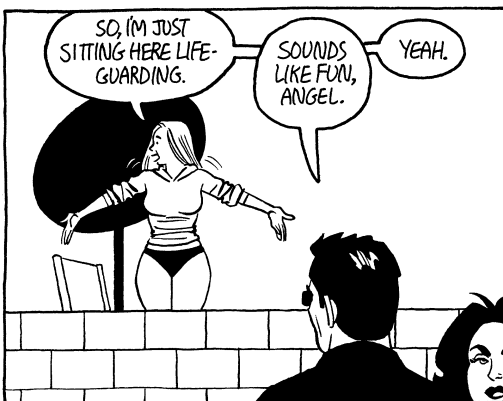
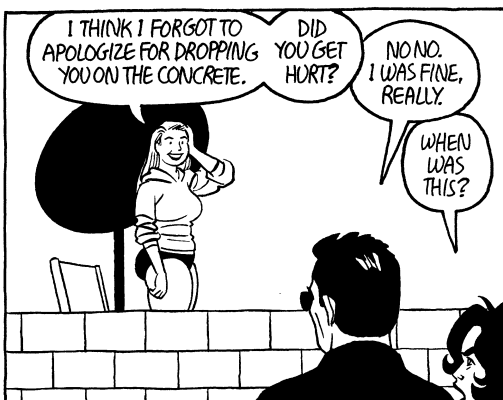
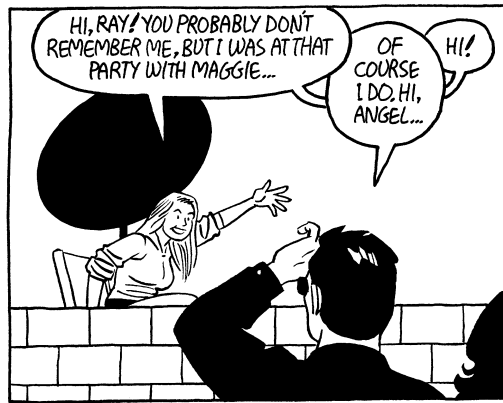
BACK IN THE EIGHTIES, HE HAD ANOTHER SHOW CALLED 'LA COCINA COCHINA', WHERE THEY COOKED UP DIFFERENT MEALS AND THEN SERVED THEM ON TOP OF RECLINING BIKINI GIRLS. MAN, TELL ME THAT WASN'T TELEVISION.

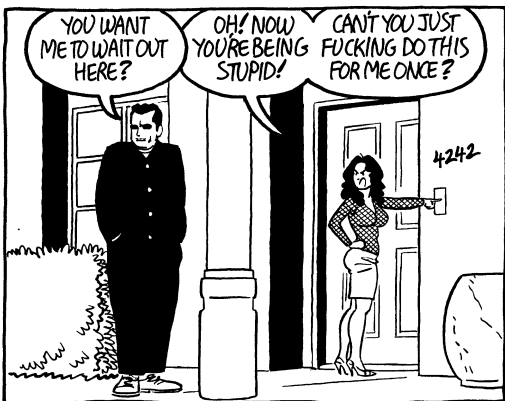
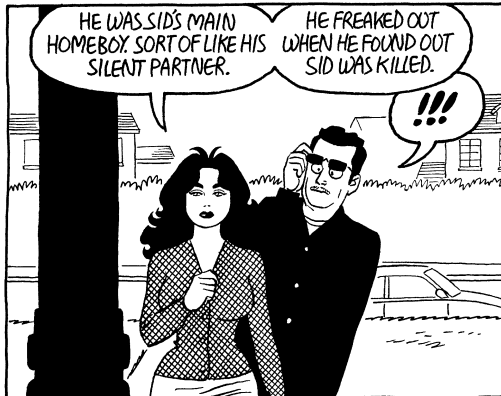
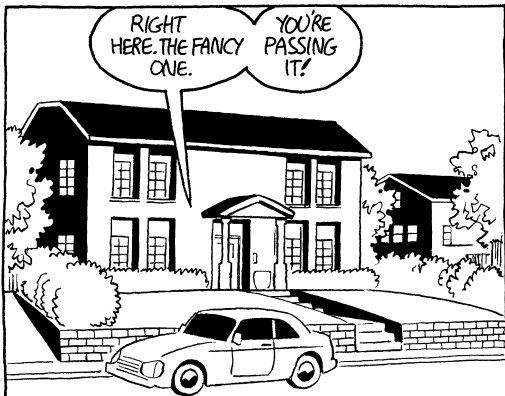












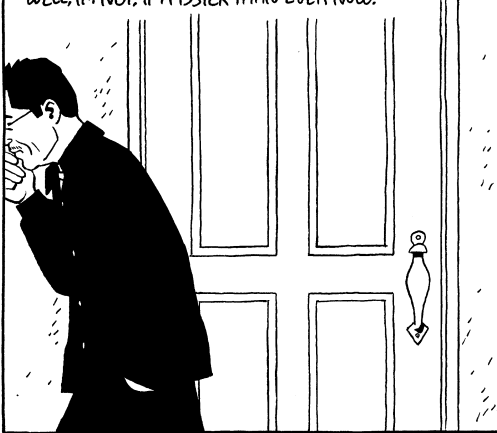
SID'S MAIN HOMEBY? SILENT PARTNER? WHAT IS SHE, NUTS? THAT CAN ONLY MEAN THAT THIS FUCKER IS AS BIG A SLEAZEBALL AS SID WAS, IF NOT BIGGER. BY THE LOOKS OF THIS PALACE, I'D SAY MUCH, MUCH BIGGER.



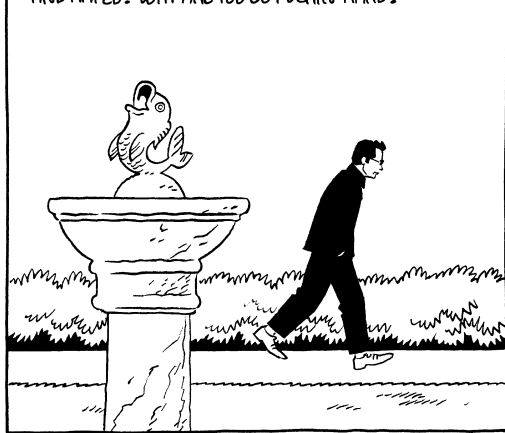
GOOD, CLOSE THE FUCKIN' DOOR, CHEESEDICK. GIVE ME A CHANCE TO ESCAPE IF I NEED TO, WITH OR WITHOUT THE FROGMOUTH. LET HER HAVE HIM. THEY'RE CUT FROM THE SAME SHIT EATING TREE ANYWAY, AREN'T THEY?



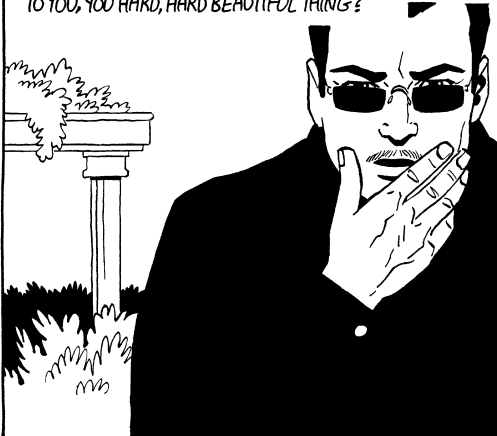
MY GOD, AM I SO PISSY JUST BECAUSE VIV RUINED MY CHANCE TO HAVE HUEVOS CON CHORIZO AT MAGGIE'S? I SHOULD BE RELIEVED BECAUSE MAGGIE'S NOT EVEN HOME. WELL, (I'M NOT, I'M PISSIER THAN EVER NOW).



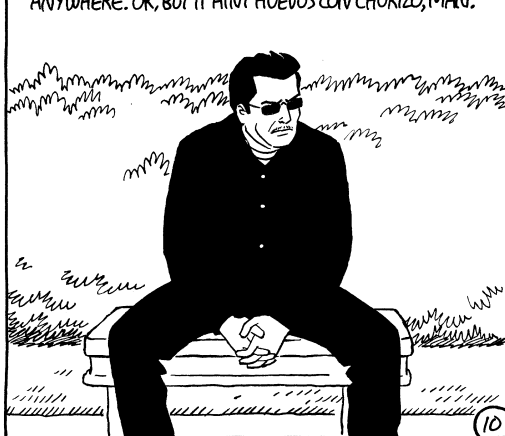
GONE ON A TWO WEEK TRIP. WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAGGIE? WAS I THAT FUCKIN' SCARY? WOULD HAVING BREAKFAST OR LUNCH WITH ME ONE TIME LEAVE YOU SO VIOLATED AND RAPED? WHY ARE YOU SO FUCKIN' HARD?



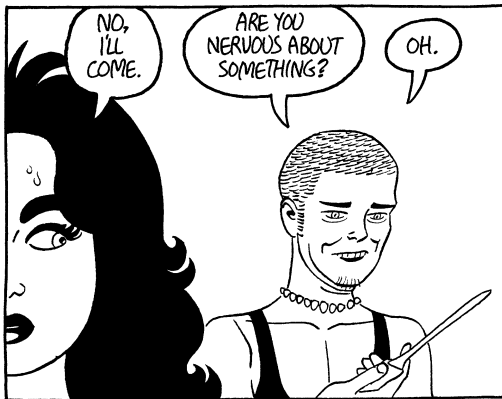
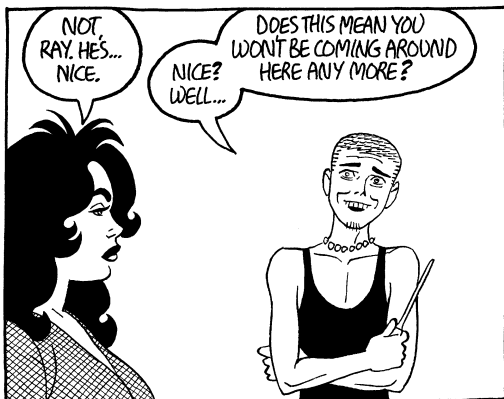
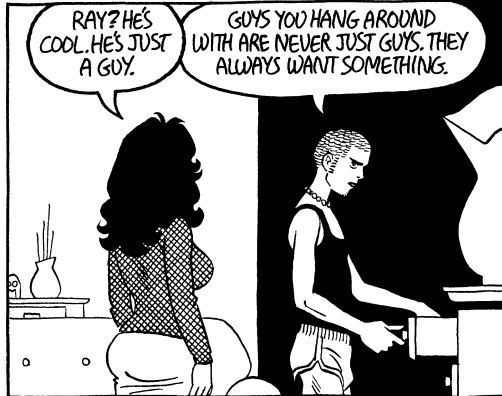
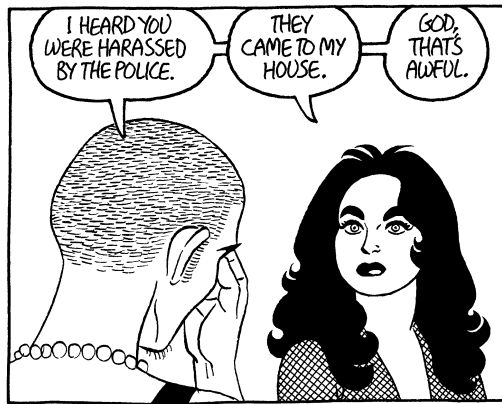
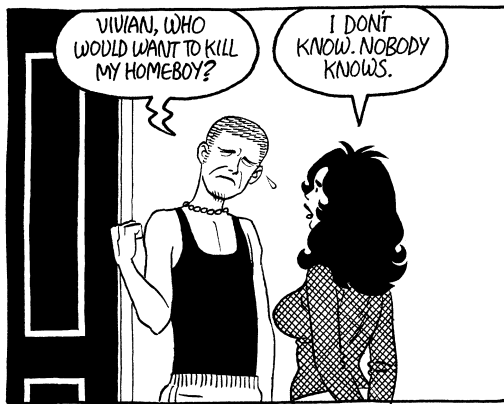
HOW COULD YOU LEAVE ME AS EASILY AS YOU DID? YOU WERE HAPPY BEING WITH ME. YOU USED TO TELL ME SO. SO, WHY AM I THE ONE KILLING MYSELF TRYING TO GET BACK TO YOU, YOU HARD, HARD BEAUTIFUL THING?

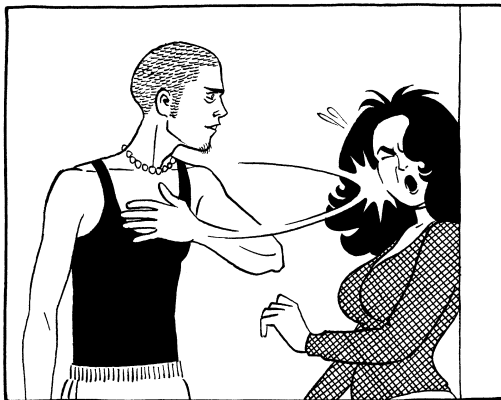


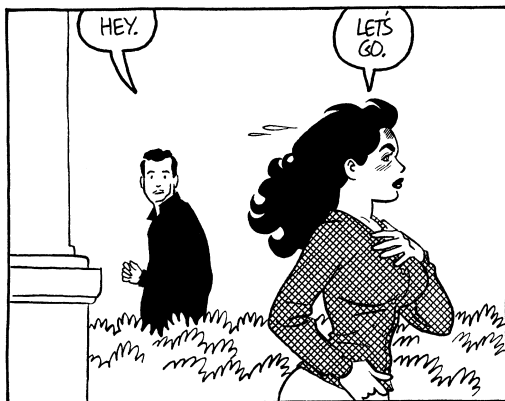
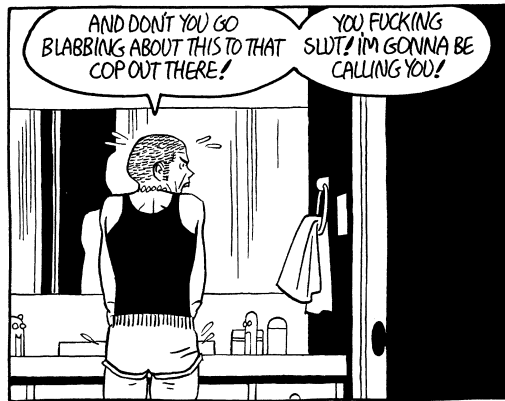
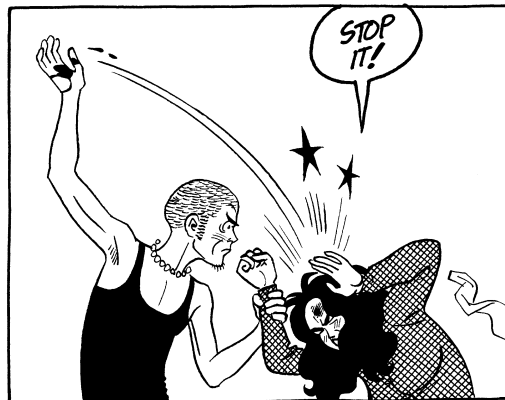
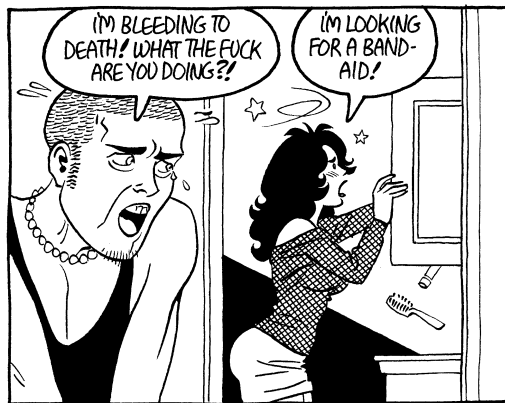
STOP ALREADY, MAGGIE HASN'T GIVEN YOU A THOUGHT IN SEVENTEEN YEARS. JUST BE GRATEFUL THAT YOU'RE HOSE-BAGGING THE WHITE HOTTEST PIECE OF ASS FROGMOUTH ANYWHERE. OK, BUT IT AINT HUEVOS CON CHORIZO, MAN.



(10)







THIS HAD GOTTEN WAY TOO CREEPY FOR ME. I ASKED VIV IF IT WAS OK THAT I DROP HER OFF AT HER CRIB, THAT I HAD TO GET UP EARLY, BLAH BLAH BLAH. I WAS A LITTLE SURPRISED WHEN SHE SAID OK, IN A CALM LITTLE VOICE YET.



SHE SAID THAT I DIDN'T CARE ABOUT HER ANYWAY, THAT I WAS THINKING ONLY OF MAGGIE THE WHOLE DAY. I DENIED IT BUT SHE WAS RIGHT ON, ABOUT THE MAGGIE PART ANYWAY. STILL, IT MADE ME CURIOUS AS WELL AS CONCERNED.



THIS WAS A TOTALLY DIFFERENT VIVIAN. SHE SEEMED UNCLOUDED AND COMPOSED, YET COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED OF SPIRIT AND EMOTION. I COULDN'T LEAVE HER NOW. WE ENDED UP SITTING ON THE STEPS OUTSIDE HER APARTMENT.



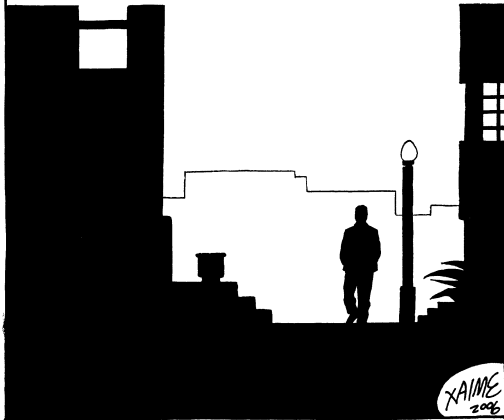
THE NEXT SEVERAL MINUTES WERE VERY PEACEFUL, JUST SITTING, NEITHER OF US SAYING MUCH. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SHARED A MOMENT LIKE THIS WITH HER AND I WAS HAPPY TO ADMIT, SHE DID IT REALLY WELL.



THEN SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD TO GO. WE STOOD AND SHE PLANTED A BIG WET ONE ON ME AND THEN WENT INSIDE. I FIGURED THAT SHE WAS EXPECTING A CALL OR A VISIT FROM SOME OTHER CREEP, BUT WHAT ARE YA GONNA DO?



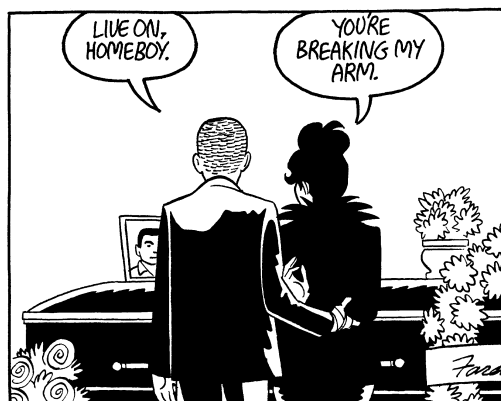
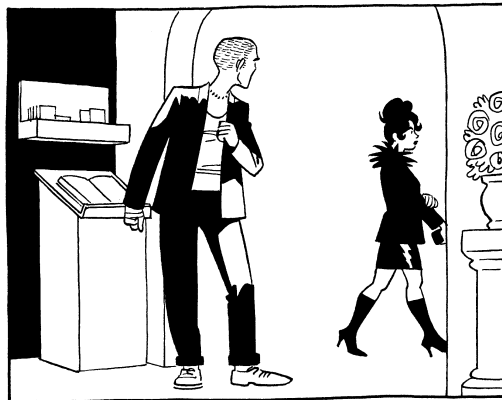
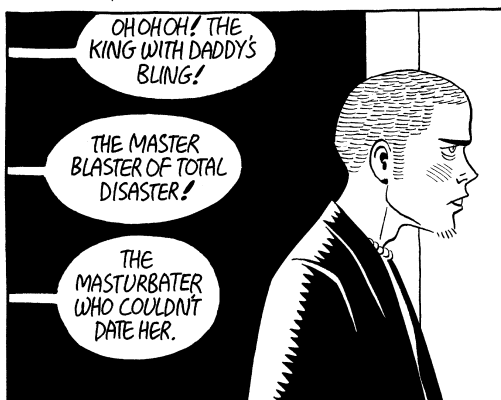
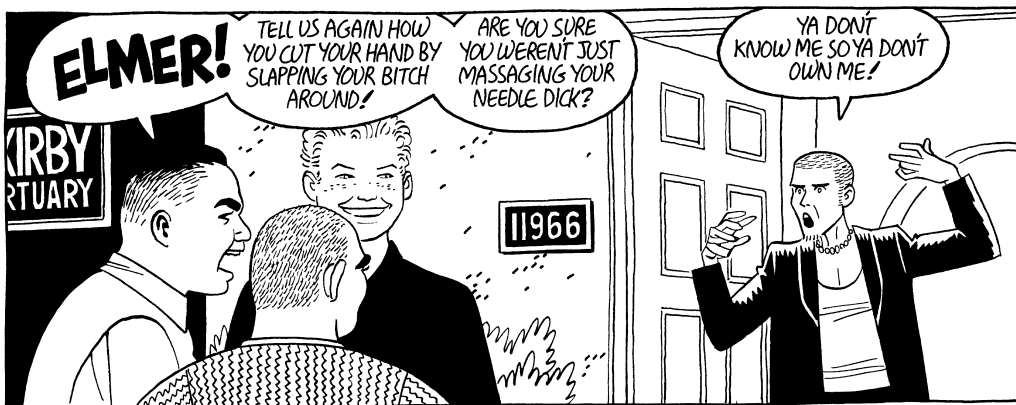
THAT SHORT TIME ON THE STEPS MADE IT ALL WORTH IT. YA KNOW, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE I'LL REGRET IT, BUT EVEN THOUGH SHE LIVES IN THAT WORLD OF CREEPS, I CAN SEE MYSELF FIGHTING FOR THIS FROGMOUTH IN THE END.

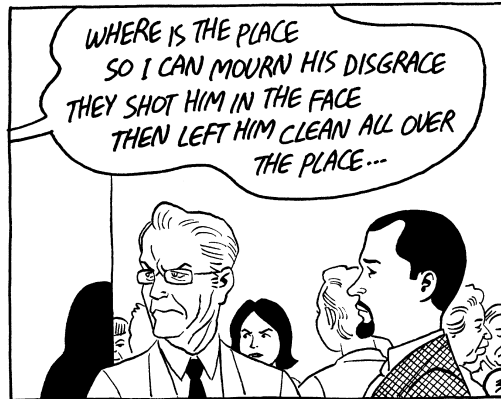
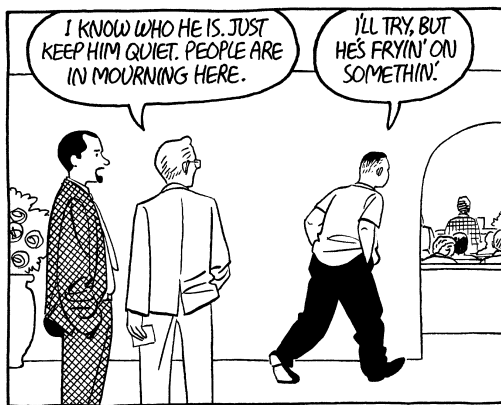
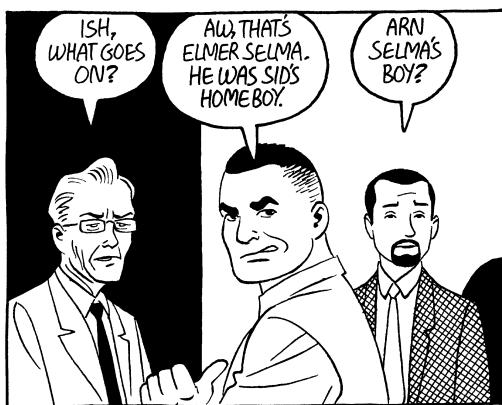


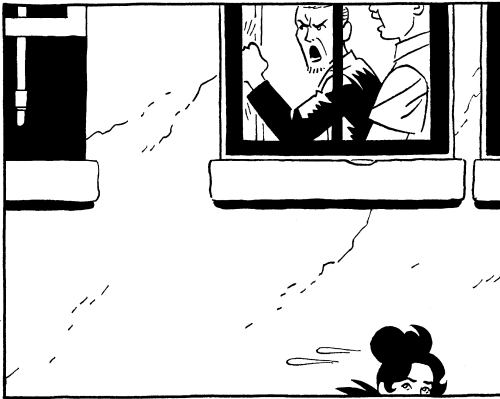
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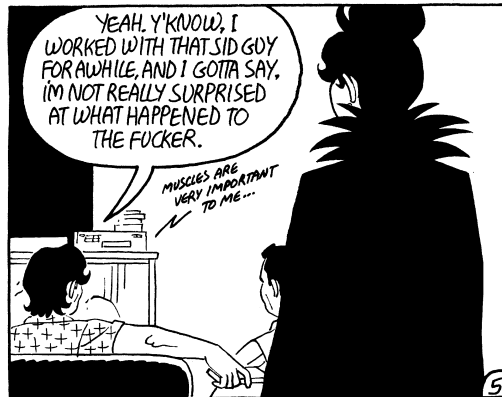
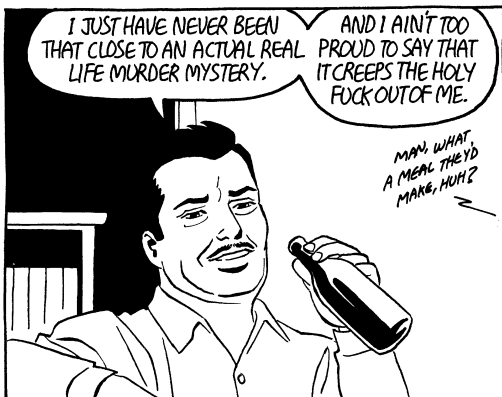
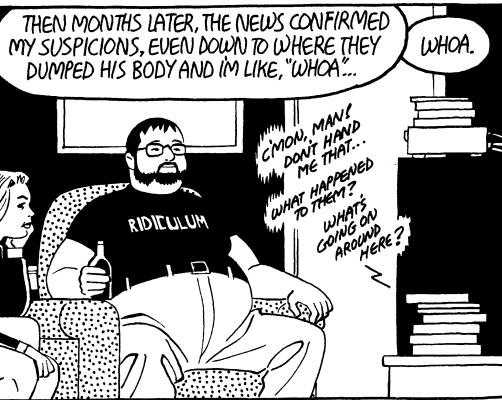
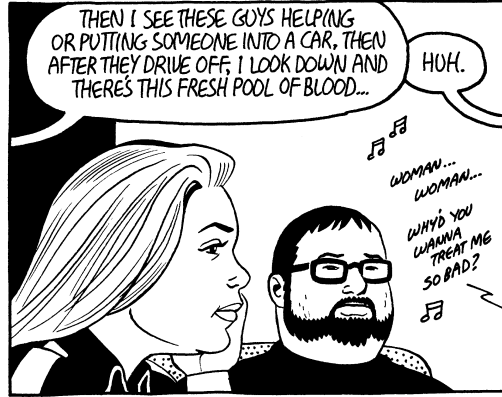
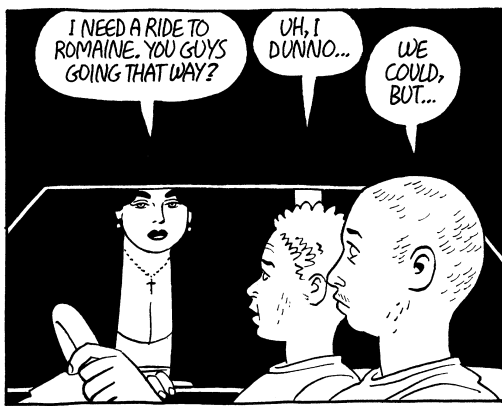
MALE TORSO FOUND IN L.A. RIVER

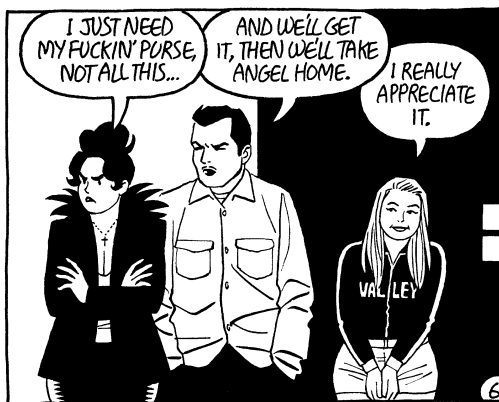
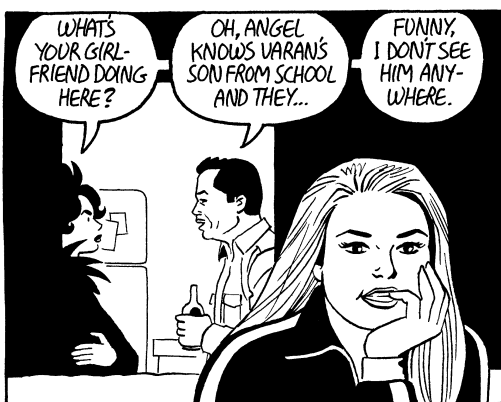
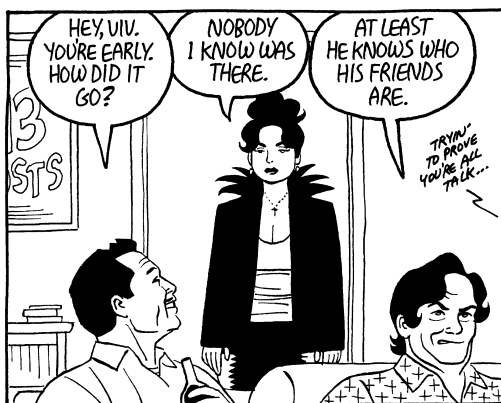


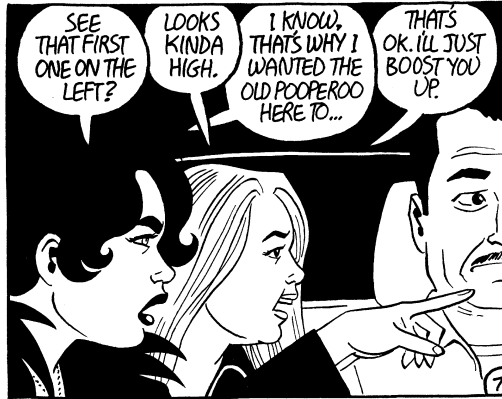
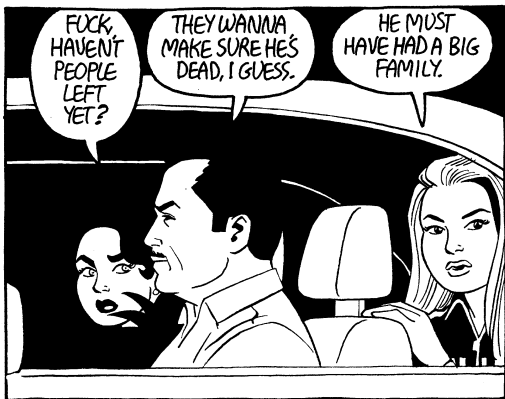
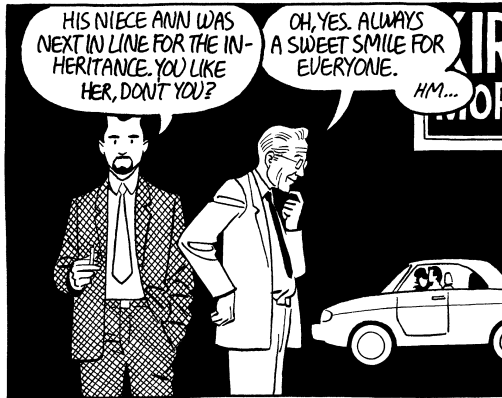
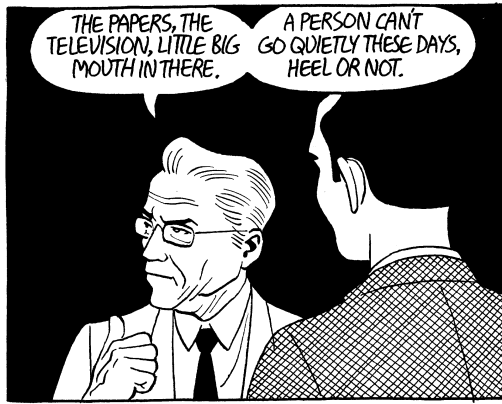
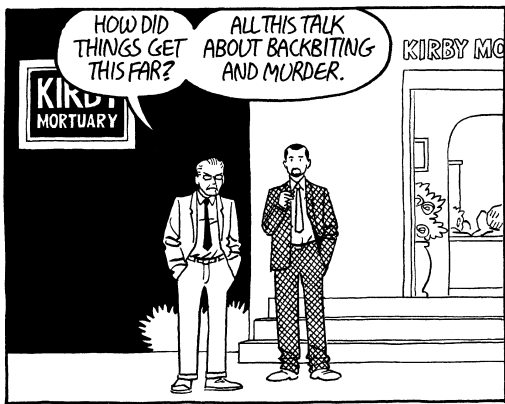


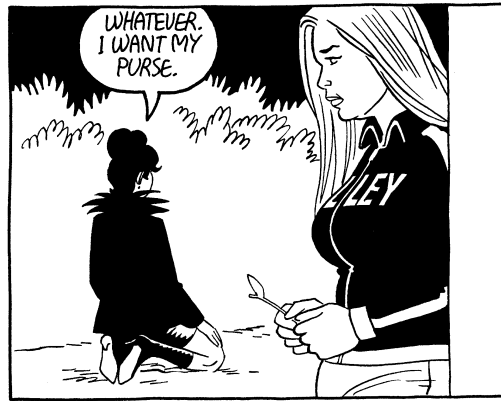
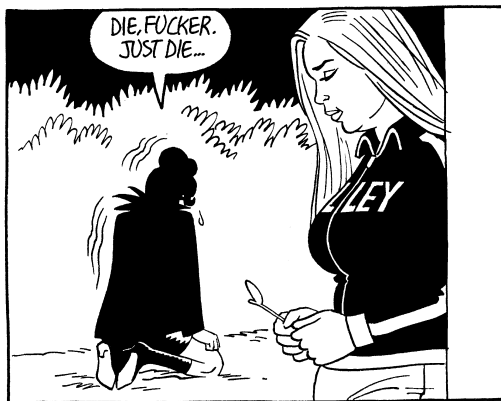
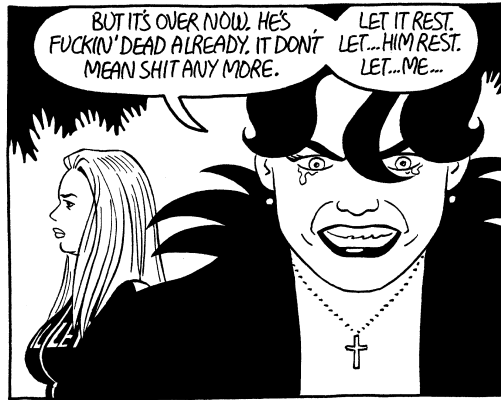
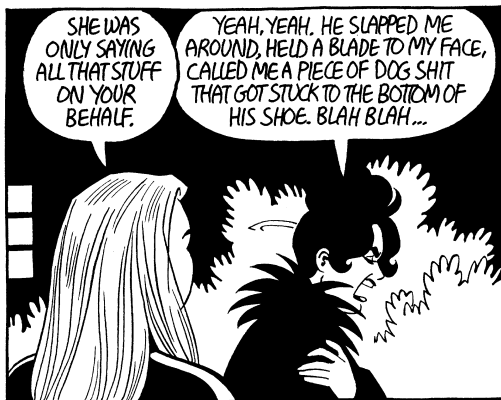
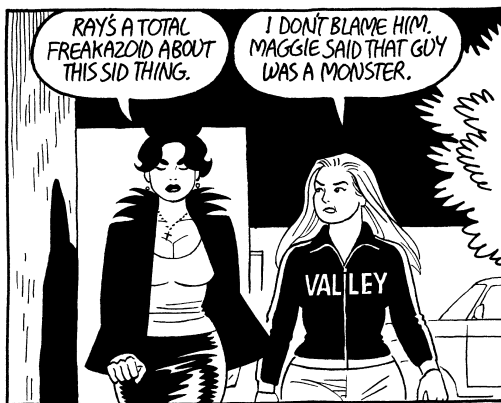


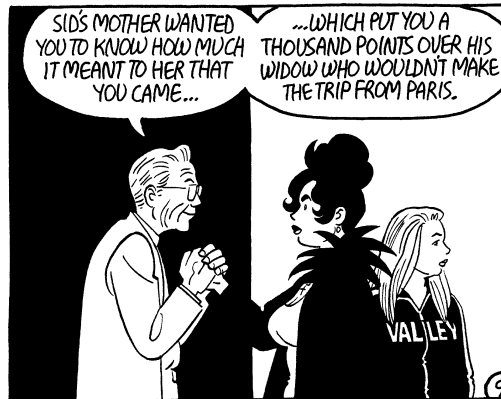
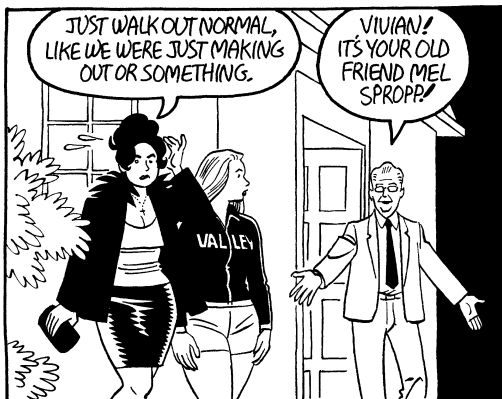
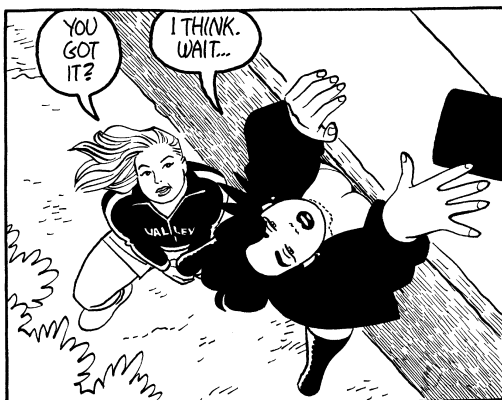
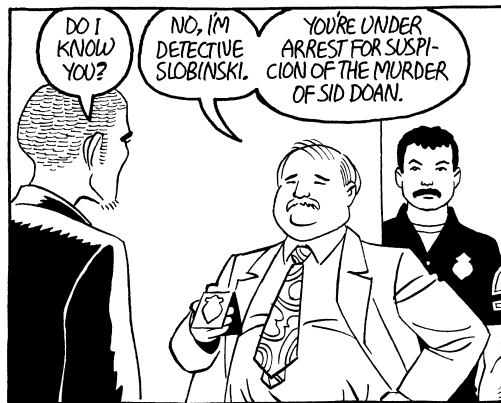


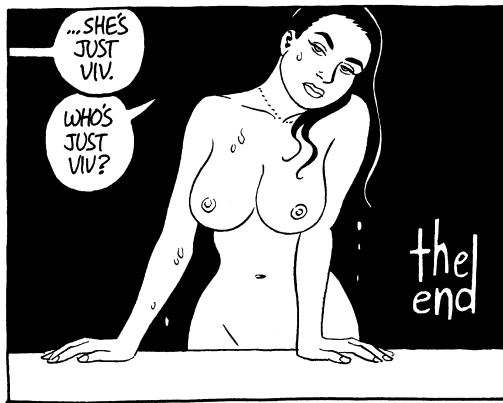
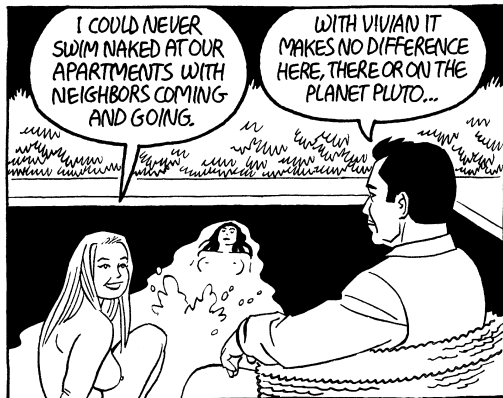
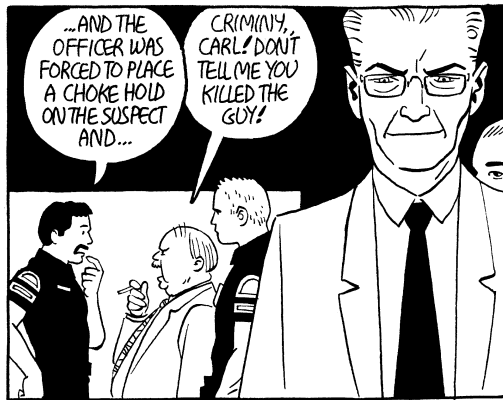
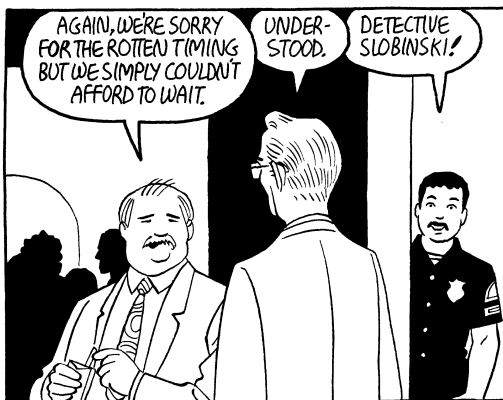
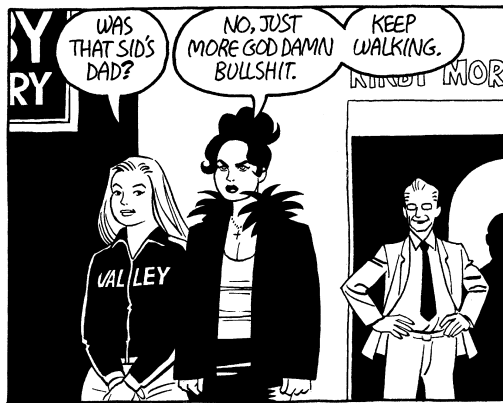






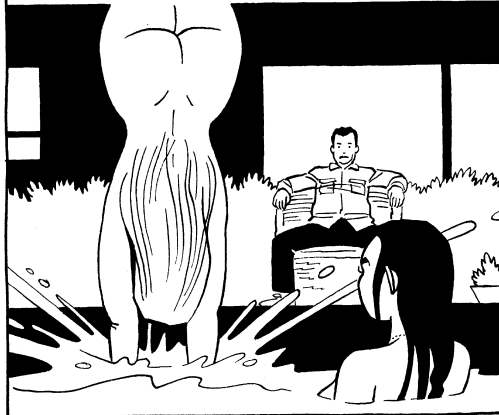






UK
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TAGUAL
TOR
ZOK

SO THE GIRLS WERE NAKED AND I WASN'T. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE FELT LIKE A PRUDE. VIV THREATENED TO TOSS ME IN THE POOL WITH MY CLOTHES ON BUT I WOULD NOT HAVE IT. THEN I THOUGHT, WHY WOULDN'T I HAVE IT?



I'M STILL THE SAME GUY I WAS WHEN I WAS NINETEEN. I LIVE BY THE SAME SET OF STUFFY RULES THAT I DID THEN. SURE, GET NAKED IN PUBLIC ALL YOU WANT BUT DON'T EVEN THINK OF GETTING ME THERE.



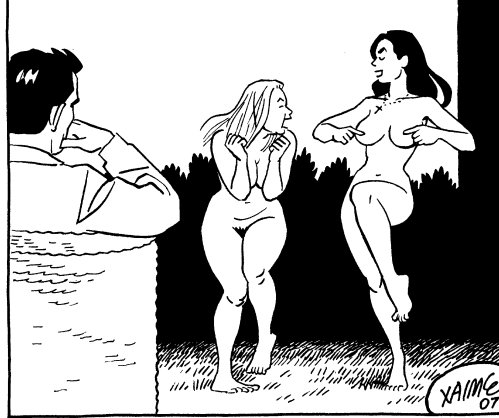
SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE. I'VE JUST BEEN OFFERED A MANAGERIAL POSITION AT MY WORK. YEAH, RIGHT. ME TELLING PEOPLE WHAT TO DO. BUT HELL, I FIGURE IF I DON'T ACCEPT, I'LL STAY NINETEEN FOREVER.



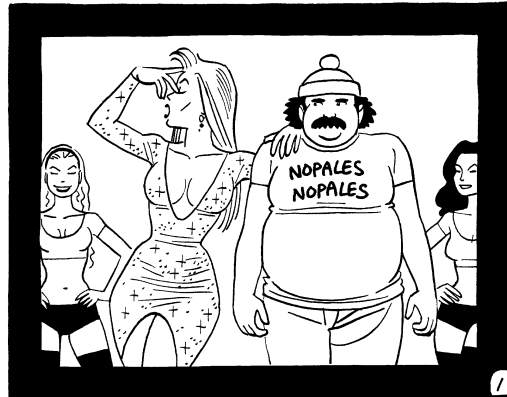
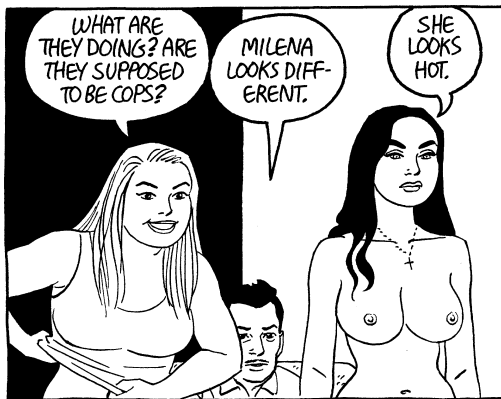
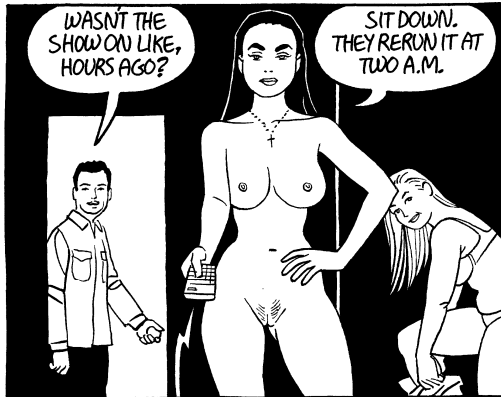
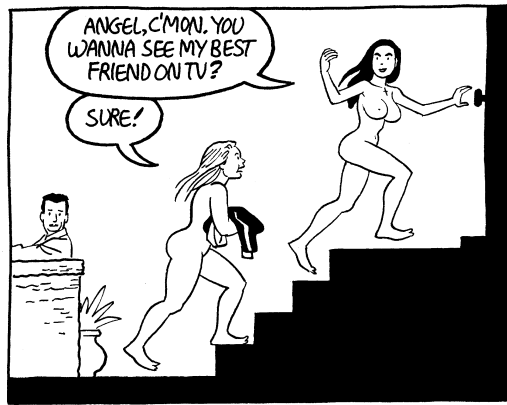
A FRIEND BACK IN HOPPERS IS TYING THE KNOT FOR THE THIRD TIME AND I'VE NEVER BEEN THERE ONCE. MY TWO YEARS LIVING WITH MAGGIE WAS PROBABLY THE CLOSEST I EVER GOT TO IT, I GUESS. TWO LITTLE YEARS...

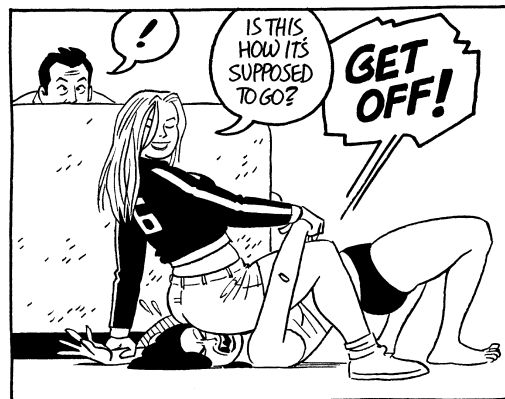
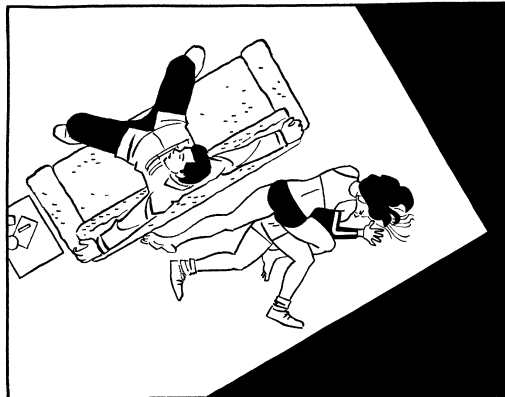
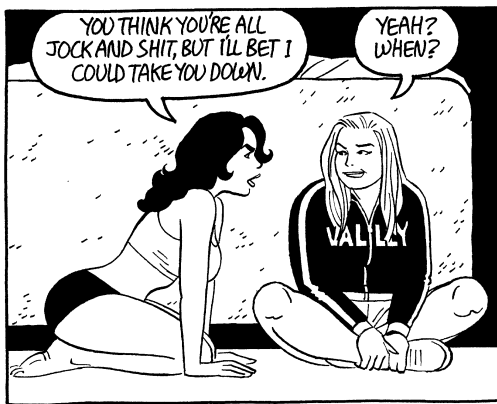


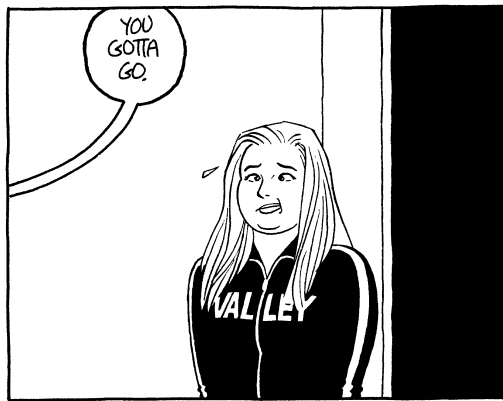
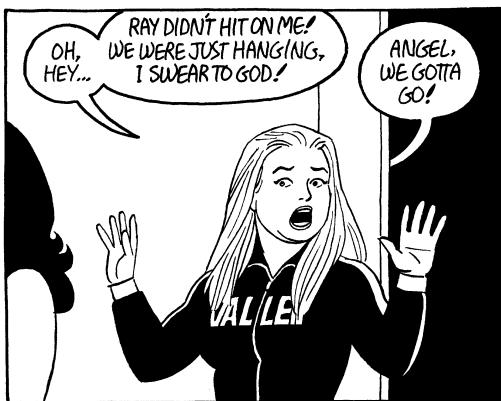
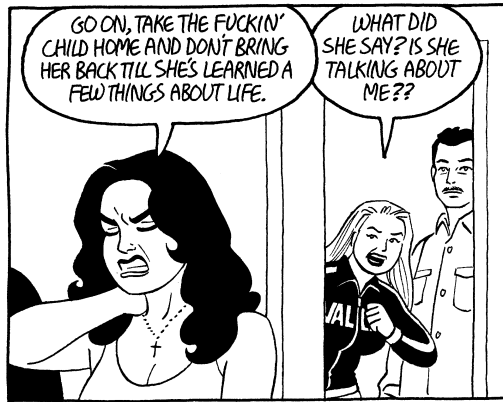
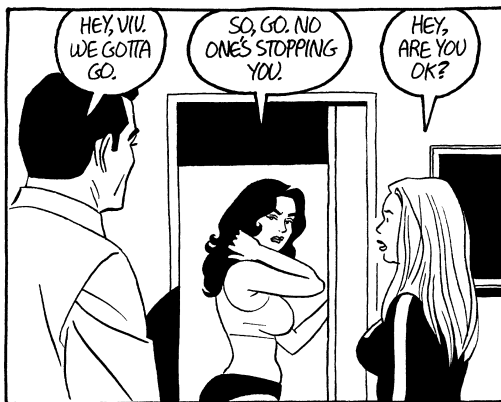
SHE'S STILL NOT BACK FROM HER TRIP. FOR ALL I KNOW, SHE MAY NEVER BE BACK. SO, WHAT AM I WAITING FOR? HEY, I'VE BEEN WITH SOME PRETTY AMAZING WOMEN. SO, WHY DO I KEEP GOING BACK TO TWO LITTLE YEARS?

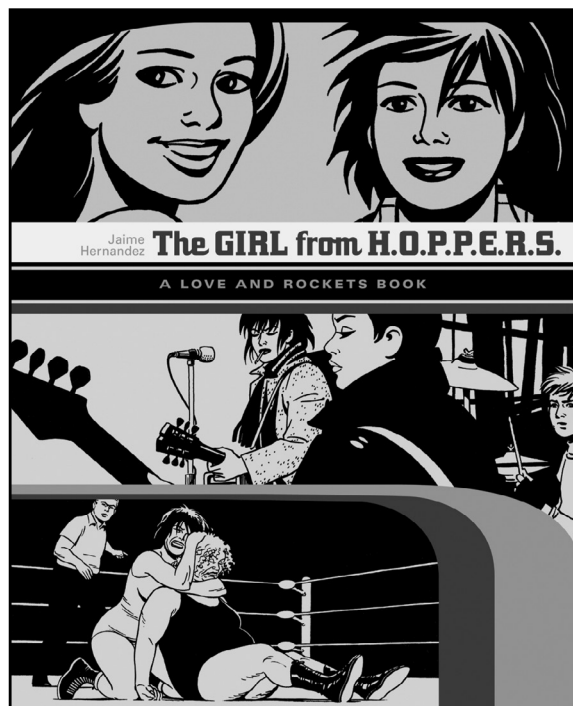
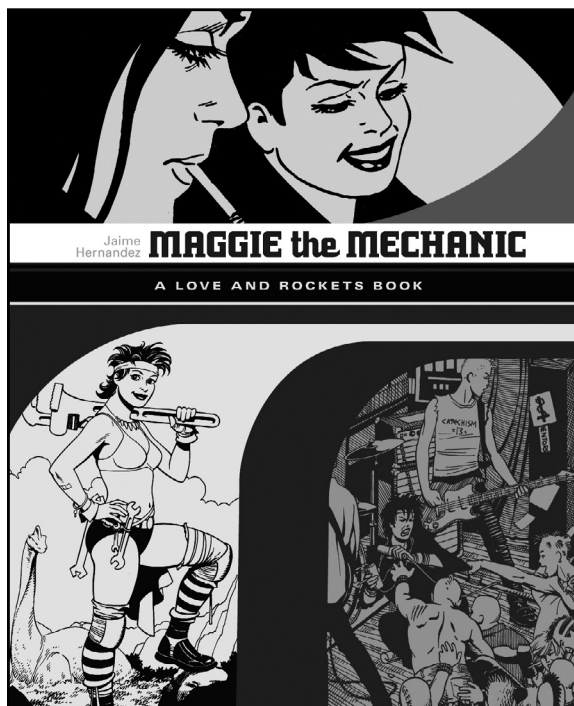


ROCKS OVER ROCKS

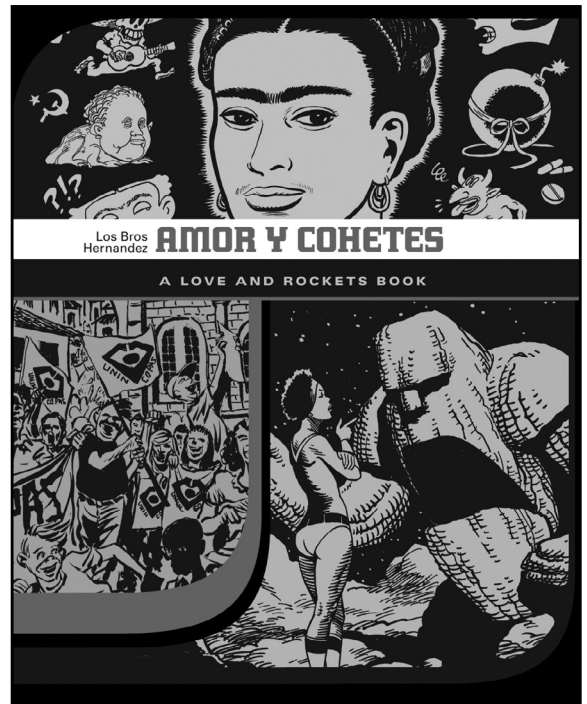
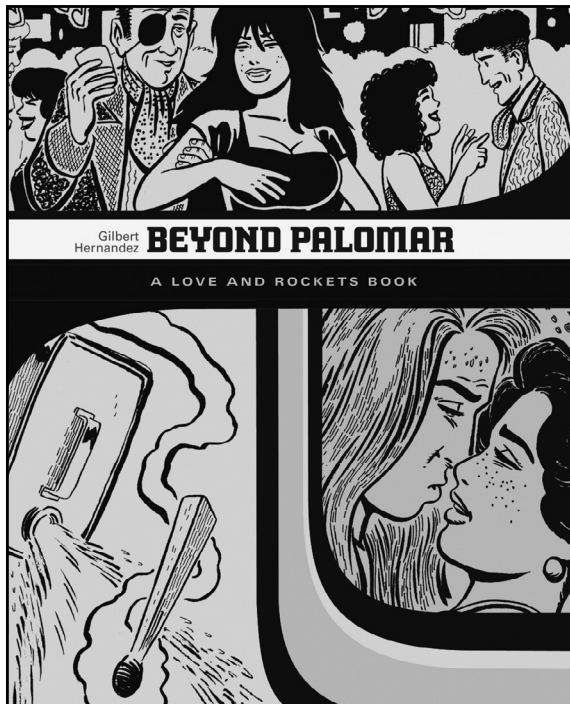
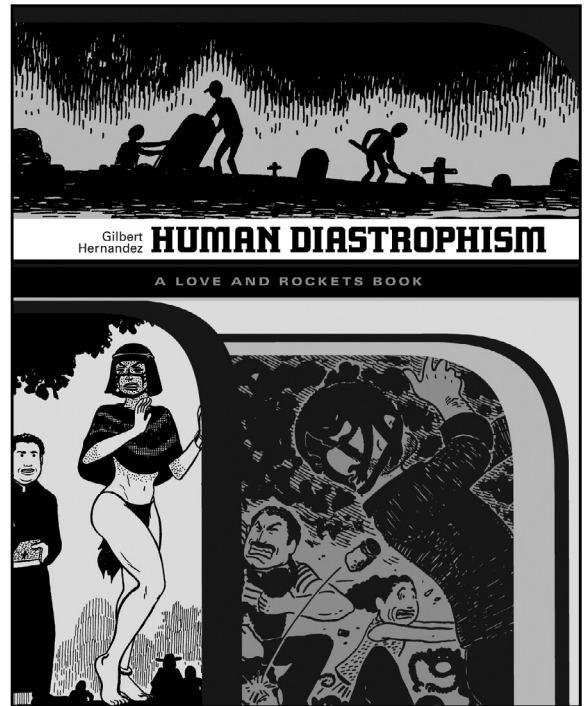
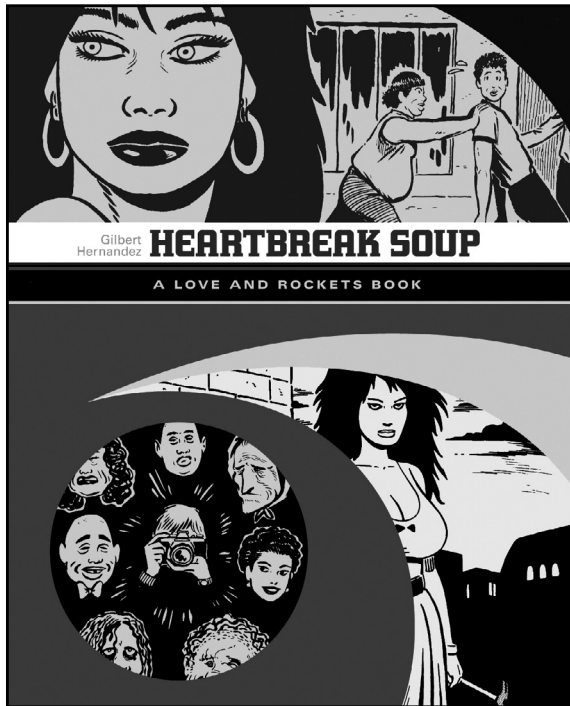








If you've enjoyed this book, you can follow the earlier adventures of Maggie, Hopey, Penny, Ray and the rest of the Locas gang in *Maggie the Mechanic*, *The Girl From H.O.P.P.E.R.S.*, *Perla La Loca*, and *Penny Century*; new installments appear every year in the ongoing *Love & Rockets: New Stories*.



Gilbert Hernandez's "Palomar" stories appeared in *Love and Rockets* side by side with Jaime's tales of the Locas. *Heartbreak Soup*, *Human Diastrophism*, and *Beyond Palomar* collect these stories, while *Amor Y Cohetes* is a catch-all compendium of Gilbert, Jaime and Mario Hernandez's short stories.

JAIME HERNANDEZ



Born in 1959, Jaime Hernandez enjoyed a pleasant childhood in Oxnard, California, with four brothers and one sister. Their mother had been an avid comic book fan as a girl, and she passed onto them a love of Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko's Marvel comics, Hank Ketcham's (and Al Wiseman's) *Dennis the Menace*, and the Archie comics line. A further strain of DNA was added when an older brother smuggled R. Crumb's *Zap* into the house.

As puberty and other interests invaded, Jaime's enthusiasm for mainstream comics waned. The Los Angeles punk rock scene began to thrive, and this anarchistic and gritty aesthetic invaded Jaime's approach to writing and drawing. Mostly self-taught (although he cites the significant impact a figure-drawing instructor had on his skills), Jaime assimilated these influences, and in his hands the much-hyped and often misunderstood punk netherworld became a very real, habitable place populated with human beings rather than stereotypes.

Such were the humble beginnings of *Love & Rockets*, the internationally acclaimed series Jaime created with his brothers, Gilbert and Mario, in 1981. Thirty years later, *Love & Rockets* has been translated into many languages, won numerous awards for excellence, and is one of the defining post-underground comic book titles of the last quarter century.

Jaime's crisp, elegant, instantly recognizable style has made him an in-demand illustrator whose work has appeared on CD and DVD covers, and in magazines from *Hustler* to *The New Yorker*; in 2006, a new "Maggie" story, "La Maggie La Loca," was serialized in the *New York Times Magazine*'s "Funny Pages" section. He continues to chronicle the adventures of his now ageing "Locas" Maggie and Hopey (and their friends) in the pages of the ongoing annual *Love & Rockets: New Stories*. The career-spanning *The Art of Jaime Hernandez* was released by Abrams ComicsArts in April 2010.

Jaime Hernandez resides in Los Angeles, California, with his wife and daughter.