

Daniel A. Olivas

Willie

Wilfredo likes to dress to get Papá all riled up. You know, Willie wears those short-shorts that you see on the ladies who walk up and down that bad street near the Shell Station that Mamá says no self-respecting good Catholic would wander by unless your car died and you needed to get some help from Manny who works there. Mamá says those putas have no right to mess up our nice neighborhood. But the neighborhood don't look so nice and I figure some pretty ladies walking up and down a street can only make things look nice, right?

So, Willie likes to put on these short-shorts that are so tiny that his nalgas are hanging out and then he pops in these blue contacts so that his eyes look like he's out of some scary space movie where only one person knows that the aliens are taking over people's bodies and no one, not even your father, believes you when you say they're going to take us over, too. I hate those movies. They make my stomach hurt.

Anyway, today Willie comes down the stairs looking so pretty with his long legs showing and his eyes not looking scary this time for some reason but shining a blue that looks like Uncle Chucho's restored Mustang instead of a space alien's eyes. And I think to myself that Willie's cheeks even look special, kind of red like a flower, like the blush Mamá finally let me buy from Sav-On even though I'm only twelve but she says, "mija, you're a good girl so it's okay." I think Willie likes to take a little of my blush every so often because I see big fingerprints in it that are bigger than mine but that's okay because I think he looks prettier than me anyway so he should use it. So, this morning here comes Willie looking really extra pretty and Papá is reading *La Opinión* at the breakfast table, drinking his hot, black coffee after finishing a nice, big bowl of menudo which is his special treat on Sunday mornings.

Willie sits down at the table without saying nothing. Mamá is busy at the stove, cleaning something up, I don't know what. I'm on the floor watching the *Power Puff Girls* video on the small TV that sits on the kitchen counter near all the Coke cans for recycling. I look up and smile at Willie.




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 9/29/08