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English IV

12 April 2019

Liquid

After a blistering hot day, the sun had just gone to rest, and the moon appeared as the darkness began to surround the bright city. The clear sky was lit by the bright full moon and by green, white, and red fireworks. The streets lights were filled with old loud cars that raced through the red lights. On the sidewalks, countless people were going eating out on the many taco stands along illuminated streets.

In the front brick patio, dozens of tables were filled with family members that I did not know. All were dressed up in boots and straw cowboy hats, and all were drinking and dancing to the tunes of *tamborazo* composed of brass and woodwind instruments with heavy percussion. There was music coming from all over the place, and not only from the four giant speakers that were playing from my grandfather's yard. The sound of music from the neighbors, music from the cars racing by, and music from the band playing in the plaza just around the corner of the street made it nearly impossible to hear.

But I sat in a red plastic chair, toes curled up in my small brown Ariat boots, a piece of greasy red pork meat stuck between my teeth. I sat quietly, pressing my red lips together, with my hands under my butt. I took a deep breath and a mixture of burning wood and greasy meat filled my lungs.

I gazed up at Chantal. Her long brown hair was tied back into a ponytail, and she had taco grease all over her hands. She leaned forward on her chair and wiped her hands with the white table cloth, leaving a dirty trail of small fingers printed all over it. She carefully grabbed her ice cold refreshing Coca-Cola and gulped it down.

I nodded my head, tapped my boots, and leaned towards her. “I’m bored.”

“Wanna go play with our cousins?”

 I fidgeted and nodded rapidly. “Okay.”

We got up from our cheap red plastic chairs and ran to the back patio where a group of fourteen of our cousins sat and played around a firepit. The firepit was casting long shadows over the cement. Beaming red flames rocked and curled as they burned the dry redwood.

All of my cousins looked almost identical. The boys had boots and hats, and the girls had skirts and long ponytails. Some were running around the firepit, and some were picking at the flames with pieces of sticks, only to later blow the flames off the sticks.

 “*Jugamos las traes*!” Adrian shouted.

I took off my cowboy hat, scratched my head, and turned to Chantal. “What is that?” I whispered.

Chantal gave me an exasperated sigh and rolled her small brown eyes. “It’s tag, you idiot. Let’s play.”

I rubbed my hands together. “Ahh okay. *Si jugamos*!”

Everyone sat down in a circle near the firepit on the hard grey cement. Adrian had begun to fill an empty Estrella Jalisco beer bottle with the dirt from plants planted along the brick wall surrounding the house. Adrian was the tallest of all. He had light brown hair and a tan face. He was also the most outgoing of all and the one that I talked to the most. Every year on my trip to Mexico, he was the one that guided me around. I would leap on the back of his *bici*, grab onto his bony shoulders, and we would bike five kilometers to *Bodega Aurrerá*(the Mexican version of Walmart), only to buy flaming hot *Vero Elotes* lollipops and a big cold bottle of water.

Adrian walked towards us, kind of limping in a way as to add more style to his walk. Adrian sat next to me and his knee popped out of his old gray ripped jeans. He reached to the center of the circle and spun the bottle counterclockwise. The bottle gave an irritating rumbling sound as it rubbed against the cement. It rolled pass me once, twice, and then slowed down almost to a complete halt pointing in my direction. However, the cracked cement shifted the bottle just enough to get it pointing just to the right of me.

“*Valió Verga!*” Adrian shouted, grabbed the bottle, and smashed it on the floor. “*Siempre soy yo*!”

A crowed of annoyed children shouted at Adrian because he did not want to be it as he felt that he was too good to be it.

“*Puto*!”

Adrian shook his head and sighed. “*Va pues.*”

Adrian shut his eyes and began to count. He counted fast. He counted as fast as a mad rapper, rapping the lyrics to a new song. Like a herd of wild horses, all ran inside the house in hope to not get tagged; however, I ran to the front yard, pushing and shoving my way around my drunk family. I opened the front gate, I gazed back, yet no one seemed to notice. I shut the gate and turned to the street. Parked parallel to the sidewalk was the old white semi that my grandfather used six days a week to go to work. I walked toward the large semi, and in admiration, I looked up at it. My brown eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, and I stared at it in awe. My lips stretched wide into a grin and my eyebrows arched. I stared at it for a few seconds, and then I heard the screaming and running of children in the big white brick house. I bit the edge of my lip and got an idea in my head. The intention behind my cherry red lips was something that could not be thought of by an average child.

 In a split second, I ran to the rear side of the semi and began to climb the semi’s stairs. One by one, I grabbed the latter and pulled myself up. My biceps and triceps quivered and my palms sweaty. I got to the top and threw myself on the semi-trailer, gasping and shivering uncontrollably. I twitched, and I took a couple of deep breaths, chewed on my dirty fingernails, rolled over, and saw the great city of Tlaquepaque, Jalisco. To the left were giant overpopulated mountains that sparkled red through the heavy smog. I looked straight ahead and saw the plaza filled with countless people, also all dressed up in boots, straw cowboy hats, and fancy belts. The lavish sweet smell of churros filled my lungs with delight and the live tamborazo made the semi rumble and made my heart beat to the sound of the tuba.

From a distance, I heard, “*En donde estara*?”

I dropped to my knees and went on my belly. My ribcage rubbed against the hard metal of the semi-trailer. The semi-trailer had a sharp metal sent to it, so I lifted my head off the trailer and peaked down to all the other kids. All were in search for me. I slid back to the center of the trailer and rolled over. I stared up at the bright stars and fireworks. I yawned and put my hands behind my head. Then a sudden cold breeze ran underneath my flannel and up into my chest, giving me goosebumps. I felt a rapid rush of body fluid rushing to my lower abdomen. My eyebrows raised and I put my hands over my crotch. “AWWW Shit. I need to pee…. But where? I can’t go down there, or they will see me!” I put my hands on the trailer, pushed myself up, and jumped up. The hollow trailer gave a deep rumbling sound.

“*Qué fue eso*?”

 I squatted and went on my knees. I crawled over to the side of the trailer. I saw Adrian bending down underneath the truck, checking if I was under there. I squinted and gave a little dance while trying to stop my urine from bursting out of my bladder. I ran to the other side of the trailer where Adrian couldn’t have been. There was traffic on the street, but I did not care, so I unbuckled my beige cowboy belt, the one with the bullhorns in front, and unzipped my blue wranglers. My blue Wranglers along with my white underwear dropped down to my knees. I lifted my white undershirt and my blue flannel, took it out, and there, in a split second, a shadow appeared from underneath the semi-trailer. However, it was too late, and the body fluid blasted out. The cool breeze had shifted the liquid slightly to the left.

“AYY!” Adrian shouted. He began to cry and ran towards the brick house.

His shoulder was soaked with the highly concentrated body liquid smelled strongly of ammonia. My face heated up instantaneously with embarrassment. My throat closed, and I stood with my mouth open for a few seconds, and I tried to process what I had just done. In the moment I felt embarrassed. I hadn't felt like that in years, not since I learned the true meaning of the middle finger in pre-school after I had flipped my teacher off.

I gulped. “My dad is gonna kill me!”

I put the schlong back in and pulled my Wranglers back up to my waist. I did not have time to buckle my belt, so I turned around and ran to the rear side of the trailer and began to hop down the stairs. On the fourth to last step, I leaped down, and I somehow lost balance in mid-air. “I'm an idiot!” My knees hit the cement, and they blew up like red balloons. Tears filled my eyes and my vision blurred.

I heard someone chuckle. “Ohhhh my dad is gonna kill you!”

I looked up and saw a brown girl standing in front of me. Of course, it had to be Chantal.

 “Don’t tell my dad!”

 Tears ran down my face and dripped down to my blue flannel. I rubbed my eyes and the dirt from the cement, smeared all over my eyes and cheeks. My father, tall and fit came outside along with Adrian. He lowered his eyebrows. I could tell that anger boiled down from deep below him. He stared at me for a couple of seconds. He pointed at me, with his fixed stare, to go inside the house. I then knew that it was going to be one long night.