

# American Breakfast - Mexican Winner

Pipsey

~~Pipsey has the only chair~~  
 This morning Pipsey gets <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>only</sup> chair ~~in the~~ <sup>let's</sup>  
 on the side of the ~~building~~ <sup>because</sup> Big Rod, man  
 than owns the cafe, beat him up last night. He gets  
 the ash tray, a dirt colored ceramic crab, it shaken in  
 his dirty right hand. The fact that he's thumping ash  
 + smashing cigarette butts square into the ash tray says he's  
 scared to death of Big Rod, who has laid down the law  
 to all four of ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> children about dropping dead butts  
 on the narrow strips of concrete. Not that it would  
 matter, not that any of Big Rod's customers would  
 care, because there's about a jillion burnt cigarettes  
 piled under our front door around the <sup>where the</sup>  
 corner at ~~the~~ front door, to the side <sup>facing the highway</sup> ~~where the~~  
 here to stay till our man's <sup>work</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>a holiday from school</sup>

According to Pipsey, he's <sup>is</sup> fifteen but he looks  
 like he's 12, <sup>mean old man</sup> ~~mean old man~~ <sup>He's</sup> ~~He's~~ <sup>skinny</sup>  
 and his dirty black hair hangs down in his eyes.  
 His jeans <sup>color (more definite)</sup> ~~color~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>dark</sup> filthy and his tennis shoes  
 are no longer white. His right leg shaken & every  
 now & then he places a hand on his knee &  
 squeeze it. He's <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>Spanish + English</sup> ~~Spanish + English, but when  
 a car pulls up <sup>in the front lot</sup> ~~in the front lot~~ he gets <sup>quiet</sup> ~~quiet~~. Smoker,  
 thumps ash, smokes butts into the ash tray.~~

Pill

is infused with the  
s sense,  
led

slow traffic on the <sup>2 lane</sup> highway, and the smell of 2  
fish & salt air gets stronger as the sun beams  
through the clouds. It's hot <sup>the morning</sup> on the east side  
of the buddy and I dread the heat. There is <sup>the</sup> <sup>summer</sup> <sup>people</sup>  
only ~~eat~~ breakfast place around. <sup>Most mornings</sup> The <sup>rich</sup> <sup>people</sup>  
on St. George Island, east across the palmetto palm &  
the Gulf, and ~~most mornings~~ the new homeowners  
renters come cruising across the long bridge, looking for  
a place to eat out. Good luck, I say. Because

aside from a tiny run down grocery, there are  
a few seafood restaurants that don't open till four in  
the evening, a bar or two, and plenty of ~~fast~~  
fresh sea food & bait places. ~~One~~ Then  
in ~~boats~~ low-sided boats with <sup>wood</sup> <sup>(little boat)</sup> shelters on top  
~~supply~~ the fish & shrimp & oysters. One whole  
walk at an oyster place is ~~covered~~ <sup>covered with</sup>  
oyster shells, & a mountain that smells rotted.

tractor  
pulling

Some evenings when my man is off  
work she takes ~~me~~ <sup>my little brother</sup> <sup>Stinker</sup> riding in her old car;  
~~are~~ up & down the stretch of sea food place ~~runny~~  
<sup>into wooded marsh</sup> <sup>and then across</sup> the bridge. We turn around at the  
gate to St. George, where the rich people live,  
before our car runs hot or somebody the gate  
keeper gives us the eye. Sometimes beyond the  
gate I see pretty girls running with their <sup>heads</sup> dogs,  
and even young mothers <sup>pushing</sup> babies in strollers,  
or children in fine clothes ~~skating~~ <sup>skating</sup> out walking & eating &  
snow cones. Not a cigarette butt anywhere, & big oaks &

the curvy pines 5 row from beds of yellow & red  
oaks. You can't see around the corner of the  
road running through this part of St. George, but you  
can see the tops of tall fancy houses where these  
people live. ~~We turn around.~~

Mama says, "I'd give my eye teeth..." ~~And~~ ~~she~~  
~~takes~~ ~~a~~ ~~deep~~ ~~breath~~. She turns ~~the~~ ~~car~~ ~~around~~. ~~Our~~ ~~world~~ ~~is~~ ~~ugly~~,  
~~gray~~ ~~as~~ ~~death~~, ~~starts~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~July~~

I know she's thinking about our little rented trailer  
where Big Rod lets us live while we're here. Or  
maybe about our little house in Milton, ~~which~~ ~~we~~  
had to leave from in the middle of the night when  
our daddy got drunk & tried to shoot us. So, I  
don't care about these big houses & rich people, just  
a safe little place to sleep and something to eat.  
Except that Big Rod is mean as a snake & sometimes  
he comes in the middle of the night & I hear him  
making grunting noises in my mama's room, just  
bed that lets down in the living room for her to sleep.

Mama says that's how she pays the rent  
so don't ~~be~~ judging her. I think I know what she  
means.

*I wish something would happen  
to put a dent in our writing.*

The sun is getting hotter along the ~~side~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~safe~~.  
Burns ~~the~~ ~~clouds~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~palmetto~~ ~~pens~~ ~~of~~ ~~galena~~ ~~across~~ ~~the~~ ~~highway~~.  
~~Peppsy~~ ~~says~~ ~~about~~ ~~every~~ ~~other~~ ~~word~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~Peppsy's~~ ~~mouth~~ ~~is~~  
fuck. The one word he knows real good in English.  
Peppsy can talk dirtier than any body I know. Dirtier  
even than ~~his~~ ~~older~~ ~~brother~~ my little brother Stinker  
whose really getting an education. ~~He's~~ ~~not~~ ~~but~~ ~~8~~,  
hucky & dark with ~~short~~ ~~mappey~~ ~~black~~ ~~hair~~ & one curl hanging  
down on his neck in back. ~~He's~~ ~~my~~ ~~mama's~~ ~~favorte~~,  
her baby, she says, so he pretty much gets his way.

Peppsy smashes out a cigarette in the ash tray and  
outr his knee. Says he's gonna bill that mother fucker  
(Big Rod) if it's the last thing he does

*School is just a cover word, a reason - like summer - but we don't know  
nothing about it. We don't know how to do it. We don't know  
how to do it. We don't know how to do it. We don't know how to do it.  
One thing we all agree on is we hate school, though more than some  
kids, a cover.*

Man Wars. "Same" her former

~~inter~~  
A yippy chiwama has been left in a broken car,  
he's dancing along the spider, sticking her head out  
the window left a little bit down so he can breathe.  
The older man & woman, ~~the dog's~~ owners, are inside  
eating. They'll have one dead dog if they don't hurry  
before the sun gets ~~higher~~ <sup>higher</sup> & ~~higher~~.

~~inter~~ Outside we can smell eggs & bacon frying,  
a kind of greasy fog that never burns off.

Stinker says he'd get hungry. I wonder what  
time it is. Big Rod Mana said Big Rod would have  
our kids if we go in to eat before 9. I'm not

hungry but I want to feel the air conditions, so I  
wrap my arms around my body follow Stinker inside. He's wearing <sup>white</sup> <sup>ray</sup> <sup>shirt</sup> <sup>(he slept in)</sup>  
down to his knees, no shoes and <sup>gray</sup> <sup>sweat</sup> <sup>shorts</sup>  
feet are parched from the hot side <sup>concrete</sup> <sup>walk</sup> & sleepy  
from burning cigarettes.

wrap  
around  
my  
arms  
around  
my  
body  
follow  
Stinker  
inside

The older man pushes through the grease smudged  
glass door, letting us in with a frown on his  
sagged face. Then he goes out & takes the little  
dog out of the car & clips on his leash, walks  
him a bit <sup>up</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>down</sup> <sup>down</sup> through the high grass behind the  
parking lot. He sticks him to brush in the shade,  
patting his head & comes back inside to finish his  
breakfast.

~~I can't get a table~~  
Stinker is sitting on a stool at the <sup>head</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> counter,  
swinging side to side. I stand behind him, watching  
Mana working end to end, putting on coffee, flipping  
bacon, wiping her hands on the ~~apron~~ <sup>apron</sup> her blue jeans

hair is brown & done up on top of her head. 5  
mean red lipstick, and she ~~which~~ keeps you  
from noticing her pale sad eyes. Those eyes are  
'everywhere', moving like her feet in clean white Keds that she  
claims are killing her feet by the end of her shift at 3:00.  
6 to 3, that's hers & Peppy's mama's shift. <sup>Generally, except</sup> They <sup>in a</sup>  
don't do Mexican, they say, just American breakfast <sup>tight</sup>)  
though Peppy's mama is about as Mexican as they get.  
I have to move closer to Stinker's back to keep  
the air conditioner dust in the ceiling from dripping <sup>down</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>back</sup>  
~~water on my head.~~

Stinker taps his finger on the bar, waiting, watching  
Mama ~~to~~ see what kind of mood she's in. It's 9:00 yet?  
Big Rod is nowhere to be seen, and  
through the <sup>small</sup> window alone the booth on my left, we  
can see Peppy lurching out toward the highway, <sup>petal</sup> holdy  
the ashtray, down the weed choked ditch. Her brother  
behind him; Peppy seem to be showing him something on  
the road shoulder. Maybe money, maybe a gold chain  
one of the rich people's kids threw from a car.  
They both look for a minute, <sup>stumpy</sup> in the grass,  
then head back empty-handed toward the place where  
we wait. Peppy gets the chair (describe earlier)

The older woman in the booth behind us speaks  
to the man who has <sup>tended</sup> the dog. "I wouldn't  
be surprised if we didn't get hepatitis A from this  
place." He says, "Well, you wanted to eat didn't you?"  
They get quiet as Mama trots around & refills  
their cups, then heads around the right end of <sup>Pinacol</sup>  
the counter to place the <sup>base</sup> coffee pot on the eye of  
the tall chrome coffee maker.

Mexican  
Peppy  
please  
stills  
ice water

Jefferson  
Peppy's mother, a heavy set Mexican woman in a ~~blue~~ <sup>red</sup> ~~chaperon~~ <sup>dress</sup>, comes slow through the back door, at the other end of the bar. As she passes Mama turns her back to her, she says, "Last day, last day."  
"Yeah, I'll hear you!" Mama laughs, it's a ~~good~~ <sup>good</sup> ~~natured~~ <sup>natured</sup> ~~mocking~~ <sup>mocking</sup> laugh but ~~stomach~~ <sup>stomach</sup> taken at for ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~good~~ <sup>she's in a</sup> ~~mood~~ <sup>good mood</sup>.

"Hey, Mexican mama," he says.  
Peppy's mama looks up at us. Slow brown eyes bogged in the dark saggy flesh of her face.

"No call at all for him beating the boy up," Mama says, flattening the sizzling bacon on the grill <sup>with a long spatula</sup>.  
"He sass," Peppy's mama says, "I'll ~~put~~ <sup>put</sup> a ~~mouth~~ <sup>mouth</sup> on him. That one."

"Still & all," Mama says, turning half way round with ~~chip~~ <sup>chip</sup> ~~cooked~~ <sup>cooked</sup> the spatula in her hand.

More people come in & the two women get busier, Eggs cracked & laid <sup>dimpled</sup> on the grill, <sup>yellow eyes</sup> ~~bacon~~ <sup>sausage</sup>. "Coming up."

The man & woman with the dog are standing on our right before the cash register. The man <sup>is holding out a ticket and standing</sup> takes a tooth pick from the tiny plastic dispenser, begins pecking his teeth. The woman with a <sup>to string</sup> pocket hooked on one shoulder clears her throat. Mexican Mama ambles over & takes the <sup>ticket</sup> ~~twenty~~ in the main hand & rings them up. Hard then change over the counter. The man pockets it. The woman is already out the door, heading for ~~the door~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~door~~ <sup>peppy's</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~straw~~ <sup>straw</sup> against his lash.

Stink is still drumming his fingers on  
the bar. ~~Drumming~~ <sup>Smiling</sup>. He's learned the hard  
way that ~~smiling~~ <sup>smiling</sup> will get him his way.  
Now it's cold. The air is stale.

Maddy & the Mexican spec from last night  
has clung. I want to go out side & warm  
up but I know it'd be wasted 10 minutes  
I walk out & to come back in again I'll  
be noticed. I stand still, hugging myself.

When Mama heads down to the right  
end of the bar, ~~stuffs~~ <sup>stuffs</sup> ~~Stink~~ says, "Mama,  
can you take my order yet?"

She seems not to hear him, turns to  
the griddle. Her butt jiggles in the tight  
jeans as she flips the eggs.

She turns facing me, looks at her watch,  
takes the pencil from behind her ear & the  
order pad from her pocket. "What'll it  
be?" I hold my breath.

"Two eggs over easy," says Stink. "Believe  
I'll have bacon <sup>if you got it</sup> & don't cook it too  
much. And <sup>the regular</sup> ~~its~~ <sup>got any</sup> ~~trants~~?"

She eyes him, hard but smiles.  
"Toast is okay."

"Sister, what'll it be?" she asks me <sup>still writing</sup> <sup>like we're</sup> <sup>regular customer</sup>  
"Hot ~~chocolate~~ <sup>Cocoa</sup>, I guess."

"Am I at hot enough for you out there?"

"Yes am."

"Hot ~~chocolate~~ <sup>cocoa</sup>, coming up."

Mexican woman is <sup>rolling</sup> ~~rolling~~ toast over a <sup>small</sup> ~~rolled~~ yellow <sup>small</sup> ~~yellow~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~green~~   
 Old Peppy got his ass whipped, <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>didn't</sup> ~~didn't~~ <sup>yellow</sup> ~~yellow~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~green~~   
 Mexican Mamee??" Stinker says & laughs.

"You a smart boy, you keep your <sup>thirty</sup> ~~thirty~~   
 to yourself. And watch <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>thing</sup> ~~thing~~ <sup>don't</sup> ~~don't~~ <sup>happen</sup> ~~happen~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~you   
 look at us," but ~~the~~ a woman with three <sup>girls</sup>   
 children sitting in the booth below Peppy's   
 ~~the~~ <sup>framed</sup> ~~framed~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>windows</sup> ~~windows~~ <sup>out</sup> ~~out~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>window</sup> ~~window~~   
 does. She is feeding her baby in a high chair   
 food from a jar & scraping ~~it~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>eyes</sup> ~~eyes~~   
 with the spoon. <sup>Stinker</sup> <sup>likes</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>stay</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>everybody's</sup> <sup>good</sup> <sup>side.</sup>~~

The other two children, girls, are about the   
 same age as one of Stinker. Their mother,   
 a pretty blonde, says "Don't stare girls." So, they   
 watch Peppy out the window smoking. Her brother   
 leans against the window.

Just on luck, Big Rod <sup>of</sup> pops through the   
 service door behind the counter, running his <sup>big</sup> ~~big~~ <sup>thunder</sup>   
 ~~gun~~ <sup>inside</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>belt</sup>. He has on a white   
 knitted shirt with a hose over one breast.

Both breasts are swollen as a woman's, and   
 his gut is bigger than the rest of him put together,   
 short legs, square head and all. His black hair   
 is spiked on top & he wears a thick gold chain   
 around his neck.

He hasn't sat on one of the empty stools just   
 in case he came in & started growling about   
 taking up customer space.

Stinker is shoving his eggs into his pants, bowed   
 over his place. He scoops up a wad of the buttery



... and I'm about to put it in his mouth when  
Big Rod Rodriguez stops in front of him.

I keep sipping my cocoa to show I'm not scared  
doing any thing wrong, that I'm not scared, but damn,  
the cocoa tastes of Mexican spices from the night before.

Your kids get on outa here, you get fished."

I glance at Pep the back of Peppy's head in  
the window. A cigarette butt falls to the concrete  
from the full ashtray. His brother <sup>Adro</sup> picks it up &  
piles legs drops it on to throw it out to the grass.

I guess to save his own hide, Stinky says,  
"You did a joke on old Peppy out there,"  
laughs with his mouth full.

"Cross me, boy, & I'll do a job on ya too!"

Big Rod laughs & swaggers past Mama at the  
Sull, running a ~~stuffed~~ hand over her stuffed butt,  
with out stopping on his way to the back room.  
The door swings & swings behind him as he  
passes thru.

"You a bad boy," says <sup>Mexican Mama,</sup>  
passing <sup>with a splash of ice water.</sup> the counter. "Won't come to  
no good." Stinky can get away with anything because  
Stinky <sup>he's</sup> laughing <sup>his</sup> mana's <sup>the</sup> baby.

I set my <sup>plastic</sup> cup on the counter to his left,  
& buy my self. On the way out, the two  
girls in the booth look at me & look down.

The hot air pushes against me as I go  
out the door. The ~~fresh~~ <sup>damp</sup> air seems alive with  
the smell of fish.

Penacola - the man says she could have ~~watched~~ 10

Peppy isn't talking now, ~~but they would be~~ only smoking.  
~~Peppy~~ ~~brother~~ is still leaning against the window where  
the blue eyes of the two girls with their mother are  
peering out. I don't like them, though I've never ~~known~~

them I see them before in my life. I know them  
from school. I call them spoiled brats. I'll be  
glad when they are gone, so I won't feel so  
~~on exhibit~~ ~~of~~ ~~pitied~~. Do they pity me? ~~Yes~~. The  
kids who don't belong anywhere, ~~the kids who just wait~~

I lean against the window on Peppy's  
brother left, both of us basking in the sun.

"He in there?" the brother asks me.  
"In the back right now."  
That sets Peppy off & he starts cussing  
again, loud enough for the ~~two~~ ~~blue-eyed~~ girls behind me to

hear. Their mother knocks on the glass with a  
ringed finger. I don't look.

"What if all fend out by the road?" I ask.  
"Old watch band, nothing," says the

brother. I wait till the girls & their mother & baby

pass thru the front door & get into their  
Green SUV. The mother on the passenger side  
is buckling the baby onto his seat while the girls  
are buckling themselves up. Still, they watch.

Big brother gives them the finger and they  
stare down. The mother goes to the driver's  
side, gets in, buckles up, starts the engine &

out to the highway; ~~turn~~  
The girls don't look out.  
The SUV moves out into the slow traffic,  
heading north between ~~planks~~ <sup>streets</sup> & weeds,  
I move farther down the building, to the  
corner at the front. I don't want to Big  
Rod to think I'm in on Peppy's cussing  
him. I wish I could go to our trailer  
in the woods behind the cafe but I can't  
know Mama'll have a fit if I leave. I  
don't know why me & Stinker can't stay home  
at the while she works. I figure that Peppy  
& his brother are pretty dumb for just staying  
around the door like dogs waiting. They are old  
enough to be left alone, and so am I. We  
know Stinker sticks around to get food.  
*Mexican* *Mama* *claims* *that* *if* *she* *leaves* *them* *home* *they'll* *eat* *up* *all* *her* *groceries*. *Here* *they* *get* *fed* *for* *free*.  
He comes out the front door & around the  
corner, wiping his greasy mouth on the shoulder  
of his gray T-shirt. "Big Rod says tell you  
you're in for another ass-whipping if you don't  
lighten up out here. Running his customer off."  
Peppy sits forward in the chair, holding  
the butt-loaded ash tray. "I whip his ass, he  
comes out here."

at it out, Stinker, "Red Brother"  
"Why you want a make trouble?" He  
comes off from the wall & sets on the  
edge of concrete with his big feet in the grass.

We're not suppose to sit on the concrete.  
We're supposed to sit in chairs the one  
chair, I guess taking turns.

"Get up & let me set down a minute,"  
says Stinker.

Peppy says at him, smokes "Shut a brick  
Stinker." Peppy is sweating <sup>so that the points of his bangs are</sup> ~~his face is~~ <sup>dripping water. His pale face is</sup> ~~beginning~~ <sup>to get red.</sup>  
from the sun. (tractor piling oyster shells)

worst time of the day is between 10 & 12,  
then it's too hot to move.

I look thru the window to see if Big  
Rod is inside. He's not, so I think to  
go inside & cool off a minute. I step around the  
corner & push thru the greasy door; cold air  
shoots out.

Big Rod pushes thru the swinging door  
behind the counter. I turn around before  
the front door closes and ~~walk around to~~ <sup>go back</sup>  
the corner to where ~~Peppy is still sitting~~  
to wait with the others.

Finally the ~~Red Brother~~ <sup>announcer</sup> says he is  
going to walk up the road, see can't he

job.  
day about like he says that. Everyday  
and comes back without a job. He's  
quiet & lives alone as me ~~so~~. He never  
get in trouble. But neither do we get to sit in the chair.

We watch him walk off down the road  
shoulder with his ~~hands~~ <sup>knives rammed</sup> in his pockets.  
Peppy stands crouching in injured knees, <sup>holding the</sup> ~~ast tray~~.  
Stinker sits behind & sits in the ~~bed~~ <sup>chair</sup>,  
scraping the metal legs on the concrete.  
Peppy goes around back, dumps the ashtray in  
the garbage can & comes back, leaning on the  
other side of the chair.

"He break your leg, Peppy?" Stinker asks.  
His feet don't touch the concrete.  
"Broke something. Fuck knee cap I think."

He hobbles in front of the chair & stands next  
to me.  
"What'd y'all get into about?" Stinker asks &

places both arms on the flat metal rests of  
the chair.  
"How come you ask that & you already  
know?"

"Man, you was speaking ~~Spanish~~ <sup>Mexican</sup> this morning  
I ain't no Mexican."

similar

170 "Junker said I was trying to rob him." 15

"Was you?"

"Hell, no. I was just sitting in the back room, <sup>his lunchbox office</sup> waiting on Mama working night shift."

"Mexican Mama don't cook Mexican," says Stinker. "I mean generally she don't."

"Well, she did last night, now shut up. Give me that chair." Peppy pops the top of Stinker's head with the flat of his hand.

"Hey, man," Stinker says & scoots the chair forward. "I ain't mess with you."

Mexican Mama knocks on the glass like she's knocking on Peppy's head. She shakes her head & leaves the window reflecting us.

"Next time you hit me like that I'm gonna tell Big Rod."

I walk in front of them, hungry myself. I go around the corner to the back, started trees, greasy water from dishwasher. ~~And~~ The block air condition smells stale & roars. I lean against the buddy in the shade. I need to go to the restroom, but Big Rod is in there.

only a

There's a tall rustic house beyond the strip of trees. A woman hangs on small me, peep over at me. I don't <sup>decide</sup> want her to see me. I don't know why. I mean it is unlikely that she would tell Big Rod. I've never seen her in the cafe, only on her side porch above the trees. The real reason I don't want her seeing me is because she might pity me. I'll probably never see her up close, so what does it matter? In a few weeks, when we leave here for wherever Mama will find work in winter, I'll be just one more person I've seen when we passed in the old car, one more person I haven't met. <sup>the woman</sup> matter to I who doesn't matter to me.

(Balcony)

The grass needs around the air conditioner <sup>thick</sup> wave in the <sup>blowing</sup> air, the motor. The roar constant <sup>hear</sup> when I look up at the woman on the porch again, she is staring at the highway, <sup>her</sup> <sup>eyes</sup> stretched <sup>wide</sup> lower half of her face. I turn to look to I see Stinkie steady on the edge of the road & something on the road before him, <sup>the</sup> car stopped at an angle. I can hear only the roaring of the air conditioner until I step around the corner to the spot

only after  
were

are supposed to wait. And then I hear the  
stink shouting & the women inside screaming,  
pouring out the front door. Thema first,  
& then Mexican Mama looking her hands  
to her face like the woman is on the porch.

*Blood* Slunker backs away with his arm crossed over  
his heart and I see Peppy ~~who is lying still~~ <sup>with</sup>  
his bad leg crooked forward. His ash tray is on the <sup>on his side</sup>  
other side of the highway, full of two or three butts.

Big Rod is standing in the door way, foot  
ganging it open to stay cool. I duck under  
his arm to ~~go in~~ & go in on on to the  
*sirene* rest room. I know I should have gone to the  
road with anybody else but I ~~have to~~ <sup>Peppy is</sup>  
rest room seem more important. Finally ~~but~~ <sup>Peppy is</sup>  
being seen, finally he ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> somebody. ~~I know they~~  
~~answer now~~ Something important is finally at least  
happening to us.

back yard

~~Mother~~ Mexican Mama makes  
the boys have around for  
free milk. They'll eat  
up everything if she lets  
them stay at home  
while she is gone  
(Dues)



of carver's  
glancingly

17  
I sit & see & smell the <sup>cold</sup> decaying in  
the toilet. I hope Peppy's dead &  
not just hurt again. I hope this is not  
just another nothing day.

Slit of life

American Breakfast - Mexican Dinner

notes: salt air, hot & humid, fish - oysters, shrimps

older couple with dog - sister of Ronnie -

- Big Rod - Rodriguez - owner of place

- Mexican Mama - Ruby

- only place kids have to stay, on <sup>narrow</sup> stretch of sidewalk where the sun burns all after noon

One chair

(Little girl)