

## Tales from the Barrio, Vol. II

So, I got settled into my little rathole apartment. My car had been reposed before I had even moved there, while I was in jail for being white. That's another story, but to make it short, the police were looking for a white guy when I was living in the flophouse by the jail. I was the only one that any of the neighbors knew of, so they took me to jail for three days. While I was there, I was late with my car payment, and the fly-by-night dealership took it back for the payment being two days late and sold it again. These days, I'd rain hell down on them for that kind of shit, but at that point in my life I was feeling pretty beat down...

I got jumped four times in my first five or so weeks in the barrio, for the crime of being white in a non-white neighborhood. This is the story of the last time I got jumped before I was accepted as part of the barrio.

I was walking to the corner store to get some more beer (my only friend at that point, it seemed) and passing up a crack house (but not the one Pancho invited me to) and this nasty looking crackhead bitch screamed at me, "HEY! Fuck you white boy! Asshole!" No, I had never seen her before. So I yelled back, "Fuck you, you nasty crack whore cunt!" The front door exploded open and the tough guy of the house was running up to attack me. I managed to trip and flip him, got on top and proceeded to pummeling him. Then he managed to roll and get on top of me, and so on. We were beating the fuck out of each other for probably about three minutes when the police drove up very slowly and stopped. I was on top at this point. We were both bleeding and fucked up. The cops were just parked there and not doing anything, but this dude and I quit fighting. I slowly started getting off from him and he slowly started to get up. I dusted myself off and walked slowly down the street to fulfill my mission of acquiring more beer. The cops followed me for about a half a block and then drove off. I bought my beer and took a roundabout way back home, drank the beer and passed out.

The next morning, or afternoon, or whatever, I woke up and showered. It was a weekend, so I didn't have to go to work. I had a black eye, busted ear, bruises all over. I really needed some beer. So I started walking to the store. I passed the same house and the chick and tough guy were out front. He and I kind of didn't want to look at each other. He was all beat up too. She yelled, "Hey! You fuckin' asshole!", to which I replied, "FUCK YOU BITCH!", she turned and looked at the house tough guy, who looked at her, thought about it, and said, "Yeah, fuck you bitch.". I kept walking, bought my beer and had a good, although sore and painful day. The neighborhood started getting used to my presence after that. I even acquired the nickname, Jason the white guy, being the only white guy in the neighborhood besides Drunk Bill. I never got fully away from the neighborhood, and now, years later, I still live less than two miles away (although worlds apart economically).