

Y Tu Mama Tambien

(A THUG'S LULLABY)

By Brian Murphy

Probably, still plenty of men waiting plenty of places, for the bitch to come back. She's got his money, his dope, his car, his leather jacket, his phone book – something, always something; and always, she tells him she'll be right back. When does “right back” become never?

There's motherfuckers out there so numb, so completely out of control and stuck on stupid, they may never leave. Maybe buried right fucking there: in the car, in the corner, in the hotel room, in the dope shack, in the Jacuzzi, in the bar, in the park... wherever she'd left him when she whispered with a kiss and a promise – a gamble, “Be right back, darling.”

Me, I'd been that guy from time to time. Sometimes it was sex, sometimes drugs. Sometimes it was both.

The last time I fell for that kiss and a gamble – the, “Right back,” bullshit? I kept the car in gear, foot on the brake. She'd promised to be back in ten minutes. After six, I popped my foot off the brake and started rolling.

That was the last time I ever trusted a bubble-gum slut with my money again. That's me though. Plenty of other sorry assholes are still talking to themselves, finding reasons to stay one more minute – one more hour, one more day.

I'm just saying.

So maybe the bitch didn't come back. Didn't mean I'd never see her again, did it? That's what I always said about Viviana. I'd see her again. Christ, it was the tropics. Spend enough time out there, you see the same monkeys.

Costa Rica is a land of lush promise...rich, artful deceit. Woman down there, plenty are born to take your breath away. Starting with your wallet. Lot of motherfuckers down there waiting for their bitch to come back.

Maybe she lost track of time. Maybe she'd really planned on coming back all along. Just not that night she left my car.

What happened, though, is this, dig. It was months later, after she'd stuck me up for that lousy ten bucks.

I was passed out at my crib earlier than usual. I'd left my bar that night – went straight home, hoping to get some sorely needed sleep. I'd been up for a week or so.

And when I did crash? Oh, I went into a very deep and dark place. Fucking earthquake couldn't wake me.

Viviana must have come with her girl. When she realized I was in the apartment, she probably tried to knock a few times, then, when I didn't answer, probably knocked a little harder. Probably she took her time. Waited, then tried again. Maybe even real loud.

My guess is that she showed up, figuring I'd still be at my bar – probably surprised her when she pulled up in the taxi and saw my Harley. Lights started flashing, balls bouncing in that pinball game of deceit in her noggin.

She already had a plan. Me being home and out like a light didn't change a fucking thing. Had I been awake though, she'd have her six year-old tramp soften me up with giggles, maybe run around naked.

Shit, if I was a pervert, Viviana would have pimped her to me, searched the joint while I was in the bedroom, breaking every law in the universe. In fact, that would have suited her just fine. Sad to say, her kid was probably used to dick by now.

Poverty and drug addiction take all the rules out of living, especially street whores in Central America. Sometimes the family that fucks and gets high together is a family that can afford maybe a new CD player, or some fancy shoes. Not my cup of tea, believe me.

Maybe after an hour of knocking on my door, she decided she wouldn't be needing that alibi, that I wasn't get up – nothing could wake me. That's when she probably started removing the glass louvers from the window, one by one, until she'd freed enough space for her scarecrow-thin daughter to fit through.

Probably told her they were playing a game – “Surprise the gringo! Let mommy in through the front door.”

She should have told her that the name of the game was: “Get mine.”

If I'd only had the dead bolt locked from the inside, the keys back in my pants pocket.

If I'd have done that with my keys, none of this shit would have happened. Yeah, right. And, if, 'if's' were gifts, then every day would be Christmas.

All babylove's little rat-sneak thief-daughter had to do was squirm and worm her way in through the space created by the absence of those glass louvers, then once inside, go to the door, turn the deadbolt and open the door, let her mama in.

When I awoke that morning, I heard those fucking monkeys from the park out behind my joint, up on my roof, playing ten-yard dash, fucking each other in the ass, sucking their own dicks – a fucking monkey Special Olympics.

I looked around for my pistol. Thought it would be right neighborly if I went out and killed a few. Moving my shoulders back as I sat up, I wondered who'd been kicking the shit out of me all night. Monkeys? Naw. Had the door locked, didn't I?

No gun. I grabbed a bottle of Heineken from my nightstand, threw it at the ceiling. A shower of warm beer and shards of glass rained down in a hurry. I swear I heard those fucking monkey's laughing.

I screamed, “One day, see how you fucking like it. One fucking day, my hairy friends.”

Fully awake, I stumbled into the kitchen, wondering if I'd brought any coke home with me from the bar.

Same question I asked myself practically every morning once I'd learned that it was vital to jump-start each new day with a balanced and nutritional breakfast.

The answer that morning was, *Yesssss!*

Stubbing my toe on a wooden chair, I pitched forward onto the kitchen table. Luckily my face stopped me from falling any further. Both hands were rubbing at tired, bloodshot eyes. In the nick of time, my elbows spread out and saved me from splitting open my chin. Must have looked like a retarded chicken flapping useless wings. They helped a tiny bit.

My head bounced off a set of keys, leaving an imprint on my forehead until the next week. I was thinking seriously of using the pattern for a new tattoo – a metaphor...like, the key to my mind. The pain made me forget all that art and philosophy shit – I howled like a banshee.

If I remembered correctly, which I believed I had, then I would find a baggie of glittering mother of pearl, off-white, shale...fish-scales – 76% go-go, somewhere on the table, hidden amongst the detritus – empty whiskey glasses, half empty bottle of Johnnie Walker, Camel non-filter cigarettes, a few joints, keys, post cards, bills and more bills, tubes of lipstick (various colors) left by this delicious Dominican dish of dark meat...and the coke? Where?

Already half-way through my pirate's inventory, I still hadn't come across any cocaine. My brain screamed. "Traitor. You lying, savage fucking traitor! No coke?"

I also seemed to be missing something else – like, my money belt.

Fucking genius that I am, I'd forgotten to make it to the night drop-off at the bank... Four thousand dollars had been secreted in my money belt...big fucking secret, right? Money in a money belt?

Now, the big secret seemed to be, just where was this money belt? I started feeling my pulse quicken. There's a feeling you get when you realize you've been robbed. It comes quickly. A shot to the gut. Like finding out your son is a homo.

Worse, your gut's a bag of bad Jell-O, bouncing and jiggling – just inches below the mounting panic that's already boiling like a tidal wave – like an evil chemist mixing up a fresh batch of vomit, then topping it with fear, anger, disgust, and the feeling you get when you know you're going to shit your pants; then, the evil chemist spreads it like confectionery sugar over that Jell-O that used to be the lining of your stomach.

It's the, "You is fucked" tsunami.

Pushing health concerns to the curb once I finally found the coke, (thank you Lord,) I gulped hot scotch, dumped a pile of scales and small boulders onto the topside of my clenched fist, then rubbed it all up against my working nostril.

I inhaled the small white mountain with a hearty pull that started in the backside of my lungs... Shit went through me – straight to my fingernails.

The three ring circus in my stomach announced, "Free Seats!" That's when I noticed a fucking monkey climbing through the open window over the sink. He was grinning. Too far gone to doubt my sanity, I felt my stomach erupt. The sheer force of projectile vomit – gallons of liquids, small chunks and nasty pea-green colored bile, nailed that hairy little head.

Maybe my front tooth implant that shot out with the rest of last week's menu, put his eye out, because he sure fucking screamed – then did the bum's rush the fuck back where he came from.

I dropped to my knees, shit my drawers, and sliding in vomit, broke down and cried.

Crawling to the bedroom, I found my nine-millimeter under my pillow, latched off the safety, slowly stood up and started firing the gun. Television exploded. Bathroom mirror took two rounds.

I murdered, in cold blood, a blow-up doll I'd bought to fuck with these Mormons. Morons kept coming to my bar bothering me – they lived next door.

Making my way over to that window I'd seen the monkey at, I unloaded the clip. Glass, ceramic tile, utensils flew everywhere. Pieces of plaster stuck to the puke on my chest. I was pathetic. I should have shot myself.

Instead, covered in shit and vomit, I dropped the Sig-Saur, found the baggie of coke, shoved it on my face like a medical mask and breathed in deeply.

Wasn't I looking for my money?

Ten minutes later, I'd looked everywhere. Fuck it. I'd been robbed. Wondered about them fucking monkeys.

Holding the bottle of Johnnie Walker Black, I sunk back to the floor and crawled into my shower. I used a coat hanger to turn the water on, finished my breakfast before it got cold (the scotch), then puked again.

Cleaned myself up, threw the empty bottle at the wardrobe mirror across from the bathroom, cried a little more, then cut my bare feet to shit from all the glass on the floor. My nerves were frazzled. I needed more coke. So I did more. Each blast felt like a freight train busting through my skull.

"Smooth," I muttered, while I choked back more vomit. Yanking my wet hair into a ragged ponytail, I grabbed a leather vest and went outside. No money belt there either. Thank god my Harley was still where I'd left it.

Strapped now, I looked for more monkeys. Sometimes, there were whole gangs up on my roof. They were sports fans. Once they learned I had cable, they loved to come up there and try to chew it up – always on game day, the lousy fucks.

When I saw one of Viviana's shoes outside my door, I forgot all about the monkeys.

I drove to her mother's house. She asked if I wanted a blowjob. I declined and asked for her daughter. Seemed that Viviana had hit the lottery. Seemed she took a trip somewhere, far away.

I remembered I had a few M-80's – quarter sticks of dynamite – that I'd picked up in Panama. Driving away, I lit one and tossed it into her mother's Hyundai. It blew the windshield apart. I felt a little better and headed for my bar.

Months later:

When I finally did see Viviana, by that dyke bar, she must have thought everything was going to be all right. Just like in the songs. Maybe marriage?

I'd just had lunch with Beto Zamora from the "Little Hell," sold him a kilo of coke. Told him I'd wait for the money...said I wanted to whore around town a bit. No need to carry eight thousand dollars.

On my way to my bar, I happened by the Samo Bar – a dyke joint.

Viviana: she was outside getting her ass kicked by a woman, her head the size of one of those liars up on Mt. Rushmore – Huey or Dewy, maybe Louie.

When I first met her, before all the drama, she had shoulders like Sugar Ray. They said she was brutal on the street...a real predator – called her Michelle Tyson..

I brought her by my place. She was delicious. She had these other muscles...you know what I mean.

A few days after that, I heard she'd beaten this little doll into smears and stains on the asphalt a block from my bar. The doll had showed her a few photos she'd stolen off the wall at my place. They were photos of me. Viviana snapped on the bitch.

I guess she must have thought she was the only woman going to steal my shit. She must have thought we were already, you know, a couple. She fucked this girl up...but good.

I saw the loser, all beaten and bruised, scabbed and tagged. She told me my girlfriend had jumped her.

When I saw Viviana outside the dyke's bar though, she must have lost forty pounds. She was nothing like the girl I'd known. I mean, all kidding aside, Viviana had been, every flawless inch, Swedish Magazine.

Now? She was a wasted shell, barely covering her bones – not like back in the day.

Still, she could get cars to stop if she was working the roads. And she could have still gotten a job sliding up some fucking greased pole in San Jose. But whatever sex appeal and mystery was left on her face...on her body, didn't mean shit to me.

I knew. I remembered what she was like a year before. She was melting – fucking sauce and juice, hot and bubbly. Her tits were proud of being as big as they were and still firm, with dark brown nipples rising off the fat flush skin like little dicks – going from soft to hard. She was lush.

Now, there was no way I'd ever fuck her. Not after how she'd done me.

Honestly, I wouldn't have cared if she looked like Sophia Loren; I wouldn't have cared if I hadn't been laid in a year – ten years. Principle. You know?

It's this fucking thing I have. The pirate in me.

I mean, I seen plenty motherfuckers waiting, seen them kiss the thieving bitches ass though when they finally did see her – and that's after talking tall shit. *Whoo whoo*, how they were going to fuck the bitch up. Yeah, right.

Viviana? When she saw me? She absolutely thought that it would be just like it had been with all the others...all the other chumps who must not have been pirates. She thought maybe I'd have forgotten. Maybe she figured, forgotten, forgiven? The same fucking thing.

I mean, she saw me – she thought I was her ticket out of the shits she'd recently fallen into. She thought I was her outs.

She came up to me, all hugs and sloppy kisses, like we'd been separated by an act of God, not because she'd robbed me – twice. I'd dropped the dyke with a straight jab, then a hook to the side of her face. Suddenly, I was Viviana's hero.

I waved a taxi down and pushed her in the back, following close, crushing her down on the seat. She smiled and whipped her tongue out. What a great actor. Like she never broke into my house, practically ruined me...

I smiled – sardonically. I mean, why the fuck would I be mad, right?

That's what she's thinking. She's thinking: *He's got me... what more does he want?"*

Maybe to do anything I want to do to her... Hang her from the ceiling and have her suck my cock? No problem. She'll do it. Eat my shit? Well, maybe... She must figure that it'll be just like old times – I'll forget all the money, the embarrassment of closing my bar for a week while I hustled coke merely to get my next liquor delivery.

Maybe she figured, I'd be saying to myself: Here we got this sacrifice on the bone, willing to do anything I ask her. How can I refuse? Carrying the past like a sad sack of trifles.

There was no fear in her eyes, because she expected once I looked at her tits or the wet, slippery lips of her dark pussy and I'd be just like every other Jim-Jim she'd beaten in the past. Why would I be any different?

I smiled, leaned over, bit her cheek, wondering my goddamn-self if after all that time, she really even remembered. Maybe, she was so drunk, or so high, she forgot she even burned me? Maybe, she'd burned so many chumps, it was too difficult for her to remember specifics?

Maybe that's how hard she'd been driving – too fast to stop and worry about all the evil that was starting to cling to her like clothes on a clothesline.

If she had forgotten, then she was really going to be confused when she started to see her charms failing. Probably, she'd wonder why I would want to ruin such a beautiful thing. All mine. Christ, we were practically married, no?

It's quite possible, she saw me like all the other sorry-ass meal tickets out there. Like I was one of those poor, son's of bitches – the guys who show up in Costa Rica by the busload – coming for one and one thing only.

No, asshole, not for the tropical beauty, not for the monkeys running wild, jerking off, sucking their own dicks – they come for the young pussy. Towns like mine, where the streets run color and soul – all sumptuous, temptuous darlings – some starting as young as nine or ten, some working with their mothers, like Viviana's six-year old daughter, already practically a pro. Already well versed at what drives a man wild.

All of those girls who promised to be right back. And the jerk-off's let them get away with this shit. Even when they can see with their own eyes that the bitches accommodate no one. Only themselves. Dog eat dog.

I yanked her out of the cab and she followed me through a downpour into my bar. It was closed – just a madman and a soaking wet slut, with no way out once I locked the door.

The roof was sheet metal. As soon as we got inside, the sky must have opened up and dropped thirty days and thirty nights worth of rain all in one downpour. The noise was deafening... Nice and cozy.

She was drenched. Her hair hung down wildly. She must have already decided she was pretty much in the clear. That, or she really had forgotten the two times she'd fucked me. Maybe it all got too hard to keep track of...after all the men she'd rolled.

She was wearing a cheap, light cotton dress that clung, transparent, against her body – thin shoulder straps barely holding the top part up past her big, drooping tits. Both fat, dark circles of bumpy flesh around her nipples showed through the material. If there was a Sports Illustrated swimsuit-edition show casing junkies, this could have been the cover shot. She sat, playing with her tits, squeezing her nipples like she expected milk to squirt, any minute...

I sat quiet, in front of her on another bar stool, collecting my thoughts...gazing at her tanned cleavage.

What a waste, I thought. I was realizing that she looked so fucking sexy, so trashy like this. We'd be wild, upside down, inside out, had she not played me... Even her trashed body was a turn-on. Hell, I would have taken her out in back and we could have rolled around naked-nasty in the rain and the mud... Yeah, what a waste.

She begged me with her eyes. She wanted to smoke coke and fuck my brains out. I poured us a stiff drink. Rum. Just rum. She squirmed a little on the barstool.

Standing up, I took my shirt off – tossed it over the back of a stool. She watched me, licking her lips while I stretched. Picking up my drink, I sunk it – poured another.

Directly up above my head was the shelf where I kept my pistol. When I reached up for it, drink in my other hand – instead of the Sig-Saur, I felt something else. My sword.

It was a twenty-six inch blade set in a curved teak wood handle – a fake mini Samurai sword I'd picked up on 22nd street, Chicago's Chinatown.

The blade was sheathed and hidden, disappearing into a teak wood cylinder, fit snug so the entire blade was hidden inside. In fact, you could get away with carrying it in your hand...looked like an eccentric stick, a walking stick for a Chinese midget. Not exactly a weapon.

The thing was, though, when I grabbed it, I knew exactly what I needed to do. I snatched up the Sig-Saur as well. When I brought my arm down, I had the Chinese wood in one hand and had already switched the gun to my other. I threw my empty glass. It broke against the wall.

She saw the gun straight away. I started to ask her questions. Spanglish. She understood.

“You cunt, fucking *puta*... You rob me? You fucking whore?”

She shivered, wrapped her arms around her chest, shook her head.

“You are so full of shit. *Merda. Mentidosa.* You fucking liar.”

I set the gun down, pulled out the blade, poured another drink, tossed it down – broke that glass also and slid the blade under her shoulder strap. First, I laid it flat, pushing with a little pressure, down onto her shoulder. Then I turned the blade up and sliced clean through the strap.

The side of her dress fell away from one tit.

If I wasn't seeing me do this with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it. Shirtless, mad as hell, now holding the blade over her shoulder, I really had become this twisted pirate I always knew lurked inside my dark soul. This entire scene was surreal. I felt my prick stir and had to tell myself it wasn't that kind of party.

Viviana stared, her face, expressionless. She knew that if I wanted to, I would kill her. All she could hope for, was that I finally got sidetracked by getting between her legs and fucking her. Chewing on her tits – her pussy. It's what she was used to.

Maybe I was the first man who didn't seem to be falling for her shit. I wonder if she was even thinking that at all.

If she was afraid, she wasn't showing it. Me, I'm not a bully. I knew I couldn't keep this up – degrading her, screaming, accusing. But I was pissed. Maybe pissed more because she had come in the first place. Pissed that she just didn't get it. I put the gun up against her head. She didn't flinch.

I went off – screaming, waving either the gun, or the Chinese sword in her face. The rain pounding down drowned everything out.

And she just sat there, saying, "No!" No, she didn't break into my place. No, she didn't rob me. "No."

I slashed off the other shoulder strap, and moving close to her, so close I could feel her heat, I covered her wet lips with the palm of my hand, pressed against her face and grabbed both her cheeks. I felt that heat again, coming off her body. Along with the heat, an earthy fragrance wafted up, assailing my nostrils. Fuck!

The dress had fallen to her waist and lay in bunches over her crotch. She pushed a wet tangle of black hair away from her sullen face. She looked ravaged. Savaged by a pirate. Her legs spread and glistening cunt hair laid out alongside parted cunt meat. I tried not to look at her bulging lips.

I softly squeezed her cheeks. It was like I'd gone and pumped air into her lips. They puffed and filled the more I squeezed. I watched her eyes. They grew wider, but still, no fear.

There was something in them, though. It made me sick. Made me feel ashamed. She had resignation in her eyes. But no matter how loud I screamed, or even if I started slicing her up, she wasn't going to say anything but, no. "No, *Mi no robar. No robar.*"

I looked at her, remembering how beautiful she had been, and how now, she was just hot...trampy hot. Maybe never beautiful again, but still, she was a dish.

I walked away. I needed to think. She sat there, still shaking her head. Still telling me how honest she was. How she was no thief.

I said, "*Y tu mama, tambien,*" walked around the bar and back into my office. I had a bag of coke in the desk. I was thinking: *Yeah, me too, baby. I ain't no thief. I'm an all the way live pirate.*

I cut a straw with the sword, a little surprised the edge was that sharp. I whistled, then put a David Johansen tape on, *In Style*.

When Johansen came on, stomping and slipping into his growl, "I can't wait around here, for another year... Got to get me there in style..." I slipped the cut straw end into the bag, filled its chamber, then walked out, the straw in one hand, sword in the other.

I flashed onto the gun, on where I'd left it, started walking faster... I'd left it on the bar! Like a dumb fuck – a confidant rooster..

Johansen was singing, "Gonna get me there, on time."

I thought about the gun...her holding it, finger on the trigger, waiting for me to turn the corner. Johansen was loud in my ear. My heart was thumping double bass.

She hadn't moved. She was still sitting on the barstool, looking down at the ground. Her tits heaved slowly and evenly... Resignation. Lighting a cigarette, I walked over to her, lifted her chin up, and pushed the filter into her mouth. Her lips absorbed it. One hand dropped to her cunt.

I could have thrown her to the floor, fucked her, then sliced her up. I could have shot her in the face. She was fucking resigned. Might enjoy it.

Johansen came on singing, "Funky But Chic."

I wanted to hear something else. Something sad. I grabbed the gun and the sword this time, went back to the office, changed the track – put on "Donna," and sat down on the desktop. Filled another shotgun of coke, waited.

When the song had come to the part where Johansen sings, "Since you left, Donna, it's been so hard to dance," I walked out and pulled Viviana back to her feet, keeping her hands away from her sides so the dress slipped all the way to the floor. Her eyes turned back and she parted her lips. She was waiting for a kiss. That, or for me to slit her throat.

I said again, "*Y tu mama, tambien,*" and started pulling her towards the door.

Stopping once, I spun her into my chest, pulled at the back of her neck, bringing her face close to mine. I kissed her hard, biting at her bottom lip. When I tasted blood, I pushed her away and watched her tumble to the ground, then grabbed her by the hair and pulled her back up to her bare feet – frog-walked her to the door.

When we got there, my hand against her chest, I could feel her heart starting to pound.

Maybe she was starting to feel frightened. Maybe now, she was trying to figure out just what the fuck I was going to do. I still had the sword in my free hand. I slapped at her ass cheeks with the broadside of the blade, then rushed into her body and pushed her against the door and unlocked it.

When I opened it, a fast, steady breeze brought in sheets of rain. Her hair caught the wind and was blowing up off her shoulders. It was so fucking noisy: rain pounding the roof, the wind whistling, slamming rain into the doorway with loud crackles – sharp, biting rain ricocheting onto the concrete floor.

She turned her head away from the rain and the open doorway, looked at me. Her eyes, locked onto mine, were finally wide white fright.

I couldn't figure out what it was. What was finally scaring her? Was she afraid of getting tossed out of my bar in the middle of the afternoon in the pouring rain naked? Afraid that this time, there wouldn't be a man out there still waiting for her to return? Was she afraid that she was, this time, naked for the world to see just really who the fuck she was?

When I slammed the door, all I really knew was that I'd done more than kill her. Maybe I'd showed her that it was all downhill from here, that it would be harder and harder now, once the town heard she was wandering naked during a rain storm...harder

for her to find a man she could blind hustle...a man who she could get to believe her when she promised, "I'll be right back."

Y tu mama tambien.

Brian Murphy was scouted, and signed by Legendary Literary Agent, Nat Sobel, after he read Murphy's story in Thuglit#25, last May 6th... Murph's dick did not grow even a half-inch as a result, but he is completing a first draft of Cool School, a brutally authentic crime thriller set in Chicago's southside heroin havens.

He is also busy fucking up international relations by slinging mad fiction at Tony Black's premier U.K. thug bible, Pulp Pusher, and somehow convinced Allen Guthrie to excerpt an avant garde 2nd person narrative crime thriller, at Allen Guthrie's Noir Originals.

When he's not sticking a foot into his mouth, he writes an advice column for Matt Louis's legendary Out Of The Gutter.

He can be reached for insult or injury at: iggyopcb3@yahoo <http://myspace.com/stillelegant>