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FACULTY OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES
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KUHLMEY SONJA ANDREA

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PROJECT ADVISOR:

RIVADENEIRA ENRIQUEZ SARA INES, MSC.

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CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF SANTIAGO DE GUAYAQUIL

FACULTY OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE

CERTIFICACIÓN

We certify that this research project was presented by **Sonja Andrea Kuhlmei** as a partial fulfillment for the requirements for the **Bachelor of Arts Degree in English Language with a Minor in Translation**.

PROJECT ADVISOR

Sara Rivadeneira Enríquez, MSc.

DIRECTOR OF ACADEMIC PROGRAM

John González Ubilla, MSc.

Guayaquil, in the 5th day of September of 2015



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AUTHOR

Sonja Andrea Kuhlmeiy

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Sonja Kuhlmeier

DEDICATION

To my mom, wherever you might be.

Sonja Kuhlmei



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SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE

GRADE

Sara Rivadeneira Enríquez, MSc.

Project Advisor

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Abstract

This research project has been developed under three main considerations. First, the analysis of the translation of the Ecuadorian novel *Taylor de los lobos* by Dr. Salomón Doumet Vera at the extralinguistic and linguistic level, which shows the different types of problems that arise when attempting to translate Ecuadorian literature and provides techniques on how to tackle such problems. Second, the product of this research paper, which is the translation into English, facilitates the novel and the author to be known and recognized on a global scale. Third, the novel shows many features of the Ecuadorian culture; the translation introduces Ecuador's reality and its problems to the world, which then can react to it, providing solutions for those entrenched social problems.

To carry out the analysis proposed, extralinguistic and linguistic analysis sheets were used. The extralinguistic analysis sheet is based on different elements that appeared within the ST, and the linguistic analysis sheet is based on Hervey's et al. (2006) levels of textual variables.

Key words: *Annotated translation, Ecuadorian literature, extralinguistic analysis, linguistic analysis, levels of textual variables.*

1. Introduction

1.1. Topic and Justification

Ecuador is known to the world for its great biodiversity, its active volcanoes which make it regularly into the foreign news section of other countries, and the hospitality of its people. UNESCO proclaimed not less than four places in this Andean country as of World Heritage; the City of Quito and the Historic Center of Santa Ana de los Ríos in Cuenca are accredited cultural sites, and the Galapagos Islands and the Sangay National Park recognized natural sites.¹

Besides tourism, Ecuador might also be known as a crucial exporter of bananas and cocoa beans, and for the making of the so-called Panama hats which are made out of Paja Toquilla, a plant that is indigenous to the coastal regions not of Panama, but of Ecuador.² Finally, if asked what comes into their minds when thinking about this country, a foreigner might even name the current President. However, would they be able to name an Ecuadorian author or literary work – probably not. The web site The Latino Author states that “although Ecuador has produced some great writers, the authors are not widely known outside the country when you compare them to other writers within the Latin American community” (Ecuadorian Literature, para. 1).

¹ *UNESCO World Heritage* . (n.d.). Retrieved August 9, 2015, from <http://whc.unesco.org/en/statesparties/EC/>

² *The Panama Hat Company* . (n.d.). Retrieved August 9, 2015, from <http://www.panamahats.co.uk/pages/History-of-Panama-Hats.html>

National quills are not only internationally, but also nationally disregarded or simply ignored. One important reason for this global anonymity is that Ecuadorian literature is mostly only available in the Spanish language. Only a handful of novels and poems has been translated into other languages.

Regarding the national scale it can be argued that not many Ecuadorians enjoy vast reading as a pastime, leading to the fact that those few readers prefer easily digestible foreign novels over the national productions which are loaded with political and social criticism.

How could this problem be tackled? The most obvious solution is the translation of the national oeuvres into the English language. English is not only the mother tongue or official language in many different countries, it is also acknowledged as the *lingua franca* in the 21st century. This means that a translation into English might not only be read by the people from those countries that have English as their official language, but also by many other people who enjoy reading in English. Hence, this research paper, which is an annotated translation of the Novel *Taylor de los lobos* written by Dr. Salomón Doumet Vera, is a way to face the problem of general anonymity. It is a starting point in translating Ecuadorian authors and an attempt to catapult them onto the international market and to achieve national and international recognition.

Paradoxically, if the translation achieves recognition on the international market, it might experience a blooming on the national market, too. Knowing that a certain novel has been a success in other countries might draw the Ecuadorian reader's attention on it.

Furthermore, the novel *Taylor de los lobos* offers a wide insight into social problems in Ecuador such as child abuse, drug addiction starting in childhood, homelessness, poverty, etc. The translation might bring awareness of the local problem in other countries which might have already overcome similar problems and, thus, share their strategies applied that led to the mastering of the situation. If so, this research paper and the outcome of it (the translation) might contribute to the tackling and improvement of the social reality of many people.

And finally, as it has already been established, the translation of national works into English is central if a global consciousness of Ecuadorian authors is to be achieved. However, and as it will be discussed in further chapters, translating local literature is not easy task. Many problems may arise at the hour of translating which might hinder an effective performance and prevent the publishing of the outcome. As this research paper discusses the most salient problems encountered during the process of translation, the strategies applied to overcome those problems might serve as a guide for future translations and can provide assistance in decision making.

2. Delimitation of the Problem

2.1. Statement of the Problem

The fact that there is a lack of translation theorization regarding the rendering of Ecuadorian literature makes it evident that the said situation needs to be dealt with. Very basic non-professional work has been found in the field, and this, added to the considerable relevance of literary translation, gave rise to the development of a project that contributes to overcome the gap between Ecuadorian literature and international availability of translated Ecuadorian literary works.

2.2. Research Questions

In order to give this research work a coherent and logical structure, it presents several questions that function as guidelines throughout the performance. The questions are as follows:

- What is understood under the term 'annotated translation'?
- Who is the author of the novel? What is the content of the novel?
- Which linguistic and extralinguistic features stand out when dealing with the source text?
- What problems might arise when translating the novel?
- What strategies might be used to overcome those problems?

2.3. General and Specific Objectives

2.3.1. General Objectives

This research document aims generally at rendering a translation that can succeed within the literary market not only abroad, but also locally, and at providing a significant and useful contribution to the field of translation at the national level.

2.3.2. Specific Objectives

- Identify major obstacles on macro and micro level before, during, or after the translation process.
- Render several strategies and methods on how to overcome those obstacles.
- Classify mismatches at the micro level into extralinguistic or linguistic features.

3. Theoretical Framework

3.1. Translation, literary translation, annotated translation

3.1.1. Translation

According to Maria Tymoczko:

J.C. Catford defines translation as a process of substituting a text in one language for a text in another, involving the replacement of source-language meanings with alternate receptor-language meanings. (Tymoczko, 2002)

With that quotation she underlines her opinion that translation is “carrying across” (Tymoczko, 2002) from an original text to a new text in another language that express the same thing.

However, translation is not only about shifting linguistic elements from one language to another, as language *per se* is not an isolated object. Language is bound to the culture where it is spoken. The purpose of language is to guarantee communication among people, and this communication is based on everyday life, including food, tools, electric devices, clothes, etc. Something very particular about the human beings is that everything requires a name, some way how to call it. These denominations vary from culture to culture as people live in different geographic regions and are surrounded by different environments. People in different cultures have different needs, invent different tools, and, ultimately, have different names. For example, in northern countries where there are different forms of snow, people have different names for those climatic phenomena. However, in warmer regions, where there the only form of precipitation is rain, those phenomena do not occur, hence, there is no term for them.

Therefore, it can be said that language is shaped by the people that are using it (through their need to denominate everything and constantly invent things) and by those people’s environment (like climate, flora, fauna, etc.). However, the development of a language does not stop there as cultures are not

isolated either. Throughout the history of mankind, people have been moving from place to place for different reasons, taking their language and culture with them while encountering in new places different languages and different cultures. Thus, languages get influenced by other languages and other cultures. For example, the English language acquired Latin terms when the islands of Great Britain were conquered by the Roman Empire. It acquired Norman French words after the invasion of the Normans through William the Conqueror in the 11th century. The Spanish language acquired terms from the Arabic language when parts of it was conquered by the Moors.

Language is not just made up of linguistic elements. It depends on the people that use it, the environment that surrounds those people, the influence of other cultures on those people. Susan Bassnett and Harish Trivedi agree on that regard by stating that “translation always involves much more than language” as “they are always embedded in cultural and political systems, and in history.” (Bassnett and Trivedi, 2002).

Robert Douglas, on the other hand, expresses his thoughts about translation and language in the following way, “a useful way of thinking about translation and language is that translators don’t translate *words*; they translate what people *do with words*.” (Douglas, 2003)

3.1.2. Literary translation

“Translation” is a wide term and covers a great range of different types of translation. The most commonly known form of translation is the interlinguistic translation that happens when a text is translated from one language to another. However, other types are intralingual translation, when the translation occurs within the same language, but changes from, for example, 14th-century English to 21st-century English; interlineal translation, which is the straightforward word-for-word translation used during the language learning process; or indirect translation, when the source text is actually a translation of another original text (Aranda, 2007).

It can be said that literary translation is a subcategory of interlinguistic translation where a piece of literature is translated into another language. The

definition of the term “literature” has been widely discussed, yet a clear definition has not emerged (Gibson, 2007). Therefore, it shall be established that in this research paper “literature” shall refer to “the specific patterns of creativity in style, genre, and so on” (such as literary devices), which “is rather a recent development” (Baker, 2003).

As it is the transfer of a literary text from one language to another, the translator will also be faced with cultural baggage. Regarding this, Maria Tymoczko cites Vladimir Ivir and expresses:

Ivir goes so far as to claim that translation means translating cultures not languages. Thus, a literary translation is *de facto* concerned with differences not just in language (transposing word for word, mechanically), but with the same range of cultural factors that a writer must address when writing a receiving audience composed partially or primarily of people from a different culture.

(Tymoczko, 2002)

She compares in this way the translator’s job to the work of an author who wants to create a piece of literature that includes features of a distant culture than that of the target culture.

Monica Baker expresses in the *Encyclopedia of Translation Studies* in 2003 that literary translation is “an original subjective activity at the centre of a complex network of social and cultural practices” and concludes that, therefore, it is “a very social, culturally-bound process where the translator plays a key role in a complex series of interactions.”

3.1.3. Annotated translation

In the annotated translation, not only a target text is rendered, but certain aspects of the transfer are written down. Those aspects might include certain difficulties or problems that arose during the translation process.

3.2. The author: Dr. Salomón Doumet Vera

Salomón Doumet Vera was born in Calceta, province of Manabí in 1942. He is an academic researcher and has a PhD in clinical psychology, philosophy, and education, obtained a graduate degree in public health in the University of Puerto Rico, and another graduate degree in management of safety and health at the working place.

He offers his services in clinical psychology in the Kennedy hospitals of Alborada and Samborondón, and he is a professor at the Public University of Guayaquil and the Catholic University of Santiago de Guayaquil.

In 1993 he founded the Therapeutic Community against Alcohol and Drug Dependency in Montecristi.

Doumet developed the Theory of Impulsive Psychogenetics. According to the online newspaper *El Universo* published on March 23, 2013, the purpose of this theory is to find out in details what happens in the unconsciousness of the patient which allows discerning which of the parts of the brain are most affected.

He is author of several books, such as *Psicopedagogía* (Psychopedagogy) (1980), *Desarrollo de la Comunidad* (Development of the community) (1981), *Nueva Psicopedagogía* (New Psychopedagogy) (1983), *Psicología Social* (Social Psychology) (1990), *Pedagogía de la Agresividad* (Pedagogy of Aggression) (1995), and many more. This academic, however, has not only explored psychology on a scientific basis only, but he has also created a series of literary novels that reveal conflictive stories. He has published *El Mundo Gira y Gira* (1988), *Cofradía de Locos* (1992), *Taylor de los Lobos* (1994), and *La Hija del Pájaro Negro* (2002).

3.3. The novel: Taylor de los lobos

The novel *Taylor de los lobos* was first published in 1994, however, the fourth and last edition has been published in 2008. It narrates in a first person

point of view the story of Robert Jorge Taylor Zambrano and his life from early childhood until his early 20s. It explores in details under what circumstances this boy was raised and how he ended up as an alcohol and drug addict; and, most importantly, how he got out of this vicious cycle. By portraying the fate of this young man, the author also points at the different social problems Ecuador has: homelessness, child abuse, child labor, alcoholism and drug addiction, poverty, and gender inequality.

3.4. Linguistic and extralinguistic aspects

Before entering in details in the explanation of linguistic features applied in this research paper, some preliminary terms have to be defined.

ST: The ST is the abbreviation for *source text* and refers to the original text that is to be translated

TT: The TT is the abbreviation for *target text* and refers to the translation of the original text.

SL: The SL is the abbreviation for *source language* and refers, in this case, to the Spanish language.

TL: TL stands for *target language* and refers to the language into which the text has been translated, in this case English.

Equivalence: The term *equivalence* in this research paper shall refer to a language pair that is a match, an analogous counterpart that expresses the same linguistically and culturally. Equivalent terms express a certain degree of sameness. However, this sameness is not objective, as perception can vary from person to person. Therefore, when saying that a term is an equivalent it refers to a word or expression with the closes approximation, bridging any cultural gap. (Hervey, Higgins & Haywood, 2005)

3.4.1. Problems and decision making

All languages are different. Even the closest related languages, such as the Roman languages, for example, are different one from another, be it only in the way how to apostrophize. Those differences whether small or great will always cause mismatches. Mismatches occur when there is no translation for a word, because the concept does not exist in the TL, or it might exist, but expressed in several words. When there is no word in the TL that has the same meaning and that also matches on the phonemic level, then, there will be consequently loss.

The Encyclopedia of Translation Studies (Baker, 2003) mentions that “[f]rom a linguistic point of view, one could almost say that each language is full of gaps in relation to other languages.”

Maria Tymoczko (Tymoczko, 2002) goes further by stating that:

It is abundantly clear from the theory and practice of translation that no text can ever be fully translated in all its aspects: perfect homology is impossible between translation and source. Choices must be made by the translator; there are additions and omissions in the process, no matter how skilled the translator. Some of the differences between text and translation have to do with incompatibilities between the substance of any two linguistic systems (...)

As the SL and TL are different, there are incompatibilities when it comes to looking for a proper rendering of the ST. Those incompatibilities create problems at the hour of the translation process. There are mismatches or incompatibilities on purely linguistic level, and there are those that occur because of cultural differences. The farther apart those cultures exist, the more gaps there will be in understanding the opposite culture. Translators have to overcome those problems.

The Encyclopedia of Translation Studies (Baker, 2003) defines the translation problem as “some part of the process of transfer, whether deriving from the reception of the source text or the production of the target text, which makes analysis or synthesis non-automatic”. If there are only straight matches during the translation process, the translator can carry it without any interruption or need to research. However, if there is a term or expression is not directly translatable, the translator will have to stop. This might occur during reading and understanding the ST or during the actual rendering of the TT.

To handle those problems, the translator has to apply translation strategies. The Encyclopedia of Translation Studies (Baker, 2003) cites Löscher who defines translation strategy as “a potentially conscious procedure for solving a problem face in translating a text, or any segment of it.”

According to the Encyclopedia, linguistic translation theory has spent much research on defining different translation techniques that, in function of strategies, help the translator to master the mismatches. And as there are several techniques at hand, some of which will be more closely detailed in the following, different choices can be made, all of them leading to another outcome, and the translator has to make decisions about how to render the ST and which technique to apply. There is, thus, a relationship between problem-solving and decision-taking in which the translator is involved.

Within the decision making, two levels can be differentiated: the macro level and the micro level.

3.4.1.1. Linguistic macro level decisions

In the macro level, the translator faces problems that lie on a general and broad scope and that apply for the translation of the complete text. The purpose of those macro level decisions is to guarantee consistency in the use of strategies at levels of smaller range. The Encyclopedia of Translation Studies (2003) names the different determinants of the Lasswell formula which consider the following aspects: “*who says what to whom, with what communicative intention, in what spatiotemporal setting, with what linguistic means.*” Depending on the type of the ST, those macro level decisions are more or less important. Technical or scientific translation, seldom allow a great divergence on possible renderings. They have to be precise and comply with the norms of the target culture. However, in other types of translation, such as the literary translation, there are many different perspectives allowed and the translator will have to take a greater amount of decisions.

Before starting with the actual transfer process, the translator first has to analyze the ST and establish the purpose or the function of the ST, the register applied (referring to the degree of formality), and who the intended audience is. The decisions at this larger range can change greatly depending on each of those features. For example, if the ST is a manual of a coffee machine, the function will be to convey information and the audience the end user of the product. For this reason, the translation has to be simple and clear, without using any mechanic jargon and sticking as much as possible to the ST. On the other hand, if the ST is an advertisement, the function will be to convince the audience. In this case, the strategy applied in the first case, i.e. to render a literal

translation, would not comply with the intended function as the rendering would most probably sound alien-like, and, thus, fail its purpose. In this case, the strategy applied would be an adaptation (for further information see *Techniques*).

Once the purpose of the ST is identified, the translator can proceed to decide to what extent the TT shall 'stick' to the ST. According to Lucía Aranda, "translations either relay the source text with nuances of the original, or they are target-reader oriented and adapt to the language and culture of the TL" (Aranda, 2007). Maria Tymoczko also makes this distinction between two extremes, "between whether to take an audience to a text, or to take a text to an audience" (Bassnett and Trivedi, 2002). Over the last two centuries, many translation theorists have developed their own principles and concepts for this phenomenon (Schleiermacher, 1813; Vinay and Darbelnet, 1958; Nida, 1964; Catford, 1965; House, 1977; Newmark, 1991) (Aranda, 2007).

The Encyclopedia of Translation Studies (Baker 2003) suggests the terms *domestication* and *foreignizing*. *Domestication* is when the ST is as much as possible adapted to the target culture so that the TT appears to be an original production. This strategy is widely used in French and English translation traditions.

Foreignizing, on the other hand, is when certain features of the ST are maintained in the TT with "a close adherence to the foreign text" (Baker, 2003). This might create discomfort in the reader as they are exposed to unknown elements, and thus, lead them to stop reading. However, this approach allows the reader to learn more about other cultures and places. It first appeared during the classical and romantic periods in Germany in the 18th and 19th centuries. One of its representatives, Friedrich Daniel Ernst Schleiermacher, stated that he preferred "to send the reader abroad" (Baker, 2003). This approach was formulated "as opposed to the technical translation" (Baker, 2003).

LITERARY TRANSLATION, (...), focuses on linguistic effects that exceed simple communication (tone, connotation, polysemy, intertextuality) and are measured against domestic literary values, both canonical and marginal. A literary translator can thus experiment in the choice of foreign texts and in the

development of translation methods constrained primarily by the current situation in the target-language culture.

Translators opt for domestication to comply with the norms of the target culture and what the audience might expect. Nevertheless, advocates of foreignizing claim that in the field of literary translation, translators are allowed to endeavor with elements of the source language and culture against any expectations or canonization.

Gideon Toury, in *Descriptive Translation Studies – and Beyond* (2012) develops the concepts of *acceptability* and *adequacy*.

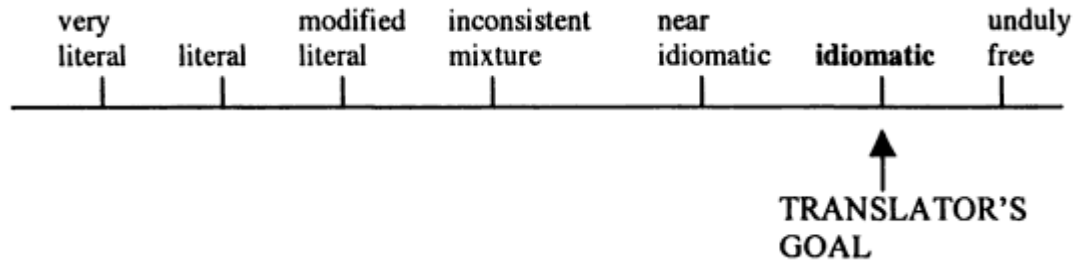
All translation process implies and reflects tensions between the two poles of a *continuum*. In one of the extremes we find adequacy, when the translated product adheres to the values and referents of the source product, and in the other acceptability, which means that the translation embraces the linguistic and cultural values of the target polysystem.

According to Toury, no translation will ever be either *adequate* or *acceptable*. A translation can 'tend' to one or the other direction. A TT that is more adequate will make use of a greater degree of *foreignizing*, whereas an *acceptable* translation implies a tendency towards *domestication*.

There are authors within the field of translation studies who developed schemes with more divisions regarding the approach of a translation – whether close to the ST or to the TT. Hervey, Higgins, and Haywood (Hervey et al, 2005) in *Thinking Spanish Translation* explain Newmark's division of five points: literal, faithful, balanced (semantic/communicative), idiomatic, and free translation, being literal the approach that adheres most to the ST, and free translation being completely detached from the source.

Mildred Larson in 1997 published her book *Meaning-Based Translation*, in which she presents her scheme in the following way:

Figure 1 (Larson 1997, 19 Display 2.1)



Larson's starting point is also the two extremes of ST- or TT-centered. She denominates texts that incline more to the ST as *literal*, and the other ones *idiomatic* translations. According to her, texts have two characteristics: form and meaning. If the translation focuses more on the form, the translation is said to be *literal*, whereas *idiomatic* translated texts emphasize an appropriate rendering in meaning. For example, “*se vende esta casa*” would be literally rendered as “*itself sells this house*” which in English has little sense, whereas an idiomatic translation would be *This house is for sale*.

Between those extremes, she made four further distinctions. The next step after *literal* towards *idiomatic* is *modified literal*. As *literal* translation is barely used by translators because the outcome seldom makes sense in the target language, translators opt for *modified literal*. In this approach, the words are translated literally, but the lexes can be reordered or sometimes slightly changed to match the requirements of the TL. In *modified literal* translation, the example of “*se vende esta casa*” could be rendered as “*this house is sold*”, but it still feels alien-like. *Idiomatic* translation complies with the “grammatical structure” and with the “choice of lexical items” of the target language. The outcome is a text that feels natural to the reader without raising suspicion that it is actually a translation. However, like Toury, Larson states that no translation is just literal or idiomatic. Most translators will use a mixture, rendering some parts literally, and change other parts in a more *idiomatic* way. This is what she calls *inconsistent mixture*. If the translator uses more *idiomatic* expressions than *literal*, the translation is *nearly idiomatic*. The last distinction that lies beyond *idiomatic* is *unduly free* translation. In this approach, the translator might change or omit information from the ST in order to match it a one hundred percent to the target language and culture. For example, if the ST mentions an historic event in that culture that is not known in the target culture, the translator might change that historic event to a similar one in the latter one. The translation rendered might, then, actually differ from the ST. Therefore, Larson does not consider it as an

acceptable way of translation. For her, the approach that a translator should address to render an effective TT is the *idiomatic* translation (Larson, 1997).

3.4.1.2. Linguistic micro level decisions

After a thorough analysis of the ST and taking decisions on macro level, other smaller problems might arise during the transfer process. The Encyclopedia of Translation Studies (2003) expresses that:

By contrast, handling microcontextual problems, particularly in literary texts, often necessitates time-consuming formulation and reformulation efforts, with frequent jumping back and forth between the source text and the emerging target text. Complicating factors include singular (episodic) phenomena of the source text, such as semantic vagueness, complex syntax, intricate rhetorical strategies, theme/rheme distribution, central vs. peripheral information, metaphors, wordplay, allusions, irony, lack of coherence, morphological idiosyncrasies or neologisms, adjective/noun collocations (Baker 1992), prepositional phrases, string compounds, cultural lacunae, and so on.

Problems on the micro level are mostly related to linguistics, i.e. is grammar, semantics, syntax, etc. due to the reason that every language is unique and has its own traits. Translation theorists have analyzed the different strategies that translators consciously or unconsciously apply. In the following, the most frequent strategies are explained.

3.4.2. Techniques

For this research paper, translation techniques will be considered as strategies that enable the translator to overcome problems in the microcontext of the translation process. The following techniques are explained as follows: loss, cultural transposition, omission, compensation, and reordering.

3.4.2.1. Loss

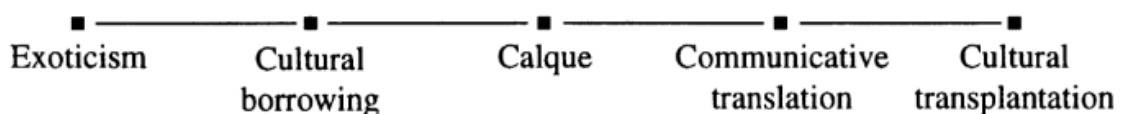
As languages include also cultural background, they are not only different on the linguistic level, but also in “shared knowledge, cultural assumptions, and learnt responses of monolingual TL speakers” (Hervey, Higgins & Haywood,

2005), which create gaps. Therefore, when translating a text, the TT will show some degree of loss, be it in form or meaning. Hervey et al. (2005) compare the translation process with the function of a machine. They state that in any “mechanical device” there will be a loss of energy. Nevertheless, instead of worrying why there is a loss, engineers are focused on designing machines with optimal energy use, trying to decrease energy loss as much as possible. The same should be done with translation. Instead of startling why there is translation loss, translators should concentrate on models or techniques to hinder as much loss as possible to render effective TTs. For this, the translator has first to accept that there will always be a certain degree of loss. As this loss also depends on perspectives, i.e. it is not objective, like the concept of equivalence, there is no definite translation (Hervey, Higgins & Haywood, 2005).

3.4.2.2. Cultural transposition

Hervey et al. (2005) use the term *cultural transposition* to refer to any deviation from purely literal translation. There are different forms of cultural transposition: exoticism, cultural borrowing, calque, communicative translation, and cultural transposition. Exoticism and cultural transposition are the two extremes, whereas the others are different nuances in between them. All of them imply a “choice of features indigenous to the TL and the target culture in preference to features rooted in the source culture”. The purpose is to achieve a most natural translation as possible.

Figure 2 (Hervey, Higgins & Haywood, 2005)



As Figure 2 shows, the different techniques can be aligned on a scale that goes from exoticism to cultural transposition.

Exoticism is a technique in which not only lexemes but also more complex constructions are carried over and used in the TT without any change at all, or with only minimal adaptation. In exoticism, this process of carry-over words, phrases, or sentences as they stand in the ST is a recurring phenomenon.

In cultural borrowing, only single expressions or lexemes are carried over if it is impossible to find an equivalent in the target language. If those words begin to be commonly used by the people, it will find its way into the dictionary of the TL. For example, the word *selfie*, which is new and refers to taking a picture of oneself, as it has to do with technology that everybody all over the world uses, it has become part of many languages, even in the Spanish language.

Calque is a technique in which an expression is translated semantically and syntactically, but that still sounds foreign as it follows the structure of the SL expression. *Parque Centenario de Guayaquil* rendered as *Centenary Park of Guayaquil* is a calque.

In communicative translation, the translator replaces any expressions of the SL by an equivalent one in the TL. For example *It's raining cats and dogs* would be literally rendered as *llueve gatos y perros*, which is nonsense in Spanish. The communicative equivalent would be *llueve a cántaros*.

Cultural transposition is like an adaptation, which is a little more than an idiomatic rendering on Larson's scale. In this technique, the entire setting of the ST was transplanted into the TT.

3.4.2.3. Omission

Omission is the leaving out of function or content words, or any other feature mentioned in the ST. According to Aranda (2007), this happens because there is no equivalent between languages or cultures, or simply because the translator wants to be it like that. As an example, she mentions that the translators of the school of Toledo in the Middle Ages, who translated Arab texts, omitted sexual behaviors in order to Christianize those texts.

3.4.2.4. Compensation

Where there is loss, there should also be compensation as an attempt to recover the missing information. Dickins, Hervey, and Higgins (2013) identify four different categories of compensation: compensation in place, compensation in kind, compensation by merging, and compensation by splitting.

Compensation in kind is very versatile. It refers to any change from the ST to TT where the translator tries to recover any part of the ST that was lost. For example, a piece of information that is implicit in the ST might have been made explicit in the TT due to lack of cultural-bound knowledge of the source culture. This change could also be semantically, when a denotative meaning was replaced by a connotative meaning, or changing from an abstract to a concrete word. It can also be a change of literal devices, i.e. the use of assonance instead of alliteration, and so on.

Compensation in place is when the piece of information that is lost is recovered in the next sentence, paragraph, or even on the following page.

Compensation by merging is when the ST applies several words to express something, but the translator uses an equivalent that is made up of only one word. This happens frequently in English-Spanish translations as English uses more commonly compound words.

The opposite is compensation in splitting, where the rendering is made up of more words than the author of the ST used to express the same.

3.4.2.5. Reordering

According to Malone (Malone, 1988), reordering is a technique “whereby one or more target elements appear in a position different from that of the source text”. The purpose of this technique is to optimize comprehension (Malone, 1988).

3.4.3. Levels of textual variables

Ian Higgins, Sandor Hervej, and Michael Loughridge in their book *Thinking German Translation* published in 2006 suggest an analysis of six different levels of textual variables. According to them,

(...) all ST features inevitable fall prey to translation loss in some respect or other. Even if the TT conveys literal meaning exactly, there will at the very

least be phonic loss, and probably also loss in terms of grammar, sentence structure, connotations, etc.

They believe that textual variables are points within a text “that could have been different.” Those differences might occur in sound, spelling, punctuation, word order, intonation, etc. which are divided into six major levels such as phonic/graphic, prosodic, grammatical arrangement, word level, sentential, and discourse level. Those levels are equal in terms of importance, but they are arranged according to how detailed. The analysis of the textual variables helps the translator to decide which features that have suffered loss are worth to be compensated, and which can be ignored.

3.4.3.1. Phonic/graphic level

The first level of textual variables under analysis is the phonic/graphic level. It analyses the use and arrangement of phonemes and graphemes in a text. Examples would be the literary devices of alliteration and assonance that might occur within a text. Alliteration is the repetition of the same consonant sound/s or letter/s at the beginning of words. An example would be *Tom takes a taxi to the train station*. Here, the recurring letter is *t*. Another literary device is assonance, which is the repetition of vowel sounds or letters in words within a sentence. An example is *I like your eyes, I wish they were mine*. The recurring sound is */ai/*. Onomatopoeias are words that were formed to sound like what its meaning is associated with. For example, a cat meows, the cuckoo makes exactly that sound, and so on. Puns are word plays or expressions in which one word can have two different meanings or, when pronouncing it there occurs another meaning causing an odd or ludicrous idea. Spoonerism is about interchanging sounds of two or more words to create funny, new sentences. Finally, rhyme is also an important feature on the phonic level that might result in translation loss as the equivalences in the TT might not rhyme.

All of the above examples were referring to the phonic part of this level. However, when talking about the graphic part, it is about the spatial layout of written texts, such as acrostics, concrete poetry, or caligrams.

3.4.3.2. Prosodic level

In this second level, the focus is not anymore on simple phonemes or graphemes, but on groups of syllables. Every piece of speech, written or spoken, has a certain degree of prominence of syllables. Those syllables might form prosodic patterns that might be contrastive or recurrent. It has to do with meters and rhythm. Although this level is more important in spoken utterances, in written pieces this level is important in poetry. Versification can vary greatly from language to language.

3.4.3.3. Grammatical level: grammatical arrangement

In this third level complete words are under analysis. However, only their grammatical arrangement or formation is considered, not yet their meaning. Features such as affixation, inflection, derivation, and compounding are part of this level. Word formation differs from language to language. For example, German is fond of compounding, whereas in Spanish compounding does not occur in the same way. On the other hand, Spanish verbs have a great deal of different inflections in its conjugation, whereas English is quite simple and does almost not change at all. In those cases, there are is no match in analogous structure, and, as a consequence, there will be loss.

A solution for the problem might be circumlocution, where one word in the ST might be expressed by several words in the TT. Other strategies could be applying compensation by merging or splitting.

3.4.3.4. Grammatical level / Word level

In this level, words are considered as small meaningful linguistic units and their arrangement with other words to form more complicated phrases and clauses. Semantic properties depend on the context, on the words that surround it.

3.4.3.5. Sentential level

The sentential level, as it already says, is about sentences. According to Higgins et al.:

When, as here, the *communicative purpose* of a grammatical arrangement is studied, rather than the grammatical arrangement in its own right, the utterance is studied on the sentential level: that is, it is being considered as a sentence or sentences.

First, a differentiation has to be made between written and spoken language. The features that are considered within this level is rather appearing in spoken language. Those features are intonation, sequential focus, and illocutionary particles.

The intonation of a sentence can express what type of sentence it is: whether it is a question, a statement or an exclamation. The sequential focus is about the placing of certain words within a sentence and the meaning they refer to. For example, “I am hungry” is different to “Am I hungry”. The first is a statement, the second is a question. Or the difference between “I live here” and “here I live” where rather register is concerned as the second one sounds more literary. Finally, illocutionary particles or illocutionary acts are utterances of a sentence that convey a function of meaning (Searle, 1969). According to Searle, a speech act is the basic unit of communication and that some examples are simple statements, questioning, commanding, and promising, among others (Searle, 1969).

3.4.3.6. Discourse level

This last level analyses not only complex syntactic structures, but even one or several paragraphs. It focuses on the relations between sentences, and larger units, such as stanzas in poems, paragraphs, or even entire volumes. There are three different features that make up the discourse level, which are cogency, cohesion, and coherence. Cogency is about the degree to which a text hangs together. Cohesion is about the transparent linking of sentences by means of connectors, conjunctions, and interrupters that function as markers and appear throughout the whole text. Coherence exists only if the theme occurs or is developing throughout the text.

The use of such markers can differ greatly from language to language. Some languages, like Spanish, tend to be very pompous and inflated, whereas others,

such as English, prefer a simple, plain style. To comply with those language-adjusted norms, there is, consequently, loss.

3.4.4. Extralinguistic features

Very important aspects to be considered when translating are the extralinguistic features within a text. As it is already explicitly explained, extralinguistic features are all those parts that lay out of the linguistic field. A language is not only syntax, grammar, semantics, pragmatics, or phonology. The aim of language is to entitle speakers to communicate and to be able to convey their ideas. That implies that language, written or spoken, is used by a person to give a message to a certain audience. However, this person has acquired their language under certain circumstances that can differ greatly from the circumstances of how other people acquired their language, even though it is the same language. For example, a person from a lower social status will speak differently from a person raised in a rich family and who spent all their life in schools and academies. People from one certain region within one country can also convey messages in another way considering other regions, but from the same country. This phenomenon is recurrent and the variations not only in vocabulary, but also in structure are called regiolects.

Thus, it can be said that language is influenced by the speakers' social, economic, political, religious and cultural environments. Every group of people that share the same customs, ideas and worldviews speak one same language. Hence, people from another culture might have another view of things in the world and, for this reason, have another way to express ideas and thoughts. The difficult task of the translator is to master not only the linguistic features of a language pair, but also be completely aware of the cultural aspects behind each language in order to render effective translations. This is even more important when translating literary texts, where the objective of the target text is to entertain. If the translator fails to identify extralinguistic features or is not able to transfer those successfully into the target language, the translation will be felt alien, which decreases the quality of the product.

Maria Tymoczko explains that there are shifts from the source language to the target language that are purely linguistic, but that:

Other shifts have a cultural basis; the translator must decide how to handle features of the source culture (e.g. objects, customs, historical and literary allusions) that are unfamiliar to the receiving audience, adapting and modifying the source text in the process, if only through the process of explanation. (...)

(Tymoczko, 2002)

She goes even further by detailing those features that are culture bound, dividing them into fields, such as “material culture (e.g. foods, tools, garments), social structures (e.g. customs, law), and features of the natural world (weather conditions, plants, animals)” (Tymoczko, 2002). According to Tymoczko, the problem with those feature is that:

[S]uch features of the source culture are often encoded in specific lexical items for which there are no equivalents in the receptor culture or for which there are only extremely rare or technical words.

(Tymoczko, 2002)

An example for this might be words from the technological field. In countries that dispose of technological advance there might exist vocabulary for all the new technological items. However, in other, less developed countries regarding technology, those devices might not exist, and thus, there might be no equivalence, or if there is one, only a highly technical word coming from theoretical books and not from every-day usage.

To overcome such problems, she suggests that:

In the face of such a crux, a translator has a variety of choices: to omit the reference or pick some ‘equivalent’ in the receptor culture on the one hand, and on the other to import the word untranslated (with an explanation in a footnote perhaps), add an explanatory classifier or an explicit explanation, use a rare or recondite word of the receiving language, extend the semantic field of a word in the receptor language, and so on. (...) Often unfamiliar cultural information does not simply reside in lexical items, but is a more diffuse presence in a source text. A translator may be faced, for example, with a myth, custom or economic condition presupposed by a text, but not located explicitly.

Therefore, the cultural-bound differences between the source and the target language lead to many different problems at the hour of translating. The translator must think of strategies or techniques to overcome those problems. One solution might be adaptation. Another one might be borrowing the term, but explaining it by glossing. It has been proven that translation is a task that involves many different kinds of problems and that it is all about making the right decision to achieve the most effective product.

4. Methodological Focus

The methodology that was applied to carry out this research project is based on a linguistic and extralinguistic analysis of the transfer from the given source text in Spanish to the target text in English in order to establish the main problems that occur when translating Ecuadorian literature to the English language and what decisions can be made to tackle them. The linguistic analysis is based on the six levels of textual variables proposed by Hervey, Higgins and Haywood (2005).

5. Research Instruments

In order to implement the analysis, an extralinguistic and linguistic analysis sheet have been elaborated where all the different types of problems and mismatches were registered. The linguistic analysis sheet shows the six different levels of textual variables and both ST and TT in a table. The extralinguistic analysis sheet, on the other hand, was divided into the different fields into which all the findings were subdivided.

Table 1 Findings in linguistic analysis

Level of Textual Variable	P. / LINE	ST	P./ LINE	TT
Phonic / Graphic Level				
Prosodic Level				
Grammatical Level:				

Grammatical Arrangement				
Grammatical Level: Word Level				
Sentential Level				
Discourse Level				

Table 2 Findings in extralinguistic analysis

FIELD	P. / LINE	ST	P./ LINE	TT
Names				
Nicknames				
Lastnames				
Cities				
Towns				
Provinces				

Other places				
Institutions				
Money				
Measurement				
Architecture and construction				
Cultural-bound knowledge				
Expressions / Slang				
Address				
Food Plants				
Aggressions				
Tools of any kind				
School				

6. Findings

In the preliminary decision making in the macrocontext about which general approach or method to apply to perform the translation, i.e. literal or idiomatic, the ST has been analyzed accordingly.

First, the function and the audience have been determined. *Taylor de los lobos*, as a novel, has the primarily function to entertain the audience. It is not purely informative or persuasive, for instance. However, it has also some degree of educational trait. The narrator addresses the audience several times stating that the story it contains shall be taken as a warning or as a mean to prevent drug and alcohol addiction among youngsters.

The language applied in the novel is every-day Ecuadorian speech, thus, highly informal and uncomplicated. Although it presents a certain jargon in the field of drugs, some expressions are explicitly explained during the reading. Therefore, the audience addressed as a very broad one as no special education is required to understand it. Nevertheless, there might be a restriction of age. The ST shows not only slang and colloquial expressions, but also employs a wide range of swear words, so it is more appropriate to be read by teenagers and adults.

Then, decisions have been made about what approach to apply. The ST shows not only linguistic features common in the Spanish language which can interrupt during the transfer to the English language, but there is also a regiolect because the Spanish in the ST is Ecuadorian Spanish, which varies slightly in grammar and greatly in vocabulary from the Spanish spoken in Spain, for example. Besides, there are a whole range of extralinguistic features that can cause problems even before translating, i.e. during the phase of reading and understanding the ST. Considering those aspects, in addition of the function of the ST, which should be the same in the TT (i.e. to entertain), an idiomatic approach has been chosen for the linguistic aspects. A literal or mixed translation would fail its purpose as the reader would not be provided with a smooth, flowing reading that only an idiomatic approach assures. Regarding extralinguistic features, such as places, food, and other materials, it was decided

to carry them over and not to adapt them for one simple reason: to present Ecuadorian culture to the world.

6.1. Linguistic Analysis

The linguistic analysis has been carried out only with a part of the ST. Chapters 1 to 20 provided sufficient materials as to establish the main problems that occurred when translating.

In the following, the findings of the phonic/graphic level, grammatical arrangement level, word level, sentential level, and discourse level will be displayed. The prosodic level was not considered as it has to do with meters and rhythm occurring in poetry, which is not present in the ST.

6.1.1. Phonic / graphic level

Several times in the ST the narrator expresses the sound that was made by a certain action that he was talking about. It is not very common for literary writings, such as a novel, to contain such 'noises'. Such features are rather common in comic books.

Example 1:

ST (p. 6, lines 14-15)

Corría y con la boca pitaba ¡PI-PI!, ¡PI-PI!...dándole vueltas con una latita de caña.

TT (p. 6, lines 13-14)

I ran and with my mouth I honked the horn, "Beep! Beep!" spinning it around with a small sugar cane stick.

In this excerpt, the ST shows the sound that the honk of a car makes. It was transliterated to the English sound *beep*.

Example 2:

ST (p. 6, lines 29-31)

Después que nos cansábamos de jugar al pepo con las bolas de cristal, cogía mi lata de sardina, la llenaba de tierra y la jalaba

TT (p. 6, lines 29-31)

After getting tired of playing with the marbles, I took my tin of sardines, filled it with dirt and pulled it around, imagining it was a real car while making,

ilusionándome como si fuera un carro de “*BRRUUUMMM! BRUUMMMM!*”
verdad a la vez que emitía sonidos con mi
boca: ¡UUUMMMMMM!, ¡UUUMMMMM!

Here, the sound of a car was mentioned. It was also transliterated.

Example 3:

ST (p. 63, lines 19-20)

TT (p. 62, lines 23)

Los presos gritaban:

The inmates yelled, “Taylor, give me a
draft!” (*Cough, cough cough cough!*)

-¡Presta Taylor un toque! (tosía: *ijue!*,
ijue!, *ijue!*, *ijue!*).

In this example, the sound of coughing was reproduced. Fortunately the ST indicates what sound it is about as it explicitly says *tosía: ijue!* if not, it had been difficult to identify the sound in the ST. In English, to cough is onomatopoeia, thus the explicit part has been left out.

6.1.2. Grammatical arrangement

The Spanish and English languages are different. Because of that, there are words in Spanish that have no equivalent in English and need to be circumscribed (Example 1). On the other hand, there are words that are more precise in the English language. Generally, Spanish uses much more words to express something. The English style is much simpler, plainer, and more precise (Examples 2 and 3).

Example 1:

ST (p. 6, lines 23-24)

TT (p. 6, lines 22-23)

Eso me resentía, por lo que me *refugiaba* en
mis lindos juguetes, los que la vida de pobre
me regaló.

... So I *sought refuge* in my own nice toys,
which my life in poverty provided me.

In this excerpt, the verb *refugiarse* in Spanish has no equivalent in English that consists of only one lexeme. The expression in the TT, thus, has been rendered applying compensation by splitting.

Example 2:

ST (p. 12, lines 9-10)

A medida que va creciendo un niño física y moralmente agredido, sus *ideas fantasiosas* se van distorsionando e inclinándose hacia lo negativo.

TT (p. 12, lines 6-7)

While a physically and morally attacked child grows, its *fantasies* twist and distort, inclining to get negative; ...

In this example, on the other hand, the expression *ideas fantasiosas* has simply been rendered as *fantasies*, and not literally expressed as *fantastic ideas* because the shorter version is already perfectly understood. The technique applied in this case is compensation by merging.

Example 3:

ST (p. 3, line 3)

... que *mantendré como constante* en esta historia

TT (p. 3, line 3)

...I'm going to *maintain* throughout this story, ...

In this case, compensation by merging was also applied to avoid too many lexemes in the TT as Spanish is much more word-loaded than English.

Many times there are differences between the ST and the TT because of distinct grammatical features (Tenses, inflections, affixes, etc.).

Example 4:

ST (p. 1, lines 4-5)

..., sorprendiéndome al decirme que se identificaba con el texto del primer capítulo de mi novela "El Mundo Gira y gira", uno de cuyos ejemplares *doné* a la biblioteca de dicha institución.

TT (p. 1, lines 4-6)

I was surprised when he told me that he identified himself with the first chapter of my book "The World is Spinning", of which *I'd donated* a copy to that institution's library.

In the ST simple past is applied, whereas in the TT past perfect, to make it clear that one action happened before the other one.

Example 5:

ST (p. 7, lines 7-8)

Eran amigos de barrio, vecinos y compañeros en la cancha.

TT (p. 7, lines 4-5)

They were my friends from the neighborhood, neighbors and teammates on the field.

In Spanish, the personal pronoun does not need to be mentioned. Moreover, when it is used, it is to emphasize on the subject.

6.1.3. Word level

In a communicative or idiomatic translation, it happens oft that TT words can diverge in terms of meaning from the corresponding ST words because it is not a literal translation.

Example 1:

ST (p. 1, line 12)

“Yo pensaba que el resto de la novela *seguiría enfocando* el asunto penitenciario,...

TT (p. 1, line 12)

“I thought that the rest of the book *would also be about* the prison theme, ...”

A literal translation would be “*would go on focusing on*”. However, the rendered TT is more idiomatic. However, there is a loss at the grammatical level. In the ST it only needs two words to express the same thing, whereas in the TT the double amount of words is needed. That is called compensation by splitting.

Example 2:

ST (p. 1, lines 14-15)

Un tanto desilusionado-¿quién no?-le contesté que aquello no estaba comprendido *en el plan de la obra* puesto que era solamente un capítulo introductorio...

TT (p. 1, lines 14-15)

A little disappointed *as I was* – who wouldn’t be? – I replied that it was not the *plot* of the book as it was just the introductory chapter, ...

Spanish literature tends to be overloaded with words. On the other hand, English literature tends to be plain and straight-to-the-point. Strategy applied: compensation by merging. In addition, the phrase *as I was* was introduced for purely literary embellishment.

Example 3:

ST (p. 1, line 23)

Si quieres nárrame tu historia, pero cámbiate de *nombres*, le dije.

TT (p. 1, lines 23-24)

"If you feel like doing so, tell me your story, but change your *identity*," I told him.

The literal translation would be *but change your names*, but *identity* is a much more idiomatic solution.

Example 4:

ST (p. 1, line 25)

-¡Es que después *directa o indirectamente* te podría perjudicar!

TT (p. 1, line 26)

"It's because *sooner or later* it could harm you."

A literal translation would be *It's because directly or indirectly it could harm you* which is not very easy to read.

Example 5:

ST (p. 3, line 2)

Mi apellido es Taylor, pero todos lo mencionan como si fuera mi *nombre*, ...

TT (p. 3, line 2)

Taylor is my last name, but, everybody uses it as my *given name*, ...

In the ST, this part was not specified. *Nombre* could be given or last name. To avoid any kind of ambiguity, the translation rendered is not just *name*, but *given name*. Strategy applied: particularization.

Example 6:

ST (p. 3, line 34)

¡*Corre* a comprar y demórate para tu desgracia!

TT (p. 3, line 35)

"Go buy that bread, and you'd better be quick for your own good!"

A literal translation of *corre* would be *run*, but *go* is more idiomatic. The strategy applied is generalization.

Example 7:

ST (p. 11, lines 19-20)

En las horas de recreo era tosco para las bromas, a mis amigos les ponía el pie para

TT (p. 11, lines 17-19)

During break time I was rough at joking, I put my foot out to trip my friends, and when *the principal* saw me, she

que se caigan y al verme *la directora*, de immediately graded my behavior seguido, calificaba negativamente mi negatively. conducta.

In the ST, the principal is a woman. In the TT however, the reader doesn't know that first. Just in the second part of the sentence, the reader realizes the gender of that person. This is called compensation in place.

6.1.4. Sentential level

In this level, different sentences of spoken language have been taken as a sample to show the most salient features within them and how to address those features when translating.

Example 1:

ST (p. 1, line 12)

TT (p. 1, line 12)

“Yo pensaba que el resto de la novela seguiría enfocando el asunto penitenciario, ...
/ I thought the rest of the book would also be about the prison theme,

In Spanish, the personal pronouns are only used when putting emphasis on the subject. Unfortunately, this emphasis gets lost in the translation in this case. A way to maintain it would be “I *did* think that the rest of the book would be about...”, but that would not comply with the style.

Example 2:

ST (p. 3, line 24)

TT (p. 3, line 25)

Yo, en voz baja contestaba: *-ya va*;...

I replied with a low voice, “*I’m coming already*”.

The illocutionary particle in the ST is distanced, referring to time. However, in English it has to be with the pronoun I.

Example 3:

ST (p. 3, line 12)

TT (p. 4, line 11)

¿*No?*. ¡*Caramba*, qué paciencia hay que tener con estos niños!”.

“*Eh? Heavens!* What patience one must have with these kids!”

No and *caramba* are illocutionary acts. Their function is to show surprise or other types of emotions, such as anger.

Example 4:

ST (p.15, line 9-12)

Más adelante encontré a mi amigo y le pregunté: -¿qué pasó?-Me contestó:

-¡Yo también salí corriendo, *vaya que* me dejaste botado!.

-¡Sí, *así fue; tranquilo nomás!*, le respondí.

TT (p. 14, lines 27-29)

Later I found my friend and asked him, "What happened?" He replied, "I also took off running, *damn*, you totally smoked me!" "Yeah, definitely! *Just relax!*" I said.

Vaya is an illocutionary act. It serves to express surprise. *Nomás* one is a common expression in Ecuadorian Spanish and does not have a certain function, at least none worth translating.

Example 5

ST (p.19, line 14)

¡Qué me iba a quedar pues!.

TT (p. 18, line 17)

Well, why should I stay?

The function of this sentence is to show emotions as it is an exclamation. The particle *pues* is very common in Spanish and was rendered as *well* in English.

6.1.5. Discourse level

Regarding larger syntactic structures, such as long sentences and paragraphs, or sentence structures, the most salient features have been written down.

First of all, the ST uses long and wordy sentences, which is normal for the Spanish language. However, the English style is simple and plain. For this reason, many sentences in the ST have been split up into two or more sentences, separating different thoughts within them.

Example 1:

ST (p.1, lines 3-5)

Conocí a Taylor en Marzo de 1992 en una clínica psicoterapéutica de la ciudad de Guayaquil, sorprendiéndome al decirme que

TT (p. 1, lines 3-6)

I met Taylor in March 1992 in a psychotherapeutic clinic of the city of *Guayaquil*. I was surprised when he told me that he

se identificaba con el texto del primer capítulo de mi novela “El Mundo Gira y gira”, uno de cuyos ejemplares doné a la biblioteca de dicha institución.

identified himself with the first chapter of my book “The World is Spinning”, of which I’d donated a copy to that institution’s library.

The ST sentence has over 40 words, which is far too long for the English style. Therefore, the first part, when it was about how the narrator met Taylor, was separated from the rest where he surprises the author.

Example 2:

ST (p.5, lines 5-6)

TT (p. 5, lines 3-5)

Comí tanto, tanto, que estaba pipón, me ahogaba como de cansancio, me faltaba la respiración, casi agonizaba.

I ate so much dirt that I was already potbellied, I suffocated as from *exhaustion*. I *couldn't* breathe and I was dying.

The sentence was divided into two parts to avoid informational overload.

Example 3:

ST (p.9, lines 30-31)

TT (p. 9, lines 28-29)

Una vecina de al lado recibía cada dos años la visita de su marido residente en los Estados Unidos, era enfermera y tenía también un hijo.

One of my neighbors was visited every two years by her husband who was living in the United *States*. *She* was a nurse and had a son.

The original sentence in the ST was broken down into two sentences because the sentence would contain too much information.

Another problem that arose while translating were sentences which were incomplete or which lacked conjunctions, or other connecting words. Sometimes not only single sentences lacked connection, but entire paragraphs.

Example 4:

ST (p.3, lines 3-4)

TT (p. 3, line 4)

Soy un alcohólico y drogadicto, gracias a Dios, en recuperación ...

I’m an alcohol and drug addict, *but*, thanks to God, I’m in recovery now, ...

In the ST, there is a coordinating conjunction missing that indicates a contrast. It was introduced in the TT to comply with the style of the TL.

Example 5:

ST (p.11, lines19-11)

No se por *qué*, *al* quedar la cancha vacía yo seguía asomado a la ventana para admirar a las mujeres que pasaban y luego me metía al baño a echarme un pajazo.

TT (p. 11, lines 6-8)

I don't know why, *but*, when the field was empty, I went on looking out the window to admire the women passing *by*. *And* then, I went to the bathroom to rub one out.

The sentence in the ST was lacking a coordinating conjunction indicating contrast to make the text more fluent. Additionally, the sentence was too long for English standards.

Example 6:

ST (p.4, lines 21-22)

Al momento acudían ideas a mi mente: ¡MATARLO!. Después otra: pelear con él cuando sea grande. Otra: ¿adónde me voy!.

TT (p. 4, lines 22-23)

At that moment I had ideas: Kill him! Then, another one: Fight with him when you're grown up. Another: Where shall I go?

This part lacks any cohesion. However, the "style" was maintained to show the process of thoughts carried out by the narrator in that rather *staccato* way.

Example 7:

ST (p.6, lines 12-13, 16)

Una lata de sardinas desechada amarrada con una piola.

Una rueda rechazo de una llanta de carro.

Bolillas de cristal con las que jugaba al pepo en la tierra.

TT (p. 6, lines 12-14,15)

An empty tin of sardines tied with a string.

An old car wheel. ...

I played marbles with crystal balls in the dirt.

All the sentences are incomplete. They are fragments that are part of a list. The last fragment was completed so as not to have too many incomplete thoughts.

A third problem was that Spanish and English have different rules to present direct speech. While the TL uses quotation marks, the SL does not, but usually writes every sentence that was spoken on a separate line. In addition, the

Spanish language many times omits saying who said what. However, in English, it usually explained who says what and how (crying, yelling, whispering, asking, demanding, etc.). This lacking piece of information often had to be added.

Example 8:

ST (p.1, line 26)

-¡No, le aseguro que no habrá problemas!

TT (p. 1, line 27)

He assured me, "No, there won't be any trouble."

In this excerpt, as in the ST the speaker says *le aseguro*,, this junk was taken out to explain how the speaker said it (*he assured me*). To comply with the standards of dialogue in the English context, the whole sentence has thus been reordered, yet without carrying out any kind of performance.

Finally, sometimes the translator may decide to restructure a sentence through reordering with the purpose to comply with the function of the TT.

Example 9:

ST (p.13, lines 6-7)

Para no irme, justifiqué argumentando que es de noche, mañana nos vamos, mejor otro día apenas me pegue otra vez.

TT (p. 13, lines 1-2)

I made excuses like, "It's night, let's go tomorrow, let's better go another day as soon as he hits me again," so as not to go away.

In this example, the sentence was completely reordered and changed from indirect to direct speech to make it livelier and more interesting to the reader.

Example 10:

ST (p.14, lines 4-5)

Llegamos de noche al Empalme y por no haber carro a Quevedo empezamos a caminar.

TT (p. 13, lines 38-39)

At night, we arrived in Empalme and started walking to Quevedo as there were no buses available anymore.

In this case, the sentence was reordered to facilitate the reading of the TT in the target language.

Example 11:

ST (p.15, lines 3-4)

TT (p. 14, lines 21-22)

-¡A mí me da una Coca Cola!

We both ordered a Coke.

-¡Yo también quiero una Coca Cola!.

In this case, direct speech has been changed to indirect speech to give it a little change in the reading as the ST had already shown a great amount of sentences in direct speech, which can result tedious.

6.2. Extralinguistic Analysis

All the salient extralinguistic features of the complete ST have been written down and categorized in different fields. Those fields are (proper) names, geographic places, institutions, money, measurements, architecture and construction, cultural-bound knowledge, expressions / slang, address, food and plants, aggressions, and tools of any kind. Each of the fields are explained as follows.

6.2.1. Names

In the field of names, different subcategories were considered: given names, last names, nicknames, diminutive, and brand names.

6.2.1.1. *Given names*

When it comes to given names, there are three possible alternatives. The first one is to carry it over with no changes. The second option is to transliterate it, i.e. to make it match the phonemic system of the TL (Hervey, Higgins, and Haywood, 2005). The last option is to change the name completely in order to match its function and register. In this research paper, given names were transliterated whenever possible. However, if there was no phonemic counterpart, the name was carried over.

Example 1 Given names:

ST (p. 7, lines 6-8)

Otro amigo, *Aurelio*, estaba en quinto grado de la escuela y era quien me hacía los deberes para que yo saliera a jugar pelota con *Guillermo*, *Isael*, *Carlitos* y *Jofre*.

TT (p. 7, lines 2-4)

Another friend, *Aurelio*, was in fifth grade and he was the one who did my homework while I was out playing soccer with *William*, *Isael*, *Little Carlos*, and *Geoffrey*.

In this example, *Aurelio* and *Isael* were carried over because there is no Anglican counterpart. *Guillermo*, however, was changed to its corresponding equivalent in English *William*. *Jofre* in the ST was transliterated.

Example 2 Given names:

ST (p. 54, line 17)

ROBERT *JORGE* TAYLOR, en recuperación e integrándose a la sociedad...

TT (p. 53, lines 18-19)

ROBERT *GEORGE* TAYLOR in recovery and including myself in society.

In this case, *Jorge* was transliterated to *George* to comply the phonemic system of the TT.

6.2.1.2. Last names

Regards last names, they were all carried over as there is no possible phonemic match, or because they were of English origin.

Example 1 Last names:

ST (p. 1, lines 3-4)

Conocí a *Taylor* en Marzo de 1992 en una clínica psicoterapéutica de la ciudad de Guayaquil, sorprendiéndome al decirme que se identificaba con el texto del primer capítulo de mi ...

TT (p. 1, lines 3-4)

I met *Taylor* in March 1992 in a psychotherapeutic clinic of the city of Guayaquil.

As already mentioned, in this case the last name in the ST is of English origin, that is why it was just carried over.

Example 2 Last names:

ST (p. 55, lines 4-6)

-¿Y cuál es tu otro apellido?.

-*Zambrano*. (observé que se sorprendió).
¿Y por qué te asombras?.

-Por que también soy Zambrano.

TT (p. 54, lines 3-5)

“What’s your last name?”

“*Zambrano*. (I observed that she was surprised.) And why are you surprised?”

“Because my last name is also
Zambrano.”

In this example, the last name in the ST was carried over as there is no phonemic match in English. Additionally, this example shows another feature of the Hispanic culture in general: the fact that people have 2 last names – one inherited from the father, the other one from their mother. The strategy that was applied to tackle this problem was omission. It would make no sense to the English-speaking audience to keep it. (The rendering would then be *What’s your other last name?*)

Example 3 Last names:

ST (p. 2, line 5)

..., ¿en verdad quieres que la escriba con tus
nombres reales?

TT (p. 2, lines 6-7)

“But, do you really want to write using
your *real name*?”

The ST *nombres reales* refers to the fact that Hispanic people carry two last names. Again, it was omitted and simply translated as *name* in singular.

6.2.1.3. Nicknames

The use of nicknames is very common in Ecuador. People are entitled nicknames that are usually related to how they look, behave, or to any story they had lived. As the ST portrays every-day language, there were many nicknames to be rendered. In this case, the nicknames were tried to translate where possible. If there was no equivalent, it was carried over, or sometimes calque was applied.

Example 1 Nicknames:

ST (p. 3, lines 7-9)

En el mundo del hampa fui conocido con los
sobrenombres de “Ratón”, “Ratoncito

TT (p. 3, lines 8-10)

In the underworld I was known as
“*Mouse*”, “*Little Poisoned Mouse*”, “*Cuco*”

Envenenado”, “Cuco Valoy”, “El Brasileño”, *Valoy*”, “*The Brazilian*”, “*Crazy Seso*”, “*Seso Loco*”, “*Perro Ñato*”, “*Guacuco Dos*”, “*Snub-nosed Dog*”, “*Guaco Two*”, “*The Funky Guy*”, and “*The Lorenzo Skint*”. “*El Gogotero*” y “*El Pelado Lorenzo*”.

As shown in this example, *Mouse*, *Little Poisoned Mouse*, *The Brazilian*, *The Funky Guy*, and *The Lorenzo Skint* were translated, but keeping the meaning of the ST, i.e. it was no adaptation. Others like *Guaco Two* or *Crazy Seso* were rendered by applying calque, and others, in turn, were imported like *Cuco Valoy*.

Example 2 Nicknames:

ST (p. 18, lines 5-6)

Carlos, catorce años de edad, alias “*ferroviario*” por que trabajó durante un mes haciendo los mandados en la Estación de Ferrocarriles de Durán.

TT (p. 17, lines 5-6)

Carlos was 14 years old alias “*Railwayman*” because he worked for a month as an errand runner for the Duran train station.

In this example, *ferroviario* was literally translated as *railwayman*.

Example 3 Nicknames:

ST (p. 42, lines 32-33)

Había la bomba de que le decían “*Nalgajuma*”, sin embargo, yo no creía que era mariposón.

TT (p. 41, lines 21-22)

Rumor had it that his nickname was “*Butt Pirate*”, but I didn’t believe that he was a fab.

In this third example the word *Nalgajuma* was not literally translated, but adapted.

Example 4 Nicknames:

ST (p. 18, line 7)

Pancho de trece años, más conocido como “*Panchín del Negro*”.

TT (p. 17, line 7)

Pancho, 13 years old, aka “*Black Little Pancho*” ...

Pancho is the nickname for *Francisco*. It was carried over as for the Anglican version *Francis* no nickname exists. *Panchín del Negro* was translated.

Example 5 Nicknames:

ST (p. 49, line 8)

¡Vaya que no veía regresar a la *flaca*!

TT (p. 47, line 26)

But I didn’t see the *girl* come back!

Flaca is a very common nickname referring to skinny, young girls. It was simply rendered as a *girl* to match the TL.

6.2.1.4. Diminutive

The use of diminutive form of names is also very common in Ecuadorian Spanish which does not appear much in the English language.

Example 1 Diminutive:

ST (p. 6, line 27)

Carlitos me decía: ¡entonces no juego contigo!.

TT (p. 6, line 27)

Little Carlos told me, "Then, I won't play with you!"

Here, literal translation has been applied. An adapted version would be Charlie.

Example 2 Diminutive:

ST (p. 23, lines 10-12)

¡Vamos a la otra tienda!, me dijo y cuando empezamos a caminar me preguntó ¿cómo te llamas?... ¡Robert Taylor!, ¿y tú?. A mi me dicen "*Patito*" y soy de la banda de "Los Lobos".

TT (p. 22, lines 11-13)

"Let's go to another store," he told me and as we were walking along, he asked me for my name. "Robert Taylor! And you, what's your name?" – "They call me *Duckling* and I'm a member of 'The Wolves' gang'.

In this second example, the ST *patito* was not translated literally, which would be *little duck*. It was rendered in an idiomatic way: *duckling*. Ducklings are small ducks, but moreover, they are baby ducks.

ST (p. 34, lines 22-23)

Este apodo me lo puso "Huevito", un amigo de la Correccional al escuchar un comentario de que yo era bueno para jugar al fútbol y que podrían ganarse un billete en las apuestas.

TT (p. 33, lines 11-13)

I was given that nickname by "*Little Egg*", a friend at the Correctional Center who heard a comment that I was good at playing soccer and that they could earn some cash on bets.

In this case, *huevito* was rendered literally.

6.2.1.5. Brand names

Every nation uses its own series of products, which might have different brand names for the same product, but which are part of every-day speech, reason why in the ST the appearance of brand names was high. The usual technique was to carry them over.

Example 1 Brand names:

ST (p. 36, lines 33-35)

... comprando con el producto de su venta a un cachinero cuatro tarros de cemento de contacto, un paquete de diez tamugas de marihuana, una cajetilla de "Full" filtro sin boquillas, dos cajetillas de cigarrillo "Líder" y cien sobres de base.

TT (p. 35, lines 20-22)

With the money from the sale I bought from a drug dealer four jars of contact cement, ten joints, a pack of "Full" cigarettes with filter but no mouthpiece, two pack of "Leader" cigarettes, and 100 packets of paste.

In this excerpt appear two brand names of cigarettes. While the first one (*Full*) was carried over, the second one (*Líder*) was transliterated to match with the phonemic rules of the TL.

Example 2 Brand names:

ST (p. 37, lines 25-26)

También para variar, hacía cosas buenas como vender "Extra" y betunar zapatos.

TT (p. 36, lines 14-15)

But, in exchange, I also did some good things like ending the "Extra" newspapers and polishing shoes.

The name of the newspaper was carried over.

Example 3 Brand names:

ST (p. 51, lines 26-27)

Sospechaba que algo estaba ocurriendo ya que una ocasión, a pesar de observar pañosa una botella de Cola "Tropical", tomé su líquido.

TT (p.50, lines 18-20)

I was suspecting that something like that was going on as on another occasion I had noticed that the bottle of a "Tropical" soda was slightly misted up.

"Tropical" soda is a national product and was, therefore, carried over.

Example 4 Brand names:

ST (p. 53, lines 12-13)

Me compraron *bacerola*, cepillo y tinta, diciéndome: ¡aquí te vas a quedar con nosotros y cuando seas grande serás policía!.

TT (p.52, lines 11-12)

They bought me *shoe polish*, a brush, and ink, and said, "You're gonna stay here with us and when you're grown up you're gonna be a police officer!"

In this case, the ST *bacerola* is a brand name that, due to its frequent use, has passed into the vocabulary of the people, and is now used instead of the name that corresponds it, i.e. shoe polish. As *bacerola* as a brand is not well known in other parts of the world, it has been omitted.

6.2.2.Places

In the ST many different geographic places were mentioned, such as names of cities, provinces, towns, and so on. Single-worded names were carried over, phrases were transferred by using calque.

Example 1

ST (p. 4, lines 29)

Vivíamos en Quevedo, provincia de Los Ríos, en un sector marginado....

TT (p.4, lines 30)

We lived in Quevedo in the Province of Los Ríos, in a suburban sector where ...

In this example, *Quevedo* has been carried over as it is only one word, whereas *provincial de Los Ríos* was rendered as *Province of Los Ríos*, applying calque.

Example 2

ST (p. 31, lines 20-22)

... y en el preliminar jugaban los vagos de *Guayaquil* contra los de *Quito*, ante la expectativa de los de *Esmeraldas* que esperaban la eliminación de uno de los dos.

TT (p.30, lines 19-21)

In the preliminary round played the slackers of *Guayaquil* against those of *Quito*, in the presence of the team of *Esmeraldas*, which awaited the elimination of one of them.

The cities *Guayaquil* and *Quito* were carried over or borrowed, even though the pronunciation might cause interruption during the reading. The province *Esmeraldas* was also borrowed.

Example 3

ST (p. 18, lines 5-6)

Carlos, catorce años de edad, alias “ferroviario” por que trabajó durante un mes haciendo los mandados en la *Estación de Ferrocarriles de Durán*.

TT (p.17, lines 5-6)

Carlos was 14 years old alias “Railwayman” because he worked for a month as an errand runner for the *Duran train station*.

To translate the place *Estación de Ferrocarriles de Durán*, calque was applied.

6.2.3. Institutions

As the novel is about a boy who falls into drug and alcohol addiction and commits a series of crimes on his way, several police or detention centers were mentioned in the ST. As the law system is different in every country, there are also different places with different names to put criminals according to the seriousness of their crimes. The strategy applied was to find an idiomatic equivalence. Another technique could have been to adapt the Ecuadorian system to any other country’s system. However, as the end product shall be accessible to as many people as possible, the adaptation of the Ecuadorian system to one specific English-speaking country would not comply with that.

The solutions are detailed as follows.

Example 1:

ST (p. 20, lines 26-27)

Fue el primer robo por el que me llevaron detenido al *Cuartel Modelo*, pero cuando comprobaron que solo tenía once años me trasladaron al *Hogar de Tránsito*.

TT (p.19, lines 25-27)

It was my first theft where I was arrested and taken to the *Model police station*, but when they proved that I was only 11 years old they, they brought me to the *Temporary Home*.

Cuartel Modelo is a well-known police station in Guayaquil. It was translated in a communicative way to *Model police station*. *Hogar de Tránsito* was also communicatively translated because the literal translation (*Transit Home*) would make no sense to the reader.

Example 2:

ST (p. 24, lines 1-3)

Todos lo admiramos por la forma como lo contó y todavía más al decir: “los del *Hogar de Transito* cuando caigo no me aguantan paro de una me mandan a la *Casa de Observación* y allí tampoco me comen y voy a parar directo a la *Correccional*”

TT (p.22, lines 37-38; p. 23, 1-2)

Everybody admired him because of the way he told his story, and even more when he said, “Those of the *Temporary Home* can’t stand me when I get there and send me directly to the *Observation House* and there they can’t put up with me either, so I end up directly at the *Correctional Center*.”

Hogar de Tránsito, *Casa de Observación*, and *Correccional* are three different places where criminals who still are under age are imprisoned. First they end up at the *Temporary Home*, then, if repeated the crimes, they are sent to the *Observation House*, and finally, they end up in the *Correctional Center*, which is the actual prison for children and youngsters. Depending on law system the steps would be different, thus also the buildings and institutions. However, so as not to focus on one only country, it was translated in a communicative way, maintaining as much as possible of the source culture.

6.2.4. Money

Money is a very salient feature in every culture. There are different currencies in different countries and translating currencies can result as a headache. On the other hand, there are also many different expressions referring to money on the different level of register (formal or not) and to find a rendering for those might be a problem.

In the ST of this research paper, both of the abovementioned aspects were the case. First of all, Ecuador had their own currency until 1999, which was the *sucre*. Then, after a financial crisis, it was changed to US dollars. As the novel was first published in the 90s, the currency used in the ST is *sucre*. To tackle the problem the currency and to comply with the function of the TT (i.e. to convey as much as possible of the Ecuadorian culture) the currency was kept, under the risk of creating a slight confusion among the audience.

Example 1

ST (p. 10, lines 18-19)

Una ocasión, de la cartera de mi madrastra

TT (p.10, lines 17-19)

On one occasion, I took 100 *sucres*

<p>cogí cien <i>suces</i> y al cambiarlo me dieron muchos billetes que después no sabía ni que hacer con tanta plata.</p>	<p>(<i>about 10 dollars</i>) out of my step-mother's handbag and when I changed it I had so many bills that I didn't know what to do with so much money.</p>
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This excerpt shows the first time the currency *sucre* was used in the ST. To make the information more accessible to the targeted audience, a reference to today's US dollar has been added through glossing. (Glossing is a technique where additional information is given between parentheses.)

Example 2

ST (p. 10, lines 24-25)

TT (p.10, lines 24-25)

En la escuela trataba de hacer apuestas para perder la *plata* por que tenía mucha

At school I tried to lose my *money* gambling because I had too much.

The expression *plata* in the SL is a very common slang word for money, so it was rendered accordingly.

Example 3

ST (p. 6, lines 25-26)

TT (p.6, lines 24-26)

¡Anda, deja tu juguete en tu casa por que después se va a dañar y me culparán y no tengo ni *una lata* para pagarlo!.

Go, leave your toys at home because later they will get broken and you will blame me, and I don't have a *penny* to pay for them!"

ST (p. 43, lines 8-9)

TT (p.41, lines 31-32)

...¡yo te doy unas *lucas* pero no le digas a nadie!.

"I'll give you some *large* if you don't tell anything to anybody!"

In Ecuadorian Spanish, there are expressions for every unit of money. *Lata*, for example refers to 1 to 9. *Lucas* refers to thousands. To render those expressions, an idiomatic translation has be applied to make it digestible for the audience.

6.2.5. Measurements

Ecuador uses the metrical system, but as Ecuadorian culture is greatly influenced by the United States, there are also expressions within the language

that refer to the US customary system. Therefore, all the different expressions and measurements that were mentioned in the ST were changed to the metrical system to guarantee a smooth reading. The metrical system was chosen as it is more commonly used around the world than the US customary system.

Example 1

ST (p. 21, lines 19-20)

A la siguiente noche subió otro, parándose en la tapa del tanque de la cisterna, con la intención de cortar la malla de varillas de hierro de *media pulgada* de espesor.

TT (p.20, lines 15-16)

The next day, another one climbed up and stood on the top of the tank with the intention of cutting the grid of iron rods *which were a little thicker than a centimeter*.

Pulgada was not rendered literally as *inch*, but was changed into centimeters.

Example 2

ST (p. 10, lines 4-6)

Luego de tres noches de dormir en santidad se me entró el diablo en el cuerpo pues algo me llevó a descubrir que el acondicionador estaba suspendido por lo menos *una cuarta* sobre el piso y que agachándome alcanzaba a divisar con claridad el dormitorio aledaño.

TT (p.10, lines 2-4)

After having spent three nights behaving well, the devil took over as something got me to discover that the airconditioner hung at least *25 centimeters* over the ground and that, by bending down, I would see the other bedroom clearly.

Una cuarta is a common measurement in Ecuador referring to a quarter of meter and can be measured with the hand by spreading thumb and little finger. The span between them is "*una cuarta*". However, it was changed to centimeters.

6.2.6. Architecture and construction

Architecture and the materials used for construction can change greatly from culture to culture. Some people live in tents, others in caves, others in brick, or in wooden houses. It depends on the climate of that country and of the materials they have in their surroundings or to which they have access. The houses in Ecuador also show certain characteristics and are made with materials that are not used in other countries. Rendering the translation and keeping those

materials and structures might confuse the audience because they are not used to it. However, exactly those differences in culture are very enriching and are, therefore, carried over.

Example 1

ST (p. 18, lines 1-2)

Desde la esquina de los vagos a una cuadra hacia el río se levantaba una *casa de caña* media viejuca donde vivía la familia del que me escondió la media polín.

TT (p.17, lines 1-2)

A block away from the slacker corner in direction of the river there was that old, shabby *house made of sugar cane* where the family of the guy, who had hidden my sock, lived.

ST (p. 18, lines 2-4)

Ya éramos buenos amigos, compartíamos conversaciones mundanas, hablábamos de los robos que ellos habían cometido y *debajo de esa casa* dialogábamos alrededor de una botella de aguardiente.

TT (p. 17, lines 3-4)

We were already good friends, shared worldly conversations, talked about the thefts they had committed with a bottle of liquor *under that house*.

Sugar cane is a natural resource that is cultivate heavily, not only to produce sugar and liquor, but also to build houses. As a material, sugar cane is hard and robust, allowing it to be used in many different aspects. In Ecuador, therefore, many houses are made of sugar cane, which are usually elevated and stand on thick pillars of wood. It is a favored material because it is not as expensive as bricks and cement, and it lets air pass through the walls, guaranteeing a cool environment during the hot days. As the houses are elevated, the space below the house can be used for several purposes. However, to say that somebody is sitting under the house, as it was rendered in the TT, might confuse the English-speaking reader as they might not be used to such types of houses. For them, under the house would be the basement.

Example 2:

ST (p. 36, lines 1-2)

La idea era entrar al taller, subir al techo de donde pendían cables y tubos de hierro de los que nos aprovecharíamos para llegar hasta las mismas hojas de zinc.

TT (p.34, lines 22-23)

Our idea was to enter the workshop, climb the ceiling from where hung wires and iron pipes which we would use to get to the *zinc roof*.

Zinc is another material that is used in the constructions of houses in Ecuador. Other countries might use other materials.

6.2.7. Cultural-bound knowledge

Cultural-bound knowledge refers to all the pieces of information that are expressed implicitly or explicitly within the ST and which require a more profound knowledge of the source culture to understand them.

Example 1

ST (p. 8, lines 11-12)

Para llegar a nuestra escuela deberíamos pasar un río en balsilla con la desventaja situacional de que el *profesor era cuencano* y no sabía nadar, ni tampoco mi hermana.

TT (p.8, lines 8-9)

To get to our school, we had to pass a river in a small raft with the situational disadvantage that the teacher was *from Cuenca* and didn't know how to swim.

People from other countries who don't have much knowledge about Ecuador might not know that Cuenca is a city in the highlands and that people there usually don't know how to swim because there are no deep waters, only rivers. However, the ST already explains explicitly why the narrator thinks that being from Cuenca was a problem in that particular situation. As the ST explains the situation explicitly, there is no need to apply glossing.

Example 2

ST (p. 16, lines 4)

Me aplicaron la "sisaya" y bien fuerte.

TT (p.15, lines 11-12)

They applied the "*sisaya*" (an Andean punishment) on me, and heavily.

Sisaya is definitely not a well-known expression. The strategy to solve the problem is glossing.

6.2.8. Expressions / slang

In every language exist slang or colloquial expressions that are only used in one particular country or geographic region. In the ST, a great part is spoken speech which means that there is a great amount of expressions that are only used in Ecuador. To render such expressions, the translation was aimed at being as much idiomatic as possible.

Example 1:

ST (p. 16, lines 15-16)

TT (p.15, line 15)

Me levantaba, regresaba a la casa de mi madrastra, *me aliñaba* y cogía rumbo a la escuela.

I got up and back to my step-mother's house, I *got dressed* and left for school.

The word *aliñar* is usually used in terms of food. However, as a slang word in Ecuador, it means to dress up, to get ready to leave the house, most probably referring to putting on perfume.

Example 2:

ST (p. 22, lines 23-24)

TT (p.21, lines 23-24)

Al mirar al frente vi que unas personas que bebían licor aplaudían la fuga que yo protagonizaba: ¡oye, esos pelados son *pilas*!

In front I saw some people drinking liquor and applauding the escape that I was responsible for saying, "Look! These lads are *slick!*"

Pila or *pilas* is a very common expression in the spoken language. It does not refer to the batteries, but to the state of being attentive, in one or another form.

Example 3:

ST (p. 23, lines 29-30)

TT (p.22, lines 31-33)

Es a vaca soñada la fuga por el patio pero una vez me cogieron y me *dieron la del zorro*.

It's a piece of cake to escape by the back yard, but I got caught once and they *took me behind the woodshed*.

Both renderings were not literal, as literal translations would make no sense to the reader of the TT. An idiomatic expression has been chosen to convey the same meaning.

6.2.9.Address

In Ecuador, elderly people are addressed in a very formal way, even within the family. Unfortunately, this gets lost in translation because in English, the personal pronoun is only *you* for formal and informal address.

Example 1:

ST (p. 19, lines 31-32)

Parece que *usted* no fuera mi mamá. Ni que yo fuera mayor de edad para que me *diga* esas cosas.

TT (p.18, lines 35-36)

I replied, "It seems *you* are not my mother! *You* talk to me as if I was a grown up."

The pronoun *usted* in that form does not exist in English. Therefore, it was simply rendered as *you*, creating a loss.

Example 2:

ST (p. 5, lines 13-14)

–Pero *hija*, decía la anciana

TT (p.5, line 12)

"But, my *dear*," said the old woman to her., ...

Likewise, in Ecuador it is very common to call your son or daughter *hijo* or *hija*. Even in-laws or any person close to the family can be called like this as an expression of affection. What in English is common is "son", but in this case it is about a "daughter". A good equivalence would be any word that expresses affection, like *love*, *dear*, etc.

6.2.10. Food and plants

Another very salient feature is food. Dishes vary from culture to culture according to their natural environment and belief systems. This can be a problem if the target culture differs a lot. This problem was tackled by mainly translating food and dishes literally.

Example 1:

ST (p. 4, lines 5-6)

Cuando me mandaban a *comprar tomate*, *cebolla* y *pimiento*, regresaba con tomate, comino y pimienta.

TT (p.4, line 3)

When they sent me to buy *tomatoes*, *onions* and *green pepper*, I came back with tomatoes, cumin, and peppers.

Tomatoes, onions, and green peppers are the three basic ingredients that almost every typical Ecuadorian dish contains. As the intention of the translation is to bring Ecuadorian culture a little closer to other cultures, no change has been made. However, if the translation was aimed at an adaptation, those ingredients might have been changed by typical ingredients of the target culture (potatoes, cabbage, and onions for example).

Example 2:

ST (p. 7 lines 9-10)

Con este amigo nos robábamos mangos de los patios ajenos, maduros para chupar y verdes para comer con sal.

TT (p. 7, lines 6-7)

With him, I stole mangoes from the other people's backyards; the ripe ones to suck, the green ones to eat with salt.

Mangoes are a very commonly eaten snack during mango season. When they are still green, they are eaten with salt. When they are ripe, a little hole is made and the fruit so long squeezed until the juice flows out of the hole. This might seem strange to people who eat mangoes in a different way. Fortunately, this part is already explicitly explained, thus no further technique had to be applied.

Example 3:

ST (p. 10, lines 19-20)

En la despensa compré una cola, dos *panes de sal* y veinte sures en mortadela.

TT (p. 10, lines 19-20)

I bought a soda, two pieces of *bread* and 20 sures of mortadella in a nearby shop.

In Ecuador, there are different types of bread, usually differentiated by the amount of salt they contain. There is sweat bread (more sugar than salt), salty bread, and even mixed bread. Therefore, a distinction needs to be made. However, in many countries, when talking about bread, the general idea would be salty, which is why *de sal* was omitted.

Example 4:

ST (p. 14/15, lines 33/4)

Nos acercamos a una despensa esquinera disimulando comprar ambas colas:

-¡Dos *colas* por favor!

-¿Qué *colas* desean?, preguntó el tendero.

-¡A mí me da una *Coca Cola*!

-¡Yo también quiero una *Coca Cola*!.

TT (p. 14, lines 20-22)

We approached a store in a corner concealed to buy the two sodas. "Two sodas, please," I ordered. The shopkeeper asked, "Which flavor do you like?" We both ordered a Coke.

In Ecuador, sodas are usually known as *colas*, a word which must probably come from the brand *Coca Cola*. However, its use has spread to any type of

soda. People don't usually talk of *gaseosa*. That is why, when ordering a soda, people have to specify the flavor. If a soda of the brand *Coca Cola* wants to be ordered, you have to say *Coca*.

6.2.11. Aggressions

The ST contains many expressions related to physical aggression. They caused problems at the hour of translating as for some of them there was no direct equivalent, i.e. an expression that means the same and that contains the same amount of lexical items. For those expressions compensation by splitting has been applied.

Example 1:

ST (p. 4, lines 15-16)

Mi padrastro: (primero me daba un cocacho que percutía en mi cabeza como cuando se golpea un mate seco)

TT (p. 4, lines 14-15)

My step-father gave me first a *tap on my head* that felt just like when you hit a *dry coconut*, and then said, "..."

Cocacho is an expression used in the Latin American area. The strategy applied was compensation by splitting.

Example 2:

ST (p. 4, lines 23-24)

Tenía seis años de edad y ya reflexionaba: demoro mucho para crecer, mejor le meto un *machetazo* en la cabeza y se la corto

TT (p. 4, lines 24-25)

I was six years old and already thought: Growing's taking too long; I'd better *hit him with a slash of a machete* and cut off his head.

ST (p. 17, lines 6-7)

Otro compañero sacó la media de donde éste la había escondido y aproveché para romperle la trompa de un *puñetazo*.

TT (p. 16, lines 7-8)

Another peer took out the sock from where he had hidden it and I took advantage to break his mouth with a *punch*.

ST (p. 23, lines 32-33)

Tuvieron que llevarme el desayuno a la cama y darme de comer en la boca por que los labios los tenía hinchadotes de los *patazos*.

TT (p. 22, lines 34-35)

"... . They had to bring me breakfast to my bed and feed me because my lips were so swollen of the *beating*.

In Ecuadorian Spanish, any tool ending with “*azo*” refers to hitting somebody with that tool or body part. The strategy applied was compensation by splitting like *slash of a machete* or replacing it with an expression in the TL that means hitting somebody with the corresponding body part like *punch*, or that just refers generally to physical aggression like *beating*.

6.2.12. Tools of any kind

Tools are also cultural-bound features. Different countries use different tools. A tool that is very commonly used in Ecuador is the machete. Although it is known at global scale and definitely in the English-speaking area as it has already been borrowed and taken up into the dictionary, it still might distance the reader from the TT as they might not be familiar with it.

Example 1:

ST (p. 8, lines 3-4)

Un tiempo nos tocó vivir en el campo en donde mi padrastro trabajaba al *machete* haciendo unos desmontes en la hacienda de una viuda.

TT (p. 7, lines 36-37)

Once we had to live a while in the countryside where my step-father worked with the *machete* cutting down the overgrown vegetation of a widow's estate.

For any other tool that was mentioned in the ST, a corresponding equivalent has been applied.

Example 2:

ST (p. 45, lines 26-29)

... coge las herramientas y vámonos. ¡Mira, estas tienes que llevar!: dos llaves de tubo, corta-tubo, llave de boca, desarmador plano y de estrella., relay de repuesto, cilindro de relay. En caso de soldar allá: varilla de bronce, varilla de plata, polvo y pasta de soldar, mascarilla y una pomita así con gasolina.

TT (p. 44, lines 14-19)

..., “Go, get the tools and let's go! Look! You have to take those: two *plumber wrenches*, a *pipe cutter*, an *open-end wrench*, a *slot screwdriver* and a *cross-recess screw driver*, a *spare relay*, a *relay cylinder*. We also take a piece of *bronze rod*, a *piece of silver rod*, *solder powder* and *paste*, a face mask and a little bottle like this with gas, just in case we need to solder. Let's do this, Taylor! You're smart and swift.”

7. Conclusion and recommendations

In conclusion, it can be said that translating Ecuadorian literature is a complex task because it is highly attached to culture. Since the beginning of Ecuador's independence, Ecuadorian authors have used writing rather for political purposes than for pure entertainment. Later on, during the romantic and neoclassic periods, authors tried to explore their identity and focused on indigenous themes, regional issues, and social and economic problems. Ecuador's every-day life was of high interest to the authors who observed their surroundings and wrote down every detail in a realistic way (Smith, 2001). Contemporary literature still focuses on social or even political criticism that shows the harsh reality of Ecuadorians. Therefore, it is recommended that the general approach to render this type of literature should be idiomatic, but to keep the cultural traits as they are the quintessence of the oeuvre. If the writing is adapted, i.e. taken completely out of the ST context and put into a TT context, the content will experience an irrecoverable loss.

In addition, translating Ecuadorian literature can be difficult because of the wide-spread use of colloquialisms and slang expressions. That implies that the translator must have a vast knowledge of Ecuadorian Spanish and its culture. If not, it would be wise to carry out a study on the field, to consult local urban dictionaries, or to work closely together with the author of the ST to clear any doubts.

Finally, it can be said that literary translation is a very open engagement. For one sentence, for example, there are many different possible renderings, and all of them are correct. It is the translator's task to decide which option suits best its purpose because not all the options might be appropriate according to context. It is therefore important that the translator possesses certain skills and experience in writing literature so as to be able to comply with the expectations of the audience.

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9. Appendix

9.1. Source Text

1 TAYLOR DE LOS LOBOS

2 MI DESESPERADA LUCHA CONTRA LA DROGADICCIÓN

3 Conocí a Taylor en Marzo de 1992 en una clínica psicoterapéutica de la ciudad de
4 Guayaquil, sorprendiéndome al decirme que se identificaba con el texto del primer capítulo de
5 mi novela “El Mundo Gira y gira”, uno de cuyos ejemplares doné a la biblioteca de dicha
6 institución. Francamente, me sentí halagado.

7 En Noviembre Taylor ingresó a trabajar como terapeuta vivencial en la “Comunidad
8 Terapéutica contra el Alcoholismo y la Farmacodependencia” –COMTALFA-, organismo bajo mi
9 dirección y recién supe que su expectativa quedó truncada cuando llegó a la parte en que el
10 protagonista de la obra salía en libertad al comprobarse que era inocente del crimen del
11 Presidente del Concejo Municipal de Tres Cruces.:

12 -“Yo pensaba que el resto de la novela seguiría enfocando el asunto penitenciario, por
13 eso no terminé de leerla”.

14 Un tanto desilusionado-¿quién no?-le contesté que aquello no estaba comprendido en
15 el plan de la obra puesto que era solamente un capítulo introductorio, orientador y con futuras
16 proyecciones.

17 Taylor se entusiasmó repentinamente y me confesó su idea de escribir un libro ya que
18 material lo tenía de sobra:

19 “¿Sabe usted lo que significa cuarenta detenciones en dieciocho años de vida?. He visto
20 muchachos como yo que en libros expresan sus vivencias. Me gusta cuando veo un delincuente
21 corriendo con una bolsa de dinero en sus manos, seguido por policías que portan tremendas
22 pistolas. Yo hacía lo mismo”.

23 -Si quieres nárrame tu historia, pero cámbiate de nombres, le dije.

24 -¡Para eso mejor no le digo nada!

25 -¡Es que después directa o indirectamente te podría perjudicar!

26 -¡No, le aseguro que no habrá problemas!

27 ¡Tú o tus familiares pueden sentirse afectados!

28 -¡Qué familiares, si nunca los he tenido, además, siempre he querido escribir una
29 novela de mi vida!

30 -Conozco parte de tu vida, tú bien lo sabes. Por eso te pregunto, ¿Cómo reaccionarias
31 al considerarse como un hecho público tus experiencias delictivas?

1 -iNo me importa, por que tengo aceptación de todo lo que me pasó; además, ya no
2 estoy en alcohol o en drogas si no en un proceso de recuperación con veinte meses de
3 abstinencia!

4 -iEstá bien, lo vamos a hacer!. Yo me encargaré de escucharte y redactar, leer y
5 corregir lo que escribas, organizar el contenido y de muchos etcéteras que a la postre te
6 favorecerán dado que tus intenciones son nobles, pero, ¿en verdad quieres que la escriba con
7 tus nombres reales?.

8 -iSí! ¡quiero que lo haga!, quiero que se mencione: ¡TAYLOR!

9

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19 “Todas las verdades que se silencian, terminan siendo venenosas”

20 Friedrich Nietzsche

21 “Así habló Zaratustra”

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27

1 **1. MI PRIMERA INFANCIA.-**

2 Mi apellido es Taylor, pero todos lo mencionan como si fuera mi nombre, aceptación
3 generalizada que mantendré como constante en esta historia, la historia de mi vida. Soy un
4 alcohólico y drogadicto, gracias a Dios, en recuperación y a través de mis vivencias deseo
5 aportar para que muchos hogares se prevengan del más grande de los martirios: mirar
6 impotentes cómo sus hijos se destruyen por causa de la drogadicción.

7 En el mundo del hampa fui conocido con los sobrenombres de “Ratón”, “Ratoncito
8 Envenenado”, “Cuco Valoy”, “El Brasileño”, “Seso Loco”, “Perro Ñato”, “Guacuco Dos”, “El
9 Gogotero” y “El Pelado Lorenzo”. El último me lo pusieron las prostitutas luego de que la policía
10 me llevó detenido al Hospital Psiquiátrico “Lorenzo Ponce” al encontrarme in fraganti
11 inhalando cemento de contacto.

12 Desde los cinco años empecé a recibir agresiones; a esa edad, una mujer de
13 aproximadamente diecisiete años jugó sexualmente conmigo y luego me violó. Cuando tenía
14 seis años un hombre intentó sodomizarme. Boca abajo luché por impedirlo, trataba de
15 morderle duro la mano y de agarrarlo por el pellejo para que me afloje hasta que fui salvado
16 por un desconocido que providencialmente pasó por el lugar.

17 Estas agresiones son reconocidas como impactos emocionales, las que a medida que
18 crecía me fueron intimidando y resintiendo cada vez más. Maltratado por mi padrastro odié a
19 mi madre y en la soledad de mi alma me preguntaba: ¿quién es esa persona extraña?. Vivía una
20 tortura emocional, una vida de amargura, lloraba y lloraba al acostarme a dormir para evitar
21 que me vieran haciéndolo, pues el dolor era solo de mi propiedad.

22 A las seis de la mañana mi padrastro gritaba: ¡VAMOS, LEVANTATE MARICON DE
23 MIERDA, VAGO, ANDA COMPRA EL PAN PARA DESAYUNAR!;

24 Yo, en voz baja contestaba: -ya va; y de seguido mis oídos se ofendían al escuchar:
25 ¡MUEVETE CARAJO!.

26 Me levantaba asustado, temeroso y del miedo ni lo saludaba. Tenía vergüenza y odio,
27 trataba de evadirlo, de no darle chance, pero él se me ponía de frente y yo agachaba la cabeza
28 o miraba para otro lado.

29 -¿Y tú que no sabes saludar?

30 - ... buenos días...

31 -¿BUENOS DIAS QUE?. ¡BUENOS DIAS PAPA TIENES QUE DECIR!

32 -Buenos días papá, -contestaba bajito-.

33 -¡BUENOS DIAS PAPA, TIENES QUE DECIRME!, ¿NO VES QUE TE ESTOY CRIANDO, MARICON
34 DE MIERDA!. ¡Corre a comprar y demórate para tu desgracia!.

1 Ahora que han pasado los años pienso y digo: ¡ese hijoeputa de mi padrastro sí que me
2 jodió la vida!. Lo disculpo por que en base de esa estupidez que empleó conmigo pude darme
3 cuenta de lo agredido que se sentiría un niño con un mal trato de ese tipo y es por eso que
4 ahora puedo brindar amor, y ¡sí lo hago!.

5 Cuando me mandaban a comprar tomate, cebolla y pimienta, regresaba con tomate,
6 comino y pimienta. Entonces me gritaba:

7 -¡BRUTO QUE ERES SALVAJE, REGRESATE A DEVOLVER!.

8 Llegaba a la tienda pero en el camino iba regañando y maldiciendo haber nacido y me decía
9 a mí mismo: ¡ahorita que me mato, maldita sea mi vida!. Al llegar donde el tendero, otro pito.
10 Me repelaba el tendero, mi mamá y mi padrastro:

11 Tendero: “en qué piensas niño tan chiquito y con mente olvidadiza.

12 ¿No?. ¡Caramba, qué paciencia hay que tener con estos niños!”.

13 Mi madre: “en qué piensas tú, que siempre que te mando a comprar vienes con las
14 compras cambiadas!”

15 Mi padrastro: (primero me daba un cocacho que percutía en mi cabeza como cuando se
16 golpea un mate seco) ¡es lo que hay que darte para que recuerdes, y MIRAME BIEN!.

17 Yo decía para mis adentros: ¡Fuera bueno que se muera este desgraciado!.

18 Luego del desayuno me ponía a barrer el patio de la casa y al concluir la tarea le decía: ¡Ya está
19 barrido el patio!. El vociferaba: ¡ya voy a revisar y por cada basura que vea te ganas un premio!.

20 ¡Qué fatal!, el premio era un cocacho, un empujón y una ruda jalada de pelo. ¡Me
21 torturaba es maldito!. Al momento acudían ideas a mi mente: ¡MATARLO!. Después otra:
22 pelear con él cuando sea grande. Otra: ¿adónde me voy!.

23 Tenía seis años de edad y ya reflexionaba: demoro mucho para crecer, mejor le meto un
24 machetazo en la cabeza y se la corto. No lo hice porque pensé que me faltarían fuerzas para
25 conseguirlo y le estaría dando una oportunidad para que él me mate.

26 Decidí esperar a crecer para pelear con él, en iguales condiciones.

27

28 **2. MIS PRIMEROS VICIOS.-**

29 Vivíamos en Quevedo, provincia de Los Ríos, en un sector marginado poblado por gente de
30 escasos recursos económicos. En las madrugadas me asomaba a la ventana para espiar a Dios
31 entre las nubes. Quería conocerlo para ver a quien se parecía.

1 En uno de esos rutinarios días nos visitó la madre de mi padrastro con la misión de salir a
2 orar en el ‘Pozo Bendito de la virgen de San Camilo’

3 Por ser el mayor, me dejaron encargado de la custodia de mi hermana por parte de padre y
4 madre y de un hijo que mi madre había tenido con mi padrastro. Salieron por la mañana y
5 regresaron por la tarde. Yo me había dedicado a comer tierra. Comí tanto, tanto, que estaba
6 pipón, me ahogaba como de cansancio, me faltaba la respiración, casi agonizaba.

7 En el cementerio “mis familiares” recogieron los restos de las espermas acumuladas sobre
8 las tumbas para confeccionar una bola de vela de muerto que adicionada a la que hicieron con
9 los residuos de las que se encendían frente a la imagen de la Virgen les permitía contar con una
10 potente fórmula milagrosa. Y para completar cualquier milagro que fuese necesario producir
11 trajeron a casa un jarrón repleto de agua bendita. ¡Alabado sea Dios!.

12 A su ingreso en la vivienda yo estaba tirado en el piso de la sala. La vieja se asustó y
13 sorprendida gritó: ¡AH, QUE LE PASA!. Mi madre dijo: ¡Fijo que estaba comiendo tierra!. –Pero
14 hija, decía la anciana, este niño está muy mal, tenemos que hacer algo, vamos donde un
15 médico o al hospital. Mi madre contestaba: ¡déjelo ahí nomás que se muera, ya que cuando se
16 a grande ha de ser igual que su padre!.

17 La vieja insistía diciendo: ¡no, por amor de Dios, yo tengo que hacer algo!. ¡Pásame, ahí yo
18 traje agua bendita, unas velas en forma de bola también...!. Mi madre se metió al cuarto, se
19 quitó la ropa de calle, se puso la de andar en casa y se acostó a dormir, mientras que la madre
20 de mi padrastro que yo tanto odiaba trataba de salvarme la vida.

21 Mi hermana buscó en el bolso de la vieja y el pasó las velas boludas y el agua bendita. La
22 pelota de vela empezó a pasármela en forma de cruz por la frente mientras rezaba. Luego me
23 hizo tomar tres tragos de agua bendita.

24 A los pocos minutos empecé a botar tierra con agua por la boca, por la nariz y por el culo.
25 Casi me muero. Por último, me salió una cosa como hollejo de naranja, color blanca y caí para
26 atrás. Estaba en los brazos de la madre de mi padrastro. Me sentí débil, muy débil; los ojos
27 hondos, el sabor amargo de la boca. ¡Vaya que casi me muero y la vieja puta me salvó!.

28

29 **3. EL TEMOR AL CASTIGO.-**

30 Cuando estudiaba primer grado no estaba en condiciones de prestar atención a lo que
31 decía la maestra. Pasaba pensando en que me podían pegar al llegar a la casa a pesar de que no
32 había hecho nada. El castigo consistía en tres latigazos, arrodillado y sin llorar. ¡Qué miedo!.

33 Llorando en mi soledad pedía perdón. Por favor, perdón, discúlpeme señor, por favor no
34 sea malo, le decía; yo si lo quiero, por favor ...

1 Y así actuaba cuando me zurraba para ver si lo convencía y dejaba de agredirme, pero el
2 maldito y cobarde no desistía hasta que no se cansara de levantar al látigo. Me obligaba a
3 arrodillarme, me daba con una correa y estando en esa posición me ordenaba que no llore. Me
4 hacía aguantar la tortura emocional y física sin que yo dé un quejido.

5 El era analfabeto y solo le gustaban los números. Había aprendido a sacar cuentas por que
6 era oficial de carros que transportan pasajeros mas no por que estuvo en escuela o colegio.
7 Solo merece ser nombrado por lo que era para mí, un padrastro frustrado, por la baja
8 educación que trató de inducirme. Pero mi inteligencia es otra: “cada persona es un mundo,
9 afirma el dicho, y pienso que sí porque yo soy diferente.

10

11 **4. MIS LINDOS JUGUETES.-**

12 Una lata de sardinas desechada amarrada con una piola.

13 Una rueda rechazo de una llanta de carro. Corría con ella. En mi mente la identificaba como
14 carro. En mi mente la identificaba como carro. Corría y con la boca pitaba ¡PI-PI!, ¡PI-
15 PI!...dándole vueltas con una latita de caña.

16 Bolillas de cristal con las que jugaba al pepo en la tierra.

17 Nunca me compraron pelota.

18 Nunca me compraron un juguete para navidad.

19 En navidad solo salía donde mis amigos para ver los regalos que sus padres les habían
20 comprado. Una vez me quitaron un juguete prestado y por un injustificado egoísmo les decían
21 a los niños de mi edad: ¡no les presten a este mocoso sus juguetes por que se les van a perder!.

22 -¡Cuiden sus juguetes por que se los van a dañar!.

23 Eso me resentía, por lo que me refugiaba en mis lindos juguetes, los que la vida de pobre me
24 regaló. Fue tanto mi resentimiento que cuando mis amigos me buscaban para jugar yo les decía:
25 ¡juegen conmigo pero con mis juguetes!. ¡Anda, deja tu juguete en tu casa por que después se va
26 a dañar y me culparán y no tengo ni una lata para pagarlo!.

27 Carlitos me decía: ¡entonces no juego contigo!. Yo le contestaba: ¡no juegues pues, a mí que
28 me importa!. Entonces él me motivaba para incitarme a jugar: ¡ya pues, entonces juguemos al
29 pepo!. Y empezaba el juego. Después que nos cansábamos de jugar al pepo con las bolas de
30 cristal, cogía mi lata de sardina, la llenaba de tierra y la jalaba ilusionándome como si fuera un
31 carro de verdad a la vez que emitía sonidos con mi boca: ¡UUUMMMMMM!, ¡UUUMMMMM!.

32 Parece mentira pero Carlitos sentía envidia de mi improvisado vehículo: ¡te presto el mío
33 un ratito y tú préstame el tuyo!. El tenía una volqueta plástica, grande y de seis llantas.

1 Mi lata de sardinas no tenía ni una. Pero terminábamos como amigos y cuando lo iban a
2 buscar sus hermanas tenía que escuchar cosas negativas sobre mi persona: ¡no demora mucho
3 que te daña la volqueta!

4

5 **5. EL JUEGO DE PELOTA.-**

6 Otro amigo, Aurelio, estaba en quinto grado de la escuela y era quien me hacía los deberes
7 para que yo saliera a jugar pelota con Guillermo, Isael, Carlitos y Jofre. Eran amigos de barrio,
8 vecinos y compañeros en la cancha. Aurelio también era pobre como yo, solo que él usaba
9 pantalón largo, sin zapatos y sin camisa. Con este amigo nos robábamos mangos de los patios
10 ajenos, maduros para chupar y verdes para comer con sal.

11 Guillermo e Isael eran hermanos y el papá de ellos trabajaba en Guayaquil de chofer de un
12 carro de la Coca Cola. Y no solo para navidad recibían regalos, su padre era tan preocupado por
13 su bienestar que hasta bicicletas les compraba. Ellos jugaban con zapatos y nosotros los tres
14 con Jofre, sin zapatos. Armábamos el equipo en la cancha y jugábamos tres a tres. Qué bien
15 que me sentía en la cancha con mis amigos,

16 -¡qué más felicidad!

17 **6. EL JUEGO DE LAS BOLAS DE CRISTAL.-**

18 Este juego me encantaba, era mi diversión. La felicidad me llegaba cuando estaba
19 concentrado en el mismo. Al terminar de jugar se me venía encima el malestar al acordarme de
20 la tranquiza que me esperaba cuando no alcanzaba a esconder el látigo de la vista de mamá.

21 Empezaba el juego tirando todas las bolas al suelo para llamar la atención de mis demás
22 amigos. Una vez me botó mi padrastro dos tarros que antes contenían leche “Nan”, llenos de
23 bolas de cristal. Del coraje que sentía ansiaba hacerlo bola de cristal y tirarlo debajo de un carro
24 grande. Otra vez me las botó al servicio higiénico, pero a pesar de toda esa maldad nunca me
25 quitó las ganas de seguir jugando.

26 Yo era buenazo para el pepo y cuando no tenía las bolillas me arriesgaba diciéndole a
27 Carlitos que me preste una ya que las mías mi mamá las guardó en una maleta y las llaves no se
28 encontraron. El me contestaba: ¡nada sapo, anda a ver tus bolas!, ¡vélo, se quiere hacer la
29 grande con mis bolas!, ¡fijo que les botaron las de él, por vago!

30 Lo convencía diciéndole que le daba la ganancia para él. Empezaba a jugar y cuando
31 ganaba le decía: Carlitos, toma nomás tus bolas, después voy a perder. El contestaba molesto:
32 ¡sapo, no te presto más por eso, por sapo!; ¡dame las dos que te ganaste!. Yo respondía en
33 seguida:

34 -¡espérate que parece que me está llamando mi mamá!, ¿tú no escuchaste, no?, ¡pues yo
35 sí. Y salía corriendo.

1 Después de un rato llegaba a jugar con bolas propias, hasta que me hacía la grande.

2 **7. ME CONVERTI EN SALVAVIDAS.-**

3 Un tiempo nos tocó vivir en el campo en donde mi padrastro trabajaba al machete haciendo
4 unos desmontes en la hacienda de una viuda. La señora tenía cinco hijas mujeres entre las
5 cuales se encontraba Vilma, de aproximadamente dieciocho años de edad. Yo tenía seis años
6 cuando la conocí, enamorándome perdidamente; pero por mi inmadurez no se lo manifesté.
7 Reprimí el amor que le sentía.

8 Las hijas de la viuda atendían un salón de bebida de su propiedad allá en la ciudad. En aquella
9 época yo estaba en segundo grado de primaria y jamás me imaginé que a tan tierna edad me
10 convertiría en salvavidas. Todo surgió por añadidura a una necesidad de sobrevivencia.

11 Para llegar a nuestra escuela deberíamos pasar un río en balsilla con la desventaja situacional
12 de que el profesor era cuencano y no sabía nadar, ni tampoco mi hermana. Para suerte hacía
13 una semana que yo, obligado por la necesidad de sobrevivir crucé dos veces la correntada
14 nadando desesperadamente y sin tener ningún instructor.

15 Ahora, los tres teníamos la urgencia de llegar a la escuela pero no había nadie alrededor que
16 nos pase al otro lado. Sin embargo, atrevida y audazmente osé decirle a mi maestro que yo era
17 un buen balsero. Aceptaba mi propuesta nos embarcamos pero a medio camino me faltaron
18 fuerzas para remar a pesar de que el río no estaba muy correntoso.

19 El profesor empezó a temblar y a aprender la lección de no creer de primera mano todo lo
20 que otros nos dicen. Le temblaban las piernas y las manos, le temblaba todo el cuerpo. Él estaba
21 en la punta de la balilla, mi hermana en medio y yo al otro extremo remando con una palanca de
22 palo. De repente nos volteamos y todos caímos al agua. Presuroso trepé sobre las boyas
23 semiamarradas y alcancé a ver cómo mi hermanita se ahogaba.

24 Fue tan rápida mi reacción que en el lapso de cinco minutos que me parecieron eternos, mi
25 hermana estaba asida de la embarcación. Sentí inmenso alivio puesto que su vida dependía solo
26 de mí. Ahora me siento bien al recordarlo por que ella vive y tiene dos hijos. Uno de ellos se
27 parece exactamente a mí cuando era niño.

28 Remolqué a mi hermana a la orilla desde donde observé los apuros del profesor por
29 mantenerse a flote. De pronto desapareció. Gracias a dios que todavía no habíamos hecho los
30 aportes ni los exámenes del primer trimestre. Digo gracias a Dios porque yo era número uno
31 para sacar malas notas y al quedarme de año mi susto era la paliza que recibiría de mi padrastro.

32 Lo hubiera dejado ahogar pero como no había tenido ningún problema con su autoridad, hice
33 un nuevo esfuerzo y lo saqué del fondo del río donde agonizaba. El también vivió.

1 El profesor tenía una moto en la que se transportaba del campo a la ciudad y viceversa. Mis
2 premios fueron buenas notas y una salida a la ciudad en su vehículo. Por primera vez en mi vida
3 que viajaba en moto y cosa rara, pasé de año en la escuela.

4 Lo que más me gustaba del campo era el río cristalino y su correntada llena de vida, andar en
5 burros y en caballos. Lo que más me fascinaba eran las mujeres negras del campo. Me gustaba
6 de ellas el color de la piel y muchas cosas más...

7 **8. MIS OFICIOS DOMESTICOS.-**

8 Cuando cursaba tercer grado vivía con mi madrastra, quien me quería muchísimo. Me lavaba
9 la ropa, las medias, calzoncillos, me servía el desayuno, la leche caliente y me planchaba el
10 uniforme. Antes de salir de mañanita me daba plata para gastar en el recreo. Era un gran
11 jugador de pelota y cuando llegaba sudado y con el uniforme sucio, recién empezando el día
12 lunes, ella no me pegaba como lo hacía mi padrastro. Solamente me repelaba y como castigo
13 mayor me mandaba a lavar a mí mismo el uniforme. Luego me lo planchaba.

14 Al siguiente día volvía a llegar con el uniforme sudado por jugar pelota en horas del recreo. Al
15 lavármelo notó que le faltaba un botón en la camisa y terminantemente me lo hizo pegar y que
16 planchara yo mismo el uniforme. Mis otros hermanos le decían: ¡ya, mami, déjelo que él lave y
17 planche su uniforme!, y ella le respondía que yo estaba muy pequeño todavía, pero al mismo
18 tiempo les aceptaba la idea para no resentirlos y guiñándome uno de sus ojos me advertía: ¡ya
19 tienes que ir aprendiendo a planchar y a lavar tu uniforme, el mayor de mis hijos lo hace y tú por
20 que no!.

21 Luego, más seriamente:...¡y los zapatos tienen que estar bien betunados. Tienes que dejar
22 todo listo!.

23 Yo la obedecía sin sentirme mal y me encantaba betunar mis zapatos por que eran de cuero
24 color negro. Antes tenía zapatos de caucho de color azul con blanco de los que usan los paisanos
25 en la plaza y por calzármelos con los pies sucios me caía pezuña. Al vivir en la casa de mi
26 madrastra me ponía medias de color blanco previa la entalcada para evitar el mal olor. Antes me
27 bañaba pasando un día, mi madrastra me hacía bañar tres veces al día y cuidaba que me ponga
28 calzoncillos bien limpios.

29 **9. MI OBSCENA MENTE.-**

30 Una vecina de al lado recibía cada dos años la visita de su marido residente en los Estados
31 Unidos, era enfermera y tenía también un hijo. Cuando éste se ausentaba varios días por
32 asuntos de negocios, le decía a mi madrastra que le prestara a una de mis hermanas para que la
33 acompañe a dormir ya que estaba sola en la casa.

34 Cuando mi hermana no podía acompañarla le suplicaba que le preste a Taylor. Mi madrastra
35 contestaba "no se si él quiere ir". Yo me hacía el enojado, sin embargo le daba esperanzas de
36 que iría después que terminara el programa de televisión que esperaba. La vecina contestaba

1 “no importa, acá yo le prendo el televisor a colores”. Aceptaba la propuesta y pasaba a la otra
2 casa donde veía televisión hasta que “me pasaba el coraje”.

3 Me mandaba a reposar en el cuarto de su hijo mientras ella se encerraba en el suyo que
4 quedaba al lado. Luego de tres noches de dormir en santidad se me entró el diablo en el cuerpo
5 pues algo me llevó a descubrir que el acondicionador estaba suspendido por lo menos una
6 cuarta sobre el piso y que agachándome alcanzaba a divisar con claridad el dormitorio aledaño.

7 En la mañana podía verla cuando se metía al baño en bata de dormir. Entraba en su cuarto y
8 poniendo el oído en la pared y hasta en la puerta del baño escuchaba cuando estaba orinado.
9 Terminaba el sonido que produce la orina al caer en el retrete, caminaba en puntillas en
10 dirección a mi dormitorio. Ella regresaba llevando jabón, shampoo y pasta dental mientras que
11 yo abría la puerta de su cuarto para escucharla bañándose. Se proporcionaba dos enjabonadas y
12 al calcular el término del proceso, regresaba otra vez en puntillas a mi cuarto.

13 Al empezar a vestirse la seguía mirando subrepticamente. La veía cómo abría las piernas y
14 talqueaba sus partes íntimas. Cuando salía ya vestida a despertarme me encontraba acostadito y
15 roncando. Me levantaba, regresaba a la casa de mi madrastra, me aliñaba y cogía rumbo a la
16 escuela.

17 **10. MIS PRIEMRAS FINANZAS**

18 Una ocasión, de la cartera de mi madrastra cogí cien sucres y al cambiarlo me dieron muchos
19 billetes que después no sabía ni que hacer con tanta plata. En la despensa compré una cola, dos
20 panes de sal y veinte sucres en mortadela. Quedé lleno. Caramelo no compraba por que después
21 se daban cuenta y me preguntarían que de donde había yo sacado plata.

22 El resto del dinero lo hice un paquetito y lo metí debajo de la pata de la cama. Todos los días
23 me llevaba veinte sucre a la escuela más tres sucres que era lo normal que recibía a diario para
24 mis gastos personales. En la escuela trataba de hacer apuestas para perder la plata por que tenía
25 mucha. Yo era de los que con tres sucres que me daban para la escuela llegaba sin medio en los
26 bolsillos y si no me gastaba los veintitrés sucres me podían pescar.

27 En las apuestas intentaba perder el dinero pero como era avión para jugar pelota no perdía y
28 me daba el lujo de decirles: ¡cójanse la plata!. Aún tenía sobrantes de los veintitrés sucres por lo
29 que invitaba a mis amigos a comer tortillas de verde con chicarrón. Venían chicas también.
30 Cuando me quedaba sin dinero y llevaba los tres sucres normales dejaron de aparecer esas chicas
31 y ese gajo de amigos.

32 Y para tener otra vez plata apostaba mis tres sucres y sacaba seis. Así me gastaba el doble de
33 lo que me daban. Era por eso que todos los días llegaba con el uniforme sucio a la casa. Como mi
34 madrastra me enseñó a lavar y planchar yo jugaba pelota todos los días, sin preocupaciones.

35

1 **11. MI PRIMER EROTISMO.-**

2 Cuando regresaba de la escuela mi madrastra me revisaba el diario Escolar y me decía “tienes
3 lección de Historia, deber de Matemáticas y Redacción”. Yo le contestaba afirmativamente.
4 ¡Entonces, a estudiar!. Ingresaba a mi cuarto a estudiar la lección, pero hastiado, tiraba los
5 cuadernos sobre la cama. Me asomaba a la ventana para ver jugar a los futbolistas. Más me
6 llamaba la atención la cancha que los cuadernos y envidiaba a quienes corrían tras una bola y con
7 zapatos pupos.

8 Me imaginaba que estaba corriendo y haciendo goles. A las siete de la noche terminaba el
9 partido y yo no me había aprendido la lección. No se por qué, al quedar la cancha vacía yo seguía
10 asomado a la ventana para admirar a las mujeres que pasaban y luego me metía al baño a
11 echarme un pajazo. Tenía diez años de edad.

12 Por último, daba la lección a golpes y empujones.

13 **12. MI DIARIO ESCOLAR.-**

14 Nuevo para mí era el Diario donde anotaba los deberes y firmaba mi madrastra consciente de
15 que éstos estaban bien hechos. Cuando la libreta llegó a casa las calificaciones asentadas eran
16 muy buenas, siendo buena la más baja. Pero en conducta había un cero. Se sorprendieron en
17 consecuencia” “qué humilde que es aquí en la casa y en la escuela que se desata”.

18 Nadie comprendía la emoción que sentía y con ellos la reprimía. En la escuela la manifestaba
19 en los juegos de pelota. En las horas de recreo era tosco para las bromas, a mis amigos les ponía
20 el pie para que se caigan y al verme la directora, de seguido, calificaba negativamente mi
21 conducta.

22 En el aula la profesora también lo hacía, es lógico, pero a mí no me importaba que hasta me
23 porté mal con ella. Se vino entonces hacia mí y quiso darme una cachetada. No se lo permití, le
24 cogí fuertemente la mano, me le seguí riendo y le tiré el borrador en la cara diciéndole: “le voy a
25 meter un puñete por que yo no permito que ninguna mujer me toque”.

26 La profesora llamó a mi representante por intermedio del Diario. En el momento que me
27 puso esa mala noticia le cogí odio (¡puta!) y además en su presencia arranqué las hojas escritas.
28 Me lo volvió a coger y de nuevo le rompió las hojas. Estaba hecho un terco con la maestra, antes
29 de eso todo era sonrisas y sonrisas y además le decía: ¡señorita buenos días! ¡señorita, hasta
30 mañana!.

31 Lamento mucho ahora haberme portado de esa manera. Yo era un chico sano, bueno cuando
32 vivía con mis hermanos de padre por que recibía mejor trato, pero, quedaron las huellas de un
33 mal muchacho. Una vez me robé cuatrocientos sures de la cartera de mi madrastra. Cuando mi
34 hermana llegaba de la universidad le revisaba la cartera, es decir, siempre rebuscaba en ella pues
35 era de su confianza.

1 Pero al regresar a la universidad le faltaron aquella ocasión cinco sucres en billete y para mi
2 suerte a esas desapariciones no le daba importancia: “parece que solo me quedaban nueve
3 sucres, apenas tengo cinco, no me acuerdo en qué habré gastado”.

4 Apresurada, por el temor de llegar tarde al centro de sus estudios, ni se le ocurría detenerse
5 a reflexionar sobre el verdadero origen del problema y acudía ante su angel de la guarda:

6 -¡Mamy, me falta para el carro!

7 -¡Pues, coge de la cartera!.

8 **13. LA FANTASIA DE LOS NIÑOS.-**

9 Los resentimientos transforman las ideas de los niños. A medida que va creciendo un niño
10 física y moralmente agredido, sus ideas fantasiosas se van distorsionando e inclinándose hacia lo
11 negativo. Por ejemplo, la fantasía de tener un carro cuando se agrande. Llámese como se llame,
12 maltrato, resentimiento o agresiones, se lo roba cuando llega a ser grande.

13 Otro ejemplo: hay niños que fantasean ser policías y juegan con pistolas, disparando y
14 matando imaginariamente a quienes ellos consideran sus enemigos. Cuando crece puede llegar a
15 tenerle odio a los policías, igual que yo, Roberto Taylor. La fantasía de querer ser un abogado lo
16 puede convertir en víctima de un abogado, como yo, Robert Taylor. De esa manera se
17 transforman las ideas.

18 Es por eso que al visitar una cárcel se ve pura gente angustiada, desesperada, llena de odio,
19 de rencor y resentimiento con los padres, con los tíos, con los abuelos, con sus familiares en
20 general. Aún estando en una cárcel los agreden (¿cómo?) no visitándolo, como en mi caso.

21 Fui participe de cuarenta detenciones, de las cuales solo una vez me sacaron mis familiares
22 por intermedio de un abogado. Mis hermanastros trataron de ayudarme pero aborreciendo
23 notoriamente mi mal comportamiento. Continuaba siendo envidioso con ellos, por tener una
24 madre muy atenta y cariñosa.

25 Yo era un sin-bandera. Era nuevo para mí un televisor, era nuevo para mí un equipo de
26 sonido, una refrigeradora, tomar leche en el desayuno, ingerir un buen vaso con jugo. Todo se
27 convirtió en simple fantasía.

28 **14. LA HUIDA DE LA CASA**

29 Solo quedaron resentimientos y agresiones grabadas en mi mente por lo que sufrí antes de
30 llegar a vivir con mi madre, madrastra y hermanos paternos. Pero el dolor compartido hermana a
31 los que sufren. Al darme cuenta que mi amigo pasaba por la misma situación, nos acercamos con
32 más afecto, y un día él repuso irnos de la casa. Yo le dije que para qué, si mi madrastra no me
33 trataba mal, solo mi padre era el que me pegaba.

1 Seguía insistiéndome en la huída y yo continuaba negándome con cortesía. “tal vez más
2 adelante”. Volvió a pegarme mi padre y como si todo estuviese así escrito, el padrastro botó a mi
3 amigo de su casa. Me buscó para escaparnos pero le dije que dejemos que termine el año escolar,
4 que pasemos de año primero. Contestó: ¡NO, NO, NO!, ¡yo me voy de mi casa, si tú quieres
5 vámonos pero ahora mismo!.

6 Para no irme, justifiqué argumentando que es de noche, mañana nos vamos, mejor otro día
7 apenas me pegue otra vez. Continué yendo a clases y para mi suerte botaron a la profesora, luego
8 llegó su reemplazo y lo primero que preguntó fue “¿cuál es el más insoportable de aquí?”, y,
9 todos mis compañeros me señalaron con el dedo.

10 En ese último trimestre traté de portarme bien con ella pero no pude evitar manipularla
11 dándole mala información acerca de la anterior profesora por lo que me pasó de año con buena
12 conducta y muy buen aprovechamiento. Tuve un amigo de intimidades al que yo visitaba cuando
13 me daban permiso o cuando mi papá llegaba del campo luego de arreglar máquinas pesadas por
14 ser mecánico a diesel.

15 En su camioneta color rojo traía en abundancia racimos de verdes, coco yuca y mangos que
16 la gente le obsequiaba. A mi amigo le llevaba a regalar un poco de todo y en esas visitas constaté
17 que él también sufría por causa de su padrastro. Me preocupó mucho un domingo que mi padre
18 salió de viaje y con disgusto me dijo que el miércoles que regresaría hablaría bien en serio
19 conmigo. Antes ya me había pegado. Cuando mi amigo me tentaba a huir de la casa me pregunté:
20 ¿será que pá me quiere pegar de nuevo?.

21 Me dio miedo al pensarlo y por eso le dije a mi amigo: ¡está bien, vámonos!. Creo que mi
22 papá me va a volver a pegar y le voy a dejar el polvo; cuando regrese se encontrará con la
23 sorpresa de que ya no estoy. Espérame atrás de la tienda, voy a sacar mi ropa, tú anda a ver la
24 tuya y trae plata por que yo plata no voy a robar. Solo llevaré mi ropa. No hurté dinero pero me lo
25 robé la ropa a mi hermanastro. ¡Vaya, tiene que haberme maldecido!.

26 Con doscientos sucres que cargaba mi amigo nos fuimos a Quevedo, donde suponía que
27 estaba mi madre y mi hermana con mi padrastro; pero me encontré con la sorpresa de que ella
28 había regresado con mi padre y vivían en Guayaquil. Mi madre tenía cinco hijos con mi padrastro:
29 uno fallecido, vivos tres varones y una mujer. Consigo llevó a uno, a la niña la dejaron con mi
30 abuela y al os dos varones con su padre que era en realidad mi padrastro, quien ya se había
31 conseguido otra mujer.

32 Encontré a mis hermanos con una madrastra que los empezaba a odiar de la misma manera
33 que mi padrastro me trató a mí. Gracias a Dios nos permitieron dormir allí. Al día siguiente cepillé
34 mis dientes lleno de infelicidad, le presté ropa a mi amigo y salimos. En el viaje de Guayaquil a
35 Quevedo pasamos por muchas peripecias como el paro de transporte vigente desde ese día y el
36 habernos quedado chiros.

1 Para suerte, en un carro de pasajeros que iba para el Empalme nos aceptaron en calidad de
2 vagos, permitiéndonos sentar atrás, encima del motor del vehículo. Empecé a entrar en
3 arrepentimiento y a meditar: “si regreso fijo que me pegarán y lo harán duro”; el miedo a una
4 leñiza me impidió regresar. Llegamos de noche al Empalme y por no haber carro a Quevedo
5 empezamos a caminar.

6 Me enojé con mi amigo echándole la culpa: ¡por tu locura me pasa esto, no me hubieras ido
7 a ver, tranquilo estuviera en mi casa; ahora qué voy a regresar!. Traté de ofenderlo diciéndole:
8 ¡también llévame el saco”. Cogió el saco conteniendo ropa y lo cargó sobre su hombro mientras
9 yo caminaba adelante, enojado y maldiciéndolo. El, a cada rato hacía la señal de pare a todo carro
10 que circulaba por la carretera.

11 De pronto un jeep color negro conducido por un hombre de lentes y barbas abundantes
12 plantó y con el consentimiento de su dueño lo abordamos. En Quevedo me enteré que mi papá
13 iba un día donde mi madre y otro día donde mi madrastra. Vivía con las dos.

14

15 **15. MI PRIMER DELITO.-**

16 Al salir de la casa de mi padrastro por la mañana, nos dirigimos al centro de la ciudad en
17 busca de aventuras. Caminamos mucho hasta la hora del almuerzo. Teníamos hambre, veíamos
18 cómo la gente entraba y salía de los comedores y nosotros no teníamos ni un sucre como para
19 comer.

20 Al contrario de otras personas maduras, no me vinieron ideas de trabajar, de pedir plata o de
21 comunicar a alguien lo que me pasaba. Enablamos un diálogo sobre el tema:

22 -¡Tengo hambre!

23 -¡Yo también!, respondió mi amigo.

24 -¿Cómo hacemos?.

25 -¡No sé!

26 -¡Robemos!

27 -¡Cómo!

28 -¡Ya sé, vamos a una tienda y pedimos dos colas. Luego corremos!

29 -¡Bueno, pero tú las pides!

30 -¡Ya está bien, yo las pido!.

31 Nos acercamos a una despensa esquinera disimulando comprar ambas colas:

1 -iDos colas por favor!

2 -¿Qué colas desean?, preguntó el tendero.

3 -iA mí me da una Coca Cola!

4 -iYo también quiero una Coca Cola!.

5 Fuimos atendidos de inmediato. Tomé la cola a velocidad y para que no se dieran cuenta ni el
6 tendero ni mi amigo les di la espalda. En segundos puse la botella vacía sobre el mostrador y salí
7 corriendo (¡sálvese el que pueda!, me dije.)

8 Seguí solo, perdido en la distancia, caminando sin pensar en nada, los gases de la cola más el
9 susto que me llevé calmaron mi hambre. Más adelante encontré a mi amigo y le pregunté: -¿qué
10 pasó?-Me contestó:

11 -iYo también salí corriendo, vaya que me dejaste botado!.

12 -iSí, así fue; tranquilo nomás!, le respondí.

13 Regresó a mi mente la idea de seguir robando para comprometer a mi amigo. Había
14 constatado que yo corría más que él.

15 A la final pensé que estaba buscando librarme de ese amigo por que no había motivo, no
16 tenía hambre. Al ver a una señora que salía de su casa hacia la tienda llevando un billete de cien
17 sures en la mano:

18 -iVamos, arránchase!

19 -iArránchase tú!

20 -iAhora te toca a ti, no ves que en las colas lo hice yo!

21 -iHazlo tú dos veces y de allí lo hago dos veces también!.

22 Enojado le contesté:

23 -iNo sirves para nada, si vas a andar conmigo tienes que robar así como lo hago yo!.

24 La señora continuaba caminando y nosotros íbamos tras ella.

25 -iYa vas a ver cómo se lo arrancho!, ¡así tiene que ser, mira, ve!

26 Corrí y foz le arranché el billete y como él no había sido se quedó inmóvil. La señora,
27 resentida, casi lo hace meter preso al creerlo mi cómplice, pero se avisó diciéndole que no me
28 conocía, que solamente me preguntaba una dirección: "ví cómo le arranchaba el billete, créame
29 señora por favor". Y le creyeron. (El muy marica...).

1 Iba a cumplir once años de edad cuando mi conducta empezó a inclinarse hacia el mundo de
2 la delincuencia y de las drogas. Mi amigo regresó a su casa donde fue bien recibido, pero a mí se
3 me cerraron las puertas. Me dijeron que si quería entrar tenía que recibir una latiguiza de cada
4 uno de mis hermanos y de mi madrastra. Me aplicaron la “sisaya” y bien fuerte. No acepté el
5 castigo y me retiré llorando sin que ellos se dieran cuenta que lo hacía. Esperaban mis lamentos y
6 mis súplicas por que perfectamente sabían que yo no tenía adonde ir, pero me “rebeldicé” más y
7 lo que conseguí fue hacerme más daño del que ya me había hecho yéndome de casa.

8 Solo daba vueltas alrededor de la casa tratando de llamar la atención de ellos, pero ninguno
9 sintió pena de mí.

10 **16. UNO CONTRA TODOS.-**

11 A cinco cuadras de la Ciudadela Primavera de Durán, queda el río. Al llegar la noche de ese
12 primer día, prácticamente expulsado del hogar, me dirigí a la orilla con la intención de bañarme
13 por que me sentía depresivo, resentido, el peor de todos los seres humanos. Lleno de
14 resentimiento me dije “está bien, qué importa”, en medio de un mar de llanto.

15 Había terminado de llorar y cuando me quitaba la ropa surgieron nuevos amigos de trece,
16 catorce, dieciséis y diecisiete años. Ellos me habían visto antes:

17 -¿Tú eres de la ciudadela?.

18 -¡Sí!

19 -¿Y qué haces por aquí? A los de la ciudadela les da miedo venir para acá.

20 -¡Yo no le tengo miedo a nadie!.

21 El de trece años (me ganaba con dos) fumándose un cigarrillo me preguntó:

22 -¿Qué, te botaron de tu casa?

23 -¡No!, lo que pasa es que mis amigos son aniñados. Ellos sí temen venir al río, yo no.

24 -¿Qué harías si te bajamos los zapatos y la cachina?

25 -¡Me quedo frío!.

26 Noté que les agradaba mi respuesta. Uno de ellos acotó: ¡este man no es sapo!., y me brindó
27 la mitad del cigarrillo. Lo acepté. El mismo preguntó: ¿acaso sabes fumar?. Dije que sí al momento
28 que se lo demostraba echando humo.

29 Estábamos todos en calzoncillos y alguien gritó entusiasmado:

30 -¡Bueno, vámonos a bañar!. Yo sonreía. Luego de bañarnos y de haber disfrutado del río, el de
31 catorce años me escondió un polín y se rió.

1 Se me burlaba diciéndole a otro de los muchachos: “devuélvele la media, no seas malo”, y
2 todos se me rieron a coro. Me le cargué al que más se reía, que era el culpable. Me puse la
3 pantaloneta, la camiseta y los zapatos sin medias. Salimos de la orilla y llegamos a una esquina de
4 la calle donde paraban los vagos.

5 Siguió riéndoseme el molesto por lo que me le tiré encima diciéndole: ¡chucha de tu madre
6 anda a burlarte a la puta de tu madre!. Peleamos y salí ganador. Otro compañero sacó la media de
7 donde éste la había escondido y aproveché para romperle la trompa de un puñetazo. No se
8 metieron más conmigo, mas no así el cuñado de uno de ellos, de treinta años de edad, quien era
9 ladrón y marihuanero.

10 Con una lata de caña me pegó en la cabeza y tuve que salir corriendo para evitar la repetición
11 hasta llegar a la esquina donde me conocían. Se detuvo temeroso, lo que aproveché para correrlo
12 a piedras. A los tres días del relajo, me enteré que lo habían llevado preso a la penitenciaría.

13 **17. MI PRIMERA DROGADA.-**

14 Regresé a la esquina donde tuve el problema y mantuve la amistad con las mismas personas.
15 Nunca había visto inhalar cemento de contacto, pero dadas las circunstancias por las que estaba
16 pasando era incapaz de retraerme ante ninguna idea negativa. Quizás las buscaba como soporte
17 para mi desgracia, la soledad y el desamparo.

18 Caminamos hacia un escondite donde uno de ellos sacó un tarro de pega y me preguntaron si
19 le había hecho a la goma, contestándoles que no. ¿Lo quieres hacer?, dije ¡SI! . Bueno, busquen
20 fundas por que ... vamos a solucionar el problema con solución. Encontré una funda plástica y
21 transparente, pero uno de los vagos me replicó que busque una de leche por que es mejor.
22 Contesté: ¡no importa, ésta es la que quiero!.

23 -¡Esa se te va a pegar!

24 -¡No importa!, contesté, sin imaginarme las consecuencias.

25 Luego vi como se tapaban con la funda la nariz e inhalaban por ésta y por la boca. Empecé a
26 hacerlo también por la nariz, poco a poco hasta que a mi mente vino un sonido como el que
27 hacen las chicharras y me quedé fijo con otro sonido diferente al primero...!tu tu tuuuuu!. Perdí
28 la visión y el control y cuando recobré el conocimiento fue cuando me saqué la funda de la nariz a
29 la par que caía enredado en unos montes.

30 No estaba en el lugar donde empecé a inhalar. Mis amigos se asustaron y corrieron hasta el
31 paradero de la esquina de la calle. Riéndose de mí esperaban que yo salga. Cuando me dí cuenta
32 se me había pegado el pelo, la ropa, y las manos con cemento de contacto. Me pusieron el apodo
33 de “ratoncito envenenado”, luego me dejaron el de “ratón”. Cada vez que me llamaban gritaban
34 ¡RATON!. El efecto fue tan fuerte que parecía ratón envenenado.

1 Desde la esquina de los vagos a una cuadra hacia el río se levantaba una casa de caña media
2 viejuca donde vivía la familia del que me escondió la media polín. Ya éramos buenos amigos,
3 compartíamos conversaciones mundanas, hablábamos de los robos que ellos habían cometido y
4 debajo de esa casa dialogábamos alrededor de una botella de aguardiente. Tres dormíamos
5 debajo de la casa: Carlos, catorce años de edad, alias “ferroviario” por que trabajó durante un
6 mes haciendo los mandados en la Estación de Ferrocarriles de Durán.

7 Pancho de trece años, más conocido como “Panchín del Negro”. Panchín por que era
8 pequeño, de piel oscura y cabello entre ondulado y lacio. Taylor, once años, el “ratoncito
9 envenenado”, por consumir cemento de contacto y perder el control mental.

10 **18. LOS PEQUEÑOS ROBOS.-**

11 Cuando apagaban las luces de la viejuca casa de Carlos, entrábamos despacito, sin zapatos y
12 sin hacer bulla. Esperábamos la llegada de la madrugada con una cajetilla de cigarrillos y una
13 botella de trago fuerte. Así, acompañados por el vicio, antes que saliera el sol nos metíamos a
14 robar en los patios ajenos. Robábamos ropa de los cordeles, bicicletas y hasta zapatos mojados.

15 Robábamos cocos tiernos para tomar mezclado con el trago. No dormíamos por andar
16 robando sin darnos cuenta del peligro que corríamos y gracias a Dios no nos pasó nada malo,
17 como perder una pierna de un tiro o que quedáramos inválidos. Comento estas vivencias
18 negativas para que el lector aconseje a otras personas y sobre todo a los niños que son quienes se
19 inclinan a este tipo de vida fácil u aventurera, por conducta mal formada.

20 Hay que ir pensando en ellos, sí en ellos los niños. Gracias a una reflexión logré salir de donde
21 estuve por que recibí ayuda que a través de esta sencilla obra la brindo a quienes la necesiten.
22 Imaginemos que éste sea el propósito de Dios.

23 **19. QUERIA SER FUTBOLISTA.-**

24 A los nueve años se me vino la idea de ser futbolista. Era fanático del deporte y admirado por
25 los demás y por los compañeros de la escuela, aun sofocado por mis problemas y lleno de
26 sufrimientos. Sobresalía en el fútbol que hasta un entrenador y periodista me incluyó por mi
27 habilidad en un equipo que formó con intención de llegar a nivel de los grandes.

28 Cuando tenía diez años tanto admiraba al Rey Pelé que hasta en la cancha hacía las jugadas
29 que le veía realizar magistralmente en la televisión.

30 Nuestro equipo se llamaba “Alfarino Junior” y yo era el menor de todos sus integrantes,
31 cuyas edades fluctuaban entre los quince y los diecisiete años. El entrenador, gracias a su
32 profesión de periodista y propagandista hizo un importante contacto para que tuviésemos un
33 encuentro con los suplentes del “Barcelona” en el Estadio Modelo, pero tres días antes de la
34 confrontación se envenenó.

1 Irónicamente, no logró su propósito, su meta, de hacerse grande haciéndonos grandes a
2 nosotros. ¿Y por qué no llegó a su meta?. Yo pienso que por que Dios no lo quiso. Se me terminó
3 entonces el deseo de querer ser futbolista ya que estaba convencido de que otra persona como él
4 no existiría. Así fue, en adelante nadie me dijo: ¡ven juega en mi equipo!.

5 Luego surgió la idea de ser piloto de aviación, pero todo quedó en fantasía. Después escapé
6 de la casa y me convertí en un delincuente, era malcriado, mentiroso, me substraía la plata de las
7 carteras, y no obedecía cuando me ordenaban un mandado y si iba lo hacía enojado y ruminando.
8 Al escapar de la casa me atraparon las garras del vicio y de las drogas. Fui torturado por las
9 policías pero gracias a Dios ahora estoy libre, gozando del privilegio que nos da la vida. Se lo pedí
10 a Dios y El me lo ha concedido: escribir para ayudar.

11 **20. ALGUNOS BAJONES EMOCIONALES.-**

12 Conociendo lo que era inhalar cemento de contacto traté de buscar refugio en la casa de mi
13 madre, quien en un principio me recibió muy bien pero al constatar que yo no trabajaba y que así
14 como llegaba en ese mismo momento me iba, empezó a repudiarme. ¡Qué me iba a quedar pues!.
15 Con once años a cuesta no tenía diálogo con mi padre, ... aquel extraño.

16 Cuando mi papá llegaba, tenía que esperar que él se fuera para poder entrar yo en la casa.
17 Siempre hacía el mismo juego hasta que un día me atrapó dentro de la casa. Gracias a Dios no me
18 reclamó nada hasta que un fatídico día le dijo a mi mamá que me botara, que si me encontraba
19 de nuevo la botaría también a ella. Mi madre obedeció religiosamente. Me sentó muy mal aquella
20 actitud por lo que salí a consumir cemento de contacto.

21 No tenía adonde ir y regresé a la casa sin considerar la insistencia de mi madre de que me
22 vaya. El proceso se hizo cíclico: me botaba, consumía cemento de contacto y regresaba. A medida
23 que pasaban los días el coraje de mi madre aumentaba más y más y en mí la adicción a las drogas.
24 A mayor coraje de ella se sucedían insultos de alto calibre contra mi persona. Yo le contestaba:
25 jesa no es la manera de tratar a un hijo, y ella me respondía: jesa no es la manera de
26 comportarte, sólo vagando pasas j. Y venía el conflictivo diálogo:

27 -¿Por qué no trabajas?

28 -Por que soy menor de edad, ustedes tienen que mantenerme.

29 -Tantas personas que no tienen ni padre ni madre y viven bien, trabajan, se compran ropa y
30 tú no puedes hacer nada de eso. Puros problemas nomás es que vienes a dar aquí.

31 -Parece que usted no fuera mi mamá. Ni que yo fuera mayor de edad para que me diga esas
32 cosas.- ¡Que!, ¿te crees un niño chiquito?. Si ya eres grande y te puedes mantener solo. Hay niños
33 chiquitos que salen a betunar zapatos y a vender periódicos. Ayer ví cuando unos niños chiquitos
34 subieron al colectivo a vender caramelos y tú no puedes hacer nada. ¡Estás como niño bonito que
35 quiere que le den todo!.

1 -Pero si soy menor de edad y los padres tienen que mantener a los hijos hasta que sean
2 grandes.

3 **21. ¿ADONDE ESTABA DIOS?**

4 Salía de la casa para nuevamente inhalar cemento de contacto, lloraba inhalando y
5 pidiéndole a Dios que me ayude. ¿Qué hago?, me preguntaba. El dinero con el que compré el
6 cemento de contacto era de una cadena que había arranchado. Eso lo repetía en las tardes,
7 compraba dos tarros para la amanecida y me aseguraba de pasar inhalando toda la noche. Se me
8 hizo un hábito aspirar de noche y dormir de día.

9 Con la cadena o reloj que diariamente arranchaba cubría el gasto de la drogada y de la
10 alimentación. Consumía en los montes, donde nadie me viera. Me daban repetidamente ganas de
11 suicidarme pero no lo hacía por que quería ver más adelante qué pasaba. Miraba al cielo tratando
12 de divisar a Dios y al mismo tiempo lloraba inhalando cemento de contacto. ¡Cómo le suplicaba a
13 Dios y qué sordo que fue!.

14 Me trasladaba a Durán para frecuentar con los amigos que conocí al principio de mi adicción
15 y con ellos nos dedicábamos a asaltar a los vendedores para invertir en el consumo de la droga y
16 el alcohol... Regresé donde mi madre, buscando un asidero, una tabla de salvación, pero ella
17 seguía botándome de la casa por lo que volvía a la misma rutina: asaltar, robar, consumir ...

18 Cuando me subía a un colectivo me sentaba al lado de la ventana para aparejar mis
19 pensamientos con el sonido del motor, acallándolos, y mi visión en la carretera para divorciarlo de
20 lo consciente. De esa manera no se me venía ninguna idea u obsesión; me quedaba tenso ahí. Eso
21 se me hizo costumbre. Después, sin pensar en mis padres, sin mirar hacia el cielo para evitar
22 encontrar a Dios cada vez que consumía drogas me embarcaba en un colectivo para perderme en
23 el vacío...

24 **22. MI PRIMERA DETENCION.-**

25 En el Parque Centenario de Guayaquil me encontré con amigos que andaban en la misma
26 situación y me invitaron a robar. Fue el primer robo por el que me llevaron detenido al Cuartel
27 Modelo, pero cuando comprobaron que solo tenía once años me trasladaron al Hogar de Tránsito.
28 Estuve tres meses en calidad de niño corrupto y ladrón en las calles. Adentro había un profesor de
29 conducta que nos pegaba duro, otros tres policías de guardia y uno que otro profesor sin
30 transcendencia.

31 Cuando ingresé, antes de hacerme desnudar me preguntaron mi nombre sin pensar que con
32 el transcurrir del tiempo jamás se iban a olvidar del mismo y me metieron en calzoncillos a un
33 dormitorio atestado de niños de mi edad. Nos levantaban a las seis de la mañana y media hora
34 después estábamos vestidos. A las siete, en filas de a diez, cepillábamos los dientes y antes de
35 desayunar nos obligaban a hacer ejercicios.

1 Al salir del comedor nos mantenían sentados en grupos hasta la hora del almuerzo y a veces
2 nos permitían jugar pelota. Pero no todo era pacífico, pues, tuvimos que inventar armas
3 domésticas para defendernos de cualquier agresión proveniente de los enclaustrados. A los
4 cepillos dentales se les sacaban puntas restregándolos contra la pared y lo mismo hacíamos con
5 las cucharas. Las peleas entre nosotros se daban a diario y como represión de la autoridad nos
6 metían en calzoncillos a los dormitorios.

7 Con la llegada de la Navidad comenzamos a preparar la fuga.

8 **23. LA HUIDA DEL HOGAR DE TRANSITO.-**

9 Junto con tres amigos planeamos la fuga pues queríamos estar libres para Navidad. Ningún
10 desgraciado de mi familia me visitaba. El plan fue el siguiente: que alguien de confianza ingrese
11 una sierra camuflada dentro de una palanqueta para que no se dieran cuenta de ello los policías
12 que estaban de guardia. Esto lo hizo la chica de uno de los muchachos, quien formaba parte de su
13 banda.

14 El techo del dormitorio quedaba mas o menos a unos cinco metros del piso por lo que
15 pusimos dos literas, una sobre la otra. Un vago trepó encima y otro sobre el que estaba más
16 arriba. Aún más, el de abajo levantó los brazos y subió al que tenía parado sobre sus hombros.
17 Este último se agarró de los tubos donde descansaba el tanque de la cisterna elevada, bajando
18 luego de esconder la sierra.

19 A la siguiente noche subió otro, parándose en la tapa del tanque de la cisterna, con la
20 intención de cortar la malla de varillas de hierro de media pulgada de espesor. Por allí podríamos
21 salir una vez cortado el hierro ya que solo bastaba hacer a un lado el plástico transparente de
22 color amarillo colocado sobre el hueco del tejado que cubría exactamente el tanque de agua.
23 Estábamos tan decididos a escapar que así no existiese ese hueco, nosotros lo habríamos hecho.

24 Una vez estuvieron a punto de encontrar la sierra. El guardia escuchó que arriba alguien
25 limaba las varillas, pero estúpidamente creyó que solo trataba de fugarse mas no oficiar de
26 cerrajero. En pleno alboroto se rompió la tapa de la cisterna y mi amigo cayó dentro del tanque.
27 La bulla despertó al guía, nuestro profesor de conducta. MI amigo se tiró de alla arriba y medio
28 estropeado corrió a esconderse. “Cuento hasta tres y si no sales te entro a ver; además eres el
29 único que allá adentro está mojado”, gritó el guía.

30 No le quedó más remedio que salir mientras los otros dos integrantes del grupo nos hacíamos
31 los dormidos. Yo me decía, “a qué hora se afloja ese hijueputa y nos sacan también a nosotros”.
32 Estábamos arropados fumándonos un tabaco, pero, cubiertos por la colcha para que no se dieran
33 cuenta. Me reía al ver cómo a mi amigo que lo castigaban en el patio lo obligaban a dar vueltas en
34 patito alrededor de un pilar. Una hora duró el castigo; él tenía quince años de edad.

35 Al siguiente día pusieron una escalera y enviaron a los más pequeños para que revisen el área
36 donde estaba ubicada la cisterna. Favorablemente no encontraron la sierra que en realidad se
37 ocultaba dentro del tanque. Solo “el Colombiano”, chiquillo de siete años de edad vio la sierra

1 pero no nos delató. Y eso que los policías trataban de granjearse la voluntad de los pequeñitos
2 dándoles una mitad más de ración alimenticia o permitiéndoles jugar solitos en la cancha
3 mientras al resto nos mandaban a dormir en los cuartos.

4 Fugamos luego de transcurridos dos días del incidente. Nos bastó tres días para abrir el
5 hueco. Ya éramos una banda de seis; ¡ajo, que yo me iba quedando!. Cuatro salieron primero y al
6 quinto le dije asustado: "¡toma esta sábana y amárrala de allá arriba!". El la alcanzó a coger
7 cuando se elevaba impulsado por el otro amigo y la amarró antes de salir. Entonces, subido a una
8 litera me agarré de ella pero al templarla se quiso desatar el nudo quedándose a la mitad, gracias
9 a dios. Saqué la cabeza y ví a todos mis compañeros que me esperaban.

10 Abajo se armó el relajo con los demás que estaban incluidos en el plan d fuga por que
11 pensábamos que podrían delatarnos por temor a la leñ íza. Estaban durmiendo pero bastó que
12 uno se diera cuenta para que salieran como hormigas a agarrarse de las sábanas y trepar hacia la
13 libertad. Me decían: ¡Taylor, llévame!, ¡llévame!, repetían.

14 Regresé la mirada hacia abajo descubriéndolos en el aleteo de la sábana y a otro de los
15 profesores que se despertaba malhumorado. Había terminado de salir y el viento corría
16 fuertemente por encima del techo. Me daban nervios de estar allí arriba, parecía que me cogían.
17 El miedo casi me hace regresar, pero como el jefe de la fuga era yo, no me quedó más alternativa
18 que luchar contra el pánico.

19 Les grité a los muchachos: ¡PILA, QUE SE DESPERTO ESE HIJUEPUTA!. Corrimos una cuadro de
20 techo entre los disparos de los policías. Corría con miedo y percibía que las balas chispeaban así:
21 ¡chim!, ¡chim!... Pese al estampido de las balas nunca me detuve hasta que llegué al filo del techo.
22 Noté que era bastante alto, al mismo nivel de un poste de luz.

23 Al mirar al frente ví que unas personas que bebían licor aplaudían la fuga que yo
24 protagonizaba: ¡joye, esos pelados son pilas!. Al llegar a la esquina me dieron ánimo: ¡bótate!,
25 ¡bótate!, ¡bótate!. Desde esa altura me tiré abollándome la pata. Levanté la pata lesionada y me
26 fui brincando en un solo pie. Así me quedó este hueso que sobresale bajo la piel del empeine del
27 pie izquierdo.

28 Más adelante me escondí en un zaguán que no era de aluminio. El pie se hinchó tanto que ni
29 el zapato podía sacármelo. Adolorido y con gran esfuerzo me descalcé para sobar mentol en la
30 planta del pie que estaba completamente morada. Allí amanecí en medio de tremendas pesadillas
31 imaginativas.

32 De los otros muchachos les cuento que el uno cayó después y se le desbarató la columna
33 vertebral y los talones. Quedó tendido en la calle. El otro cayó encima de un quiosco, el techo se
34 rompió y se fue con todo para dentro. Los otros salieron corriendo normalmente. A unos señores
35 que se habían amanecido chupando les conté mi desgracia, por lo que condolidos hicieron una
36 colecta de cuarenta sures con la que pude llegar directamente a la casa de un hermano por parte
37 de padre.

1 **24. LA COMPRA DE CEMENTO DE COTNACTO.-**

2 Recién me había escapado del Hogar de Tránsito cuando ingresé a una banda por intermedio
3 de un vago que me dijo: ¡házme un favor bien chévere!; yo le contesté ¡bueno!. El favor consistía
4 en comprarle un tarro de cemento de contacto en una ferretería. Y como niño ingenuo le dije al
5 dependiente que me venda un tarro para pegar zapatos, pero respondió que estaba prohibido
6 venderle a los niños menores y chiquitos como yo.

7 No me rendí y le dije que era para mi abuelito que trabaja arreglando zapatos y él contestó:
8 dígale a su abuelito que venga en persona o que mande una persona mayor por que los niños con
9 eso se drogan, ¿no lo sabías?. Ni tonto repliqué: ¡oh, yo no lo sabía!. Agradecí y regresé donde el
10 vago que recién empezaba a ser mi amigo. ¡Vamos a la otra tienda!, me dijo y cuando empezamos
11 a caminar me preguntó ¿cómo te llamas?..., ¡Robert Taylor!, ¿y tú?. A mi me dicen “Patito” y soy
12 de la banda de “Los Lobos”. ¿Le has hecho a la goma?. ¡Claro que sí!.

13 Al llegar frente a otra ferretería me dio la plata y me motivó diciéndome: ¡tírate a ésa,
14 amágalos bien bonito, a ver si es cierto que lo has hecho!. Me vendieron el cemento de contacto
15 sin ponerme ningún obstáculo. Mi amigo me dijo: ¡toma ahí, vámonos para mi zona cosa que te
16 haces amigo de la banda, somos un gajo bueno y allá le hacemos a la goma!. Cuando los otros
17 vagos le preguntaron quién era yo, les contestó ¡tranquilo nomás que el pelado es mi pana, es un
18 pelado sabido!.

19 Pasada la desconfianza dialogué con ellos. Solo hablaban de asaltos y robos, de peleas y
20 detenciones en la Correccional. Yo no podía quedarme rezagado y por eso les conté que me había
21 fugado del Hogar de Tránsito. ¡Habla serio!, me dijeron. Dudaron, pero uno de ellos me hizo
22 quedar bien: ¡la plena, yo si escuché que se habían fugado por el techo al hacer un hueco con una
23 sierra!.

24 Otro de ellos dijo: ¡oye, pero el techo es alto y también hay una malla de varillas de esas que
25 usan los albañiles!.

26 -¡Con la sierra loco, si para eso está la sierra!, ratificó el que se había enterado.

27 Otro de ellos dijo: ¡tú has de haber estado sicosiado para que te hayas fugado por el techo, si
28 por el patio es más a vaca!.

29 -¡La plena!, dijo “Patito”, por el patio yo siempre me les voy. Es a vaca soñada la fuga por el
30 patio pero una vez me cogieron y me dieron la del zorro. Me cayeron toditos esos profesores, en
31 gajo, cada uno con un palo. Me dejaron tan lastimado que al siguiente día no podía ni levantarme.
32 Tuvieron que llevarme el desayuno a la cama y darme de comer en la boca por que los labios los
33 tenía hinchadotes de los patazos.

34 Pero en el próximo intento me les salí y fui dejándoles el polvo. ¡Esos profesores me tienen
35 terror!, dijo finalmente “Patito”.

1 Todos lo admiramos por la forma como lo contó y todavía más al decir: “los del Hogar de
2 Transito cuando caigo no me aguantan paro de una me mandan a la Casa de Observación y allí
3 tampoco me comen y voy a parar directo a la Correccional” ...

4 **25. MI INDUMENTARIA A LOS DOCE ÑAOS DE EDAD.-**

5 Usaba una chaqueta de blue-jean con botones plateados, sin camisa por dentro, pantalón
6 blue-jean, calzoncillo blanco, polines blancos marca “Ten” y zapatos “Flou-shain”.

7 Mis almacenes preferidos en los cuales me abastecía, eran los patios con los cordeles llenos
8 de ropa.

9 Las dependiente era la noche, la secretaria la soledad y el guardia la oscuridad.

10 O era muy especial pues me atendían de tres a cuatro de la mañana.

11 Durante el día la claridad se ponía envidiosa.

12 Luego de estar encachinado, la ropa que me restaba se las regalaba a los niños que eran
13 chiros y que vivían por el barrio donde aprendí a inhalar pega.

14 A quienes tenían plata les vendía la ropa y con ese dinero me compraba un tarro de cemento
15 de contacto..

16 **26. COMO FUNCIONABA NUESTRA BANDA.-**

17 No fui jefe de la banda, pero sí fui “Taylor de los Lobos”. En las paredes escribíamos: THE
18 LOBOS.

19 En la banda también había drogas y mujeres. De preferencia el cemento de contacto. Las
20 mujeres no tenían enamorados dentro de la banda; con esto no quiero decir que no les hacíamos
21 daño, si no que no eran de un solo dueño. Todos los integrantes éramos dueños de ellas y ellas a
22 su vez dueñas de nosotros.

23 Acostumbrábamos a pelear con la banda “THE SICAFE”, de una cuadra a la otra, con piedras y
24 cartuchazos. Ellos iniciaron la rencilla, ya que a uno de los nuestros llamado “Pilluelo” al pasar por
25 un parque donde se reunían esos mafiosos lo bajaron de sus “Flou-shain” dejándolo en polines.

26 Llegó alterado diciéndome con gran enojo: ¡PRESTAME TAYLOR TU CARTUCHERA PARA
27 REGRESARME!. Yo tenía un tubo y la cartuchera y junto con los demás decidimos apoyarlo.

28 Al momento de la pelea las puertas y ventanas de todas las casas que había en el sector se
29 cerraban y se apagaban las luces hasta que pasara el relajo. Teléfonos y más teléfonos sonaban
30 haciendo llamadas urgentes a la policía para que hagan algo que pare a las dos bandas.

1 Estos eran los resultados de la pelea: uno o dos con la cabeza rota, otros llenos de
2 perdigones en la espalda y hasta en la cara, parecían enfermos de sarampión. Para suerte ninguno
3 resultó ciego, aunque sí muchos con un hueso roto o el brazo quebrado.

4 Llevábamos a los heridos a las casas de sus padres desde donde eran conducidos al hospital.
5 Todos en gajo íbamos a visitarlo. En la calle robábamos jugos, uvas y manzanas para llevarles a
6 nuestros heridos y también le dejábamos un billete diciéndole: ¡para la medicina, loco!.

7 Cuando estábamos en plena pelea llegaba el patrullero con su escandalosa sirena, ¡pura
8 bulla!. Cada uno buscaba su escondite o se metía donde más rápido podía hacerlo. Tuve la mala
9 suerte que un día durante una de las peleas el patrullero me siguió, pero también la buena suerte
10 de escapar ya que la calle por donde corría no era asfaltada y el carro patrulla se retrasaba por los
11 baches.

12 Los policías volaban tras de mí con el deseo de capturarme, pues me habían visto la
13 cartuchera. Así que me metí en un velorio-¡vaya, que en paz descanse el finadito!, con la
14 cartuchera dentro del pantalón blue-jeans, del lado izquierdo, tapándola con mi chaqueta.

15 Limpiándome con la mano el sudor que cubría mi frente observé como el patrullero
16 zigagueaba a velocidad los pocos espacios transitables de la calle en su afán obsesivo de
17 atraparme, pero por brutos no entraron al velorio. Si lo hacían tampoco me hubieran cogido por
18 que estaban tres puertas abierta, dos para ellos y una par a mí. Bajaron la velocidad frente a la
19 casa del duelo, apagaron la sirena y respetuosamente se persignaron.

20 Después de varios días me enteré que los policías alumbrados por una mínima chispa de
21 inteligencia, de la cual son naturalmente huérfanos, no ingresaron al velorio: ¡buena suerte para
22 mí y mala para ellos!.

23 **27. ES MEJRO ANDAR SOLO QUE MAL ACOMPAÑADO.-**

24 Me abrí de la banda por que pensé que de repente me podía ganar un premio: un tiro.
25 Caminaba solo por las calles, dormía donde me cogía la noche pero antes me aprovisionaba de un
26 tarro de cemento de contacto. Era mi diversión, luego se hizo costumbre. Me encantaban las
27 visiones diabólicas y alucinógenas propias del estado de la drogadicción.

28 De tanto caminar me dolían los huesos de las piernas y de tanto inhalar me dolía la espalda.
29 Sentía cansancio pero no me daba por vencido y continuaba inhalando hasta que amanecía. Pero
30 antes de que se asomen los primeros rayos del sol entraba en masturbación unas cuatro y hasta
31 cinco veces hasta que por último quedaba cansado.

32 Luego me tiraba para atrás hasta que amanecía y penetraba en los montes para dormir, lugar
33 donde nadie me veía. ¡Por fin solo, sin las malas compañías!.

34

35

1 **28. EL ARETITO MARICA.-**

2 Algo que no soporto es que el hombre adopte como propia la moda de las mujeres. Al
3 respecto, recuerdo que uno de nuestros pandilleros no me caía bien por que cuando nos tocó
4 enfrentarnos con los “Chicos Vagos” en pelea callejera, banda contra banda, él se escondió y
5 luego apareció en la esquina donde nos reuníamos.

6 Posteriormente, en la casa donde nos preparábamos para salir sacó dos aretes del bolsillo y
7 me dijo: ¡Taylor, ponte éste que te traje para ti!.

8 Hecho el mariposón se miraba en el espejo pegado a la pared tratando de insertar la prenda
9 en una oreja mientras me decía: ¡si no tienes el huequito, yo te lo hago!.

10 En este momento estaba armándome un grifo para salir amarihuano a la calle y me dio
11 tanto coraje y desprecio que me le fui encima, alcé la pierna izquierda poniéndosela en la espalda
12 y lo tiré contra el espejo de cuerpo entero donde se le partió el tabique de la nariz.

13 -¡Anda ponle aretes a la puta de tu madre y el huequito háztelo tú en el culo, por que aretes
14 se ponen las mujeres!.

15 Le seguí gritando:

16 -¡tú eres maricón porque cuando nos enfrentamos con las bandas a pelea, te escondes!. No
17 debes decir que eres de “Los Lobos”. Te voy a hacer la vida imposible para que abandones la
18 banda y si no lo haces, en una pelea que tengamos entre bandas te meto un tiro. Y primero te tiro
19 de carnada al frente, ya sabes ... ¡maricón!.

20 No lo volvimos a ver.

21 **29. LA MAFIA NORTEAMERICANA.-**

22 Luego de la fuga, los Guías empezaron a revisar los archivos y encontraron que a uno de los
23 prófugos le decían “El Colombiano”, el otro se llamaba Robert Taylor y un tercero había sido
24 penitenciario y se hacía pasar como menor de edad. Pensaron que podría ser una mafia
25 norteamericana al encontrarse con mi apellido de origen inglés. Esos antecedentes los
26 presentaron ante la Ley de Menores de edad.

27 Al enterarme de este ridículo informe huí por temor a la leñiza, donde me cogían me daban
28 duro. Me refugié en el campo donde mis tíos aunque no me gustaba trabajar al machete. Pasaron
29 unos días y regresé a Durán, alojándome en una casa de unos mafiosos que vendían droga. Un
30 año después me olvidé de la fuga y regresé a Guayaquil, donde empecé a caminar con los
31 betuneros y con los que vendían periódicos.

32 Me pegaba mis respectivas amanecidas y por las noches fumaba drogas: cemento de
33 contacto, marihuana y base. Aprendí la forma de cómo consumir. Cometí otro robo y fui a parar
34 nuevamente al Hogar de Tránsito, donde me dijeron: “de todos los que se fugaron solamente

1 faltabas tú". Se acordaron lo que era y de lo que no era y le dijeron al Director que yo era 'duro'.
2 ¡Qué duro podría ser si solamente tenía once años de edad!

3 La autoridad quiso conocerme y una vez sentado frente a su escritorio le dije toda la verdad:
4 "yo planifiqué la fuga por que no me visitaban mis familiares y se acercaba la Navidad, no podía
5 comerme una torta estando allí adentro".

6 **30. EL PSICOLOCO.-**

7 Un psicólogo estuvo durante dos días dándonos charlas acerca de la farmacodependencia y
8 nos hizo un test: "acuéstense en el piso de la cancha, cierren sus ojos, muevan los dedos de las
9 manos ... ahora... los dedos de los pies, no abran los ojos...".

10 En seguida pensé: ¿qué será que va a hacer mientras tengamos cerrados los ojos?. Abrí mis ojos
11 y observé que los suyos los tenía cerrados a machote, despacito me levanté y me dirigí al baño a
12 "corrémela". Al regresar escuché que le decía al grupo: "vamos a viajar a la luna, a las estrellas,
13 conversamos con Dios y luego volvemos a la tierra".

14 Yo estaba que me cagaba de la risa pero no podía hacerlo notorio, hasta que no me aguanté
15 más y a mi vecino de al lado le dije: ¡vámonos de aquí, este psicólogo está loco!. Mi amigo
16 contestó: ¡si-món, loco, vámonos de aquí! y nos fuimos a sentar en un rincón donde desatamos la
17 risa: ¡JA-JA-JA!; ¡JA-JA-JA!, ¡el hijueputa está loco!, ¡JA-JA-JA!... quiere viajar a la luna, a las
18 estrellas, conversar con Dios, regresar a esta mierda, ¡JA-JA-JA!

19 El profesor de conducta se nos había estado comiendo toda la película y luego de que se fue
20 el psicólogo nos llamó: "vengan clávense de cabeza los dos aquí (señalando el piso) con el culo
21 para arriba!. A cada uno nos dio dos latigazos con un grueso cable de luz. Después del castigo dije:
22 ¡todo por ese psicólogo loco!, y nos reímos de nuevo. Cuando me pasaba el dolor causado por los
23 latigazos y cada vez que me tocaba la parte hinchada me acordaba del relajo, insultaba al
24 psicólogo y luego me reía. Tenía doce años de edad.

25 **31. MI PASE A LA CASA DE OBSERVACIÓN.-**

26 Ya el Director me había dicho que yo constituía un peligro y dejó sobreentendidamente la idea
27 de transferirme a la Casa de Observación. Esperaron a que ingresen los profesores de conducta
28 para que me reconozcan si era o no el famoso Taylor. Entre ellos estaba el profesor de turno, el
29 mismo que pegaba con un cable de luz eléctrica; a los menores de edad les ordenaba "trípode
30 colocarse", levantaba la mano y los azotaba con todas sus fuerzas haciéndolos revolcar por el piso.

31 Cuando al verme me dijo: "yo sabía que tenías que caer y te escapaste en mi turno!, fue cuando
32 más miedo me dio. En la noche me sacó del dormitorio y en el patio me hizo poner trípode, sin
33 embargo, cambié de posición y me senté. Me quedó mirando. Sin demostrarle miedo le dije: nadie
34 me visitaba en esta güevada, póngase usted en mi lugar, que sea un pelado que nadie lo visite,
35 encerrado y próxima la Navidad. Siendo usted también se escapa o al menos hace el intento de
36 fugarse.

1 Cambió de idea y con el látigo en la mano me dio la espalda, ordenándome que vaya al
2 dormitorio. Mis amigos me preguntaron: ¿por qué no te sacaron la chucha!, yo les dije: ¡estuve de
3 suerte, ni siquiera me tocó, lo manipulé bien bonito!.

4 Al siguiente día le insulté la madre a un policía nuevo. ¿Quieren saber por qué? Yo tenía gafas
5 oscuras, pantaloneta blue-jean mocha, camiseta blanca por dentro, polines, zapatos de goma,
6 reloj, camisa a cuadros manga larga y una gorra de mafioso. El tipo se enojó al ver mi vestimenta
7 que era la de un integrante de banda, por lo que me quitó gafas y gorra “para guardarlas en el
8 escritorio de la Dirección” y “cuando salgas libre las podrás retirar”.

9 La Directora estaba asomada en la ventana mirando al patio donde me encontraba con el
10 policía y se dio cuenta de lo que estaba haciendo conmigo. Para suerte, vio cuando el policía me
11 aplastó el pie con una de sus bototas y me empujó del pecho. Salí corriendo donde estaban las
12 escobas junto al tanque de basura y armándome con una de ellas, le dije: ¡serrano chucha de tu
13 madre anda a cargártele a la puta de tu madre. Yo no te como de revólver ni de policía ni de talla.
14 Ese uniforme métetelo por el culo!.

15 Se dio cuenta que la Directora lo miraba y en ese momento no me dijo nada. Al llegar la noche
16 salía el personal administrativo y el profesor de conducta con los policías quedaban a cargo de la
17 institución Preocupados por su bienestar se tomaban una botella de trago estando nosotros los
18 pequeños reclusos en el dormitorio. El problema era que al estar mariados iban a joder la
19 paciencia.

20 Nos levantaban a todos a la medianoche, en pleno sueño, para hacernos flexionar de pecho
21 hasta que sudáramos. Se satisfacían haciéndonos güevadas. Disipaban la borrachera con nosotros.
22 Al siguiente día nada podíamos reclamar con la Directora o las psicólogas ya que al llegar la noche
23 nos volvían a castigar.

24 -¿Quién ES ROBERT TAYLOR?, se les ocurrió preguntar cuando se enteraron que yo era fuga.
25 Medio somnoliento levanté la mano, siendo esta la señal para que a todo el mundo nos hagan
26 poner en posición de pecho: ¡VAMOS A HACER CIEN!. Le pegaban al que se cansaba y dejaba de
27 flexionar. El policía del que les hablé anteriormente se dio la vuelta por donde yo estaba, ya que el
28 castigo general era dedicado a esta humilde persona.

29 Mi situación era desesperante, mi sudor goteaba sobre la baldosa empapando pantaloneta y
30 calzoncillo.

31 Dejé de flexionar por que me empezó a pegar con una escoba quebrándomela atrás en las
32 piernas. Después que me hizo astillas la escoba en el culo sacó el tolete de guayacán y empezó a
33 golpearme. Me mandó un palazo al pecho y a la cara y a lo que puse las manos como protección
34 sentí que me partía el hueso de la mano derecha. Un patazo en las costillas, otro en el pecho, me
35 puso el palo en la garganta y con todo su cuerpo se me subió al pecho.

36 Me volví a sentar y me dijo: ¡sigue flexionando chucha de tu madre que eres fuga y no
37 mereces que te traten bien!; ¡eres un hijueputa, delincuente has de llegar a ser, la astucia que

1 tienes la usas solamente para fugas, para robar y fumar, deberías estar en tu casa, por buen
2 muchacho no has de estar aquí!. ¡SIGUE FLEXIONANDO!.

3 Ya no me servía una mano, me hincaba feísimo el hueso, trataba de soportarla aunque sea un
4 poquito al afirmarla sobre el piso, con la izquierda hacía más fuerza y subía la flexión. Dado el
5 dolor de la mano derecha, bañado en sudor caía y levantaba de la baldosa hasta que por último el
6 muy maldito me dejó. Quedé tendido en el piso.

7 Luego empecé a llorar. Mentalmente lo insultaba. ¡Ya se imaginan que clase de insultos!. Se
8 me vino la idea de entrar a una banda, coger una escopeta de cartucho y pegarle una descarga no
9 solamente a ese policía si no a todo el que viera uniformado como tal.

10 Al siguiente día del azote que me dieron en el Hogar de Tránsito escuché unos gritos: ¡Robert
11 Taylor, te vas para otro lado, alista tus cosas!.

12 Cumplido esto, junto a otros tres angelitos nos pusimos en fila, anotaron el pase y salimos. Al
13 caminar marcialmente me martillaba la idea de que la Casa de Observación era como otra cárcel.

14 **32. QUISE VOLAR MAS ALTO.-**

15 Quise ser más avión que 'Patito!, ¿lo recuerdan?; pero para eso debía ser bien insoportable
16 con los profesores de conducta y con los policías. Y así lo hice. Apenas me abrí de la banda,
17 después de tener algunas peleas con otras pandillas y consumir goma caí preso por segunda vez.

18 En la casa de Observación pasé cuatro meses. Estuve en manos de una psicóloga a quien le
19 rogué que hiciera algo por mí pues ni mi familia quería saber acerca de Taylor. Ellos no iban a
20 pasar vergüenza con una persona que tenía el comportamiento inadecuado como yo. Decían: "se
21 le habla y se le habla y no entiende dejémoslo nomás entonces!

22 El ruego le conmovió: "depende cómo te comportes, si te portas bien sales en corto tiempo y
23 si te portas mal te mandamos al otro lado donde queda la Correccional y de allá sí que no puedes
24 salir hasta que seas mayor de edad. Cuando cumplas los dieciocho años vas al Servicio Militar y
25 luego eres libre".

26 Tiré números y al sacar cuentas supe que podía estar seis años allí dentro, seis largos años de
27 levantarme a las seis de la mañana, barrer el patio, flexiones de pecho, sapito, masturbaciones,
28 soledad. Por eso, no me quedó más que acostumbrarme pero nunca perdí las ganas de andar por
29 las calles. Esperé los resultados de mi conducta tratando de portarme super obediente, pero ya
30 habían pasado dos meses y empecé a preocuparme.

31 Cada que le preguntaba a la psicóloga encargada de observar mi conducta, me decía: ¡tenga
32 paciencia!. Yo le contestaba: ¡bueno, bueno, bueno!, todas la veces, pero al mismo tiempo me
33 preparé para soplarme por los techos. Hasta que llegó mi oportunidad con los juegos de fútbol a
34 nivel de instituciones de rehabilitación social del país.

35

1 **33. LOS JUEGOS INTERPROVINCIALES.-**

2 Hay en Guayaquil instituciones que “favorecen” a los menores de edad que están
3 descarriados como el Hogar de Tránsito, la Casa de Observación , la Correccional y el Hogar
4 Juvenil. De todas éstas se escogió la Correccional como sede de los encuentros de fútbol. Vinieron
5 a jugar los vagos de Machala y los de Loja. Una semana antes del campeonato comenzaron
6 nuestros entrenamientos pues era muy importante ganarle a estos seleccionados para obtener el
7 derecho de jugar las finales con los de la sierra.

8 Estas eran las tan esperadas Olimpiadas a nivel de los vagos y por eso, a todos se nos hacía
9 difícil el pensar en un fácil triunfo, pues **¿quién le puede ganar a un vago?**. Durante mis
10 entrenamientos o por las noches le rogaba a Dios que nos haga ganar, no tanto para ser campeón
11 si no por la oportunidad de fugarme que tendría con cada desplazamiento fuera de la ciudad.

12 En el primer partido empatamos dos a dos con los de Machala y a éstos les ganó los de la
13 Correccional, a quienes derrotamos por tres a cero. Luego vencimos a los de Loja por cinco a cero
14 y también a los del Hogar Juvenil. En el primer tiempo quedamos dos a cero, uno que metí yo y el
15 otro el pelado “Tres bolas”. Antes de iniciarse el segundo tiempo nos advirtió el profesor de
16 conducta: “ ¡tienen que ganar, cojudos, si no, les tranco palo; por cada falla es un palazo a los
17 tobillos!”.

18 Mirándome me dijo: ¿escuchaste lo que dije?, y yo le contesté: ¡así me pegue o no, quiero
19 ganar y voy a meter un gol para usted!. Empezó el segundo tiempo y se notaba cansancio en los
20 dos equipos por el esfuerzo realizado en la primera etapa.

21 Quienes integrábamos el seleccionado de la Casa de Observación dejábamos mucho que decir
22 por nuestra deplorable apariencia: unos tenían piojos, otros apestaban a grajo, algunos no se
23 cepillaban los dientes quien sabe desde cuándo, la mayoría sin zapatos, en pantalón mocho,
24 despeinados o pelados a mate. Los más optimistas aseguraban un triunfo a juzgar por todas estas
25 **maravillosas** cualidades.

26 Algo tiene que haber existido de verdad en dicha aseveración dada la gran performance que
27 cumplimos. Cuando íbamos por la mitad del segundo tiempo el delantero derecho del equipo
28 contrario lanzó un tiro con gran potencia que le dobló la mano al arquero “Paisuco” que perdió el
29 equilibrio cayendo a ras de la grama. Los del Hogar Juvenil gritaron: ¡GOOOL!, con emoción, pero
30 gracias a Dios, la pelota pegó en el horizontal regresando a media cancha de donde la tomó
31 “Cagaguado” para dármele en pase perfecto.

32 Burlé primero a un vago, luego a otro hasta quedar solo con el arquero. Amagué patear con
33 toda fuerza con la pierna izquierda, la frené al momento y el arquero engañado se lanzó hacia la
34 derecha, pero la pasé a la izquierda de donde él estaba ubicado originalmente y ...!GOOOL!! Ya les
35 conté que era fanático del Rey Pelé y por eso calqué una jugada que le ví hacer en un partido
36 reprisado en la televisión, marcando el tercer gol que le dio el triunfo indiscutible al equipo de la
37 Casa de Observación donde me encontraba en calidad de niño recluso y malcriado.

1 En vísperas de viajar a Quito el Director “Pistolita” prometió que nos ayudaría para que nos
2 den la libertad por haber ganado en la costa, así no ganemos en la sierra. Por la noche, en el
3 dormitorio, el profesor de conducta entró escoltado por dos policías y firmemente nos dijo: “van a
4 viajar y espero se porten bien, si uno se me escapa téngalo por seguro que de Quito me los traigo
5 haciendo sapito”.

6 **34. EL VIAJE A QUITO.-**

7 Llegó la mañana esperada y nos aliñamos para el viaje en un Supertaxi de la “Flota Ecuador”.
8 Nos prohibieron fumar cigarrillos, pero al pasar por un pueblo el pelado “tres bolas”, número diez
9 del equipo, enseñando un billete en una de sus manos le gritó a un muchacho que en la calle
10 vendía cigarrillos: ¡tabaquero, tabaquero, presta una cajetilla ñaño!.

11 El niño corrió en su afán de vender. “Tres bolas” le enseñó el billete por la ventana del carro
12 por lo que el niño vendedor alzó su mano con la cajetilla. “Tres bolas” cogió la cajetilla, metió
13 mano y cabeza y se sentó en su asiento sin pagar por el servicio. Yo iba en el último asiento y vi la
14 cara triste del vendedor que solo se quedó alelado a medida que el carro se alejaba. Me dio
15 mucho pena, pero pronto se me pasó.

16 De allí en adelante el interior del carro parecía neblina, lleno de humo. Los policías y el
17 profesor de conducta solo nos dijeron: “no fumen muchachos, se les desgasta el físico, después
18 van a perder”. Llegamos a Quito convencidos de que éramos mayores e independientes pues
19 fuimos capaces de demostrarlo fumando sin restricciones.

20 Los equipos estaban ya en la cancha y en el preliminar jugaban los vagos de Guayaquil contra
21 los de Quito, ante la expectativa de los de Esmeraldas que esperaban la eliminación de uno de los
22 dos. En el primer tiempo nos metieron tres goles a cero y durante los quince minutos de descanso
23 la lengua nos parecía corbata, tratando de justificar cada uno por su parte el elevado score: tuve
24 problemas con “Raja Negra”, quien fue culpable de uno de los goles, etc, etc. Después de
25 acharnos mutuamente retomamos la camaradería y chupamos naranjas.

26 El clima no nos dejaba desarrollar. Me ardía la nariz al respirar y esperaba que termine pronto
27 el encuentro para regresar a Guayaquil. En el segundo tiempo nos metieron cuatro goles seguidos
28 por lo que fuimos eliminados, pero nos alegró que los de Esmeraldas se le llevaran la Copa a los
29 quiteños al braveo.

30 Lo explico: uno a cero ganaba Quito; el árbitro “Barba de Chivo” no les hizo válido un gol a
31 Esmeraldas con el que empataban faltando tres minutos para acabarse el partido. Entonces, los
32 profesores de conducta de los vagos de Esmeraldas formaron el relajo (¡qué ejemplo!). Un
33 jugador esmeraldeño aprovechó la oportunidad de arrancarle el trofeo de manos del árbitro
34 salió corriendo junto al gajo de sus compañeros, luego de que éste se inmovilizara ante el grito del
35 entrenador de los perjudicados: ¡SAPO DE MIERDA, ESTAS VENDIDO!.

36

1 **35. ¿POR QUÉ NO ME FUGUE?**

2 Al regreso la conciencia no me dejó tranquilo ya que estaba preocupado por no haberme
3 fugado: ¿si tuve la oportunidad, por qué no lo hice?. Mejor estuviera libre, ahorita lo fuera. Dormí
4 el resto del viaje y al llegar recibimos las felicitaciones del Director “pistolita” (había perdido los
5 dedos meñique y anular de la mano derecha).

6 Emocionado dijo: “los jugadores avisen a sus familiares par que los vengan a sacar, desde este
7 momento mis aguerridos campeones, son libres”. Todos salieron menos Taylor. Luego de dos
8 semanas que se fueron mis amigos le armé un pito a la psicóloga: ¡me ha engañado con falsas
9 promesas!; ¡espérate, cálmate, cálmate hijo!. ¿Cuándo me irá a ayudar?. Usted es puro
10 calmantes, sus palabras no valen... ¡vieja lentuda!.

11 Salí a carrera de la consulta hasta llegar al patio. La psicóloga me siguió para decirme:
12 “!Taylor, por favor mijito, tan bonito que te has estado portando...yo no sé qué te pasó ahora!”

13 Yo le contesté: ¡AHORA LO QUE ME PASO ES QUE ESTOY EMPUTADO POR QUE SIEMPRE ME
14 ENGAÑA!. ¿Hasta cuándo tengo que soportarla?; más claro, ¡no me diga nada!.

15 Luego el profesor de conducta intervino: ¡ven acá!, ¿qué te pasa a ti, no ves que le estás
16 faltando el respeto a la señorita psicóloga?.

17 Le contesté: ¡qué señorita va a ser esa vieja lentuda!, y, vino la agresión:

18 -¡PONTE, PONTE DE TRIPO, AHORA TE METO TUS DOS PALAZOS!.

19 -¡Qué chucha me voy a poner, si quiere pégueme aquí como estoy, pero no me de órdenes
20 de posición que yo no soy su hijo para que me pegue!. ¡SIEMPRE ME ANDA VIENDO LAS GÜEVAS!.

21 El profesor se reía y al constatar que me pasaba a mí también el coraje me dijo estas palabras
22 que nunca olvidaré:

23 -Cuando seas más grande tienes para hacer un libro de todo esto y en especial de lo que te
24 ha pasado. Te falta seguir viviendo más, y, hasta tienes nombre de artista. Te llamas ROBERT
25 TAYLOR, bonito nombre tienes para ser artista. Un gran escritor puedes ser, si es que antes no te
26 matan. ¿Has oído hablar de “Nike corre Nike”?

27 Le contesté:

28 -¡Ese que va corriendo con una bolsa llena de plata luego de asaltar joyerías en los Estados
29 Unidos y los policías lo siguen disparándole...!

30 -Así como los estás contando, de eso y en similar estilo puede escribir un libro...

31

32

1 **36. EL NUEVO PROFESOR DE CONDUCTA.-**

2 Llegó otro profesor de conducta y a la vez Director de Dibujos. Era de raza negra, alto y muy
3 parecido a mi papá. Recuerdo que me hizo llorar. Fui al baño y cerré la puerta para que no me
4 vieran. Y lloraba y lloraba. El Director me siguió y al escucharme sollozando me gritó
5 paternalmente:

6 -iTaylor, Taylor ven, ven acá, convérsame lo que te pasa!.

7 Abrí la puerta y al verlo lo abracé llorando. Acariciándome el pelo me dijo:

8 -iTranquilo, tranquilo hijo mío, ven, vamos para que te diviertas!.

9 Pero yo no le hacía caso para que me siga mimando. Luego dejé de llorar.

10 Fui un niño que estando mis padres vivos nunca los tuve conmigo, a mi lado, a los dos juntos.

11 Solo estuvo mi madre pero hasta que pude caminar pues antes de hacerlo autónomicamente
12 me dejaba encargado a los vecinos.

13 **“Tuve una madre”**, yo no lo digo, díganlo ustedes; **“tuve un padre”**, tampoco lo quiero decir
14 yo, díganlo ustedes.

15 Lo que sí puedo decir es que tengo veinte años y sigo sin ellos, pero si ese es mi destino, en
16 solitario, como alma perdida, seguiré por los caminos de la vida hasta encontrar mi pareja.

17 Entonces, trataré de tapar los huecos que en mi hogar me provocaron infelicidades.

18 Si dios me da la suerte de procrear, mis hijos gozarán en cambio, de muchas felicidades.

19 **37. DENTRO DE LA CORRECCIONAL.-**

20 De inmediato me hice amigo de los internos, a pesar de que algunos ya me concían con el
21 sobrenombre de “Cuco”:

22 -iHabla “Cuco”!

23 -iHabla loco, cómo es la coosa!

24 -¿Qué te pasó que te mandaron para acá, no decían que les iban a ayudar a los jugadores?.
25 ¡Puro paro no más ha sido esa pendejada!.

26 -iSi-món loco, más lo que no me fugué!, ¡pero qué importa!... ¿Y aquí, por dónde es la fuga?.

27 -Masiva es todo. Masiva es todo el gajo de vagos encima del profesor encargado.

1 Aclaro que en la Correccional me tocaba quedarme hasta mi mayoría de edad, de donde
2 pasaba directamente al Servicio Militar. Pensé que allí no me iba a quedar: “eso es para los
3 cojudos, trataré de irme lo más rápido posible”.

4 Dentro de la Correccional había un taller de tapicería, una sastrería y un taller de mecánica,
5 que fue el que escogí para aprender un oficio. Se había adecuado un aula donde estudiaban los
6 analfabetos y otras para enseñar desde el primero al sexto grado de primaria. Mi primera
7 sorpresa fue que el taller de mecánica no era más que una simple cerrajería, y la segunda, que el
8 profesor de conducta comenzara su agresión vociferando:

9 -Tú eres nuevo y donde te llevas por tu desgracia una sierra o una punta limada al dormitorio
10 vas a conocer quién soy yo, Y te advierto: ¡cuenta con dejarte convencer por estos de aquí porque
11 marchan todos!. ¡Ustedes (los otros) por viejos, ya que tienen más tiempo aquí y tú por nuevo!.

12 Dicha advertencia no me puso mal ya que era normal para mí escuchar tonterías. Al salir del
13 taller nos dirigíamos en columnas de diez vagos al comedor. Cuando uno fugaba nos castigaban a
14 todos con ejercicios y con palazos. Luego del azote el comentario nuestro era:

15 -¡Bacán que se fugó ese pelado!. ¡Ya estaba añejado el pelado! (que ya tenía buen tiempo
16 encerrado).

17 -Si-món loco, ese pelado ya se estaba sicoseando.

18 -Y era sin-bandera, cómo no se iba a sicosear.

19 Yo también era sin-bandera por lo que al escuchar que el prófugo se había estado sicoseando,
20 me decía: ¿huy..., me iré a sicosear yo también?...

21 **38. EL BRASILEÑO.-**

22 Este apodo me lo puso “Huevito”, un amigo de la Correccional al escuchar un comentario de
23 que yo era bueno para jugar al fútbol y que podrían ganarse un billete en las apuestas.

24 Cuando tenía la pelota en mi s pies “Huevito”, un amigo de la Correccional al escuchar un
25 comentario de que yo era bueno para jugar al fútbol y que podrían ganarse un billete en las
26 apuestas.

27 Cuando tenía la pelota en mis pies “Huevito” me gritaba: ¡TIRALA BRASILEÑO!, y a medida que
28 avanzaba el partido los demás se contagiaban al gritarme ¡TIRALA BRASILEÑO!, ¡AL ARCO!, ¡METE
29 EL GOL!!

30 En el primer encuentro marqué dos goles y ganamos. De las apuestas obtuvieron el doble de
31 dinero y entre todos se restaron un billete. A mí me dieron una parte. Seguimos jugando y
32 apostando con tan buena suerte que nuestros bolsillos comenzaron a crecer.

1 Todo iba bien hasta que al profesor de conducta le dio envidia y ni corto ni perezoso armó
2 otro equipo en el que incluyó a ‘Huevito’ y a él mismo como jugadores.

3 En pleno desarrollo de las acciones me aplicó muchas zancadillas para que me cayera cuando
4 corría. Habiéndolo burlado no pateó a la pelota si no a mis piernas, directo al tobillo. Comenzó a
5 salirme la sangre de las manos y de las rodillas.

6 Sin embargo, seguí jugando pero con más habilidad e inteligencia. El persistía en su maldad,
7 se me venía con todo el cuerpo para trabarme..yo rodaba despacio la pelota con la pierna
8 izquierda, me apoyaba con el pie derecho haciendo el cuerpo para atrás, ponía el pie izquierdo
9 hacia atrás para impulsarme logrando que el profesor pasara en blanco y por inercia caiga al piso.

10 Seguía avanzando con la pelota, burlaba a tres adversarios y me enfrentaba al arquero.
11 Depositaba todo mi coraje en un disparo impulsado con la pierna derecho: la pelota pasó
12 soplándole las orejas para llegar al fondo de la malla. El arquero quedó de pie y con los brazos
13 unidos en posición de alto, con las rodillas un poco inclinadas.

14 Tuve que salir del juego por que las patadas continuaban. No soporté un patazo en el tobillo
15 derecho ya lastimado y la diabólica mirada del profesor, frustrado al no poder superarme
16 limpiamente en la cancha..

17 **39. NUESTRAS ARMAS PRIMITIVAS.-**

18 Por lo general, en el comedor formábamos escándalos y hasta peleas con cucharas punta con
19 punta y al cuerpo, a la cara, a darse de a de veras. Se quebraban vasos para pelear con vidrios o
20 para cortarse uno mismo los brazos para salir al hospital, ver la calle y en el trayecto tratar de
21 escapar. Aunque nunca me corté por ese motivo, sé existen cortes en mis brazos y cicatrices en mi
22 cuerpo, como puñaladas.

23 Pareciera como si me hubiesen realizado operaciones quirúrgicas por las varias suturas que
24 asoman en la geografía de mi cuerpo: tres en el brazo derecho, una en el hombro derecho, otra
25 en la barriga y tal vez la final, en el lado derecho del tórax. Por otros sectores capilares se
26 observan cicatrices más pequeñas por rasguños, cortesitos propios de hojas de afeitar o por
27 espinas de árboles cítricos.

28 **40. LA PLANIFICACION DE LA FUGA.-**

29 Tres vagos cuyos familiares no se preocupaban por ellos, mostraron tanto interés en la fuga
30 que hasta los mínimos detalles de la evasión los estudiaron científicamente. Yo me sumé a los
31 conjurados.

32 Decidimos coger en masa al profesor y de ser necesario, caerle todos encima. Dañamos un
33 forro de colchón para elaborar unas tiras largas que ocultamos en una mochilita que hicimos de la
34 manga de un pantalón para amarrar al profesor perverso, el que nos pegaba siempre. En un
35 primer intento de huida nos acobardamos al descubrir la presencia de los policías.

1 La idea era entrar al taller, subir al techo de donde pendían cables y tubos de hierro de los
2 que nos aprovecharíamos para llegar hasta las mismas hojas de zinc.

3 Para el segundo intento acordamos que uno de mis socios le pondría el brazo al profesor
4 alrededor del cuello al mismo tiempo que me tiraría para cogerlo de los pies. El resto, le amarraría
5 las manos y los pies poniéndole también un pañuelo dentro de la boca sujetado por una tira
6 pequeña, para que no grite hasta que pudiéramos escapar.

7 Temeroso que no cumplieran estas disposiciones, me atreví a decirles: “si tú no le pones el
8 brazo yo cojo el martillo y de frente le doy un martillazo en la cabeza”;!NO, NO!, por que lo vas a
9 matar, dijo uno de mis amigos.

10 **41. LA LLAVE CHINA.-**

11 Como de costumbre, al finalizar el juego de pelota entramos en fila de diez al comedor; ese
12 día no comimos ninguno de los comprometidos en la fuga. Después de una hora formamos para
13 dirigirnos al taller, yo llevaba en mis manos el martillo. El profesor estaba a mi lado lijando un
14 fierro para hacer platinas y puertas corredizas, dándome una buena oportunidad para cumplir con
15 mi bravata.

16 Pero para abortar mi deseo uno de mis amigos se apresuró y le puso el brazo en forma de
17 llave china, tumbándolo para atrás. En menos de un minuto algunos escalamos la pared. Desde
18 arriba ví cuando mi amigo luchaba con el profesor de conducta llevando la peor parte. Con el
19 forcejeo ambos se pusieron de pie. Hice conciencia que él era el único que faltaba por salir por lo
20 que cogí el martillo y lo descargué en la cabeza del profesor.

21 Este se fue doblando poco a poco, como madurito, lo que me incitó a meterle un patazo en la
22 costilla, duro, durísimo, con la punta del zapato. Al tocar suelo gritó ¡ME MATAN!, y yo le pegué
23 otro patazo diciéndole: ¡MUERE MALDITO!. Mi amigo, liberado, aprovechó para salir velozmente y
24 ahora era yo el que me estaba quedando...pero lo tenía gritando en el suelo.

25 Corrí hacia la libertad satisfecho al cumplir con mi palabra cuando le prometí a mi compinche
26 que no lo dejaría solo con el problema así los demás huyan pensando “sálvense quienes puedan”.
27 No quedó ni uno de nosotros.

28 Al siguiente día empezaron a llegar detenidos nuevamente, en cambio yo me refugié en el
29 campo, hasta que pasara el pito...

30 **42. LA VIDA EN EL CAMPO**

31 Los primeros días los pasé muy bien pero a medida que transcurrían las semanas me iba
32 aburriendo progresivamente. Para financiar los gastos del viaje me robé una cadena de oro y un
33 reloj, comprando con el producto de su venta a un cachinero cuatro tarros de cemento de
34 contacto, un paquete de diez tamugas de marihuana, una cajetilla de “Full” filtro sin boquillas, dos
35 cajetillas de cigarrillo “Líder” y cien sobres de base.

1 La casa de campo era propiedad de mi tía materna quien al bajarme del carro buscando en
2 primera instancia un escondite para toda mi mercadería me sorprendió al decirme: ¡TU ALGO
3 VIENES HACIENDO!. No era para menos, ella sabía que yo me drogaba.

4 A medida que pasaban los días tenía encantada a toda la familia contándoles-inclusive a mis
5 **inocentes** primos-lo que me había pasado y sin que ellos se dieran cuenta sacaba poco a poco la
6 droga cuando sentía necesidad, pues el cuerpo me la pedía a gritos.

7 Tenía amigos en el campo que me conocieron desde muy pequeño; ellos eran hombres
8 formados mientras yo tenía trece años. No dejábamos de jugar pelota en la canchita del lugar y al
9 terminar los partidos tomábamos cervezas. Mas tarde yo sacaba unos sobres de base y marihuana
10 a la par que les contaba sobre la espectacular fuga.

11 Me sentía orgulloso al decirles que pertenecía a la banda de “Los Lobos” y para demostrarles
12 mi valentía sacaba la droga del zapato y les pedía que compren un cigarrillo “Full” sin boquilla para
13 armarnos un grifo. Cuando lo traían les daba un sobre de base y uno de marihuana, diciéndoles:
14 ¡armen ya esa movida!. Pero no sabían hacerlo a pesar de que aducían ser buenos fumadores.

15 El armado lo hacía en cuclillas y hablando como lo hace un experimentado marihuanero. A esa
16 tierna edad demostré que era un “triquero”, un “solucionero”, un “borracho”, pero a pesar de esas
17 cualidades yo era obediente y humilde desde mi niñez si no que al irme profundizando en las
18 drogas dejé de serlo.

19 El trabajo en el campo no me gustó y mi tía empezó a joderme: ¡ANDATE A TRABAJAR CON LOS
20 MUCHACHOS! (o sea con mis primos). Iba pero me cabreaba. Regresé a la ciudad cuando calculé
21 que el pito por la fuga había pasado. Me arreglé, recogí mis pocos enseres y a mi tía y queridos
22 primitos les dejé el polvo. Bacilé tranquilo mi patín por la calles de la ciudad, durmiendo donde me
23 cogiera la noche.

24 **43. LA VIDA EN LA CIUDAD.-**

25 Cuando sentía hambre no hacía otra cosa que robar. También para variar, hacía cosas buenas
26 como vender “Extra” y betunar zapatos. El periódico lo vendía en la madrugada y me drogaba con
27 el robo de algún reloj o cadena de oro. La drogada era hasta el amanecer y para disimular ante los
28 policías me escudaban en el negocio de canillita.

29 Gritaba: ¡EXTRA!;; ¡EXTRA!, ¡COMPRE LA EXTRA!, y al mismo tiempo andaba viendo **qué me**
30 **podía robar**. Vendía alrededor de diez periódicos de los veinte ejemplares que adquiría
31 diariamente para esconder mis verdaderas intenciones: asaltar y robar. A los niños betuneros les
32 quitaba el cajón de lustrar zapatos para constatar al término de la betunada qué cantidad de
33 dinero cargaban los clientes en sus bolsillos.

34 Cuando notaba una bola mas o menos significativa devolvía el cajón y corría adonde otros
35 vagos conocidos y compañeros de robo para llamarles la atención. Hacía señas al primero que
36 veía y al mismo tiempo caminaba tras la persona que llevaba los bolsillos llenos de billetes.

1 Al instante, dos o tres cuadras más adelante nos juntábamos algunos, ¡PUM!, le poníamos el
2 brazo en la garganta en forma de llave china y le sacábamos todo el billete y hasta la billetera
3 marchaba. Cuando sobraba tiempo, hasta los zapatos, en segundos. De un momento a otro
4 quedaba una persona en plena ciudad desmayada en la vereda por donde caminaba. Esos asaltos
5 los perpetrábamos cada que nos quedábamos chiros y como éramos niños adictos y delincuentes
6 en la calle, ocurrían a cada rato.

7 Después de deambular por el centro de la ciudad robando y drogándome tuve miedo al
8 pensar que podía dar cara y terminar en la Correccional. Recordé que le había pegado tremendo
9 golpe al profesor de conducta en la cabeza y que le patié las costillas, por eso, asustado, tomé un
10 autobús para refugiarme en una parroquia cercana a la ciudad.

11

12 **44. LA LEY DE FUGA.-**

13 Supe por boca de un vago escapado de la Correccional que estaban esperando que caigan los
14 otros de “la fuga del martillazo”, que ya habían cogido a un gajo y que en especial el profesor de
15 conducta rogaba la detención de un pelado que le dicen ‘El Brasileño’ para darle la Ley de Fuga.

16 -¡Chuzo ñaño, donde cae ese pelado primero le sacan la entrechucha y luego le dan la Ley de
17 Fuga. Y Ley de Fuga es Ley de Fuga!.

18 Este es “El Brasileño”, le dijeron los otros vagos que lo acompañaban.

19 -¡Chuzo ñaño, sáquesela que le van a dar vuelta, lo van a hacer chicharrón!. ¡Póngase las
20 pilas!..

21 Metí la mano a mi chaqueta para sacar dos mugas de marihuana y quinientos sucses.

22 -Tú andas chiro, le dije, recién te fugaste.

23 -Si-món, si apenas me les escapé me vine para acá. ¡Llevo una hora libre!.

24 Le entregué mi presente, me despedí de todos y lo último que escuché al alejarme unos
25 quince metros fue:

26 -¡Cuídate brasileño, cuidado vas a pagar, por donde te vas tienes que andar mosca!.

27 **45. ENTRE DIOS Y EL DIABLO.-**

28 En todo lugar que llegaba no encontraba amigos que me inviten a algo sano y tampoco lo
29 buscaba. Cuando tenía deseo de drogarme compraba en una ferretería cemento de contacto y me
30 refugiaba en los montes donde inhalaba y lloraba. Lloraba por que me acordaba de mis padres y
31 de cómo se portaban conmigo; los quería y los odiaba al mismo tiempo. Para que me pase el
32 resentimiento, inhalaba desesperadamente y lloraba de rabia.

1 La droga que consumía me hacía ver visiones alucinógenas y diabólicas. Veía al Diablo y quería
2 que me lleve, diciéndole: ¡Diablo, llévame que mi padre no me quiere!. Después, en pleno estado
3 alucinógeno:... ¡serio, Diablito, vamos siendo amigos!. Trataba de convencerlo para que se me
4 presente sin darme cuenta que ya lo había hecho. Luego al reflexionar, empecé a investigar por
5 qué me quería llevar el Diablo y saqué deducciones recordando lo que decían las personas
6 mayores: “los niños, cuando no hacen caso a los padres y son desobedientes se los lleva el
7 diablo”. Yo le tiré la culpa a mi papá, pues en mis pensamientos recordaba la paliza que me dio
8 por haberme portado mal en la escuela: “ ¡TE COMPONES O TE LLEVA EL DIABLO!”.

9 Amanecí encantado con las visiones alucinógenas. Al dejar de inhalar me enojaba y decía:
10 Dios, ¿Por qué no me llevas antes que lo haga el Diablo?.

11

12 **46. EL JEFE DE LA MAFIA.-**

13 Al estar drogado primero lloraba y después reía cuando recordaba que al seguirme los policías
14 luego de uno de los robos, se pasaron la luz roja y chocaron contra un taxi. Me imaginaba, gozoso,
15 a los policías pagando con dinero el daño causado al taxista.

16 Cuando salía de los montes mi comida era dos guineos y un refresco y luego ¡rápido!,
17 ¡rápido!, a la ferretería. Pero primero arranchaba una cadena de oro y la vendía para adquirir
18 droga para toda la noche. Compraba dos tarros, una botella de licor y dos mugas de marihuana.
19 Primero me fumaba un grifo de marihuana y luego inhalaba la pega.

20 En las visiones alucinógenas veía al jefe de la mafia. Alguna vez oí comentarios mundanos de
21 que al jefe de la mafia nadie lo conoce. Me preguntaba -¿y por qué?. ¡Oye!, le dije al charlatán, -
22 ¿Y cuando se muera, ahí si se lo puede ver?. Me respondió: ¡no, por que a él nadie lo ve y nadie lo
23 conoce!. La mafia no perdona, tú puedes ir a cualquier parte del mundo y la mafia te encuentra y
24 te mata (y lo repitió), ¡por que la mafia no perdona!.

25 Al drogarme no veía el rostro del jefe mafioso, solo un sombrero en los montes. Entonces
26 saqué la conclusión de que el jefe de la mafia era el mismo diablo. Y otras deducciones: si
27 existiera, ¿cómo no lo van a conocer!; y si se muere, nadie lo verá por que nadie lo conoce. Anoté
28 en mi mente: ¡CORRECTO!, el jefe de la mafia es el mismo diablo que te jala por intermedio de la
29 marihuana, de la base y de esta güevada que inhalo.

30 Registré bien en mi mente: ¡o sea a mí me quiere llevar el Diablo!. Entonces usé la astucia
31 para comunicarme con Dios. Me puse pilas pero no le dí a notar miedo al Diablo. Seguí inhalando
32 día tras día pero preocupado de mis sentimientos.

33 **47. MI ENCUENTRO MASOQUISMO.-**

34 Recordé que dentro de los lugares de reclusión no había ni un niño bueno. Todos éramos
35 malcriados y no hacíamos caso así nos dieran palo. Después de recibir el castigo nos reíamos a

1 escondidas y no nos importaba que nos peguen nuevamente. Esta es la desobediencia. Allá van a
2 parar los muchachos que no hacen eso; es el lugar del Diablo.

3 No podía dejar de inhalar y cada vez aumentaba la dosis; después ya consumía tres tarros.
4 ¡OKEY!, y si existe el Diablo también existe Dios. También hay niños sanos que no son como yo,
5 niños que estudian y pasan con sus padres en la casa y no hacen lo que yo hago. Me estoy
6 drogando.

7 **48. LA SORDERA DEL DIABLO.-**

8 Necesitaba comunicarme con Dios y encontré la forma al pensar que el diablo se agarra de lo
9 que escucha a las personas. Cuando mi papá me pegó al escaparme de la casa, el Diablo estaba
10 atento por que en vez de aquietarme me escapé nuevamente del hogar. De ahí que me convencí
11 de que con los pensamientos no me iba a escuchar el demonio, solo con las palabras. Con los
12 pensamientos me escuchaba únicamente Dios.

13 No podía dejar el vicio de inhalar goma. Me retiré por completo de mis amigos de la calle, de
14 lejos los saludaba y pasaba de largo a drogarme o a robar.

15 Luego ejercitaba la masturbación. Estoy más educado en cuanto a esto ya que gracias a Dios
16 vencí dicha costumbre utilizando mis pensamientos hacia El, SIN HABLAR. Nuestras palabras
17 pueden ser escuchadas por el Diablo, pero solo cuando son malas. Ya que esa es su entrada. Las
18 buenas son de Dios al igual que los pensamientos. Si pronuncias malas palabras puedes pedirle a
19 Dios que te perdone, pero en chiquito nomás, con tus pensamientos. Es esa habilidad de la mente
20 y de los pensamientos que Dios nos diera a cada uno de nosotros para que con El estemos, aún
21 rodándonos el mal.

22 **49. LA BRUTALIDAD POLICIACA.-**

23 Los policías asignados a la parroquia me encarcelaron al sorprenderme inhalando dentro del
24 parque. Ese nefasto día no me fui a los montes, a mi escondite donde me sentaba sobre una
25 piedra y me arrimaba a un árbol. Al verme, uno de ellos sacó el revolver y me dijo:

26 -¡QUIETO AHÍ!, ¡ARRIBA LAS MANOS!

27 Le contesté enfurecido:

28 -¡QUE QUIETO AHÍ, NI LA PUTA DE TU MADRE:. ¡POLICIAS MALDITOS QUE ME VIENEN A
29 INTERRUMPIR!.

30 Y empezó el aleteo. Intentó cogerme la mano y no pudo; el otro se me puso por la espalda y
31 me tumbó al suelo. El primero me cogió luego de la camisa pero lo agarré de la basta del pantalón
32 y lo hice caer. El segundo me asió del pelo; yo templaba la cabeza con todas mis fuerzas
33 empujándome de su pecho mientras el otro se levantaba.

1 Me aflojé al que me cogía del pelo y al momento el otro me abrazó de la barriga por la
2 espalda. Les gritaba: ¡NO, NO!, ¡CHUCHA DE TU MADRE!, ¡DEJAME QUE NO LE ESTOY HACIENDO
3 DAÑO A NADIE!, ¡POR FAVOR, DEJAME!.

4 A pesar de que pedía ayuda a la gente que pasaba, nadie me defendía. Me acordé de mi papá,
5 me quedé quieto y llorando lo llamé. Calmado el llanto los policías me tomaron de la camisa y
6 empecé a luchar nuevamente para no ir al calabozo. Me arrastraron del pelo y de una mano, pero
7 con la otra yo los jalaba haciendo caer a uno de los policías. Cuando me partieron la cabeza con la
8 cacha del revólver me dí por vencido.

9 Los policías estaban cansados y sudados, con el uniforme sucio de sangre y unos botones del
10 uniforme menos. Presurosos levantaron el Informe Policial para que al siguiente día se me
11 traslade al Cuartel Modelo. Aquí viene la injusticia, pues al conducírseme al Servicio de
12 Investigación Criminal (QEPD) ya sabían la causa de mi detención: DROGADICTO. Ni siquiera
13 preguntaron: ¿por qué te drogas?, o ¿qué te pasa?.

14 Cogieron un palo y empezó la leñiza conmigo para que les diga mis delitos. Directamente me
15 endilgaban acusaciones sin sentido: “ ¡tú te le llevastes una esclava a mi cuñada, ella más luego
16 viene a reconocerte!”. La verdad es que a esa altura ni siquiera había robado una esclava,
17 solamente cadenitas de oro. Preocupado pensaba: si viene esa mujer y me acusa de ser el ladrón
18 de su joya me van a matar a palo...

19 Para suerte no lo hicieron. Pero de todo lo malo siempre se puede obtener algo bueno como
20 cuando se es castigado por una mujer policía...que sea guapa. Recuerdo una ocasión cuando
21 corría por el patio luego de haber contestado el ¡PRESENTE! de la lista, una Teniente me pegó un
22 carterazo para que me detenga. ¡La verdad es que me EXCITE!. No me gustan las rubias pero la
23 mujer policía me engañó. Me encantaron sus ojos verdes y mucho más de la cintura para abajo.

24 Añoraba que me investigara una de esas tenientes para ser honesto con ella y confesarle
25 todos mis delitos, lo que ni con palo consiguieron los agentes. ¿A cuál de los presos no le gustaría
26 recibir un carterazo como el me dieron a mí?.

27 **50. LOS TRAFICANTES DE DROGAS.-**

28 Luego de transcurridos cinco días salí de la prisión sin que nadie haya interpuesto ningún
29 recurso legal que me permitiera quedar libre en el tiempo estipulado por la Ley para quienes no
30 se les comprueba delito alguno. De nuevo en la parroquia hice amistad con unos traficantes de
31 drogas quienes tenían el privilegio de mandar a lavar la ropa, comprar zapatos a la moda, blue-
32 jeans, polines, camisetas. Tenían bastante ropa, un televisor en cada cuarto, grabadoras,
33 refrigeradora llena de víveres cocina con horno y bonitos muebles.

34 Me vestían con sus ropas y me dieron una cama. De día hacía los deberes y por las noches iba
35 a la escuela. Un día, luego del almuerzo llegaron los policías a casa. No estaban mis amigos
36 traficantes pero sí uno de sus allegados, quien se quedó dormido en la hamaca de la sala. Tocaron

1 la puerta y al asomarse a la ventana mis oídos se alertaron con los desesperados gritos de : ¡los
2 policías!, ¡los policías están afuera!, ¡despierta, despierta Taylor!.

3 Sin miedo salí del cuarto mientras que él se hacía el dormido en la hamaca. Al no tener otra
4 salida nos cogieron como gato encerrado. Revisaron la casa, dañaron los colchones, rebuscaron
5 en la refrigeradora, destaparon radios y televisores, sacaron los cajones de las cómodas y tiraron
6 la ropa al suelo pateándola por si saltaba algo, dejaron la casa patas arriba, al revés y por último
7 buscaron inútilmente afuera.

8 Cargaban las fotografías de los dos traficantes dueños del negocio, quienes se libraron de la
9 requisa al salir a la cancha de fútbol momentos antes de la intromisión. Cuando se marcharon, mi
10 acompañante dijo: ¡GRACIAS DIOSITO Lindo!. Yo solo lo miraba. Luego me confesó asustado:
11 ¡Chuzo ñaño, tengo cuarenta sobres de base en la billetera!. La billetera la tenía en medio de los
12 güevos y por eso no se la vieron. Luego llegaron los duros cuando yo merendaba unas presas de
13 pollo frito con arroz antes de bañarme para asistir a clases. Al enterarse del problema suscitado
14 decidieron cambiarse de casa antes de que los chapas regresen nuevamente; pero no se olvidaron
15 de mí. No salimos de la parroquia para que yo siga estudiando, sin embargo, la escuela quedaba
16 bastante lejos por lo que hasta el final del año lectivo pagaron la carrera de un taxi que me lleve y
17 que me traiga. ¡Tanta nobleza!.

18 **51. LOS LADRONES DE DULCES.-**

19 En la casa había fiesta, chupa y fumada todos los fines de semana. A mí me daban un billete
20 para que me vaya a bacilar al centro y por ser muy fiestero viajé a Yaguachi donde me metieron al
21 calabozo por andar robando dulces a los paisanos que venían de la sierra a vender su producto.

22 Al siguiente día quedé libre como para disfrutar alegremente la famosa fiesta de San Jacinto.
23 Enviado subí a la terraza de una casa adonde los policías me pescaron en roja, con un grifo
24 prendido y ... otra vez me llevaron a cana. Estuve detenido por la justicia que a veces es injusta,
25 hasta que terminó la festividad.

26 Los policías pusieron a un lado a los vagos detenidos por el delito de robar dulces y al otro
27 lado a los detenidos por delitos mayores. Me puse en la fila de los robadulces y todo me salió
28 bien. Obtuve la libertad. Regresé a la casa y encontré plutos, dorgados y dormidos a mis
29 compinches, pudiendo ingresar gracias a la piolita mágica amarrada previamente al picaporte de
30 una de las ventanas.

31 **52. EL AMAGUE DEL MARIPOSÓN.-**

32 Uno de los traficantes, el que más me prestaba atención se acostó en mi cama. Había la
33 bomba de que le decían “Nalgajuma”, sin embargo, yo no creía que era mariposón. Solo empecé a
34 sospechar cuando comenzó a quitarse la ropa y al preguntarme: ¿por qué se pasa a mi lado si su
35 cama es más confortable que la mía?.

1 Luego comenzó a cogerme el güevo y yo lo dejé que lo haga; se puso boca abajo y me subí
2 encima de él. Después quiso hacer lo mismo conmigo pero allí surgió la dificultad puesto que
3 recordé automáticamente una experiencia tenida en la cárcel al observar la pelea entre dos de los
4 presos.

5 El uno le decía del otro: ¡tú eres culiado maricón, eres tronera de verga!. El que recibía los
6 insultos se quedaba frío, como que era verdad; por eso no podía reclamar nada.

7 Cuando “Nalgajuma” trataba de convencerme me acordé de ese bochornoso episodio en la
8 prisión y lo mandé al diablo. Él me dijo: ¡ya, está bien, quédate tranquilo!..., ¡yo te doy unas lucas
9 pero no le digas a nadie!.

10 Sacó la billetera y me dio tres billetes de un mil sucres cada uno. Regresó a su cama, pero en
11 adelante empecé a tener mucho cuidado por que después me podían tirar en gajo.

12

13 **53. LADRON QUE ROBA A LADRON.-**

14 Cuando se me terminaron los tres mil sucres me dio hambre y la nota de comprarme un tarro
15 de goma. Escogí a una vieja para arrancharle la cadena que le colgaba en el cuello llegándole
16 hasta la mitad de sus dos tetas blancas. Ella tenía mas o menos treinta años de edad, de patas
17 tuco y blancotas.

18 Le templé la piola y cumplí con mi deseo. Inhalé toda la noche oculto entre los montes pero a
19 la mañana siguiente que regraba a la civilización, estaba el pito por la cadena. La asaltada llevaba
20 en su carro a dos policías para recorrer el pueblo en mi búsqueda y terminaron agarrándome. Ella
21 se comentó con meterme preso pero sin ponerme la respectiva denuncia. ¡Qué sádica!.

22 Cinco días estuve detenido pero no la pasé tan mal puesto que sin que se dieran cuenta
23 había llevado la mitad de un tarro escondido en los genitales con los diez sucres que guardaba en
24 el bolsillo mandé a comprar una cola con un betunero para inhalar al desocupar la funda. -
25 ¡Salado!, el betunero se me fue con el billete. No me dejé abatir, inhalé directo del tarro, sin
26 testigos presenciales.

27 Al quedar libre estaba por cumplir los catorce años. Regresé donde los traficantes y como era
28 fin de semana empezaron a fumar y a emborracharse. Los compradores de droga llegaban a cada
29 momento y para no estorbar cogí la llave de la casa y me dirigí hacia el centro del pueblo. Me dio
30 ganas de robarle a esos destructores de la humanidad, ocurriéndome sacar un duplicado de la
31 llave de la puerta principal.

32 Previamente hice un trato con el comprador que me inspiró mayor confianza, el mismo que
33 me diera el dinero para sacar el duplicado: debería entrar con la llave copiada en la madrugada a
34 fin de robar todo lo que pudiera, una vez que los manes se acostaran drogados y plutos. Debería
35 también dañar la chapa de la puerta para que crean que fue violada por extraños.

1 Llegada la primera hora del nuevo día me levanté sigilosamente de la cama y me apropié de
2 todo el dinero que había en los bolsillos de los tres pantalones. Hecho esto volví a acostarme
3 hasta que luego de varias horas fui despertado por los gritos destemplados lanzados por mis
4 protectores. Un ladrón entró y se llevó la plata y los equipos de música, pero ...nada había sido
5 violentado.

6 Cometí el error de confiarme en el gil que no cumplió con la promesa de dañar la chapa o la
7 puerta, ¿qué más da?. Los traficantes sacaban sus deducciones y pensaron bien pues pecaron en
8 mí, pero no del todo por que yo estaba allí junto a ellos. Hablaban: “si la puerta se quedó abierta”:
9 “ ¡No!”, dijo el otro, “ ¡chucha, si yo la estoy cerrando bien!”. “ ¡Entonces, la ventana!”...” ¡la
10 ventana la cerré de último antes de acostarme!”.

11 El mariposón me la montó: ¡tú, tú patucho tienes que haber sido, a alguien les hasa de haber
12 dado la llave para que nos roben! ¡dí, dí rápido a quien se la diste!.

13 Le contestaba:

14 -¡Yo no loco, la plena, por gusto me la montas a mí!

15 -¡DI RAPIDO CHUCHA!!

16 A lo que me gritó me emputé y lo miré mal. Me cabrié más y le grité:

17 -¡QUE CHUCHA TE PASA A TI MARICON HIJUEPUTA!

18 Allí se quedó frío y no me jodió más. El otro traficante había escuchado que a su amigo “le
19 picaba la mierda” pero no lo creía, por eso, al putiarlo yo, se dio cuenta del bajón que se pegó.

20 Y para rematarlo y no dejar dudas en los otros, cogiéndome los güevos le dije:

21 -¡A mí no me digas CHUCHA, que tengo güevos, mira marica!

22 Luego, sin que se dieran cuenta agarré el billete que lo tenía escondido y me fui
23 definitivamente de la casa de la perdición.

24 **54. RUMBO AL CUARTEL MODELO.-**

25 Regresé a la ciudad y cuando me gastaba la plata libando en un salón entraron unos hombres
26 vestidos de caki con pistola en mano pidiendo papeles a quienes estábamos en el lugar. De los
27 cinco de mi mesa yo era el único que no los tenía:

28 -¿Por qué no cargas papeles?

29 -Por que ayer me asaltaron.

30 -¿Y cómo te llamas?

31 -Robert Taylor.

1 -¡Tienes cara de ficha!, ¿cuántos años tienes?.

2 -Trece años mi cabo, me faltan cuatro meses para entrar en los catorce.

3 -¿Eres fuga de Correccional?

4 -¿Dónde queda eso? (haciéndome el ingenuo).

5 -¡VAMOS PARA QUE CONOZCAS!

6 Cuando iba en el carro me lamentaba en tiro corto: ¡Chuzo, pagué!. ¡Me matan, fijo que me
7 matan!. ¡Me darán la Ley de Fuga en la Correccional!. ¡Ayúdame diosito lindo por favor!,
8 ¡ayúdame no quiero morir!. Por último, me entró una especie de resignación: ¡Qué chucha, que
9 Dios me perdone!.

10 Al expresar esta palabrota tomé la decisión de morirme ya que me imaginaba disparado por
11 detrás, puro hueco la espalda. Dios me oyó por que cambiaron de idea y me dejaron dos meses
12 en el Cuartel Modelo.

13 **55. UN TRABAJO REMUNERADO.-**

14 Después de agradecer a Dios por mi libertad arranché una cadena de oro y tuve para el pasaje
15 a Playas. Encontré a un viejo amigo al que pregunté qué andaba haciendo y me contestó:
16 ¡trabajando!. Le pedí que me llevara a trabajar así sea para la comida y para convencerlo le conté
17 que había escapado de la casa y llevaba un pocotón de años en la calle.

18 En eso pasó a nuestro lado el maestro para quien él trabajaba y ¡chévere!, cuando le conté mi
19 problema me llevaron al taller, me dieron de comer y de dormir en una cama improvisada. Al
20 siguiente día, al empezar el trabajo el maestro me preguntó que dónde estaba mi casa y le
21 contesté que en una parroquia de Guayaquil; ¿y cómo te llamas?, ¡Robert Taylor!.

22 A medida que trabajábamos iban saliendo las preguntas. Le hablé acerca de mi vida y la causa
23 por la que vagaba sin tener adónde ir, y le conté de la banda. ¿Tú le haces a la triqui? (o sea a la
24 base) me preguntó; le dije que sí.

25 Cuando hubo más confianza empezó a llevarme a los trabajos a domicilio. El taller era de
26 refrigeración y cuando le salía un trabajo de esa naturaleza me decía: coge las herramientas y
27 vámonos. ¡Mira, estas tienes que llevar!: dos llaves de tubo, corta-tubo, llave de boca,
28 desarmador plano y de estrella., relay de repuesto, cilindro de relay. En caso de soldar allá: varilla
29 de bronce, varilla de plata, polvo y pasta de soldar, mascarilla y una pomita así con gasolina.

30 -¡Vámonos Taylor, usted es pila y corriente!.

31 Arreglábamos una refrigeradora en menos de medio día y al entregar el trabajo él le decía al
32 cliente: “está hecho con la más avanzada tecnología moderna en refrigeración, así que no se

1 preocupe, si se le apaga me va a ver". Al mismo tiempo que cobraba se hacía una pequeña
2 propaganda.

3 Día a día me daba más confianza: ¡Taylor, ponte pilas, camella que ahora te voy a invitar a
4 tomar unas bielas en el cabaret!. Empecé a analizarlo y deduje que era un marihuanero por que le
5 encantaba la música de prisión, solo salsa le gustaba: cuando el radio estaba apagado me
6 ordenaba que sintonice una salsa.

7 A pesar de que había más confianza no me atrevía a preguntarle si le hacía o no a las drogas,
8 pero lo sospechaba....

9 **56. A RITMO CABARETERO.-**

10 Llegada la noche, bañados y bien vestidos íbamos al cabaret, pues el maestro estaba
11 enamorado de una puta y el hueco lo jalaba. Tomábamos unas seis cervezas y al regresar a la casa
12 comprábamos unos paquetes de base. Al comenzar a armar me contaba que su mujer lo había
13 dejado y que en ella tuvo tres pelados, dos varones y una mujercita.

14 En la pared había un retrato en un cuadro grande y tocándolo me dijo: "ella es mi hijita!. Se
15 sacó la gorra y le dio un beso. Luego de ese acto tan sensible nos dedicamos a fumar. Pasaron
16 algunas semanas y regresé a la ciudad. Por sus calles deambulaba fumando marihuana e
17 inhalando cemento de contacto. Me ardía la nariz pero me ponía mentol para que me alivie.

18 Caí preso por arranche. Me llevaba cien mil sucres de un solo puñado y luego: ¡agárrame si
19 puedes!. ¡SI PUDIERON!. Un mes estuve encerrado y al salir regresé a Playas pero ya no busqué a
20 mi amigo, saben por qué?... Una vez me dejó encargado del taller y de la entrega de cuatro
21 refrigeradoras bien arregladitas. Al llegar los dueños las entregué una a una, cogí ciento ochenta
22 mil sucres en efectivo, cerré el taller y abordé un taxi rumbo al cabaret.

23 Iba y regresaba del cabaret, entraba y salía a cada rato de donde las putas y si de droga se
24 trataba, en cada bolsillo andaban unos treinta paquetes. Tenía en los bolsillos delanteros del
25 pantalón un tarro de cemento de contacto, un tarro en los güevos y otro escondido en el taller,
26 más seis ayacas o sea seis sobres más de base, y en la billetera papeles monedas de mil y cinco
27 mil.

28 Al salir de la cárcel me dio ganas de pagarle al maestro con la venta de un televisor que me
29 robé y si no, con el aparato mismo. Lo dejé encargado con esa finalidad pero cuando regresé a
30 Playas lo encontré en el cabaret acompañado de dos mujeres y unos amigos tomándose un chorro
31 de bielas. Me acerqué a saludarlo y me dijo: ¡sabe qué pelado, pensé pegarte una puñalada!.

32 Al momento me puse pilas para recibir la agresión, pensando en sacarme la camisa y coger un
33 banco para repeler el ataque.

34 -¿Sabes por qué no lo hago?; por que estuve un año en la penitenciaría y no quiero regresar.
35 Si sigues como vas, más adelante te darás cuenta qué es la penitenciaría.

1 Tranquilizado le contesté: te voy a pagar cuando regrese a la ciudad de donde vengo, con un
2 televisor que cubre el total de la deuda. A los tres días cumplí con mi ofrecimiento, pero ya no
3 podía seguir en el taller.

4 **57. MI OFICIO DE ALBAÑIL.-**

5 Adopté obligatoriamente una nueva rutina pues forzosamente dormía sobre la mesa de un
6 comedor situado a la orilla del mar y por las tardes me dirigía al cabaret que era propiedad de tres
7 giles. A uno de ellos una puta le encargó que le haga una repisa de cemento. Yo observaba
8 descansando en un tronco largo, seco, de árbol caído, donde se sentaban los cabrones.

9 El hombre trabajaba lerdamente, como gil mismo y por eso intervine: ¡presta loco, esto se
10 hace así!. La obra la hice en quince minutos. Esa casa tenía salón, boliche, cabaret y relajoo y a la
11 hora de los relajos los giles no sabían qué hacer. Al quedarme solo decidí entrar al cuarto donde
12 estaba una de las putas y saludamos con un ¡HOLA!. Estaba en calzón y sostén.

13 -¡QUE ME MIRAS!, me dijo:

14 -¡NADA!, contesté.

15 Ella estaba de espaldas maquillándose la cara y me hablaba mirándome por el espejo.

16 -¿Qué quieres?

17 -¡Nada!.

18 Salió del cuarto, no vio a nadie y volvió a entrar.

19 -¿Cuántos años tienes?.

20 -¡Trece!.

21 -¿Y cómo te llamas?

22 -Rober Taylor.

23 -¿Qué es lo que quieres?

24 -La plata del trabajo por la repisa.

25 -¡Si me pones la luz te pago!.

26 Levanté la mirada y constaté que el cuarto no tenía foco ni boquilla; solo habían cables
27 conductores de la corriente. Rápido pensé...pongo la luz y con esa plata entro donde la otra.
28 Ingresé a un cuarto desocupado, desenrosqué el foco y arranqué la boquilla. La puta estaba
29 acostada leyendo una revista mirándome de reojo mientras trabajaba. La pescaba mirándome.

1 Se levantó para prender y apagar la luz. Una...dos...tres veces seguidas, comprobando la
2 efectividad del trabajo.

3 -¡Quedó bien!

4 -¡Págame pues!.

5 -"Tú lo que quieres es que te pague con esto!...

6 Y me pagó con sexo. Fue un excelente pago. Satisfecho salí y me senté en un banco, luego
7 salió la otra puta que más tarde se convertiría en el terror de mis pensamientos y la causante de
8 que no me frenara nadie en los relajos. Vestía un bikini de tiritas de color blanco transparente,
9 sostén rojo, zapatos de taco.

10 El cabello ondulado le pasaba los hombros, sambiruca, pestañas alzadas para arriba, nariz
11 fina. Cuando sonrió la luz se reflejó en un diente de oro. Se llamaba Vitalia.

12 -¿Tú sabes hacer esa repisas de cemento?.

13 -Si quiere le hago una en su cuarto también.

14 -¡Mañana!

15 -¡Ahorita, pues hay cemento y varillas!

16 -Vente mañana mejor.

17 Le seguí insistiendo y constaté apenado cómo se perdían las esperanzas.

18 -¡No tengo cabrón!

19 -¡Ya pues, yo!

20 -Más tarde hablamos...

21

22 **58. TUVE QUE SER CABRON.-**

23 Ya no quise salir del cabaret y busqué alternativas. Empecé ayudándole a uno de los
24 propietarios a barrer el salón y a bajar los bancos subidos sobre las mesas para facilitar el aseo
25 ambiental. Le pedía unos ayoras y prendí la rocola mientras le explicaba:

26 -¡Ya es hora de hacerla funcionar para que la gente oiga música y empiece a venir, voy a
27 poner salsa!.

28 Empecé a bailar yo solito...bautizando la noche. Eran los dieciocho y treinta de la tarde.

1 Como por arte de magia comenzaron a llegar los borrachos, los marihuaneros y los relajosos.
2 Se reunían alrededor de cuatro, cinco y hasta ocho personas por mesa. Empecé a hacerme amigo
3 de ellos pero no de todos, si no de los más vagos, los más fumones y los que robaban por las
4 noches.

5 Vino la venta de la bebida y sin que nadie me lo pidiera ayudé a pasar las botellas de cervezas
6 a las mesas e iba limpiando con una franela las que se ensuciaban puesto que eran muy cochinos
7 para beber.

8 ¡Vaya que no veía regresar a la flaca!. Estaba en un salón aledaño al que yo la esperaba y
9 apenas podía concentrarme en las órdenes del gil: ¡ponte pilas ñato, recógete esas botellas vacías
10 de la mesa que está en la última esquina!.

11 Era el mayor de los tres propietarios, y yo le contestaba:

12 -¡Tranquilo nomás loco!.

13 Cobraba el consumo y le llevaba los billetes para que me del vuelto y cuando éste se
14 descuidaba mirando el piso, como lo hacen los giles de verdad, los dedos me parecían de chino
15 en máquina de escribir: con la derecha llevaba las botellas y la franela y con la otra envolvía un
16 billete de cien sucres que los metía en el bolsillo de adelante, dándole la espalda al dueño.

17 Seguía preocupado por que la flaquita no regresaba.

18 Solo había una mujer para atender a tantos morbosos por lo que se hacía más necesaria la
19 presencia de la flaca al dueño del cabaret:

20 -¡Oye ñato!, ¿no viste dónde se fue esa puta?.

21 -¿Cuál puta?, respondí como si nada.

22 -¡La flaca, la flaca que viste pasar enantes por ahí!.

23 -¡aaa...!, hice como no me acordaba, ¡por ahí la ví que salió, no sé adónde habrá ido!.

24 No sospechaba que yo también la esperaba. Luego me dijo:

25 -Mírala si no viene, sale fuera del salón un ratito y mírala bien!.

26 Me cayó chévere esa orden y ... no la ví. Eran las veintitrés horas y empezó a llover fortísimo.
27 Luego me ordenó que coja la bicicleta y vaya a comprar una paca de hielo y cajetillas de tabaco. Al
28 pedalear pensaba: "ya mismo me le voy con bicicleta, tabaco y hielo... o no compro nada y me
29 llevo la bicicleta en un carro..."

30 Tiré números: con la venta del vehículo conseguiría unos buenos sobres de base y restaba
31 billete para cemento de contacto. Pero deseché la idea por que me interesaba Vitalia.

1 **59. UNA NOCHE EROTICA.-**

2 El dueño sacó cuentas y luego me preguntó: ¡tú ñato, dónde vas a dormir?; le contesté: ¡no
3 tengo adónde!, ¿pero porqué no me dejas dormir aquí dentro del salón, encima de una mesa?.
4 Me ordenó: ¡duerme en el cuarto de las putas, en cualquiera de los que están desocupados!.

5 Ya para cerrar, yo estaba de espaldas a la puerta principal cuando de pronto escuché sonar
6 unos tacos de mujer. Ella entraba sonriendo y explicando: ¡el aguacero vino a hacer la cagada!.
7 ¡Sí, y todavía está lloviendo!, dijo el dueño del cabaret.

8 Mi ropa estaba también mojada pero menos que la de la flaquita. Viéndome afligido me
9 preguntó: ¿y tú, adónde vas a dormir?; le dije: ¡en un cuarto de los que están vacíos!. Me quedé
10 mirando mientras mascaba un chicle: ¡VEN, ACOMPAÑAME!.

11 Caminó delante de mí bajo la lluvia, abrió el candado de la puerta de su cuarto y se metió al
12 baño a la par que me sentaba en la cama. Terminado el baño cepilló sus dientes, secó el cuerpo
13 con una toalla, calzó sus zapatillas secándose bien los piecitos, cambió la sábana y el forro de
14 la almohada mientras desnudo me bañaba.

15 Fumándose un cigarrillo me veía bañar y al término del mismo alzó el toldo antimosquitos
16 que cubría el lecho y me pasó una toalla: ¡SECATE PAPITO!. Al escuchar esto, mentalmente dije!
17 ¡GUAU, ESTO ESTA REQUETEBONITO! . Seco ya, me puse mis zapatillas, fajé la toalla a mi
18 cintura, limpié mis dientes con su cepillo dental y entré alzando el toldo de la cama.

19 Sacó el talco y me empolvoreó los pies, arriba del pecho y del cuello, besándome. Salí de la
20 cama para apagar la luz y al acostarme nos arropamos y abrazado a ella, besándonos hicimos el
21 amor. Después del sexo me dijo:

22 -¡Anda, cómprate unos paquetes para fumar!, ¿acaso no sabes dónde venden?.

23 -¡Conozco todos los lugares aquí en Playas donde venden droga y te puedo traer lo que
24 mandes a comprar!.

25 Mis zapatos no se habían mojado por dentro y me los puse después de asearme y quitarme
26 el olor que expelen los machos degustando una buena faena.

27 Me dio tres mil sucres para la droga, una navaja, la llave y el candado para que cierre por
28 fuera. Pero las puertas del salón y del cabaret estaban cerradas por lo que me preguntó: ¿cómo
29 vas a salir?. Le contesté: ¡De eso no te preocupes que ese problema lo arreglo yo, usted
30 quédese quietita hasta que regrese, no me voy a demorar!.

31 Para llegar a la calle salté dos paredes y a las dos de la madrugada estaba tocando la puerta
32 donde vendían drogas. Al trote regresé y repetí la escalada anterior pero en sentido contrario,
33 para entrar. Nos drogamos y quedamos dormidos.

34 **60. EL CHULO VIVIDOR.-**

1 Busqué a mis amigos de las esquinas para profundizarme más y más en las drogas. Me
2 fumaba todo el dinero que ella me daba y en las noches la dejaba sola luego de compartir algunos
3 paquetes. Después solo le llegaba de madrugada, dejándole el candado abierto para que lo ponga
4 al irse a dormir y me llevaba la llave. Siempre tenía que saltar la pared para llegar a su dormitorio.

5 Una ocasión me detuvieron los policías y salí luego de seis días de encarcelamiento. Ella pensó
6 que la había abandonado ya que no le avisé oportunamente de mi detención. Me acusaban de
7 robar en una casa pero como no encontraron pruebas salí libre. A Vitalia le pedí dinero y
8 compraba cemento de contacto; en su generosidad me compraba cachina: calzoncillos, camisetas
9 y pantalonetas. Sabía que no me gustaban los pantalones largos pues con los cortos peleaba
10 mejor en los relajos.

11 **61. EL ROBO A LAS CASAS.-**

12 Era avión para meterme a las casas de los buenos y honorables ciudadanos; por esa
13 habilidad empleando la astucia me respetaban mis amigos. El procedimiento era simple: al
14 comprobar que los dueños no estaban tumbaba la puerta dándole con una gran piedra en la
15 chapa y luego entraba como propietario. El producto obtenido con el robo me lo fumaba en
16 sobres de base, compraba cigarrillos por cajetillas, cemento de contacto y una botella por lo
17 menos de "Aguardiente Cristal". No lo hacía públicamente, buscaba la soledad de los montes.

18 **62. EL HERMANO DE LA FLACA.-**

19 El hermano de la flaca llegaba los lunes de todas las semanas a retirar el dinero para la
20 mantención de unos entenados míos que nunca conocí. Después de compartir varias semanas
21 se hizo amigo y entusiasmada con ese rasgo fraternal, Vitalia quería que yo lo acompañe al
22 campo donde vivían sus hijos y que los lunes regrese con él a retirar la plata. Siempre le dí
23 largas al asunto, desapareciéndome cada vez que mi cuñado llegaba a Playas.

24 **63. ME TENIA EMBRUJADO.-**

25 Un día pesqué a la puta en roja, o sea, poniendo meado en una botella de cola. La dejaba
26 en la repisa para que yo me la tome sin darme cuenta. Sospechaba que algo estaba ocurriendo
27 ya que una ocasión, a pesar de observar pañosa una botella de Cola "Tropical", tomé su líquido.
28 Esa era la causa de que yo no quería salir a las esquinas con mis amigos.

29 Ellos me iban a ver al cabaret y me invitaban: ¡VAMOS A FUMAR UN GRIFO Y LUEGO
30 JUGAMOS PELOTA PARA QUE NO LE HAGAS A LA GOMA!. Salía caminando en su compañía
31 pero a media cuadra les decía: ¡ya voy, espérenme en la esquina!, y me regresaba al cabaret a
32 sentarme frente al cuarto de la flaca para verla trabajar.

33 Ni la plata de ella me importaba por que yo robaba por las noches. Trataba de encontrar
34 una explicación en mis pensamientos: ¡chucha, qué me pasa que de aquí no puedo salir!.
35 ¡ESTOY EMBRUJADO!. ¿Le entro a palo, o qué hago?.

1 **64. MI ENREDO EMOCIONAL.-**

2 Entré al cuarto y metí un tarro de cemento de contacto debajo de la cama donde ella
3 estaba acostada fumando un tabaco y le dí una cadena para que la venda a fin de tomarme
4 unas bielas en la noche. La guardó en su cartera. Me preguntó ¿ya comiste?, y le dije: ¡yo no
5 tengo hambre!. Le dí un beso haciéndole un chupete en medio de las dos tetas y salí del cuarto.
6 Pero al ratito me acordé del tarro de cemento de contacto por lo que regresé abriendo
7 violentamente la puerta. Vi a la puta en roja, poniéndose mi cemento de contacto en la chepa.

8 No le pegué, más bien reí y decepcionado, para escapar de ella robé en la casa del dueño
9 del cabaret haciendo bulla para que se despierten y sepan que era yo el ladrón. Ese era el
10 mecanismo que utilizaba cuando no quería regresar más a cualquier lugar.

11 **65. UNOS TIPOS MALCRIADOS.-**

12 Cuando viajaba de Playas a la ciudad de Guayaquil se embarcaron dos tipos portando una
13 botella de trago. Obligaron al chofer a que encienda el radio y empezaron a beber, a conversar,
14 a reír a carcajadas. Más adelante se insultaron entre ellos y comenzaron a decir malas palabras
15 sin respetar a las mujeres que viajaban en el vehículo.

16 Se cambiaron de asiento cerca de donde yo iba. Antes de llegar a la ciudad me emputé de
17 tanto escucharlos por lo que me levanté parándome sobre el asiento y cogido del pasamanos
18 del carro le pegué al más avión un patazo en la cara, partiéndole la nariz. Le dije: ¡cállate la
19 trompa chucha de tu madre que aquí voy yo también, Robert Taylor!. El otro se quedó frío al
20 ver mi acción mientras la botella caía al piso y se hacía pedazos.

21 Ellos pidieron al chofer que pare el carro para seguir la pelea en la carretera por lo que me
22 tocó también pegarle una puteada al conductor: ¡dále chofer chucha de tu madre no ves que
23 andan dos y yo ando solo, además, en el carro es prohibido que viajen pasajeros con licor,
24 ¡IRRESPONSABLE!. Sorprendido y asustado dio marcha al carro. Me asomé por la ventana y a
25 los que se bajaron les saqué la lengua hasta que los perdí de vista.

26 **66. MI ESTADIA EN LA INTERPOL.-**

27 Caminando por las calles de la ciudad me enteré que botaron del trabajo al profesor de
28 conducta, el mismo que juró darme la Ley de Fuga. De esa manera se alivió esa gran
29 preocupación. Sentí mucha envidia al ver salir a los alumnos de sus escuelas, uniformados y con
30 cuadernos. Al recordar que yo también hacía lo mismo no podía contener las lágrimas.

31 Como película se vino a mi mente todo lo malo que me había pasado y decidí buscar la
32 muerte hundiéndome más en el vicio. Fui detenido por consumo de drogas. En un archivo de la
33 Interpol anotaron mis nombres, en cada dedo de mis manos pusieron tinta negra los que
34 afirmaron a presión sobre un cartón, como la libreta escolar. Me ordenaron parar de espaldas a
35 una pared blanca para tomarme una fotografía: de frente, de un lado, del otro.

1 Los rayos solares llegaban a mi cara obligándome a arrugar el rostro. El fotógrafo me dijo:
2 ¡ponte bien, no arrugas la cara chucha de tu madre, antes de que te meta un patazo en la
3 trompa!. Tenía catorce años.

4 **67. ALTERNANDO CON EL CUARTEL MODELO.-**

5 Me ingresaron al Cuartel modelo a órdenes de la Interpol y por eso los mismos agentes me
6 iban a ver para que les asee sus oficinas. Estando en esos menesteres se me ocurrió hurtar el
7 cartón que parecía libreta escolar donde me registraron con fotos y manchas de dedos, pero no
8 me fue posible en el día y decidí hacerlo por la noche. Me forjé ilusiones de que ya lo tenía en
9 mis manos y que con él me escapaba pero el miedo alejó tan feliz pensamiento. “si lo hago, fijo
10 que me matan y aquí nadie se va a dar cuenta”. Eso me detuvo.

11 Después me dieron un cajón de betún para que yo les lustre los zapatos a esos hijos de
12 puta que me pagaban diez sucres por betunada. Me compraron bacerola, cepillo y tinta,
13 diciéndome: ¡aquí te vas a quedar con nosotros y cuando seas grande serás policía!. ¿Te gusta?.
14 Sonriendo fingidamente les dije que sí. Luego me preguntaron: ¿tú sabes quién vende droga?.

15 Como caí preso por inhalar cemento de contacto respondí: ¡solo tengo una semana que me
16 escapé de mi casa y apenas conozco el cemento de contacto que me enseñó un niño más
17 grande que yo!.

18 Comprobé que podía ser un artista cuando ingenuamente les pregunté: ¿cómo es la
19 droga?. De esa manera le dí raya a la investigación. Luego, con la plata de las betunadas
20 compré un tarro de cemento de contacto y cuando le estaba haciendo en el baño me pescaron
21 en roja. Uno de ellos abrió la puerta y me vio. Fui a parar al “Lorenzo Ponce”.

22 **68. MI TRATAMIENTO EXTERNO.-**

23 En ese Hospital no quedé detenido. Después que los policías me pusieron en manos de los
24 psiquiatras anotaron mis nombres, me dieron una pastilla y la notificación de una cita. Eso era
25 un tratamiento externo que debería cumplir religiosamente pues, si faltaba, en la próxima
26 captura me mandaban al Cuartel Modelo para que me internen una semana y se reincidía me
27 enviaban a la penitenciaría.

28 No me tragué el cuento y regresé a las andadas. De común acuerdo con los vagos nos
29 dividíamos de tres en tres para robar y de los tres que integrábamos mi grupo de trabajo solo a
30 mí me capturaron cuando cometíamos un asalto a un taxista en pleno centro de la ciudad.

31 **69. COSA SERIA ES LA PRISION.-**

32 Estar en la prisión sí es cosa seria. Lo primero que aún viene a mi mente son los gritos
33 desesperados originados por el cambio de guardia. Hasta el horario lo recuerdo: de seis a doce, de
34 doce a dieciocho, de dieciocho a veinticuatro y de veinticuatro a seis. Y a cada turno en el pase de

1 la lista un policía gritaba en la puerta y los presos contestaban: ¡LA CONTADA!, ¡LA CONTADA!, ¡LA
2 CONTADA!.

3 Y cabrea todos los días, lo mismo y lo mismo.

4 Esa detención me dio un lindo regalo, a Jakeline. No dormíamos juntos, nos veíamos por
5 intermedio de las rejas que nos separaban impidiéndonos unir el sexo, hasta que salimos libre.
6 Estuve tres meses encerrado, Jakeline salió primero, ¡qué tristeza!.

7 Algunas armas nuevas que fueron mis mejores amigas:

8 La cuchara, un cuchillo es dentro de la prisión, con la que se pueden matar a los presos,
9 ¡OJO!.

10 La escoba, un garrote es dentro de la prisión, con el que se puede matar a los presos, ¡OJO!.
11 Quebraba la escoba en el cuerpo del preso que me quedaba mirando mucho y cargaba en la
12 cintura la cuchara con punta limada en la superficie encementada, ¡OJO!.

13 Con la cuchara que comía corté y me cortaron peleando a muerte, no me mataron, por eso lo
14 cuento, ¡OJO!.

15 Pensé en matarme cansado de recibir mucha tortura psicológica, moral y física, dejando una
16 carta haciendo culpables a los policías. Por que no lo hice es que lo cuento, ¡OJO!, y con nombres.

17 ROBERT JORGE TAYLOR, en recuperación e integrándose a la sociedad, ¡OJO!, mucho más
18 ¡OJO!.

19 **70. ¡AH! MI JAKELINE.-**

20 Cuando conocía a Jakeline ella tenía trece años de edad, yo le ganaba con uno:

21 -¿Cómo te llamas?

22 -¡Taylor!, ¿y tú?

23 -Jakeline, pero dime Yake.

24 -¿Y por qué te cogieron Yake?

25 -¡Por batida!, ¿y a ti?.

26 -Por robo.

27 -¿Qué robaste?

28 -¡Estaba asaltando!

29 -Entonces, tú estás por asalto.

1 -¡Sí, así es!, ¿de dónde eres?.

2 -De Chone, ¿y tú?.

3 -Yo también nací en Chone.

4 -¿Y cuál es tu otro apellido?.

5 -Zambrano. (observé que se sorprendió). ¿Y por qué te asombras?.

6 -Por que también soy Zambrano.

7 Ella era prostituta, pero eso no me afectaba pues en Playas había sido cabrón. Lo grave era
8 que habíamos dos menores de edad en el Cuartel Modelo. Descubrí su oficio ejercido dentro de la
9 prisión ya que en las mañanas de todos los días me hacía pasar jabón pasta y cepillo y no tenía
10 visitas de sus familiares. ¿Quién le daba la plata?.

11 Yo tampoco tenía familiares, así que nos visitábamos. Ella se subía por los baños de su
12 encierro y me hacía llamar de un preso: ¡TAYLOR, TE LLAMA TU PELADA!. Corría y me subía por los
13 baños.

14 -¿Qué te pasa mi amor?.

15 -¡Nada, lo que pasa es que no tengo a nadie con quien conversar!. Y no soy amiga de las otras
16 mujeres presas.

17 -¡Pero, conversa con ellas!.

18 -¡No, yo quiero conversar contigo, no te bajes de ahí!.

19 La comprendía y me quedaba conversando:

20 -¿Cuándo vas a salir?, me preguntó.

21 -Cuando a los policías les de la gana de darme la boleta de libertad.

22 -¿Nadie te está sacando?.

23 -¡No, nadie!.

24 -¿Y cómo vas a hacer?

25 -Si tú sales primero me sacas y si yo salgo primero te saco.

26 -Yo sí te puedo sacar, ¿y tú?, me preguntó.

27 -Para mí es fácil, le arrancho una cadena de oro a alguien en la calle y de allí me voy a la
28 Comisaría a pagarte la multa. ¿Y tú cómo lo harías, si eres mujer y no ladrona?.

1 -Tengo una plata guardada en el hotel donde duermo, cuando me vaya te daré la dirección
2 bien anotada en un papel.

3 -¡CHEVERE!, exclamé.

4 -Tengo una grabadora, un televisor y toda mi ropa...

5 Así de inocentes eran nuestros diálogos y ella era tan buena gente que cuando yo armaba
6 unos relajotes dentro de la cárcel, me decía: ¡ya no estés peleando, cuídate mucho!.
7 Envalentonado le contestaba: ¡aquí no hay que dejarse de nadie. Si el otro es más grande, le parto
8 la escoba en la cabeza o en las manos o le doy en la cara al primero que se me cargue. Y si está
9 muy duro y no me quiera hacer caso tendrá que pasar por una pelea con cuchara con punta bien
10 afilada en el cemento. Y de ahí peleamos hasta que uno de los dos muera...!

11 Y en realidad peleaba llegando al punto de que nadie me podía quedar mirando mucho por
12 que yo lo puteaba y le preguntaba:

13 -¡QUE!, ¿TENGO LA CARA DE GIL QUE ME MIRAS MUCHO?

14 Y agachaban la cabeza.

15 No era yo el único que tenía ese comportamiento, habían también otros aviones iguales, pero
16 nos respetábamos mutuamente.

17 Le llegó la boleta de libertad a Yake y cuando se fue no comí dos días. Más agresivo me puse
18 antes de que ella me llegue a visitar por que pensaba que jamás la vería. Pero sí llegó. Me trajo un
19 chaulafán en tarrina, una cuchara plástica, zapatillas, tres mil suces, una cajetilla de cigarrillo
20 "Líder" y un beso que dejó pasar el enrejado.

21 Pero se marchó triste conmigo por que al darme la cuchara de plástico me pidió la de platina
22 que yo tenía, aquella de punta limada que parecía hoja de guillette. Pero no se la dí. Lo que hice
23 fue llamarla cuando se iba, para darle otro beso por intermedio de las rejas. Le prometí que en la
24 próxima visita se lo entregaría y que me preste un billete de mil suces para dárselo al policía a fin
25 de que me deje salir a conversar con ella fuera de la celda.

26 Hecho esto me abrazó, nos abrazamos y volvimos a besarnos.

27 La siguiente vez me llevó una camiseta, pantaloneta, dos calzoncillos, polines y zapatos de los
28 que me gustaban: flou chain de gamuza. Al despedirse me dijo: después de dos días te llegaré la
29 boleta, para lo cual estoy reuniendo plata.

30 Cuando me dieron la libertad me acordé de Yake. La imaginé llegando a visitarme y por eso
31 lloré.

32 Los policías pensaban que lloraba de alegría por que salía libre. ¡Qué ingenuos!. Empecé a
33 caminar sin mirar atrás a los presos amigos míos y me fui llorando por Yake. Se nota que la quiere

1 mucho me decía mi corazón: mujer bonita, suave sonrisa, suave de mirada, toda entera es sueva.
2 Figura suave de piel tan delicada, eres también un ser humano que te diferencias de los hombres
3 por tu figura, pero también vas a la cárcel, también vas al Hogar de Tránsito, también vas a la
4 Correccional, también eres alcohólica y drogadicta.

5 **71. OTRA VEZ AL LORENZO PONCE.-**

6 Los policías me apresaron cuando en la calle inhalaba cemento de contacto y fumaba
7 marihuana y me pusieron en manos de los psiquiatras del “Lorenzo Ponce”. Al llegar, las
8 enfermeras me reconocieron y me dijeron: ¡Tú ya estuviste aquí!

9 Esta vez me pusieron en el pabellón de los detenidos, donde se me oprimió el corazón al
10 entrar. Me salieron lágrimas enteritas, goteaban unas tras otras al ver los barrotes de hierro que
11 eran tan gruesos y las paredes y techo de concreto.

12 Lloré al ver la seguridad que existía y por que estaba encerrado con los locos. Lloré no por
13 temor a los locos si no por pensar que me podría hacer uno de ellos. Me dieron unas pastillas con
14 la que me quedé dormido y perdí el control de los días. Después, con una rayita en la pared
15 empecé a anotar las noches que iban pasando. Eran tres meses que debería estar encerrado,
16 habiéndole dicho al doctor “Barba de mono” que no estaba loco. El maldito me puso los tres
17 meses.

18 Antes de entrar me pelaron a mate, me obligaron a quitarme la ropa y desnudo controlaron
19 mi baño. El enfermero, melosamente me decía:

20 -¡Aquí, se te portas mal, te va mal y si te portas bien, te va bien!.

21 Para mí, que estaba reloco. Como yo no le paraba bola me decía:

22 -Oye Taylor y tú ¿qué eres?: agresivo, resabiado...que no haces caso. ¿o qué tú eres?

23 -¡A mí no me preguntes güevadas!, repliqué.

24 -Entonces, ¿cómo quieres que te ayude?.

25 -¡Abriéndome la puerta para irme!.

26 -¡Esa no es la manera de ayudar a una persona!

27 -¡Entonces, lárgate de aquí!.

28 Tenía quince años de edad. Al pasar los días me hice amigo de los locos, quienes me decían
29 “zambranito”. Luego tuve ganas de hacerle sexo a un loco, inquieto y juguetón, cantaba, bailaba y
30 hacía muecas. No me acuerdo su nombre, me acerqué y le cogí el culo. Me dijo:

31 -¡VEE, ESA NOTA!, ¡yo no soy de esa movida ñaño!, ¡seré loco pero no maricón!.

1 Me acerqué más y le dije al oído:

2 -¡Tranquilo loco que a usted le pica el culo (con voz de seductor, mafioso y marihuanero).

3 Por un reflejo inexplicable se me empezó a mover y creo que se traumó más (que Dios me
4 perdone) al moverse luego como mujer. Un penitenciario me llamó y riéndose me dijo:

5 -¿Qué, te lo quieres comer al loco?

6 -Si-món..., le contesté sonriendo.

7 **72. NO HAY AMIGOS.-**

8 En las prisiones no se da la amistad completa ya que el mismo compañero de reclusión trata
9 de buscarle a uno la debilidad. Hay que estar mosca. Si te ven débil te invitan a pelear por
10 cualquier tropiezo, hasta el mismo amigo, así que ¡OJO! Para que no te suceda.

11 El penitenciario del Lorenzo me contó de la época en que estuvo encarcelado, me enseñó los
12 tatuajes y me dijo: “en la peni acualmás se hace un tatuaje!; y yo le contesté: yo no le como de
13 tatuaje a nadie, si no me hice es por que cuando caes preso los policías te sacan rápidamente por
14 esa manca. De ahí, yo no le tengo miedo a esa güevada.

15 Le conté entonces de mis relajos anteriores y me dijo: “pila para cuando llegues a la peni,
16 aunque te falta pues todavía estás pelado, a ti te han de mandar a Correccional si es que te
17 cogen!.

18 Como ustedes lo saben, yo había pasado por eso y hasta FUGA fui y de esa manera se lo
19 manifesté. Preocupado sugirió “tienes que andar pilas no más cuando salgas, por que en la
20 penitenciaría a los pelados que andan giles los cogen para lavar ropa y tenerlos como mujer en el
21 sexo”. Al momento le contesté:

22 -¡Yo me mato con cualquier hijueputa!.

23 -¡Allá te venden machete!, dijo, tratando de asustarme.

24 -¡Me compro uno y peleo!.

25 Después al salir de la penitenciaría supe que la clave es no demostrar miedo y ser decidido
26 para cumplir las amenazas que uno hace ante los demás. Muchos que son pura boca, a la hora de
27 enfrentarse a machete teniéndolo en la mano se cagan en los calzoncillos y salen corriendo
28 directo al baño. Yo tapaba mi miedo con la agresividad.

29 **73. LOS LOCOS PUÑETAZOS.-**

30 En el “Lorenzo Ponce” me daban pastilla y pastilla todos los días. Al mes tuve dos peleas con
31 los locos, y por tonterías. Era amigo de un negro con el que me encontraba jugando a las cartas y
32 en esos momentos otro de los locos le pidió diez sures prestados hasta que llegara la visita de él.

1 Mi amigo le dijo que no por que después no le pagaría y que seguramente no conocía cómo era él
2 (soy capaz de pelear con cualquiera, le quiso decir).

3 Para mi desgracia, yo garanticé al necesitado. Llegó el día de las visitas y no le pagó. El deudor
4 iba con una funda de copras por los pasillos del hospital y a su paso otro de los locos le arranchó
5 una manzana que sobresalía en la funda. Cogí un durazno que también caía en el arranchón y el
6 loco me la montó a mí por que me vio menos talla, pegándome un puñete en la cara.

7 El agresor medía un metro ochenta y cinco centímetros y era grueso. No sé de donde saqué
8 tanta habilidad que cuando me dí cuenta lo tenía arrimado a una cama dándole puñetes en la
9 cara, teniendo que intervenir mi amigo loco estafado para apartarme del tramposo. Calmados
10 salimos del dormitorio pero por la pica, de un momento a otro, me dijo: ¡vámosla siguiendo!.

11 Lo cogí en mejor cancha y con cada entrada que yo le hacía, brincaba a un lado al tiempo que
12 le daba un puñetazo en la cara; no lo miré para que lo haga, le dí a notar que estaba descuidado.
13 Pero solo fue piola la que le dí y sucedió. Al ver el celaje del zapato que me venía a la cara, puse
14 las dos manos como protección.

15 Me levanté en posición de boxeador y lo cerré a puñetazos partiéndole la nariz. Por fin se dio
16 por vencido. Me alabaron entonces los otros locos y también quienes no lo eran.

17 **74. LA ATENCION EN EL PSIQUIATRICO.-**

18 No se preparan adecuadamente los alimentos. Hasta moscas caen en la sopa y cucaracha
19 caminan como si fueran parte del menú. Debería haber un mejor trato para los locos ya que ellos
20 son también seres humanos. Por qué castigar un error biológico de esa manera; suficiente el
21 encierro como castigo pero no la represión en la preparación de las comidas.

22 Los medicamentos que administran son muy fuertes. A mí casi me matan con una sobredosis
23 a través de descartables, tratando diz que de calmar mi agresividad. Mucho mejor es un
24 tratamiento en las clínicas de recuperación contra el alcoholismo y la farmacodependencia en
25 donde no se dan pastillas por que alteran el sistema nervioso, la comida es buena, se da buen
26 trato en lo moral por que los adictos son en un cien por ciento carentes-afectivos al igual que yo.

27 A propósito, les contaré acerca de la sobredosis que me hizo perder el control de la mente
28 durante una semana y además casi me mata. Cuando ingresé, como no me vieron tan mal, uno de
29 los enfermeros me llevó al baño. Yo no quise ponerme la ropa de los locos pues esperaba seguir
30 con la misma y cuando el enfermero me tenía listo el uniforme, le dije: ¡no me pondré ese
31 adefesio!.

32 Se portó sabido al traerme un pantalón mocho ya que le había dicho que no me gustaban los
33 pantalones anchos. Me dio la camisa, no tenía zapatillas y mis zapatos los había botado. Le robé
34 un par de zapatillas a un loco que las tenía debajo del colchón.

1 Al siguiente día el enfermero me pidió que le ayude a recoger las sábanas para llevarlas a
2 lavar, luego me indicó que ordene las que estaban amontonadas en el piso. Encontrándome en
3 esa tarea un loco se puso a ayudarme. Ambos templamos la misma sábana, él hacia su lado y yo
4 para el mío. Templó más duro y yo respondí igualmente. Enfurecido se me vino encima tratando
5 de propinarme con su mano izquierda un puñetazo en la cara. Me agaché en el mismo lugar, sin
6 retroceder, por lo que su mano pasó encima de mí. Entonces, saqué la mano derecha y le soné la
7 trompa con un puñete bien centrado. Me quedé en acción, protegiéndome, ante la mirada
8 perdida del loco.

9 *****

10 Por la tarde una señortia gritaba chillonamente: ¡TAYLOR!, ¡TAYLOR!, ¿QUIEN ES TAYLOR!. ¡Yo
11 soy, señorita!. ¡Venga, que el doctor tiene que hablar con usted!. ¡Muy bien señorita, enseguida
12 voy!.

13 Salté de la cama y caminé a la consulta. El doctor me preguntó mis nombres, si tenía padres
14 vivos y respondí muy bien, sin equivocarme. Luego sacó una inyección.

15 -¡Doctor!, ¿qué va a hacer?, ¿para qué es eso?

16 -¡Son unas vitaminas!.

17 -¡Ya, muy bien!.

18 Al remangar mi camisa me la puso en el brazo derecho.

19 -Gracias doctor.

20 Luego empezó el efecto. Esa tontera inyectada me hacía arder los huesos, como que me
21 quemaba por dentro; tenía fiebre, frío, labios resecos, pura baba en la boca.

22 Regresé al consultorio con las intenciones de alzar el escritorio y tirarlo encima de ese doctor,
23 por mal gente, pero no lo encontré. La puerta estaba cerrada. Lo esperé hasta el día siguiente
24 pero y a las cosas se me confundían. Pedí al enfermero las colas y panes que le había mandado a
25 comprar, no habiéndolo hecho en realidad. Acostado recordé lentamente que no llevé plata,
26 estaba chiro, por lo que es inaudito que reclame panes y colas al enfermero.

27 -¡Enfermero, enfermero, por favor discúlpeme!

28 -¡Yo te comprendo loquito!.

29 Me asusté: ¡Ey!, ¿qué está pasando?; ¿me convertirán en loco?. Si le pego al doctor fijo que
30 me amarran, me inyectan dos de esas tonteras y me matan. Me calmé. Nuevamente me llamaron
31 a la consulta.

32 -¡Buenos días doctor!

1 -¡Buenos días!, ¡cómo te sientes?.

2 -¡Mal, doctor!

3 -¡Otra descartable y otra aguja!

4 -¡Ey doctor, ya no me ponga eso, por favor!

5 -¡Con esto se te quita!

6 Perdí el control. No recordaba nada ya que caminé como si no existiera. Caminaba con los
7 ojos abiertos, como sonámbulo, pero no podía formar ideas. Luché y luché en un mundo de
8 tinieblas, solo veía lo que hacían y no podía idearme nada,nada...Apenas funcionaba la primera
9 fase de mi cerebro, en mi preconsciente se borraron las ideas del recuerdo. Al pasar cinco días me
10 vino una lucidez mental.

11 Mi mente se aclaró como quien prende un televisor y empecé a mirar para todos los lados.
12 Desaparecieron los dolores de huesos que no me permitían caminar por más de un minuto y así
13 mismo, si me acostaba no podía estarlo por más de ese tiempo.

14 Tenía que levantarme, pero ¡qué sorpresa!. Cuando me puse pilas al despertarse mi mente,
15 un enfermero homosexual estaba como niño chiquito prendido a la teta en el interior de una
16 oficina de consulta donde habían remedios y pastillas, sueros e inyecciones. No le dije nada, me
17 subí el pantalón y salí de la consulta. Me imagino que allí ha de ser el escondite de los
18 homosexuales del Hospital Psiquiátrico "Lorenzo Ponce".

19 Saliendo de la sala "San José", donde me encontraba, empecé a buscar un lugar en las
20 paredes para escapar de la locura y lo logré. El guardia que custodiaba la puerta por la que tendría
21 que pasar para llegar a la lavandería me preguntó: ¿adónde vas?. Le contesté: ¡yo soy el que
22 ayuda a llevar las sábanas a la lavandería y voy a ver algunas!. Muy bien, me dejó pasar.

23 Después de la lavandería estaba una pared que había que franquear. Veinte trabajadores
24 laborando frente a mí, de hecho que me verían saltar la pared y por eso pensé rogarles que no me
25 detuvieran, pero para suerte todos ellos se pusieron de espaldas al lugar donde yo saltaría, para
26 arreglar un montón de sábanas. Paré a dos metros de ellos, pero como que no me vieron. Subí
27 entonces por un fierro que estaba como escalera y salté logrando escapar de la locura.

28 Y todo se lo debo a Dios.

29 **75. OTRA VEZ EN EL CUARTEL MODELO.-**

30 Dos semanas después de salir del hospital estuve de nuevo en el Cuartel Modelo, donde pasé
31 siete meses encerrado y conocía a María. Ella tenía dos hijos y era prostituta. Cayó por batida. Al
32 siguiente día de mi ingreso me llevó un almuerzo en tarrina. Era muy popular pues varios presos la
33 requerían mucho, por lo que dejó de visitarme.

1 Cuando fue dada de alta me dijo: ¡ojalá que salgas, tú me gustas pero tengo marido y dos
2 hijos!.

3 Me dio un beso por intermedio de las rejas y yo le dije: ¡CHAO MARIA!. Ella me contestó: ¡no
4 me veas partir, no nos miremos!.

5 Mientras se despedía me dio coraje y sentí odio hacia ella. Por eso le dije: ¡LARGATE PUTA
6 MALDITA!! Así la libré del problema emocional, sin embargo no dejó de escribirme. Gocé con el
7 romance de sus cartas pero las boté a la basura.

8 Amor de mujer puta.

9 Envidia de los envidiosos.

10 Maldad de los maldosos.

11 Odio de los odiosos.

12 Injuria de los deshonestos.

13 Aberración de los aberrantes.

14 A las tres semanas de haberme dejado salí libre y la busqué, encontrándola en los prostíbulos:

15 -¡Hola María!.

16 -¡Hola! ¿cuándo saliste?.

17 -Ayer. ¿Cómo estás?.

18 -¡Bien!.

19 -¿Me puedes atender a mí?

20 -¡No!, por que no quiero hacerte daño. La verdad es que me gustas. No te enamores de mí,
21 tengo compromiso y dos hijos.

22 -¡Sí!, pero estás trabajando, solo quiero que me atiendas.

23 -¡No por favor, ándate!

24 Tuve que irme. En el camino pensé que ella no se iba a salir con la suya, le haría el amor.
25 Tendría que disfrazarme y modificar la voz.

26 Cambié de vestimenta y me puse un sombrero, una peluca y unos lentes. Me acerqué donde
27 esperaba a sus clientes:

28 -¿Cuánto cobra, señorita?

1 -¡Dos mil!

2 -Bien, ¡vamos!.

3 -¡Siga al cuarto!

4 Se desnudó mientras yo solo me bajaba el pantalón hasta las rodillas, subí a la cama sin
5 sacarme los zapatos y le hice el sexo. Solo al estar encima de ella sintió que era yo: ¿Taylor, eres
6 tú?...

7 Pero la correntada no se detuvo. Después de haber cumplido con mi deseo me levanté, quité
8 la peluca de mi cabeza, boté los lentes al piso, me asee y la quedé mirando como había quedado,
9 igual que cuando vino al mundo.

10 Me dirigí hacia la puerta y lo último que escuché fue:

11 -¡No te vayas todavía, quédate un poco más!

12 **76. LA DROGADA EN EL MODELO.-**

13 La droga se entraba en tarrinas de comida. Un preso le ordenaba a su mujer: ¡tráeme dos
14 tarrinas mamita!, y ésta lo hacía, no por miedo si no por satisfacerlo.

15 -¡Taylor, ábrete esas tarrinas que ahí vienen un par de mugas de marihuana!

16 -¡Todo bien, loco!

17 Al momento yo la destapaba, no por la comida si no por encontrar la droga. La guardaba en el
18 bolsillo, comíamos, armábamos la marihuana y a drogarse.

19 Los presos gritaban:

20 -¡Presta Taylor un toque! (tosía: ¡jue!, ¡jue!, ¡jue!, ¡jue!).

21 -¡Aguántate loco, que está buena! (¡jue!, ¡jue!, ¡jue!).

22 -¡Es de mango loco, presta!.

23 -¡TOMA!. ¡No dejes escapar el humo, cúrala!.

24 -¡Ya todo bien, déjala probar!.

25 -¡Te hizo toser! (¡ssf!, ¡ssf!, ¡ssf!).

26 -¡La plena loco, es de la buena, esta grifa es de la mango!(¡jue!, ¡jue!).

27 -¡chuzo, también te hizo toser!

28 -¡Pila Taylor con los pacos, mira a la puerta!

1 -¡Si-món loco, fuma nomás que los pacos están entretenidos con una pelada!. La están
2 vacilando. ¡Es una loca rica ñaño y es la hermana de ese gil que está allá sentado!.

3 -¿Se la están vacilando?! ¡Pacos chucha, ñaño, por eso a mí no me vienen a visitar mis
4 hermanas!, ¿y a tí, Taylor?.

5 -Yo me declarararía loco con esos policías, ¡hijueputas!; ¡gracias a dios, a mí no me visitan ni mis
6 hermanas, ni mi mamá, ni ninguno de mis familiares!. ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, le están visitando a la
7 hermana; ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡qué nota!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!.

8 -¡Qué Taylor!, ¿te dio la risueña?.

9 -¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡si-món ñaño me está dando la risueña!;

10 -¡Controla Taylor!.

11 -¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, me dice que la controle; ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, , yo no la puedo controlar,
12 yo me rio nomás...!¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!, ¡JA!.

13 -¿Ya...?, ¿ya te pasó un poco Taylor?.

14 -¡Sí, ya me pasó un poco! (me quedé callado?.

15 -Ahora sí, Taylor, ¿te pasó la risueña?.

16 -¡Sí!, ¿y qué más?.

17 Mi silencio duró algunos minutos. El amigo con quien me drogaba me dejó solo. Observé
18 alrededor y encontré que alguien me miraba fijamente:

19 -¿Y tó que me miras?, ¡soy Taylor, si no me conoces!.

20 -¡No, nada!.

21 -¡Bueno, cuidado con andarme mirando mucho!.

22 A todos los presos los putiaba y putiaba. ¡Maricas están aquí!, ¡son flojos, por eso están
23 aquí!. ¡Yo no me he robado nada y estoy aquí!. ¡Policías malditos que están allá afuera, quisiera
24 que me arrastren para yo pisotearlos!, ¡no sirven para nada!, ¡esto es una injusticia!. ¡INJUSTICIA!,
25 ¡INJUSTICIA!, ¡INJUSTICIA!.

26 ¡MALDITA SEA!. ¡Es esto un infierno donde estoy metido...prefiero morir. ¿ME OYEN...?. ¡Si
27 me oyen todos los presos como yo sépanlo que esto es una maldición!.

28 -¡Tranquilo Taylor, que pronto has de salir amigo!.

29 -¡No me digas nada que yo no merezco seguir viviendo, y preso!. ¡MATENME!...!MATENME!.
30 ¡EY POLICIAS!, ¡POLICIAS, VENGAN MATENME!.

1 Ellos aceptaban la invitación, me entraban a patadas y a palo. Quedaba tirado en el piso; los
2 otros presos se solidarizaban.

3 -¡RAPIDO, UN MENTOL!, ¡Levántate Taylor!.

4 -¡AY!, ¡AY!, ¡AY!, ¡estos policías hijueputas, ñaño!.

5 -¡Chuzo, Taylor, te dieron duro!.

6 -¡Sí, loco, sí!.

7 Me quedaba dormido y despertaba luego de dos horas para continuar fregando la paciencia a
8 los presos y a los policías. El relajo era al drogarme y cuando no lo hacía...por que no lo hacía.

9 De un momento a otro intervenía uno de los presos ñoñeros:

10 -¡Ya Taylor!, ¿qué, te quieres tirar a la vaca que más caga?

11 Eso era para mí como un golpe de estado.

12 -¿Cómo dijistes?.

13 -¡COMO LO OYES!.

14 Yo no esperaba dos veces y al momento respondía:

15 -¡VAMOS PELEANDO!.

16 -¡VAMOS PUES LOCO!.

17 -¡Taylor solo hay uno y no me tiene que pegar nadie!.

18 Me dio tres puñetazos n la cara y solo alcancé a pegarle uno pues la mano se me zafó. Me
19 ganó la pelea. Esto no podía aceptarlo en mi interior. Luego de tres días la mano estaba mejor:

20 -¡Ahora sí, vamos a pelear de nuevo, pero esta vez es la definitiva!. ¡COGE TU CUCHARA Y
21 PARATE!. ¡Me matas o te mato!.

22 -¡Como quieras, Taylor!.

23 A media bronca la policía terminaba apartándonos. El uno iba a cogerse los puntos en el
24 Policlínico y el otro, que no estaba herido, al patio a recibir palo y así magullado rumbo al
25 calabozo.

26 **77. EL CHINEO EN EL MODELO.-**

27 De pronto un policía se me acercaba para decirme: “esta noche es fin de semana y vendrá
28 cualquier cantidad de detenidos, vamos a hacer batida a los indocumentados y quiero un par de

1 zapatos. Meto al detenido a tu celda y le sacas los zapatos nomás, que yo me hago el loco...y
2 después de cambio de celda”.

3 -¡Chévere, muy bien mi Cabo!.

4 Llegaban los detenidos y lo primero que yo hacía era cogerlos del cuello de la camisa y
5 ponerle en la garganta la cuchara con punta:

6 -¡Quieto loco, sácate los zapatos!.

7 -Policía, ¡policía!, ¡policía!, ¡AUXILIO POR FAVOR, ¡POLICIA!, ¡POLICIA!, ¡ME ROBAN!.

8 -¡CALLATE CHUCHA SI NO QUIERES QUE TE MATE!.

9 Yo lo hincaba más duro en la garganta para que viera que la cosa era en serio. Entonces,
10 convencido, quedaba en polines que para salvarlos (¡foche!) se los guardaba en el bolsillo.

11 -¡TAYLOR!.

12 -¡Aquí mi cabo!.

13 Salía de esa celda para entrar a otra donde le entregaba los zapatos.

14 -¿Qué quieres que te traiga a cambio?.

15 -¡Tráigame una botella, mi Cabo!.

16 -¡Muy bien Taylor, en la noche te la traigo!

17 Me ponía alegre en mi nueva habitación:

18 -¡Muchachos, en la noche estamos de chupa, un paco me va a traer una botella de licor!

19 -¡Habla serio!

20 -¡Serio ñaño, le bajé un par de zapatos a un preso, se los dí al policía y a cambio me traerá esa
21 botella!.

22 **78. TRAFICO DE DROGAS MADE IN MODELO.-**

23 El policía traía escondida la botella en el casco a pesar de las dudas que teníamos de que
24 cumpliría con su palabra, y me la pasó a escondidas de los demás policías. Con la botella en mis
25 manos decía:

26 -¡Solo vamos a tomar tres!, elegía a dos compañeros y el resto presos nos veían beber y
27 beber.

28 Al día siguiente preguntaba:

1 -¿Muchachos, quién quiere beber?. El que quiera beber apoye con un billete, la botella vale
2 mil sucres; además, hay que reunir dos mil para darle al policía.

3 -¡MI CABO!, ¡MI CABO!.

4 -¡Habla Taylor!

5 -¡Cómprase una botella!

6 -¡Ya pues, trae la plata!

7 -¡Aquí la tengo!, ¿cuánto vale la botella mi cabo?

8 -¡La botella vale mil!.

9 -¡Ahí le doy dos mil!

10 -¡PRESTA!

11 -¡TOME!

12 Luego me dirigía a los presos:

13 -¡Ya la mandé a comprar muchachos, pilas que ya mismo viene la botella!.

14 -¡Oye Taylor, háblale de los paquetes al policía, a ver que te dice!

15 -¡Tranquilo, déjalo que venga primero!

16 El policía llegaba con la botella.

17 -¡Taylor, toma!

18 -¡Gracias mi Cabo!, ¡oiga antes de que se vaya hágase otro favor bien cheverísimo!

19 -¿Qué más quieres?.

20 -¡Tráigase una marihuana!

21 -¡Ya pues, dame la plata!

22 -¡Muchachos, muchachos, el policía dijo que sí, reunamos el billete!

23 -¡Yo tengo mil!, dijo uno: ¡yo tengo dos mil!, dijo otro; ¡yo quinientos!...

24 -¡Mi cabo, aquí está la plata!

25 -¡PRESTA!

26 -¡TOME!

1 -¿Cuánto hay?

2 -¡Dos mil quinientos mi Cabo?

3 Transcurridas dos horas el policía llegaba con el pedido.

4 -¡Taylor! (acercándose a la reja), ¡llámenlo a Taylor!

5 -¡TAYLOR!, ¡TAYLOR! (gritaban los presos), ¡te llama el policía!. ¡Chévere, llegó la grifa!, ¡loco,

6 ponte pilas!.

7 -¡A ver mi Cabo?

8 -¡Toma!

9 -¡Gracias!

10 Teníamos licor y droga. Poco después el policía me trajo un paquete de veinte sobres de base.

11 Al siguiente día me buscaba nuevamente el policía:

12 -¡LLAMEN A TAYLOR!

13 -¡Presente, mi Cabo, aquí estoy!

14 -¡Oye, hazte un favor!

15 -¡Ya pues mi Cabo! ¿qué es?

16 -¡Véndete estos paquetes. Hay veinte. Véndelos a mil sucres. Tú me entregas la plata!

17 -¡Muchachos hablen nomás cuántos quieren, estoy vendiendo a mil sucres el sobre!. ¡Habla,

18 habla nomás, compra, compra tu sobre de base!. ¡Compra, compra loco, a mil sucres el sobre!

19 -¡Dáme uno!

20 -¡Toma!

21 -¡Dáme otro!.

22 -¡Toma!

23 -¡Taylor, fíame uno!

24 -¡Fíame!, esto es con la plata, ¡si no tienes plata no fumas!

25 -¡Taylor, véndeme tres!

26 -¡Toma tres!. ¡Vamos, fumen, fumen muchachos!, ¡fumen a mil sucres el sobre de base!

1 -¡Taylor, véndeme dos!

2 -¡Toma dos!, ¡habla, habla!; ¿quién más quiere?

3 -¡Taylor, presta cuatro!

4 -¡No, solo te vendo uno, quedan pocos y yo también tengo que fumar!.

5 Vendía ocho de veinte sobres y los doce restantes los pagaba con mis ahorros. Le entregaba el
6 dinero del negocio al policía y para fumar me metía al servicio higiénico donde hay mierda podrida
7 ya que los limpian una vez cada quincena. ¡Y el orina apesta!. ¡Qué feo!. Pero me las aguantaba, sin
8 embargo, no soportaba que nadie me vaya a pedir ni que me miras mientras me drogaba.

9 Armaba una y luego otra y otra, otra, otra, hasta que se me terminaba todo... ¡y qué ganas de
10 seguir fumando!. Luego amenazaba a los presos con una cuchara con punta y les revisaba los
11 bolsillos. Sacaba más plata y llamaba al policía para que me traiga más droga y otra botella de
12 trago. Dentro de la cárcel, alcoholizado y drogado pelié con un preso, al mismito que estando
13 bueno y sano vencí anteriormente por dos ocasiones utilizando como arma mi cuchara punteada.

14 Esta vez, mareado y drogado aprovechó para atacarme por la espalda infrigiéndome dos
15 cortes en una mano y otro encima del hombro del mismo brazo. No le pude pelear debidamente.

16 Posteriormente me cambiaron de celda para evitar un crimen. Pensé matarlo, le iba a
17 enterrar la cuchara en el corazón mientras dormía por la noche. El también me cortó al descuido.

18 Con mi brazo vendado continué la venta de la droga. Me ponía depresivo metido en mi celda,
19 acostado bocarriba y con las manos atrás de la cabeza juntas, entrelazados los dedos. Pensaba
20 que mi mamá no me visitaba ni se preocupaba por mí; mi papá al igual. Mis hermanos, ni bola
21 conmigo. ¡Chuzo!, ¿será que no sirvo para nada?, ¡eso tiene que ser!. En realidad yo no sirvo para
22 nada, para nada pues, para nada sirvo.

23 Al momento un tabaco, ¡chas! El fósforo y luego el tabaco a la boca. Empezaba a tirar humo y
24 humo de cigarrillo mientras pensaba: todos los días lo mismo y lo mismo y aquí siempre metido;
25 en la calle no hago mas que robar para fumar y después de fumar, robar. ¡ASI NO PUEDO!...!NO!,
26 ¡NO!, ¡NO!. Yo así no puedo seguir viviendo, ¡tengo que morir!, ¡sí, así es!, ¡tengo que morir!.

27 Me levantaba y caminaba de un lado a otro, camina y camina, piensa y piensa. Pensaba que
28 era un presidiario sin defensa y que nadie veía por mí. ¡OKEY!, soy yo mismo quien tengo que ver
29 por mí, ¿pero qué hago?. Si salgo vagaré otra vez por las calles, de arriba para abajo y durmiendo
30 donde me coja la noche...

31 **79. MI CIRCULA VITAL.-**

32 Ya en libertad dormía en el césped del parque que encontraba, o encima de una banca; me
33 arropaba con periódicos y si mucho frío hacía me metía debajo del asiento del parque, y si el frío
34 era fuerte buscaba fundas plásticas, las abría y me las envolvía al cuerpo dentro de la camiseta.

1 Esto siempre lo hacía indistintamente hasta cuando crecí lo suficiente para tener mujeres de la
2 calle y con el dinero de ellas pagaba la pensión donde nos bañábamos y lavábamos la ropa.

3 Al amanecer nos despedíamos y cada uno seguía su rutina. Me gustó la idea de la Pensión. Por
4 las noches robaba a alguien: ¡quieto, esto es un asalto!, ¡la plata!, ¡la plata!. ¡Si no me das la plata
5 te mato!. Tomaba el dinero y echaba a correr. Después droga, luego a la Pensión y por la
6 madrugada humo y humo.

7 Al terminármeme la droga salía por más dinero y a la primera persona que le notaba billete en
8 el bolsillo en forma de un cuadradito: ¡quieto, señor!, ¡la plata, la plata, si no quiere morir!. Cogía
9 el dinero y echaba a correr. Luego a comprar droga y después a la Pensión, humo y humo hasta el
10 amanecer.

11 Por último, compraba dos mugas de marihuana y una botella de trago. Con el alcohol cortaba
12 la compulsión producida por la base. Al amanecer comenzaba mi caminata por la calle hasta que
13 de pronto la Ley me atrapaba tras un asalto y volvía a la cárcel. Esa era mi círculo de vida en la
14 ciudad. Para evadir a veces me iba al campo, donde formaba otro círculo de vida; aunque no
15 estaba acostumbrado adopté las costumbres del campesino acostándome y levantándome muy
16 temprano.

17 Había que trabajar con machete y garabato, algo a lo que nunca me acostumbré pues odiaba
18 ese oficio. Mis familiares me decían: ¡tienes que trabajar, la casa es para las mujeres!. ¡Váya qué
19 nota!. Sin ser de mi gusto lo hacía obligadamente y sacaba CERO, CERO, CERO. Demoraba mucho
20 para cortar esos cuarenta metros de monte que se me asignaba, me quedaba rezagado y mis
21 primos tenían que ayudarme.

22 Al siguiente día, antes de que me llamen me escondía en los montes, saliendo
23 camufladamente por la parte trasera de la casa y terminaba apareciendo por la tarde. Me iba a
24 pasar el día entero donde mi abuela, la que me presionaba para que me integre al trabajo junto
25 con mis primos.

26 **80. LA ENGRIFADA EN LA CAPITAL.-**

27 Cuando cumplí los dieciseis años viajé a Quito junto con un primo, aspirante a soldado del
28 Cuartel ¡Mariscal Sucre". Para el viaje compré dos mugas de marihuana con las que armé un grifo
29 y lo prendí sentado al lado de mi primo, ¡yo un imbécil!, faltándole el respeto al uniforme militar.
30 Peor aún, insistiéndole le brindé un toque y él fingió que fumaba. Después de un rato le dio fiebre
31 y dolor de cabeza. ¡Qué pena, me sentí culpable!.

32 Al llegar a la capital el frío me dejó sordo y sentí gran alivio cuando entramos al cuarto que
33 alquilaba mi primo para pasar los días francos. A la mañana siguiente me dio las llaves y que dé
34 una vuelta mientras él se presentaba en el Reparto Militar. Salí a caminar luego de imaginarme
35 una trayectoria para llegar al cuartel al terminar el día, pero cuando quise regresar a la casa
36 constaté mi gran desorientación, peor todavía, no encontré ni la dirección escrita de antemano en
37 un papel. ¿Qué lo hice?...

1 Empecé a caminar y caminar, daba vueltas y más vueltas hasta que me subí a un bus que
2 completó mi pérdida total llevándome a las afueras de Quito. Cogí un segundo carro que lo
3 confundí con transporte urbano y me encontré en dirección a Latacunga. ¡Ya vamos entrando a
4 Latacunga!, me dijo uno de los pasajeros, ¡puede quedarse en la gasolinera y coger carro de
5 vuelta a Quito!, ¡GRACIAS SEÑORES!.

6 Hacía mucho frío. Qué desesperación y temor que sentí cuando ví a una paisana de ese lugar
7 protegida por tres suéteres, un gorro y una tira larga de lana enrollada al cuello y cubriéndole la
8 boca...y temblaba por el frío. ¡Imagínese yo!. Subí al vehículo rumbo a Quito y me sentí muy bien.

9 Caminé perdido nuevamente por las calles de la ciudad y de pronto encontré un bolso botado
10 al frente de una casa abandonada, al filo de la vereda. Me puse alerta, miré hacia todos los lados
11 al pensar que era una posible trampa pero al no ver a nadie lo tomé. Caminé con él y más
12 adelante lo abrí: en su interior había un frasco de shampoo, un calzoncillo y una toalla grande.
13 Sólo me quedé con esta última.

14 Abrigado con la toalla seguí caminando hasta que me cogió la madrugada. Los pies me dolían
15 por lo que me senté al borde de una vereda al frente de una calle completamente solitaria. Al
16 escuchar unos pasos que se acercaban miré hacía atrás, encontrándome con un desconocido:

17 -¿Qué quieres conmigo?, le pregunté.

18 -¡No amigo!, ¡ah...ah!. ¿Usted qué hace aquí con tremendo frío? ¡Vamos, lo invito a mi casa!.
19 Tengo tres cobijas grandes, marihuana, cemento de contacto, pepas, tabaco y este radio chiquito.

20 -¡Vamos amigo, vamos!.

21 Empezamos a caminar juntos. Camina y camina. No me preguntaba nada, solo inhalaba de la
22 funda de cemento de contacto y yo caminaba junto a él. Subimos una loma grande, grande, luego
23 nos metimos por unos huecos enormes y trepamos unas escaleras pequeñas. Al final tocó la
24 puerta de un cuarto y recién tomé conciencia de que algo me podía pasar. Quise regresarme pero
25 recordé que era un hombre en cualquier lugar y por eso decidí entrar para ver qué pasaba.

26 En el cuarto había otro tipo. Me brindaron un asiento y el que estaba en el interior se quitó la
27 ropa mientras el otro me preguntaba el nombre. Le conté lo que me pasó hasta es momento
28 mientras el compañero inhalaba en calzoncillos. Me dieron un tabaco y la marihuana con los que
29 armé un grifo. Le pegué cinco alones y se lo ofrecí. El me respondió: ¡fuma, fuma más, está grande
30 todavía!.

31 Tanto desprendimiento y generosidad me llevó a pensar que si así fuera siempre, al lado de
32 aquel sujeto yo no gastaría dinero, ahorraría el que me robo por necesidad...o a la final ya no
33 robaría.

34 Le dí el grifo por la mitad. Le hizo dos alones y se lo pasó al amigo. Este me la volvió a brindar
35 diciéndome ¡MATALA TU!. La terminé de fumar.

1 Cuando pasaron cinco minutos sacó otro tabaco para que yo arme un nuevo grifo y se repitió
2 el proceso adictivo. Cansado me senté sobre unas colchas grandes y gruesas adornadas con
3 dibujos de tigres, tendidas a lo ancho el piso.

4 Uno de ellos sacó un frasquito donde tenía unas pepas y contó veinte. Se tomó dos, me dio
5 una y guardó diecisiete. Yo estaba sentado arrimado a la pared mientras la droga me vacilaba.
6 Estaba con la mirada fija al frente y creían que yo estaba volando; entonces escuché:

7 -¡Vamos, ayúdame a quitarle la ropa, necesito ese blue-jeans y esa chompa!. ¡Tú sabes que los
8 necesito, también esos zapatos!.

9 Me hice el gil que no escuchaba nada y empecé a prepararme para la pelea. Dentro del
10 bolsillo de la chomba tenía una pluma para escribir y decidí usarla en el momento que sea
11 atacado. Las pastillas no eran drogas si no, píldoras para dormir por lo que vagamente escuché:

12 -¡Ya loco, sacúdete, sácate los zapatos, la chompa, el pantalón. Ahí están las colchas. Sácate
13 nomás que aquí no hace frío!.

14 -¡Un momento loco, tranquilo, no me vas a hacer quitar los zapatos, yo sé como duermo y si
15 me quito o no, ahora, si me da gana de dormir con la ropa duermo con la ropa, pues y qué!

16 Solo me dijeron, tal vez asustados:

17 -¡Bueno, acuéstate en medio!.

18 -¡NO, tampoco me quiero acostar en medio, me voy a acostar acá!.

19 Me hice hacia la pared, pero sobraba un espacio reducido donde se metió el man dejándome
20 a mí en el medio. En ese momento empecé a sentir el efecto de la pastilla. ¡Chuzo, me está
21 venciendo el sueño tan rápido!; ¡no, no puede ser, no me tengo que dormir, si me duermo me
22 roban!.

23 Me esforzaba pero los párpados se me cerraban, se me ponían pesados; sin embargo luchaba
24 contra el sueño.

25 -¡Toma amigo, arrópate!.

26 Muy bien, me arropé. El se levantó, cogió un cuchillo y retornó al mismo puesto escondiendo
27 el arma tras la pierna. Yo continuaba esperando el ataque. Por debajo de la colcha agarré la
28 pluma, le saqué la tapa y la alisté en mi mano derecha con la intención de metérsela en el ojo a lo
29 que él sacara el cuchillo.

30 Se cansó de esperar que me durmiera y repentinamente se sentó... ¡pilas!, pensé, es el
31 ataque, y justo, era el ataque. Me pegó un planazo en la frente al tiempo que me decía:

32 -¡QUE!, ¿NO TE VAS A QUITAR LA CHOMPA?.

1 Saqué la mano con fuerza pero sentí pena a pesar de estar adolorido y cambié la dirección de
2 la pluma, introduciéndosela en la garganta. Sintió el hincón y lamentándose abrió la mano que
3 dejó escapar el arma casi homicida, un metro más allá donde estábamos sentados. Me levanté de
4 prisa hacia donde cayó el cuchillo, pues el otro se aprestaba a cogerlo. Estaba preparado para
5 darle un patazo directo en sus costillas al agacharse, pero presintió el ataque y dijo ¡NO!

6 Dueño de la situación empecé a insultarlos:

7 -¡Ustedes no saben con quien se meten, los dos son unos estúpidos, hediondos, puercos,
8 longos sucios!. ¡HAZTE PARA ALLA, QUE YO VOY A DORMIR EN EL MEDIO!.

9 Ahora que recuerdo ese incidente pienso en mi estupidez. Eran drogadictos y ladrones al igual
10 que yo, por igual de peligrosos. Dormí con ellos sin ninguna arma a mi lado mientras los muy vivos
11 contaban con el cuchillo.

12 Me entraron ganas de robarles pero deseché la idea y al levantarnos terminé regalándoles mi
13 toalla antes de salir a buscar el cuarto alquilado por mi primo. Cerca de allí estaba el “Mariscal
14 Sucre”.

15 **81. LA FAMOSA PENITENCIARIA.-**

16 También se le llama Centro de Rehabilitación Social, pero a título personal no le veo nada de
17 rehabilitación, más bien le pondría “de perdición”, pues yo consumía drogas todos los días.

18 Para ser trasladado desde el Cuartel Modelo a dicho lugar fui embarcado en el bus policial.
19 Aunque los asientos estaban vacíos nos gritaban:

20 -¡AL PISO, TODOS AL PISO!. ¡TODOS LOS PRESOS AL PISO!.

21 -¡TU!, ¿cuántos años tienes?.

22 -¡Diecisiete mi Cabo!.

23 -¿Y ya vas a la peni?.

24 -¡Así es!

25 -¡Asaltante tienes que ser, tienes cara de delincuente, por gusto no te van a llevar a la peni!.

26 -¡Sí, así es!

27 -¡Y todavía dices que sí!

28 -¡Qué quiere que le diga, que no!

29 -¡Pero cualquiera se calla!

30 -¡Sí, así es!

1 De seguro que se picó ya que me dio un patazo en el estómago que despertó mi indignación:

2 -¡ANDA CARGATELE A LA PUTA DE TU MADRRE QUE YO NO TE TENGO MIEDO NI A TI NI A
3 NADIE!

4 Me cayeron cinco encima...

5 **82. LAS PELEAS FILO CON FILO.-**

6 Dentro de la penitenciaría no existen peleas de puño a puño si no de machete a machete,
7 cuchillos con cuchillos, filo a filo, A MUERTE. El que pierde va al “baño” donde le caen tres o
8 cuatro armados con filos y lo violan. Lo comento por que lo ví.

9 Obligado por las circunstancias demostré ser tan superdestructivo que no me importaba
10 morir de un machetazo en la cabeza o de una puñalada en el corazón. A nadie buscaba pelea para
11 que nadie me la busque a mí, a nadie miraba mal por que no me gustaba que me miren mal. Sin
12 embargo, en siete meses de reclusión tuve dos peleas.

13 Cuando me internaron me traumaticé al ver puras rejas, paredes machadas de sangre, sucias,
14 sin pintar. El piso enlodado, en el comedor las moscas se paraban alrededor de la tarrina en la que
15 no tenía con que comer, los dedos eran la cuchara. En el piso, las moscas semejaban una capa
16 adicional como de cemento, que se levantaba cuando se tiraba algo sobre ella.

17 Los presos compartíamos con las moscas nuestras comidas. Se encontraban hasta tres moscas
18 en el desabrido jugo de tamarindo, nunca le ponían azúcar. ¿Quieren saber cuál era el almuerzo?.
19 Si el menú era estofado de pescado, los presos encargados de cocinar les cortaban las aletas, el
20 rabo y la cabeza para ponerlas a hervir en una olla enorme con agua, yuca, verde y col. El pescado
21 quedaba entero y era vendido a los presos cuyos familiares habían conseguido pro influencias
22 ubicarlos en celdas especiales.

23 Otros no tuvimos esa suerte y éramos destinados al fondo de la penitenciaría donde la gente
24 llora para que no los manden por que es el verdadero infierno. El caporal es la clave por que es el
25 yunta de los guías y con éstos se aconchababan para no mandar a un preso allá. Les cobraban cien
26 sures por cabeza. Pero esa situación privilegiada es temporal, pues si no vienen sus familiares
27 luego de tres días, nomás los mandan al fondo.

28 Entonces estos infelices empiezan a rogar:

29 -¡No por favor, yo no quiero ir al fondo, ayúdame, no seas malo!.

30 Yo estaba preparado para lo peor, tal es el caso que mientras me comía toda la película,
31 sentado y fumándome un cigarrillo, se me acercó el caporal y me dijo:

32 -¿Y tú loco?, ¡alista tu gamba si no te vas para el fondo y allá es jodido!.

33 Le contesté:

1 -¡Mándame donde quieras. La cárcel es para mí, me encuentre donde me encuentre!. ¡A ti te
2 quisiera ver en el fondo y para allá me voy ahora por que yo no te voy a dar el gusto de que fumes
3 con mi plata, ¡TONTO CHUCHA DE TU MADRE!.

4 Después de un rato llegaron cinco presos del fondo y subieron a cuarentena alta a fumar
5 marihuana con machetes en manos. Dos de ellos me conocían:

6 -¿Y Taylor, qué más?

7 -¡Aquí loco!

8 -¿Cómo te va?

9 -Tengo problemas con este caporal lengua larga que está sacándole la plata a los giles.

10 -¡Vámonos para el fondo, allá pasas mejor que aquí!, ¡aquí pasan los manes que le tienen
11 miedo a la canal!.

12 -¡Bacán loco, eso significa que yo pertenezco al fondo!

13 -Si quieres hablo con el guía que es mi pana para que te dé el pase...

14 -¡Ya pues!.

15 Me dieron el pase y me fui al fondo. Allí empecé a ver cuál me caía mal y cuál me caía bien.
16 Me encontré con un enemigo con el que solo nos quedamos mirando sin reclamarnos la pelea
17 anterior. Más tarde encontré nuevos amigos de la calle y de la Correccional. Por ser en ese
18 entonces mayores de edad fue que los mandaron a la peni.

19 **83. LA COMODIDAD DE LAS CELDAS.-**

20 Las celdas eran gigantescas. Dentro de ellas habían cuartitos de latilla e caña guadua con
21 paredes de papel llamadas vulgarmente ..."biombos". En los pabellones del fondo había uno que
22 era el peor, donde me tocó vivir siete meses. Constituían nuestro refugio, nuestro lugar o casa de
23 seguridad, la privacidad perdida, nuestro escondite, un retacito de libertad, el confesionario con
24 Dios...

25 **84. ME ROBARON LA TABLA DE PICAR CARNE.-**

26 Una de mis peleas tuvo su razón de ser puesto que le caí a trompones a un preso que se
27 burlaba de una tabla de picar carne que yo había confeccionado utilizando madera. Me dijo:
28 ¡presta para ver!...y la pasó de mano en mano, yendo a parar dentro de un biombo donde dejó de
29 verla por lo que me dio odio y le entré a puñete. No se metió más conmigo.

30 Sin embargo, el Guía al ver que nos insultábamos nos hizo pelear un rato. Luego salí a dar
31 vueltas por todos los pabellones hasta que me compré un machete que ponía de cabecera antes

1 de dormir por si las moscas se forme el relajo a media noche. Empecé a traumarme pensando en
2 mi mamá, mi papá, mis hermanos, mis tíos, mis primos, mis abuelos.

3 -¡Váya qué cosa nadie me viene a visitar!, ¿por dónde me escapo?.

4 Tenía miedo fugarme de la penitenciaría ya que había visto cómo dejaron a uno que intentó
5 hacerlo previamente: tirado en el piso con las costillas rotas, saliéndole sangre de la cabeza,
6 brazos y espaldas moradas, hinchado de los garrotazos. ¡Si me cogen me matan!. Me despertaba
7 en la madrugada y al meditar lloraba. Envolvía una marihuana y me drogaba. Perdía el sueño y
8 amanecía caminando con el machete a la cintura apretinado con el pantalón.

9 Había momentos en que lo sacaban de la cintura y peleaba con él, en el aire, entrenándome
10 para cualquier enfrentamiento posterior. El servicio higiénico era una tiniebla de oscuridad, las
11 paredes estaban llenas de murciélagos. Mientras los demás dormían me dio ganas de orinar.
12 Antes de entrar al retrete saqué el machete de la cintura pues no veía ni el piso ni las paredes.
13 Prendí un fósforo y observé el hueco. Se me apagó el fósforo y sentí miedo, los murciélagos
14 empezaron a volar a mi alrededor y algunos chocaron conmigo. ¡QUE MIEDO!.

15 Mientras orinaba, la piel se me puso como cuero de gallina; me empezó a dar nervios pues
16 presentía que alguien que no era humano vivía en ese lugar. Terminé orinando en el piso y al salir
17 del lugar me persigné y le pedí a Dios que me cuide.

18 **85. LA CONTADA.-**

19 A las seis de la mañana suenan una cadena en cada pabellón y se oye el grito: ¡LA CONTADA!,
20 ¡LA CONTADA!, ¡BUSCA TU PABELLON!, ¡LA CONTADA! ¡LA CONTADA! Las cadenas suenan en
21 cada puerta de pabellón, ¡TODOS LOS PRESOS EN FILA!, ¡JOTA!...!HACHE!... ¡i-i-i!, ¡PABELLONES
22 JUNTOS!, ¡PABELLON 1, FORMAR AQUÍ!...!ATENCIÓN A LA LISTA!:

23 Ramiro, presente mi señor guía;

24 José, presente mi señor guía;

25 Carlos, presente mi señor guía;

26 Oswaldo, presente mi señor guía;

27 Taylor, PRESENTE;

28 Elio, presente mi señor guía;

29 Luis, presente mi señor guía;

30 Nunca le rendí pleitesía y cuando se iban ingresaba en mi biombo. Jamás compartí mi cuarto
31 con nadie. Dentro del biombo tenía mis propiedades: tres pantalonetas, tres camisetas y tres
32 calzoncillos. Salí un rato y cuando regresé no encontré nada, ni tampoco el machete; solo estaban

1 los cartones donde dormía. ¡CHUZO, QUE PASO!. Me sentí agredido y salí de inmediato, no sin
2 antes armarme de una latilla con punta.

3 Al siguiente día le presté cien sucres al maestro del taller de cerrajería bajo cuyas órdenes
4 trabajaba, para comprarme un machete. Así, esperaba encontrara quiénes se ponían mi ropa para
5 preguntarles los nombres de los vendedores y entrarles a machete.

6 Pasaron los días y no encontré a los culpables. Más adelante ya no hablaba con nadie,
7 caminaba de arriba para abajo y de abajo para arriba. Decidí dejar el machete y no tomar en
8 cuenta a nadie pues, como que empezaba a volverme loco...

9 **86. EL NEGRO VIOLADOR.-**

10 Todos los días salían heridos de cualquiera de los pabellones que estaban en el fondo, pues en
11 las noches surgían peleas a muerte de machete a machete. Perdí el miedo y decidí vivir dentro de
12 la penitenciaría como que fuera mi propia casa. Uno de esos días, a un amigo casi de mi edad un
13 negro lo quiso violar. Cuando todos estábamos despiertos, unos conversando, otros fumando,
14 drogas y algunos jugando a las cartas, lo cogió de frente al grupo y amenazándolo con el machete
15 le dijo:

16 -¡BAJATE EL PANTALON!.

17 Mi amigo contestó:

18 -¡No, tranquilo, no, no me hagas eso!.

19 Y no lo hizo. ¿Qué habrá surtido efecto para que desista seducirlo con violencia?...

20 Ese negro me cayó mal y para evitar problemas me cambié de pabellón. Allí me dieron un
21 biombo para mí solito. De pronto alguien tocó la puerta pronunciando desesperadamente mi
22 nuevo sobrenombre:

23 -¡SESO, SESO, SESO LOCO!.

24 Cogí el machete, abrí la puerta y ví a mi amigo:

25 -¡Qué pasa, entra!, le dije.

26 Entró con su sábana y unos cartones.

27 -¡Acuéstate en ese lado de allá y yo me acuesto acá!; ¿qué te pasó ahora loco?

28 -¡Anda que me jode ese negro!.

29 -¡Está bien, aquí ya no te va a joder!.

30 Tomé mi machete y le saqué más filo. En ese momento pensé abrir la puerta del pabellón y
31 mientras dormía el negro aprovechar para pegarle una puñalada en el pecho, que se muera.

1 Avanzada la noche llegó el negro a tocar la puerta donde estaba con mi amigo, llamándolo a
2 él. Le dije ¡sisssss!, ¡sisssss!, arrojé mi cuerpo con una sábana con la que ocultaba también el
3 machete asido de mis manos y envalentonado lo increpé:

4 -¡Qué pasa negro!, ¿qué quieres?

5 -¿Por qué se vinieron acá?.

6 -¡Yo me vine por que me dio ganas de matar un man cuyo nombre solo yo conozco y mi amigo
7 se vino conmigo por que te tiene miedo y ahorita está durmiendo!.

8 Luego la cogió conmigo:

9 -¡Cuidado, que tú eres pelado, te pueden hacer maldad. Aquí violan a los pelados!

10 Esperaba que yo le diga ¡UUUUUY!, ¡defiéndeme!, y lo que le dije fue:

11 -¡A mí el que me toca tiene que prepararse bien bonito porque estoy listo para matarme con
12 cualquiera!.

13 -¡Está bien Seso Loco, así tiene que ser, llámalo a tu amigo el pelado!.

14 -¡No, mi amigo no va a salir y punto, y yo ya no te puedo atender!.

15 Le dí la espalda y entré al biombo donde estaba mi amigo sosteniendo un garrote que yo le
16 había dado por si me iba de relajo, con el fin de que saliera y se desquite con el negro matándolo
17 con un golpe a la cabeza.

18 -¡Si sales, sales, pero a darle duro y decidido a matarlo, que no joda más ese negro morbosol!.

19 Bien, no hubo peleas con el negro, sin embargo me asaltó una idea malosa: “en caso de que
20 yo hubiera sido como el negro, qué pasaría con mi amigo?”.

21 **87. LA PELEA POR UN CANDIL.-**

22 Existía la costumbre de robarse los focos para comprar drogas, por lo que lamayoría de los
23 presos usaban candil confeccionados con un frasco al que se le ponía kerex y una mecha. Cierta
24 ocasión, a uno de los presos le robaron su candil precisamente en los momentos en que él
25 buscaba al culpable yo me encontraba conversando con un amigo que conocí en la Correccional
26 sobre un foco de motocicleta que deseaba se lo venda en el taller de cerrajería.

27 -¡Hay que ver qué dice el maestro!, le decía, mientras miraba el foco que tenía en mis manos.
28 En esos momentos, el hombre a quien le robaron el candil caminaba de un lado para otro tirando
29 insultos. Lo miré y me dijo:

30 -¡Tú tienes que ser Seso Loco, ni la chucha de tu madre!.

1 Me emputé tanto que el foco de moto lo estrallé contra el piso, partiéndose en pedazos, a la
2 vez que le respondía:

3 -¡A mí no me insultes la madre, maricón!

4 -¡Yo te insulto las veces que me da la gana!

5 Acto seguid me levanté del banco donde estaba sentado y sacándome la camisa le dije:

6 -¡Vamos peleando de una vez, chucha de tu madre!

7 -¡Anda a pelear con la chucha de tu madre, yo te voy a entrar a plan!

8 Y se fue a su cuarto.

9 Regresó portando un machete, un pico de botella quebrada y una sábana para cubrirse. ¿Su
10 intención fue la de darme de plan en la realidad o la de machetearme?. Yo había prestado un
11 machete cuando él se ausentó. Se me tiró encima al tiempo que yo botaba mi camisa al piso y
12 ponía la mano izquierda atrás en la espalda. Le dí machetazos en la mano armada y contra su
13 mismo machete, cuidando que no llegue ninguno de los suyos ni a mi cara ni a mi cuerpo.

14 Dí un paso atrás para entrarle con violencia pero me detuve, pues presentí que lo mataría. Al
15 detenerme aprovechó para entrarme y por eso le mandé un machetazo de frente, a la cabeza. Lo
16 sostuvo con su machete y con su otra mano, por debajo me lanzó el pico de botella quebrada,
17 agachándose en la maniobra. Regresé mi mano derecha con la que sostenía el machete para
18 aguantar la punta de vidrio, pensando levantarle la cabeza con la punta de mi machete.

19 Algo me detuvo, librándome de ser un criminal. Dí la espalda y salí corriendo, miré hacia atrás
20 y constaté que me seguía. Me arrimé a una entrada esperando que ingrese a su vez para pegarle
21 con ventaja en la cabeza. Estaba indeciso pue son atinaba si darle de plan, de filo, de lomo o un
22 planazo en la cara, pero no entró para su suerte y me escondí. De pronto llegaron los Guías:
23 ¡TAYLOR!, ¡TAYLOR!, ¡TAYLOR!. Gritaban y gritaban.

24 Me empezó a dar miedo, ¡chuzo, me van a pegar!. Pero él mismo tuvo la culpa, yo no lo invité
25 a pelear. ¡SALE TAYLOR!, ¡SALE O ENTRAMOS A VERTE!. Bien...salí.

26 -¡VEN ACA ASESINO, VAMOS PARA QUE VEAS LO QUE HICISTE!.

27 Caminamos hacia el Policlínico. El hombre tenía un dedo cercenado, en la caña de la mano
28 derecha donde empieza el puño, por el lado de abajo tenía remangado el cuero y se le veían los
29 tendones con los que mueve los dedos. ¡Sí podía mover los dedos, gracias a Dios!. Los tendones
30 estaban intactos. En el mismo brazo tenía otro machetazo bajo el hombro y en la muñeca. Los
31 Guías preguntaron:

32 -¿Qué...no has comido?, ¿tienes hambre?, ¿lo quisiste hacer ensalada?.

33 -¡No, yo no lo invité a pelear!.

1 -Pero él dice que no tenía machete...

2 -¡Eso es lo que él dice!.

3 **88. UNA INJUSTA REPRESALIA.-**

4 Empezaron los golpes y el castigo psicológico.

5 -¿Dónde dejaste el machete?. ¡Entrégamelo!.

6 -Se lo entregué al Guía.

7 Me siguieron pegando haciéndome dar trampolines en el piso hasta llegar al fondo de los
8 pabellones donde estaba la celda del castigo. Pero antes me ordenaron poner con la cabeza en el
9 piso, manos en la espalda, pies firmes y glúteos hacia arriba. Mientras estaba en esa posición me
10 insultaban y uno de los Guías que caminaba dando vueltas a mi alrededor me pegó con sus botas
11 en el estómago. Caí al piso de barriga.

12 Me emputé más y me puse en la misma posición inicial para que me dé otro, y me volvió a
13 pegar. Volví a ponerme en la misma posición y se repitió el golpe con la punta de las botas. El jefe
14 de los Guías acercándose me dijo:

15 -¡LEVANTATE, TU TAMBIEN ESTAS HERIDO!

16 -¡Así es!, contesté.

17 -¡Anda, báñate para que te cojan los puntos!

18 -¡Muy bien, gracias!.

19 Luego de bañarme y cuando caminaba hacia el Policlínico, uno de los Guías obsesionado por
20 pegarme aligeró el paso para cumplir con su deseo.

21 -Y tú, adónde vas?.

22 -Por disposición del jefe-guía, a cogerme unos puntos...

23 -¡Ven, ven para que veas bien lo que hiciste!

24 -¡No es mi culpa, él me provocó la pelea!

25 -¡Si se muere, él es manaba y yo también lo soy!. ¡Donde él muere peleas conmigo al
26 machete!.

27 Dándole a notar miedo que en realidad no lo sentía, le dije:

28 -¡No, no, usted me gana, no pelearé con usted, seguro que me gana, si usted es hasta Guía!.

29 -¡Donde se muere me peleas por que me peleas!.

1 En mi interior estaba deseoso de verlo al frente mío, parados los dos con un machete cada
2 uno. Planeaba clavárselo de punta con toda mi fuerza y mi odio en el pecho...así me maten
3 después. Eso constituía una muerte segura, pero primero yo lo mataba a él.

4 El herido parecía que agonizaba por falta de sangre, pero a la final se salvó. Después de que
5 me suturaron las heridas me sometí al castigo.

6 **89. LOS ENTRETUVO LA MUERTE.-**

7 Dos presos escribieron una página de sangre en la historia de la tan célebre penitenciaría. El
8 uno cumplía una condena de tres años y le faltaban dos meses para salir libre; el otro, tenía una
9 condena de dieciséis años por muerte y le restaban quince días para ser liberado.

10 Tuvieron dos enfrentamientos, primero el juego de pelota donde disgustaron y el segundo,
11 machete con machete. Eran las diez de la mañana cuando el que estaba por reclusión menor le
12 clavó el puñal en el corazón al internado por asesinato. Así sumó a sus dos meses otros dieciséis
13 años.

14 Por eso dejé casualmente de ser problema para los Guías, pues se olvidaron de mí al
15 entretenerlos la muerte. A la semana regresé al fondo de los pabellones donde ocurrió la pelea y
16 observé a mi contrincante que caminaba nuevamente por el interior de la penitenciaría por lo que
17 me preparé emocionalmente para darle antes de que él me atacase por la espalda.

18 Planeaba cogerlo en el baño cuando él defecara. Estos no son privados y se ve todo lo que se
19 entra a hacer. Algunos se masturban sin importarle que el otro lo vea, es completamente normal.
20 Pero nada pasó ya que al día siguiente ¡vaya sorpresa!, me entregaron la boleta de libertad.

21 **90. EN LA CARCEL DE PLAYAS.-**

22 Dí gracias a Dios por que nadie, nadie de mi familia me visitara. Subí en un carro que iba a
23 Playas y busqué a Vitalia, la flaquita, en el cabaret sin lograr mi propósito. ¿Qué se hizo? A los
24 cuatro días caí preso, saliendo a la semana. Pasadas dos semanas fui detenido nuevamente por lo
25 que el Comisario me decía, ¡ándate de Playas, si no, la próxima vez te mando al Cuartel Modelo!

26 Salía y seguía en Playas. Luego me apresaron por robarme un teléfono en un Banco de
27 Ahorros donde entré drogado al momento en que el guardia se descuidó. Quise dañar la máquina
28 computadora y meterme por allí, pero me fue imposible. No cargaba armas y si el guardia
29 estuviese armado me hubiera matado.

30 Al braveo cogí el teléfono que era de buena marca, su precio en el mercado era de sesenta mil
31 sucres y lo vendí en quince mil para tragos y drogas. Me dejaron en libertad luego de estar tres
32 semanas encarcelado, fui al cabaret y en la madrugada me encontré con Manolo a quien
33 acompañé en las drogadas.

34 Decidimos escalar las paredes para ingresar al cabaret y constatar se había putas durmiendo:
35 una estaba con un cabrón y la otra dormía en su soledad:

1 -¡Manolo, cojamos la que está con el cabrón!

2 -¡No, mejor la que está sola para entrarle a varilla!

3 -¡Bueno!, ¿qué hora es Manolo?

4 -Son las dos de la mañana.

5 -¡Chévere, dos, tres, cuatro de la mañana está la puerta abierta Manolo!.

6 Cuando miré para atrás, Manolo estaba tirado en el piso con los brazos abiertos, roncando.
7 ¡Qué rápido se quedó dormido!. Traté de cumplir con la misión propuesta y con el cuchillo
8 empecé a sacar astillas a la puerta de madera, pedacito por pedacito, hasta llegar al picaporte.
9 Manolo seguía ruco. Se me vino a la mente bajarle los pantalones y hacerlo maricón, pero cambié
10 de pensamiento y lo desperté.

11 -¡Manolo, manolo, despierta que ya está!

12 -¡Sí loco, ponte pilas!

13 Mientras Manolo se le metía a la cama a la puta yo introduje la mano debajo del colchón, cogí
14 la cartera y salí del cuarto. Había un gajo de billetes.

15 -¡Manolo, Manolo, Manolo, vámonos, deja esa puta!

16 -¡Go-go-te-ro!, me dijo, con voz de marihuanero.

17 -¡Vámonos Manola, ya!

18 -¡Ya va go-go-te-ro, tranquilo, que ya mismo participas tú!

19 No le hice caso y salté las paredes. Compré un desayuno y luego me oculté en los montes a
20 drogarme con dos botellas de aguardiente “Cristal” de las grandes, dos tarros de cemento de
21 contacto, cien sobres de base y veinte de marihuana.

22 **91. TREMENDO BONCHE HOSPITALARIO.-**

23 A los ocho días volví a la cárcel y de allí me trasladaron al Cuartel Modelo, de donde salí a los
24 tres meses. Durante esa detención un rival me pegó una puñalada en el lado derecho del tórax. El
25 tenía una navaja y yo solo mis manos y la camisa. Fui a parar al hospital para que me cojan los
26 puntos de rigor. Casi no podía mantenerme de pie y un policía me cuidaba para que no me escape.

27 Me dieron un papel para que pida cama en una ventanilla pero me enojé con los enfermeros y
28 los putié; me senté en el piso, boté el papel y les grité:

29 -¡No ves como estoy chucha y me mandan a mí mismo!

30 -¡Tranquilízate!, me dijo el policía, cogiendo el papel.

1 -¡Qué chucha, tú también, llévame al Modelo que mejor estoy allá!

2 Los enfermeros se asustaron y trajeron prestos una camilla para conducirme a una sala fría,
3 llena de fluorescentes en donde nunca supe si amanecía o anochecía. Me volví a emputar:

4 -Doctor, doctor, ¡llámelo por favor señorita al doctor!

5 -¡Ya viene!

6 -¡Doctor, ¿hasta qué hora me va a tener aquí?. Yo me quiero ir, tengo hambre, solo suero y
7 suero, ¡ya pues!, quiero comer o me voy.

8 -¡Es que aquí tú no te vas a dar de alta!

9 -¡Entonces déme comida!

10 -¡Ya te voy a mandar a sala hijo, tranquilo, tranquilo!

11 -¡Ya, pero que sea ya, doctor!

12 -Aquí dejo firmado el pase para este paciente, señorita...

13 Se fue el doctor, pasaron unas tres horas y a cuatro pacientes llevaron a sala menos a mí.

14 -Señorita, ¿qué pasa conmigo?

15 -Todavía no hay cama desocupada.

16 -¿Y cómo a los otros los han pasado?

17 -No ha dado la orden todavía el doctor, tiene que esperar.

18 -¡Cómo, si el doctor acaba de firmar mi pase!

19 -Espere un momento.

20 -¡Chucha, muévete, pues para andar con la sonrisa y el coqueteo sí eres buena!

21 -¡Llamo al policía que está afuera!

22 -¡Llámalo, pues a mí qué mierda me importa!...Cuento hasta cinco y si no me sacan de aquí yo
23 mismo me saco esa aguja puta de mis venas y quiebro todo esto...uno, dos, tres. Van tres, hablo
24 en serio, cuatro, van cuatro, no respondo señorita coqueta... CINCO...

25 -¡Ya, ya voy!

26 Empujó la camilla y me subieron en ascensor, me llevaban a toda velocidad, más fuerte en los
27 bachecitos para que la cama salte y me lastime.

1 -¡Dále más despacio enfermero mal nacido que no vas llevando a la reputa de tu madre!

2 En la sala donde debía estar hospitalizado conversaban unos enfermeros y uno de ellos fue
3 sargento de la policía al que casi lo matan unos delincuentes por quererlos capturar. Al maldito le
4 dispararon y una bala le entró por la nuca y le salió por la garganta.

5 Al acostarme en la cama asignada uno de ellos me preguntó:

6 -¿Tienes hambre?

7 -¡Sí!

8 El ex-policía se entrometió:

9 -¡Cómete este de acá!, -cogiéndose los testes..

10 Me puse serio ante el vejete y le respondí:

11 -¡Respétame pues chucha, tú no sabes con quién te estas metiendo!

12 -¡Seas quien seas, chucha, a mí no me vas a faltar el respeto!, me respondió.

13 Luego se fue a un casillero donde sacó un casco que movía para que yo lo viera. Era su mejor
14 recuerdo de la gendarmería. Llamé entonces al doctor y le dije que no respondía lo que pase con
15 ese señor que acaba de amenazarme diciendo que cuando llegue su amigo policía le prestaría el
16 revólver para matarme, pero apenas vea el mínimo intento yo lo mataré primero.

17 Santo remedio, enseguida hicieron desaparecer ese ex-policía del frente de mi cama. Sin
18 embargo me sentí importante pues gozaba de perenne resguardo policial, de seis a doce y de
19 doce a seis de todos los días. Por la mañana el doctor me preguntaba: ¿cómo te sientes?, yo
20 respondía: ¡un poco mejor, solo que los policías me hacen problemas!. - ¡No te preocupes que
21 ellos no te pueden pegar aquí dentro del hospital! – aquí mientras yo no te de el alta y no te la
22 daré hasta que arreglen tu problema. ¡GRACIAS DOCTOR!

23 Por la noche un policía me preguntaba:

24 -¿Dónde quieres que te ponga las esposas?

25 -¡Donde tú quieras, aquí no me puedes pegar, me lo dijo el doctor! Si lo hacen, tú o cualquiera
26 de tu camada se están buscando la baja y como se quedarán sin trabajo tendrán que robar, ahora
27 ´si descaradamente, para comer. Así que tus esposas ponlas donde a ti te dé las ganas...

28 Me las puso en los tobillos agarrados a la cama y bien apretadas que me causaron dolor.

29 **92. NO PUDE COMERME EL COCO.-**

30 No me daban chance para fugar pues estaba pues estaba vigilado día y noche, siendo
31 diferentes los policías que se turnaban para cuidarme. ¿Cómo me voy?, ¿qué hago?. En la sala

1 estaba un señor enfermo de una pierna que recibía la visita la visita de sus dos hijas, una por la
2 mañana y otra por la tarde. A una de ellas le guiñé le ojo y me sonrió.

3 Pasaron tres días en los que obligadamente se acercaba al lavabo para asear la vajilla que
4 utilizaba su padre, lo que aproveché para seguirla y enamorarla. Era virgen y no me le pude comer
5 el coco por que el desconfiado guardaba hasta el baño me seguía y se paraba fuera de la puerta.

6 Un día la tenía con los calzones abajo cuando de pronto se asomó el policía por encima de la
7 puerta. ¡Qué inoportuno!. Yo andaba con ropa de enfermero y quería coronar a la pelada, dársela
8 después al policía para que también la corone y dejarlo así entretenido para poder escapar... pero
9 apareció antes de que le toque su turno. Ya que no pude utilizar ese ardid le dije a la chica (tenía
10 treinta años de edad):

11 -¡Andate, yo no te quiero, eres muy vieja!.

12 Nadie le había roto el coco, los labios le brincaban del miedo. NO me gustó por miedosa,
13 además era como tonta por que cuando le pedí ropa para fugar me trajo una vestimenta que no
14 me gustó, por eso me enojé:

15 -¡Tú no sirves para nada, ni para el sexo, miedosa!

16 -¡Pero yo no..., nunca he hecho eso, ten paciencia!

17 -¡Qué paciencia, vieja puta!

18 Se fue llorando y la ropa la boté a la basura.

19 **93. EL CENTRO DE REHABILITACION.-**

20 Empecé a buscar otra salida así que presté Diario "El Universo" para encontrar algún teléfono
21 amigo y descubrí un anuncio que decía: Centro de Rehabilitación para los jóvenes del Ecuador,
22 situado en Quito, una comunidad que lucha contra las drogas sin costo alguno, apoyada por el
23 gobierno de tres países Brasil, Chile y Ecuador...

24 Hablé con la Visitadora Social del hospital y le pedí que llame a ese teléfono. En respuesta,
25 primero vino una psicóloga de lentes, rica la vieja blancota:

26 -¡Hola, hola, buenos días!, ¿cómo te llamas?

27 -¡Dígame primero usted su nombre si quiere que yo le diga el mío! (Sonreí mirándole las
28 tetas).

29 -Mi nombre es Robert Taylor.

30 De inmediato le miré los zapatos y le dije:

31 -Le quedan bonitos, le combinan con el color de su piel. ¡Usted es guapa!

1 Luego le conté mi problema, tuteándola por que me aguantó el bache. Me dijo que solo
2 estaba en reemplazo de la psicóloga que tenía que atenderme a mí.

3 -¡Chuzo!, ¿no nos vamos a ver más?

4 -¡Sí!, me dijo.

5 -Si no es así no te cuento más mis problemas y jándate, ándate, ándate!

6 -No me botes, que ya me voy a ir.

7 Indignada cogió su cartera y se fue, no la volví a ver. Luego vino la Visitadora Social, bien seria,
8 no me dio chance a que la vacile. Le pedí que llame al teléfono cero, cero, cero... no me acuerdo el
9 número, y así lo hizo. Al siguiente día, por la noche llegaron tres señoras dispuestas a ayudarme.
10 Conversamos y cuando las manipulé sentimentalmente les lancé la pregunta clave:

11 -¿Si los policías me cuidan, cómo hacemos para que ustedes me lleven a la recuperación?
12 Sinceramente y se los juro por diosito lindo que quiero conocer ese lugar ya que por la droga
13 estoy aquí y tengo problemas...

14 -¡Sí, pero estás detenido!

15 -¡Sí, así es!

16 -¡Tú lo que quieres es que nosotras te saquemos, eso no, aquí te dejamos el número del
17 teléfono y nuestra dirección en Guayaquil para que llames cuando salgas y nos visites. Gracias y
18 chao!

19 Luego de estar hospitalizado durante dos meses me pusieron las esposas y en un patrullero
20 que esperaba con la sirena encendida y las cuatro puertas abiertas me condujeron al Cuartel
21 Modelo, de donde salí a la semana.

22 **94. ENTRE LA REHABILITACION Y EL MODELO.-**

23 Al quedar libre me junté con un amigo de la Correccional que en una noche se ganó setenta
24 mil sucres asaltando y lo acompañé a comprar ropa.

25 Luego lo acompañé al río, donde llegaban algunos vagos a lavar la ropa y a drogarse mientras
26 esta se secaba. Cuando él buscaba en calzoncillos un jabón cogí la ropa y un par de zapatos
27 nuevos y salí corriendo. Le dejé el polvo, y quien se fue a bañar y ponerse ropa nueva fui yo.

28 En el camino pensé llamar al Centro de Rehabilitación: me baño, me cambio de ropa, de
29 zapatos y llego como nuevo a ver qué es eso de recuperación. ¡Qué ideas más zanahorias!. En eso
30 me encontré con tres billetes de cinco mil recién saliditos, olor a cielo, a dulzura, por primera vez
31 los tenía en mis manos gracias a mi amigo, qué alegría. La emoción me hizo cambiar de idea...
32 mejor iré a pegarme unas pistolas y luego llamaré por teléfono a mis salvadoras...

1 Eleganteado me dirigí donde vendían drogas y me aprovisioné con dos mil sucres en pistolitas.
2 Trago no pedí por que si no me sería imposible ir a rehabilitación oloroso a tufo. Después
3 compraré mejor tres mil sucres en drogas y de allí llamo a Rehabilitación.

4 Consumí mucho más y al quedarme solo cinco mil sucres me dije: qué bien, me alcanza para
5 la llamada y el pasaje a la oficina de Guayaquil, y hasta me sobra; así sea con mil me voy. El pasaje
6 vale cien sucres, me alcanza para comprar una botella chica y el resto en base... mejor me compro
7 la botella grande de ¡Cristal! Y más tarde voy...como hay carro hasta las diez de la noche sí me
8 puedo ir.

9 Compré la botella y me quedé con cuatro mil sucres. Todavía tengo trago, entonces compro
10 los tres mil en base y me termino la otra mitad del licor. Iré con solo mil sucres, más que
11 suficientes....

12 Después de consumir los tres mil sucres me dije: con estos mil sucres compro un tarro de
13 cemento de contacto, me amanzco y de mañanita me iré a la rehabilitación, buena nota ha de
14 ser, mañana voy.

15 Con el nuevo día no pude viajar (¿acaso lo haría..?) pues la policía me encontró inhalando en
16 unos montes donde me quedé dormido. Me acusaron de asalto que nunca lo cometí y terminé en
17 el Cuartel Modelo desde donde después de tres meses me trasladaron a la penitenciaría.

18 **95. EN LA CLINICA DE RECUPERACION.-**

19 Mi compulsión hacia las drogas abortó mi viaje a Quito, sin embargo Dios puso en mi camino
20 a un buen hombre, de noble corazón que encontrándome sufriendo y muriendo en vida, en su visita
21 dominguera a la penitenciaría me propuso una gratuita rehabilitación en la clínica de su
22 propiedad.

23 Instalado en la misma observé que todo era exacto a como se lo había pedido a Dios: dónde
24 lavar mi ropa, cama para dormir, baño para asearme, amigos que no consuman drogas, dormir a
25 buena hora y el desarrollo de un programa sabio en esencia y espiritual por excelencia.

26 Allí empecé a darme cuenta por qué consumía drogas y por qué no podía dejar de hacerlo.
27 Mis nuevos amigos, los verdaderos, me decían, tienes que contarnos todos tus problemas para
28 nosotros ayudarte, tienes que ser honesto. Hay unos puntos principales para que te recuperes,
29 primero tienes que aceptar que eres un alcohólico y un drogadicto.

30 -¿Aceptas que eres alcohólico y drogadicto?

31 -¡Sí!

32 -¿Por qué aceptas?

33 -Por que soy drogadicto, por que no puedo dejar de usar drogas, y para mí, la persona que no
34 puede dejar de consumir es un adicto. Por eso acepto.

1 -¡Correcta tu respuesta! Ahora la siguiente pregunta: ¿crees que eres honesto?

2 -¡Sí!

3 -¿Por qué lo crees?

4 -¡Por que estoy diciendo la verdad!

5 -¡Correcta la respuesta!

6 -¿Qué piensas de este lugar y cómo te sientes al estar con nosotros en terapia?

7 -Pienso que aquí no se droga nadie y que estando con ustedes tampoco lo voy a hacer.

8 -¿Eso tú crees?

9 -¡Sí, eso creo yo!

10 -¿Y cómo te sientes?

11 -¡Bien al pensar que aquí no se drogan!

12 PUMM, una agresión de uno de los presentes (y a la vez ayuda)...

13 -¿Si eres fumón cómo te vas a sentir bien?, ¡mal te sentirás al pensar que aquí nadie a

14 consume!

15 -¡Sí, pero eso es lo que tú piensas!

16 -¿Te fumarías una pistola si te la brindamos?

17 Emputado contesté:

18 -¡No me preguntes güevadas!

19 -¿Por qué te enojas si no es verdad?

20 -Por que si estoy aquí es para dejar, no para que me convides. Si quisiese fumarme una pistola

21 no necesitaría de ti ni de ninguno de ustedes, iría a robar.

22 -¿Crees que puedes dejarlo por completo?

23 -¡Sí, sí creo que puedo dejarlo por completo!

24 -¡Eso créetelo!

25 -¡Me lo creo pues chucha de tu madre y más claro, a mí no me interesa que me creas o no, el

26 único que no se va a drogar soy yo!

27 -¡Eso créetelo!

1 -¡Anda a decirle CREETELO a la puta de tu madre!

2 -¡Qué!, ¿estás bravo?

3 -Bravo no puedo estar por que bravo se le dice al animal.

4 -Y tú, ¿acaso no eres un animal?

5 -¡Sí, pero racional!

6 -¿O sea que por racional te drogabas?

7 -¡No!

8 -¿Entonces, por qué?

9 -Por que a la final no tuve control de mis padres...

10 -¡Ah, le echas la culpa a tus padres!

11 Otro de los compañeros del grupo me preguntó:

12 -¿Le echas la culpa a tus padres?

13 -¡Sí por que tal vez no se preocuparon por mí!

14 Luego, el que inició la conversación:

15 -¡Vélo, el niño bonito quiere que sus padres se preocupen por él! ¡TRAELE LA MAMADERA!

16 -¡METETELA POR EL CULO!

17 Intervino el terapeuta vivencial:

18 -¡A ver muchachos!, ¿cómo se sienten, qué novedad hay?

19 -La novedad es que tenemos un compañero nuevo...

20 -¿Cómo te llamas?

21 -¡Robert Taylor!

22 -¿Cómo te sientes Taylor?

23 -¡Bien, un poco bien!

24 -¿Qué es ese bien, des-me-un-za-do?

25 -Lo bien es que aquí no estoy consumiendo droga hasta el momento.

1 -Y no vas a consumir, se terminó el sufrimiento para ti. Ya hasta cuando pues hermano.
2 ¿Cuántos años llevas consumiendo drogas?

3 -¡Nuevo años!

4 -¿Nueve años...? ¡tienes razón de sentirte bien ahora!. ¿Crees que podrás recuperarte?

5 -¡Yo ya estoy en recuperación!

6 -¡No, tú no estás en recuperación todavía!. Estás dentro de la clínica. Cuando aprendas el
7 Programa podrás decir que estás en recuperación.

8 Uno del grupo me preguntó:

9 -¿Verdad que te vas a recuperar?

10 -¡Sí?

11 -¡YO TE DIGO QUE NO!

12 -¿Por qué?

13 -Por que solo cuando te mueras puedes estar recuperado.

14 -¡No, cuando me muera estoy muerto, y sin drogas estoy recuperado!

15 -¿Sabes una cosa Taylor?, me dijo el terapeuta, ¡tú eres bien inteligente!

16 ¡Gracias!

17 Un amigo del grupo intervino:

18 -¡PERO ESO CREETELO!

19 -¡Esa es tu envidia!, respondí.

20 -¡Eres revanchista!, me increpó otro.

21 -¿Y qué?, ¡quieres que me quede callado como los giles!

22 -¡Taylor, tienes justificación para todo!

23 -¡Yo entonces me quedaré callado, no me sigan jodiendo antes que les entre a cuchillo!

24 El terapeuta intervino:

25 -¡AQUÍ TE ESTRELLAS!

26 -¿Acaso te tengo miedo por que eres terapeuta o por que tienes más talla que yo?

1 ¡Estás equivocado, yo no le tengo miedo a nadie, así que el que se estrella aquí eres tú!

2 -¡No, yo ya no estoy para eso por que para pelear a golpes se necesita de dos estúpidos y yo
3 dejé de serlo! ¿O por qué crees que estoy bien?

4 -¡Entonces, no me la dediques!

5 -¡Es que tengo que dedicártela, para eso estás aquí, pero ten mucho cuidado por que no te
6 aguanto paro. Esa agresividad tuya no es más que del resentimiento que tienes con tu familia.
7 ¡Mal hijo! ¿O no crees que es un resentimiento? De eso hablamos, del resentimiento que tienes
8 con tus padres. ¿O no es verdad? ... ¡Házmelo ver si me equivoco!

9 -¡No, no estás equivocado!

10 -¿Por qué estás resentido con tus padres?

11 -Por que cuando me huí de la casa no me salieron a buscar. Caí en prisión y tampoco me
12 visitaron.

13 -¡Sí, pero eso fue después que huiste de tu casa!, ¿y antes, qué pasó?

14 -Mis padres se separaron y mi madre vivía con un señor que no era mi padre.

15 -Odias a tu madre, ¿verdad?

16 -¡Sí, mucho, mucho!

17 -¿También la quieres?

18 -¡No, no la quiero! No la quiero ni ver por que no vivía con mi padre y mi padrastro me trataba
19 mal. Todos los días me pegaba, me caía mal. Lo odiaba por que me pegaba, lo quería matar y al
20 mismo tiempo me daba odio con mi mamá.

21 Empecé a llorar y a llorar. Todos en silencio.

22 -¡Eso es lo que tienes que hablar, no a venir a tirártela a muy bacán!

23 -¡Es que tú me estás viendo la cara de gil!

24 -¡Estás muy equivocado! Lo que pasa es que estoy tratando de descubrir hasta donde y hasta
25 qué punto está fomentado en ti el resentimiento. ¿No ves que el resentimiento es el que te hace
26 agresivo? Es el resentimiento el que te llevó a consumir drogas, resentimiento que te causó un
27 impacto emocional. ¿Y sabes una cosa?, para que te enteres, los impactos emocionales no
28 permiten el desarrollo interno de la personalidad. Es un impacto emocional ver a tu madre con un
29 hombre que no es tu padre...

30 -¡Sí, por que cuando me drogaba solo pensaba en eso!, ¡SOLO EN ESO! Jamás mi padre me llevó
31 a vivir con mis hermanos paternos, al tener otro hogar. Mi madrastra sí me quiere muchísimo

1 y yo a ella por que me preparaba el desayuno antes de salir a la escuela. Y me revisaba los deberes
2 y me tomaba las lecciones. Pero después mi padre me dio la del zorro por portarme mal en la
3 escuela y sacar rojo en conducta. Escapé de la casa para hacerme drogadicto, ladrón y delincuente
4 callejero.

5 Después de haber llorado el terapeuta me dijo:

6 -¡Toma asiento, mañana seguimos contigo!

7 -¡Gracias!

8 **96. DIOS SI EXISTE.-**

9 La recuperación me empezó a parecer una buena idea, eso es lo que siempre había deseado.
10 Meditaba y daba gracias a Dios llegando a tener la firme idea de que El sí existe en realidad. Al
11 empezar el siguiente día volví a ser el centro de atención de la clínica:

12 -¿Cómo te sientes?

13 -Me siento muy bien y le doy muchas gracias a ustedes.

14 -A nosotros no nos agradezcas, agradécelo a Dios.

15 -Se lo agradezco muchísimo a Dios primero y luego a ustedes.

16 -¿Tú crees en Dios, Taylor?

17 -¿No me estás escuchando darle gracias a Dios, chucha de tu madre?

18 -¡Sí, pero no es para que te enojés, es para que trabajes en paciencia!

19 -¡Anda a hacer trabajar en paciencia a tu madre!

20 El terapeuta intervino preocupado:

21 -¡Tú no te recuperarás Taylor mientras no cambies esos malos esquemas, olvídate de eso,
22 deja esa agresividad a un lado!

23 -¿Acaso tú eres Dios para que me digas que no me voy a recuperar?

24 -¡Sigues siendo el mismo, el mismo Taylor negativo!

25 -¡Qué importa, pero no me drogo!

26 -¡Es que tú no sacas nada con dejar alcohol y droga si lo que te llevó a eso son los defectos de
27 carácter! Ese carácter que tienes es el resentimiento que está formado en ti.

28 -¡Déjame, no eres tú!

1 **97. EL INSTRUMENTO DE DIOS.-**

2 El Director de la Clínica me sacó bajo su responsabilidad del presidio y a él debo mi
3 recuperación. Me brindó un techo, casa en general, amor y comprensión. Me sacaba a la calle
4 cuando salía con su esposa y su hijito todos los fines de semana y dialogaba conmigo:

5 -Vale la pena que te recuperes. Ví cómo sufrías en la prisión. ¡Agradécelo a Dios!

6 -¡A Dios y a ti también!

7 -Piensa que fue Dios que me llevó de visita a ese lugar para que tú salgas. ¡Está comprobado
8 que Dios existe!

9 -¡Sí en verdad, Dios existe! Yo nunca esperé recuperarme pero ahora me doy cuenta que no
10 es como yo pensaba. ¡Mírame como estoy!

11 -¡Sí, así es! Yo te voy a seguir ayudando y espero te portes bien con los muchachos de la
12 recuperación.

13 -¡Sí, pero a veces me les cabreo!, ¿tú qué piensas al respecto?

14 -Normal que te enojas, si a nosotros nunca nos ha gustado que nos digan las verdades.

15 -¡Pero no me vas a botar de tu clínica?

16 -¡No, no pienses eso! Solo quiero que seas un ejemplo para la sociedad y tú puedes.

17 -¡Sí, yo voy a ser un ejemplo para la sociedad! Trataré de entrar más en la recuperación.

18 **98. LA TENTACION DEL DIABLO.-**

19 Al cumplir un mes de internado tuve la oportunidad de salir a la tienda esquinera y solicité lo
20 que me mandaron a comprar. De pronto, un señor llegó y pidió “dos cervezas Club bien heladas”.
21 Qué buen sol el que hacía y al verlas sobre el mostrador sentí un gran deseo de tomarme una de
22 ellas. De lo helada que estaban le sudaban gotitas de agua...

23 Tenía dinero en mi bolsillo y me dije: ¡ya mismo compro una, nadie me va a ver, además mi
24 tratamiento recién empieza! Me detuve, ¡no, mejor no vale, me olerán el tufo y me botarán de la
25 clínica! Nadie me está pagando el tratamiento, es caro, cuesta tres millones de sucres, ¿quién me
26 va a pagar otra recuperación..?

27 **99. LA TERAPIA DEL DIRECTOR.-**

28 Al siguiente día, por la mañana, el Director llegó a dar su terapia:

29 -¡TODOS LOS ADICTOS A TERAPIA!

1 -¡Terapia, terapia, terapia muchachos!, repetíamos todos. ¡Llegó el director!, ¡Taylor ponte las
2 pilas!, ¡Terapia!

3 Yo contestaba burlándome:

4 -¡Qué terapia, ni la puta de tu madre!; y me les reía, pero al mismo tiempo me alistaba para
5 salir.

6 -¡Buenos días muchachos!

7 -¡Buenos días Director!

8 -¿Cómo se sienten?

9 -¡Bien, todos estamos bien!

10 -¿Alguna novedad? Yo alcé la mano. ¡Sí Taylor!, ¿cuál es su novedad?

11 -Mi novedad es que se me ha parado el pipí y quiero coronar a un adicto.

12 -¡Hable serio don Taylor!

13 -¡Serio hablo!

14 Llamó a uno de los encargados del grupo y le dijo:

15 -¡Lleva a Taylor donde las putas o al cabaret, si no , va a salir haciéndoles tonterías aquí a uno
16 de los muchachos!

17 Pasó un tiempito y cuando regresé le dije al director:

18 -¡Gracias por el billete!

19 -¡Agradéceme no recayendo, de esa forma me gusta que me agradezcan! (y hasta el
20 momento le estoy agradeciendo por no haber recaído).

21 **100. LA MANIA DE ROBAR.-**

22 Los disgustos dentro de la clínica se sucedían porque nos cogíamos las cosas sin antes pedir las
23 a sus dueños como: pasta dental, jabón, toallas, calzoncillos, medias, peinillas. Cuando algo se
24 perdía el enojo se le notaba al adicto achacado en las sesiones de terapia:

25 -¿Y usted por qué está enojado?

26 -Por que tenía un par de medias que lavé anoche para ponérmelas hoy en la mañana y no las
27 encontré.

28 -¡Solo por eso, estás mal!

1 -iClaro pues, no ves que no es justo que estando en recuperación se le pierdan las cosas a
2 uno!

3 -¿Y estás mal, verdad?

4 -iSí!

5 -Ahora, acuérdate cuando robabas, al adicto le gusta robar, pero que le roben se come
6 mierda.

7 Cuando el director dijo eso todos los adictos reímos y hasta el mismo achacado, quién
8 respondió:

9 -iTienes la razón!

10 De pronto, un alzó la mano para pedir la palabra.

11 -iUn momento, a mí también se me ha perdido algo!

12 -¿Qué se te perdió?

13 -Un calzoncillo que tenía en el cajón. Aquí hay alguien que se está cogiendo las cosas y eso de
14 que el adicto roba y no le gusta que le roben es una justificación para el que lo ha hecho o para el
15 que se anda robando las cosas. Al menos yo (limpiándose las manos) ¡nunca he robado!

16 El director le respondió:

17 -¿Tú dices que no has robado?

18 -iNo, nunca!

19 -¿Y la felicidad de tus padres quién se la robó, acaso no fuiste tú ese ladrón?

20 Todos sonreímos, incluso el que se sacudía las manos.

21 -Bueno, dejemos de perder el tiempo en tonterías, tonteras que los hacen sentir mal.
22 ¡TAYLOR, LA PLENA!, dijo el director. Me tiraron a mí la culpa de las pérdidas de medias y
23 calzoncillos. Nada contesté. ¡TU ERES ENTONCES!, gritó el director.

24 -¿Por qué me echas la culpa?

25 -Por que estás de acuerdo que no se siga reclamando. ¿Acaso es tontera lo que se ha perdido?

26 Me levanté el pantalón y les mostré mis medias y al otro le enseñé el calzoncillo y terminé
27 puteándolos a todos.

28 Empezó la terapia pasándoseme al frente:

29 -¿Si tú no eres por qué te sientes mal?

1 -Pues me cabrea, por que los policías siempre que me capturaban drogándome en la calle me
2 acusaban de ladrón sin estar robando y me pedían bicicletas, radios, equipos de sonido que no
3 había yo robado. Les decía que no era y me contestaban con palos, dejándome como culebra
4 apaleada desmayada en el piso. Luego me tiraban un baldazo de agua par revivirme. Por eso es
5 me da coraje que me acusen de algo que no robé. ¡Ya no es para tanto!

6 Contestó el director:

7 -No es para tanto para ti, pero sí para mí.

8 -No ves que me pegaban los policías y sin haber sido de ninguna banda todavía me
9 preguntaban: ¿de qué banda eres? Cuando caí preso por primera vez tenía once años y fue por
10 eso por lo que me interesé en ingresar a una de ellas y poder decir: ¡soy de tal banda! De esa
11 forma no quería quedarme atrás de los demás. Unos decían “yo soy de la banda de SICAFE; otro,
12 yo de LOS PETERS; un tercero, yo de LOS FANTASMAS”... y yo no era de ninguna. Más tarde, para
13 no quedarme atrás integré la banda de LOS LOBOS, donde también entré por curiosidad y por
14 andármela tirando de muy bacán.

15 **101. MI AMIGA LA DROGA.-**

16 Después de almorzar empezamos la terapia y me pasaron nuevamente al frente:

17 -Taylor, ¿odias a tu madre?

18 -¡Sí, odio a mi madre!

19 -¿Por qué la odias?

20 -Ya se los dije, por que se separaron con mi padre.

21 -¿No crees que ellos también pudieron tener problemas?

22 -Pienso que sí y que ustedes tienen la razón, pero eso no es el motivo para que una madre
23 bote a su hijo de la casa. Más preferencia le dio a un hombre como mi padre que la abandonó que
24 a mí que soy su hijo. Cuando vivían juntos mi papá le dijo: ¡no quiero ver a tu hijo aquí en la casa y
25 si llego a encontrarlo te vas tú y tus dos hijos, no sé adonde pero se van de aquí! Yo ya consumía
26 drogas y mi mamá prefirió botarme. Le rogué a dios que les diera felicidad y me fui a consumir un
27 tarro de cemento de contacto, llorando y pidiéndole a dios que me lleve con él, NO tenía hogar
28 donde refugiarme.

29 -¿Y de allí qué hiciste? ¿A quién le contabas tus problemas?

30 -¡A LA DROGA! Quería a la droga a pesar de darme cuenta que me estaba haciendo daño...

31 -¡Taylor, cuéntanos cómo es que querías a la droga!

1 -¡Sí! Metía un poco de cemento de contacto dentro de una funda y antes de inhalar la
2 empezaba a acariciar, le pasaba la mano por encima y le decía: mi amiga, mi única amiga; yo
3 tendré que morir con usted. Le daba un beso y luego consumía.

4 Riéndose un amigo del grupo preguntó:

5 -¿O sea que estabas enamorado de la droga?

6 -¡Sí cucha de tu madre, no te me rias! (Me puse a llorar) Intervino el director:

7 -¿Qué le quieres hacer a quien se te rió?

8 -¡Meterle un patazo en la cara!

9 Terminó la terapia y por primera vez en mi vida le pedí disculpas a mi amigo por haberlo
10 insultado. Acostumbramos en el grupo a decirnos las verdades, cueste lo que cueste, sin
11 guardarse nada que nos moleste. Eso se llama HONESTIDAD.

12 **102. DIALOGO CON LA DROGA.-**

13 -Droga, ¿por qué me persigues?

14 -Por que me perteneces, por que me probaste.

15 -Sí, droga pero ahora y ano estoy contigo.

16 -Así no estés conmigo es esa la razón por la que más te seguiré. Tendrás problemas y cuando
17 no los puedas resolver estaré lista para hacértelos olvidar.

18 -¡Sí droga!, pero cuando te consumía no era feliz. Acuérdate droga, fui a la cárcel. ¿Te
19 acuerdas droga cuando estaba junto a ti encendida en mis manos y acariciándote al mismo
20 tiempo te consumía? No me supiste cuidar.. un carro repleto de policías llegó donde estábamos. A
21 mí me llevaron a la cárcel y tú te quedabas casi en la mayoría de las que los policías no me
22 castiguen con sadismo o que me pongan más tiempo de condena. Entonces, ¿por qué no salías y
23 me defendías de los patazos y puñetes..? De ti solo habían huellas en mis dedos. Droga, me
24 parece que tú eres enemiga de los policías, ¿por qué te escondías?

25 -¡Sí, Taylor, tienes razón! No me llevo con los policías, por eso no me podía presentar cuando
26 te daban patazos y puñetes. Recuerdo que también te guindaron y me daba gusto verte por que
27 en realidad aguantabas y eras bien valiente.

28 -¡Pero ahora quiero que no me sigas!

29 -¿Por qué, si éramos buenos amigos?

30 -¡Tú has dicho el porqué droga, ERAMOS BUENOS AMIGOS!

31 -¿Pero qué te separa de mí?

1 -¡Me separa Dios! Tú te satisfacías viendo cómo me iba destruyendo poco a poco, pero usé mi
2 astucia mientras estabas conmigo: le pedía a Dios en mis pensamientos que me separe de ti. Por
3 eso ahora estoy libre de ti. ¿Es o no es verdad, droga?

4 -¡Sí, es la verdad, pero ahora me rebelo contra ti y te odio. Ahora te odio y no voy a descansar
5 hasta no verte atrapado otra vez pro mí!

6 -Si te rebelas contra mí, droga, yo no lo haré contra ti por que si tú me dabas rebeldía, Dios
7 me daba paciencia, tolerancia y mucho más cuidado. Ante ti actuaré con humildad, con humildad
8 diré no cuando me tetes tomando como instrumento las personas que se encuentran atrapadas
9 por ti. Te digo también droga que cuando llegaste a mí yo era un niño de once años de edad y
10 ahora que tengo diecinueve, mi mente, la mente que Dios no te permitió destruir por completo ya
11 no está inmadura. El sufrimiento que me causaste al refugiarme en ti con mis problemas, por
12 escapar de ellos, por evadir la realidad ahora lo mitigo pidiéndole perdón a Dios por andar
13 contigo. Tú droga eres una mala junta y me cuidaré de ti no juntándome con las personas que te
14 consumen ya que ellos son ciegos en sus pensamientos. Sin embargo, le pido a dios por ellos.

15 -¡Taylor, no te atrevas a pedir a dios por los demás, sálvate tú solo!

16 -“No droga, ahora yo no puedo hacer lo que tú me digas, como antes! Ahora le tengo que
17 hacer caso a Dios, por que El ha tomado poder en mí. A ti droga desobedeceré cuando me quieras
18 brindar un trago por intermedio de uno de tus seguidores.

19 -Yo soy la droga. ¡Cúidate Taylor de mí! Me encuentro en tu presente. ¡Te seguiré, te seguiré,
20 te seguiré!

21 -¡Yo soy Robert Taylor! No te preocupes de mí, droga. En mis pensamientos formas parte de
22 un pasado. ¡Me cuidaré, me cuidaré, mucho me cuidaré!, ¡Ya basta!, dijo Dios.

23 **103. LAS ESTRATEGIAS ANTIDROGAS.-**

24 Ahora que estoy en recuperación tengo que cuidarme de las drogas que en cualquier
25 momento me pueden tentar. Y ¿cómo me cuido?: ...evitando juntarme con personas que andan
26 con ella, ni reuniéndome con los que paran en las esquinas. Eso es en lo externo; en lo interno
27 tengo que procurar no resentirme con cualquiera que me agreda, pues si dejo fomentar ese
28 resentimiento puedo entrar en un estado depresivo.

29 Este es mucho más fuerte que el resentimiento y puedo evadirlo bebiendo un vaso con
30 cerveza, y luego de beber llego por que llego a la droga. Lo que sí es verdad es que la droga no se
31 va a salir con la suya, ¡bien difícil es!, por que aún estando resentido y depresivo tengo
32 mecanismos para mantenerme sin consumir como por ejemplo repitiéndome: “TODO PASA TODO
33 PASO Y LO BUENO DE LO MALO ES QUE PASA”. Solo que debo tener paciencia y esperar que el
34 tiempo transcurra por que con su tránsito todo dolor pasa y todo problema también.

1 Pero una cosa sí les digo, que mantenerse sin consumir drogas o alcohol es de valientes.
2 Valientes somos quienes luchamos contra los problemas o los enfrentamos sin consumir. Pondré
3 un ejemplo: un individuo de veinte años de edad tenía una enamorada con la que llevaba tres
4 años de novio. Ella sintió una atracción más sentimental por otro hombre de veintidos años de
5 edad. ¡Qué duro se le hizo al novio aceptar esa situación! Se resintió, no dormía ni comía, se puso
6 flaco flaco, estaba perdido.

7 Una tarde luego de bañarse salió a la calle para disipar y lo llamaron los amigos diciéndole:
8 ¡TOMATE UN TRAGO! El no bebía pero sin pensarlo dos veces aceptó la invitación. Mas tarde llegó
9 borracho a la casa, ¡sorpresa para los padres! ¿Vieron cómo no supo enfrentar el problema sin
10 evadir? ¿Vieron cómo evadió el problema?

11 Repito, lo bueno de lo malo es que pasa. Otro ejemplo: un corte en la rodilla por alguna caída.
12 Al principio duele y duele, fastidia, sangra, se le pega en el pantalón, ¡qué dolor!, ¿verdad? Pero
13 después de unos días deja de doler y con el tiempo se hace una cicatriz. Es allí cuando podemos
14 ver que todo dolor pasa. ¡Vieron!

15 **104. MI PROGRAMA DE RECUPERACION.-**

16 Yo te puedo ayudar en base a mi experiencia. Me sé un programa de recuperación y te lo voy
17 a explicar para que te lo aprendas querido amigo, ¡OJO!:

- 18 1. Lee y piensa, vive lo mejor de lo que lees.
- 19 2. Tú eres el único que elige, te vas por el bien o por el mal.
- 20 3. Agárrate de las cosas buenas.
- 21 4. No te agredas, no te hagas daño. ¡Haz caso loco!
- 22 5. Si tu mamá te dicen no vayas a la esquina, no vayas pues. ¿No ves que te quiere y que te
23 está cuidando?
- 24 6. Dios te habla por intermedio de todas las vivencias y transmite su mensaje por nosotros
25 mismos. Te enseña de donde te sacó y hasta donde puedes llegar.

26 Mira el infierno al que yo llegué.

27 *¡PONTE PILAS LOCO, HAZ CASO!*

28 **105. NO TEMAS SOLICITAR AYUDA.-**

29 Todo alcohólico y drogadicto para dejar de consumir solo tiene que pedir ayuda ya que está
30 comprobado que en solitario no nos libramos jamás del vicio. En mi caso, cuántas veces no
31 intenté dejarlo por mi propia voluntad y nunca me dio resultado por más que se lo pedía a Dios.

32 Los resentimientos, las agresiones, las fuertes compulsiones fomentadas desde la infancia en
33 nosotros no las podemos dominar, ellas nos manejan. Mientras no resolvamos esos conflictos será
34 imposible una recuperación. Si visitamos un psicólogo aisladamente imbuído en su profesión solo

1 consejos y advertencias recibimos: “debe tener paciencia, no se altere por gusto, son cosas que ya
2 pasaron”.

3 Ante tanta desorientación es mejor ingresar a una clínica de conducta en donde vamos a
4 conformar parte de un grupo y a obtener la identificación aliviadora mediante el diálogo:

5 -¡Pasa tú al frente! ¿Por qué consumías?

6 -¡Por que me gustaba! (dicen unos); ¡No sé! (dicen otros?).

7 -¡Voy a investigar por qué te drogabas ¡ (dice el terapeuta). ¿Te gustaría saberlo? ¡CONTESTA!

8 -¡Sí!

9 -¿Cómo te sientes?

10 -¡BIEN!

11 -¡Eso es mentira, tú no te sientes bien! ¿Por qué mientes? Para poderte ayudar tienes que
12 ser honesto, tienes que manifestar todo lo que te molesta, tienes que sacar todo ese odio y ese
13 resentimiento.

14 (el paciente se queda callado, pues es novato en clínica).

15 ¡Expresa cuáles son las cosas que no aceptas de tu papá, de tu mamá, de tus hermanos!
16 ¿Qué te pasó? ¿Qué no te gusta de ellos?

17 -¿Qué fue que viste que no te gustó? ¡RESPONDE!

18 -No me gustó que mi mamá se fue de casa.

19 -¡Eso!, ¡eso habla! Estás lleno de resentimiento, ¡BOTA!, ¡BOTA! Confiesa que querías matar a
20 tu madre. ¿Por qué no hablas de eso? Es que no aceptas que tu madre te haya dejado botado. (las
21 lágrimas del adicto ruedan por sus mejillas). Ese es el odio y el resentimiento que tú tienes con tu
22 madre. ¡SIGUE! ¿Qué más hay todavía? ¡Eso no es nada, de aquí sales papelito! Te recuperas por
23 que te recuperas, de ahí en adelante depende de ti. ¡Vamos, sigue! ¿qué más hay? Querías matar
24 a tu madre, SI, per la quieres también. ¿Verdad que sí?

25 -¡Sí, así es! (vuelven a rodar lágrimas por sus mejillas, mientras se alista a contar su
26 problema).

27 -¡Toma asiento!, ¿cómo te sientes?

28 -¡MEJOR!

29 -¡Así es como tú tienes que sentirte! Mañana continuaremos...

30 A otro adicto que recién ingresa a clínica el terapeuta le dijo:

1 -¡Pasa al frente! ¿Cómo es contigo? ¡Ya debes ir hablando! ¿Cuántos hijos tienes?

2 -Tres.

3 -¡Habla, bota tus problemas mal padre! ¡Que te llegue al guacho! ¿Por qué haces sufrir a tus
4 hijos? ¿Acaso ellos tienen la culpa de pagar todo tu odio, todos tus resentimientos? ¡HABLA! ¿Por
5 qué haces sufrir a tus hijos?

6 -¡Tú no me vas a decir que hago sufrir a mis hijos! No he sido un mal padre, a ellos nada les
7 falta, lo que necesitan se lo compro.

8 -¡ESO ES LO QUE TU DICES, MATERIALISTA! ¡Eso es lo que eres! De qué le sirve a tus hijos
9 tenerlo todo si lo mejor para ellos es tener un padre que los lleve a jugar al parque, que los saque
10 a pasear. ¿A quién les darán ellos la queja de que eso les falta, si tú llegas borracho?
11 O...pregúntale a tus hijos cómo se sienten...

12 -¡Pregúntales tú, pues...

13 -¡VE, sigue cerrado este maldito, mal padre!

14 Con el mismo sujeto, en terapia confrontativa a la que asiste su hijo:

15 -¿Cómo te llamas niño?

16 -José.

17 -Joselito, ¿qué te gustaría de tu papá? (periodo de silencio?. Hable Joselito. ¡DICELO!,
18 ¡DICELO! ¡Este es el momento para decirle las verdades a tu papito! ¡Dile, dile no más!

19 -Que... que... (balbucea el niño).

20 -¡Vamos, vamos! (anima el terapeuta).

21 -Que, que, no le pegue a mi mamá y que no tome... ¡HUA, HUA, HUA!

22 -¡Si ves!, ¿eres o no eres mal padre? ¿Ves como sufren tus hijos? ¡YA!, ¡REFLEXIONA! ¿Hasta
23 cuándo? Ellos no tienen la culpa de nada, ellos son ingenuos, ¡están aquí para quererlos! ¡Dios te
24 los ha dado para que los quieras, para que compartas con ellos y no para hacerlos sufrir!

25 -¡Bueno!, me has hecho recapacitar, en verdad, me has ayudado muchísimo!

26 -¿Te gustaría abrazar a tu hijo?

27 -¡Sí!

28 -¡Vaya allá Joselito y abraza a su papá!

29 El niño abrazó a su padre y luego de pasar varios días cambiaron las cosas:

1 -Joselito, ¿cómo van las cosas con tu papá?

2 -¡BIEN! Me lleva a pasear al parque, al cine, a las diversiones que se anuncian en los
3 periódicos y a la piscina.)al recordar el niño que antes no lo hacía, vuelve a llorar. Esto dio al
4 padre nueva motivación para seguirse corrigiendo en sus actitudes hacia su hijo).

5 Lo cierto es que poco a poco fue desapareciendo el resentimiento del niño y más adelante
6 contaba sus aventuras sin llorar. Fue un niño feliz...

7 **106. LA CLAVE ES EL HOGAR.-**

8 Si no somos nadie para castigar a un hermano o a un padre, somos nadie para juzgar al otro.
9 Castigar a un niño indefenso es ofenderlo. No es justo que sin tener la culpa de haber nacido sea
10 castigado por los mismos que lo traen a “vivir la vida”. Un niño debería más bien recibir amor,
11 comprensión, cariño, paciencia aunque no se cuente con las cosas materiales para satisfacerlo.

12 Mucho mejor es un hogar humilde y con amor humilde en el sentido económico por que de
13 esta forma, al ir desarrollándose podrá comprender que los padres no han tenido suerte para
14 poseer lo económico y se le hará fácil aceptarlo. Pero lo difícil de aceptar son las agresiones
15 emocionales. De allí se origina un comportamiento inadecuado que culmina convirtiéndolo en un
16 bandolero, un ladrón, un marihuanero, un asaltante, un criminal, un presidiario, pagando
17 condenas por violaciones y robos.

18 Sugiero a los niños que piensan huir de sus hogares que no lo hagan. En la calle hay hambre,
19 imagínate: CHIRO, sin dos reales, sin tu papá, sin tu mamá, sin tus hermanos, sin tus tíos, sin tus
20 abuelitos. ¿Quién te va a dar de comer y cómo harás para satisfacer tu hambre? ¿A qué niño le
21 gusta trabajar?

22 No hay que dejarse convencer de los mejores amigos ya que me consta que éstos a uno le
23 encaminan mal. ¡Está o no está claro? Soy tu amigo. NO te vayas de tu casa, pídeles perdón a tus
24 padres por algún error que hayas cometido, no los evades.

25 En la calle hay drogas, peleas, robo, cárceles, mala crítica de tu persona. Eres mal visto y creas
26 desconfianza si conocen tus nombres y tus apellidos. Si andas en el mal y fuera de tu casa nadie
27 te respeta, tocados se preguntarán: ¿quién es ese chico?, ¿quiénes serán sus padres?; y criticarán:
28 ¡qué padres que ha de tener! ¡qué padres para más descuidados!, ¡fuera mi hijo le metiera una
29 buena pisa y listo!

30 ¿Qué está pasando en ese momento?: estás siendo criticado por los demás, es allí donde
31 empiezas a ser rechazado por la sociedad. Y para vengarte te irás profundizando más y más en lo
32 negativo. Luego no hay quien te saque de las garras del vicio y de las drogas. Solo Dios y esto, si es
33 que crees en EL, por que le llegarás hasta a perder la Fe.

34 Si perdiste la fe en ti mismo al ser criticado por la sociedad, cómo no vas a perder la fe en Dios.
35 Aquí es cuando la droga forma parte de ti y tú formas parte de ella. NOTA: piensa bien, por favor.

1 **107. LO IMPORTANTE QUE ES EL SEGUIMIENTO.-**

2 Un adicto terminó su tratamiento de tres meses de duración y fue dado de alta. Mientras
3 estaba en terapia siempre decía: ¡VENGO A MI SEGUIMIENTO, POR QUE ME VENGO! ¡TODO
4 PUEDE SER, PERO MI SEGUIMIENTO ES MAS IMPORTANTE QUE CUALQUIER OTRA COSA! ¿NO VES
5 QUE ES MI VIDA MI RECUPERACION?

6 Se le hizo la despedida. El seguimiento le tocaba cada cinco días o por lo menos diez horas
7 semanales. El primer día estuvo puntual. La siguiente semana, puntual. Llegaba dos o tres veces
8 por semana y los demás decían: ¡Qué bien que se lo ve a ese adicto!, ¡anda muy bien!

9 Al pasar cuatro semanas faltó una semana entera. La siguiente semana no apareció. Luego de
10 tres semanas llegó a la clínica pero no entró a la terapia, quedándose con los compañeros que
11 tenían más tiempo de recuperación. Luego entró y alzó la mano como político en la campaña,
12 saludó ¡buenas tardes muchachos!, esto, cuando finalizaba la sesión psicoterapéutica.

13 Definitivamente dejó de venir al seguimiento y pasados los tres meses desde su alta, recayó.

14 **108. LA FE EN DIOS.-**

15 Debemos ayudar a otras personas por intermedio de nuestras vivencias para que no se
16 droguen y rectifiquen si lo han hecho, que empiecen a buscar la salida y ésta es TENER FE. La fe en
17 Dios, una fe que salga expresada con letras y palabras desde el interior del corazón ofendido y
18 resentido por agresiones externas. Lo que nos daña es el mal que hay en la otra persona y cuando
19 tu corazón empieza a pedir ayuda a Dios es cuando sientes la FE.

20 Le pides al Señor con lágrimas en los ojos que te salve. Es entonces tu corazón el que le habla
21 a Dios, por su intermedio le enseña cómo te encuentras. Puedes solicitar la ayuda divina con la fe
22 más profunda, pero de ahí vienen los pensamientos, te obsesionas con el pedido y desesperas.

23 No mandamos en nosotros, lo tengo bien comprobado. Examinen esto, analícenlo bien:
24 muchas veces las cosas no salen como uno las tiene pensadas. ¿Pregúntate por qué?, antes de
25 terminar de leer esta obra. Soy testigo de mi propio sufrimiento, pero pude recuperarme...Mi
26 recuperación empezó el día menos esperado.

27 Se lo pedía a dios: dios, por favor ayúdame, cuídame Señor, sácame de las drogas Señor, eso
28 solo tú lo puedes hacer. Yo no puedo Dios, a cada momento digo “esta es la última vez, la última
29 vez y la última vez”, y no puedo Dios. Ya estoy cansado, todos los días lo mismo y lo mismo.
30 Mírame Dios, yo no quisiera pero lo voy a hacer. Yo se que te estoy fallando Señor.

31 Todo esto lo decía al momento que inhalaba la droga. Luego del efecto, una pausa; miraba al
32 cielo y buscaba entre las nubes la mirada de Dios, a ver si lo divisaba para que me diga algo.
33 Suspiraba del cansancio y decía: dios, llévame por favor, ya no quiero vivir.

1 Señor, por favor. Ya mismo me dan ganas de drogarme otra vez. Tócame con tu mano Señor.
2 Está bien Dios, ya tú me has de querer llevar, por eso dejas que me drogue. Allá tú me esperas
3 Dios, verás que me voy a morir.

4 Y consumía a toda velocidad para tratar de llegar más rápido a la morada de Dios. Tuve una
5 serie de detenciones y cada vez que me encerraban enseguida estaba clamándole a Dios: estoy
6 bien Dios, sé que tú no me vas a dejar dentro de la prisión, solo me castigarás unos días; esperaré
7 hasta que me levantes el castigo, Señor, tras las rejas y sin temor.

8 **109. MIS VEINTICUATRO HORAS.-**

9 Ahora estoy sosegado y vivo con la paz del Señor. Soy un terapeuta vivencial que
10 constantemente me retroalimento ayudado a que otros dejen de sufrir por causa de la
11 drogadicción. Tengo muchos trastornos de conducta aún no resueltos definitivamente (¿cuándo,
12 mi Dios?) por que mi personalidad resultó sumamente afectada.

13 Soy receloso al futurizar, sin embargo, al enrolarme en la conscripción para servir a mi Patria
14 llegué a la convicción de que obligadamente tendré que dejar de VIVIR MIS VEINTICUATRO
15 HORAS.

16 Indudablemente, con este relato hice las preliminares...

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9.2. Target Text

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TAYLOR OF THE WOLVES

My desperate struggle against drug addiction

I met Taylor in March 1992 in a psycho-therapeutic clinic of the city of Guayaquil. I was surprised when he told me that he identified himself with the first chapter of my book “The World is Spinning”, of which I’d donated a copy to that institution’s library. Frankly, I was flattered.

In November, Taylor started working as an experiential therapist in the “Therapeutic Community against Alcoholism and Drug Dependency” (TCADD) under my management and I found out that his expectations had been cut short when he’d reached the part where the main character had been found innocent of the murder of the President of the Municipal Council of Tres Cruces:

“I thought the rest of the book would also be about the prison theme, and when I realized it wouldn’t be so, I didn’t finish reading it.”

A little disappointed as I was – who wouldn’t be? – I replied that it was not the plot of the book as it was just the introductory chapter, for orientation and future projections.

Out of a sudden, Taylor got enthusiastic and confessed his idea of writing a book as he had enough material:

“Do you know what it means having been arrested 40 times in only 18 years? I’ve seen guys like me who record their experiences in books. I like it when I see a criminal running around with a sack full of money in his hands, followed by the cops holding huge pistols. I did the same.”

“If you feel like doing so, tell me your story, but change your identity,” I told him.

“If that’s how you will deal with it, I’d rather say nothing!”

“It’s because sooner or later it could harm you.”

He assured me, “No, there won’t be any trouble.”

“You or your family could be affected!” I insisted.

“Family! I’ve never had a family! Besides, I’ve always wanted to write a novel about my life!”

I said, “I know parts of your life, you know it well. That’s why I’m asking you: How will you react when your criminal experiences are considered a public fact?”

1 “I don’t care, because I’ve assimilated everything that’s happened in my life.
2 Besides, I’m not into alcohol or drugs anymore, but into a recovery process
3 completing 20 months of withdrawal,” he replied.

4 “Ok! Let’s do this, then! I’ll take care of listening to you and editing, reading,
5 and correcting what you write, organizing the content, and everything else which
6 will help your plans, since you have noble intentions. But, do you really want to
7 write using your real name?”

8 He replied, “Yes! I want you to do this! I want it to be read as TAYLOR!

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20 “All truths that are kept silent become poisonous.”

21 Friedrich Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra

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1 **1. MY EARLY CHILDHOOD**

2 Taylor is my last name, but, everybody uses it as my given name, a
3 generalized acceptance I'm going to maintain throughout this story, the story of
4 my life. I'm an alcohol and drug addict, but, thanks to God, I'm in recovery now,
5 and through my experiences I'd like to contribute to prevent many homes from
6 going through the biggest of all pains: to watch helplessly how their children
7 destroy themselves due to drug addiction.

8 In the underworld I was known as "Mouse", "Little Poisoned Mouse", "Cuco
9 Valoy", "The Brazilian", "Crazy Seso", "Snub Nosed Dog", "Guaco Two", "The
10 Funky Guy", and "The Lorenzo Skint". Prostitutes nicknamed me like that after the
11 police brought me to the Psychiatric Hospital "Lorenzo Ponce" when they found
12 me in flagrante inhaling contact cement.

13 I began to be violently attacked when I was five years old. At that age, a
14 woman of about 17 years played sexually with me and then raped me. When I
15 was six years old, a man tried to sodomize me. I fought lying face down trying to
16 stop him. I tried to bite his hand and to grab him by his skin so he would let go of
17 me until I was saved by a stranger who was providentially passing by.

18 Those attacks are known as emotional impacts, which, while I was growing,
19 intimidated and offended me more and more. Mistreated by my step-father, I felt
20 hatred towards my mother, and in the solitude of my soul I asked myself, "Who is
21 this stranger?" I lived emotional torture, a life full of bitterness. I cried and cried at
22 night before I fell asleep, avoiding being seen as my pain was my property.

23 At six o'clock in the morning my step-father would yell, "Hey, get up! Fucking
24 faboy! Slack! Go, buy bread for breakfast!

25 I replied with a low voice, "I'm coming already." And immediately, my ears got
26 offended by hearing, "Move, damn it!"

27 I got up scared, frightened, I was so frightened I couldn't even say good
28 morning. I felt shame and hatred. I tried to evade him, not to give him any
29 opportunity, but he stood in front of me and I bent my head and looked
30 somewhere else.

31 "Don't you know how to greet?" – "...good morning..." He yelled at me, "GOOD
32 MORNING WHAT?! GOOD MORNING, DAD! THIS IS WHAT YOU MUST SAY!" I
33 replied quietly, "Good morning, dad." He yelled again, "YOU HAVE TO SAY
34 GOOD MORNING, DAD! DON'T YOU SEE THAT I AM RAISING YOU? FUCKING
35 FABOY! Go buy that bread, and you'd better be quick for your own good!"

36 Now that the years have passed by I think and say: this son of a bitch so-called
37 step-father indeed screwed up my life! I've forgiven him since because of his
38 stupidity I was able to realize how attacked a child would feel with this type of

1 mistreatment and, because of that, I am now able to give love, and I really do give
2 lots!

3 When they sent me to buy tomatoes, onions and green pepper, I came back
4 with tomatoes, cumin, and peppers. So they yelled at me, "STUPID IGNORANT!
5 GO GIVE IT BACK!"

6 I went back to the store, but on the way I scolded and cursed myself for
7 having been born, and I told myself: I will kill myself right now, damned life of
8 mine! Arriving at the store I had to expect another dispute. The storekeeper, my
9 mother, and my step-father told me off:

10 The storekeeper said, "What are you thinking of, child, so little and so
11 forgetful! Eh? Heavens! What patience one must have with these kids!"

12 My mother said, "What are you always thinking of? Every time I send you to
13 buy something you come home with another thing!"

14 My step-father gave me first a tap on my head that felt just like when you hit a
15 dry coconut, and then said, "This is what you need so you remember, and don't
16 you dare look at me like that!"

17 I said to myself, "I wish you died, jerk!"

18 After breakfast I swept the floor of the house and once I'd finished the task, I'd
19 tell him, "I'm done sweeping the floor!" He would shout, "I'm coming to check and
20 for every piece of dirt I find, you will win a prize!"

21 What a mess! The prize was a tap on my head, a push, or a harsh pull on my
22 hair. He tortured me, this bastard! At that moment I had ideas: Kill him! Then,
23 another one: Fight with him when you're grown up. Another: Where shall I go?

24 I was six years old and already thought: Growing's taking too long; I'd better
25 hit him with a slash of a machete and cut off his head. I didn't do it because I
26 thought that I wouldn't have the strength to do it while giving him an opportunity to
27 kill me, instead.

28 I decided to grow up and to fight with him under equal conditions.

29 **2. MY FIRST VICE**

30 We lived in Quevedo in the Province of Los Ríos, in a suburban sector where
31 only impoverished people lived. At dawn I used to look out of the window to spy
32 on God between the clouds. I wanted to see him to know whom he would look
33 alike.

34 One of those routine days my step-father's mother visited us with an
35 invitation to go and pray to the Holy Well of the Virgin of San Camilo.

1 As I was the eldest sibling, I was left in charge of my sister and of my half-
2 brother, son of my mother and of my step-father. They left in the morning and
3 came back in the afternoon. I spent my time eating dirt. I ate so much dirt that I
4 was already potbellied, I suffocated as from exhaustion. I couldn't breathe and I
5 was dying.

6 At the cemetery, my "family" picked up the rest of the melted wax over the
7 gravestones to make a ball of candle. This ball, together with the lighted candles
8 in front of the Virgin's image, made up a miraculous formula. And to complete any
9 necessary miracle, they brought home a vase full of holy water. Praise God!

10 When they entered the house, I was lying on the ground of the living room.
11 The old woman startled and yelled surprised, "HEY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH
12 HIM?!" My mother said, "I'll tell you, he was eating dirt!" "But, my dear," said the
13 old woman to her, "this child is really sick, we have to do something, let's go see a
14 doctor or go to the hospital." My mother replied, "Just leave him there, let him die,
15 considering that when he's grown, he'll probably be like his father!"

16 But the old lady insisted, "No, for God's sake! I have to do something! Give
17 me the vase! I brought holy water, some ball candles, too!" My mother went to her
18 room, took off her outdoor clothes, put on her around-the-house clothes and went
19 to sleep, while my step-father's mother, whom I loathed, tried to save my life.

20 My sister searched in the old woman's handbag and passed her the candles
21 and the holy water. She started passing the candle over my forehead in form of a
22 cross while she prayed. After that, she had me drinking three sips of the holy
23 water.

24 After a few minutes I started to throw out the dirt with water by my mouth,
25 nose and anus. I almost died. Finally, something like white orange skin came out
26 of me and I fell to the ground. I was in the arms of my step-father's mother. I felt
27 weak, very weak with my eyes sunken and a bitter taste in my mouth. Damn! I
28 almost died and the old bitch saved me!

29

30 **3. THE FEAR OF PUNISHMENT**

31 When I was in first grade, I wasn't in conditions for paying attention to my
32 teacher. I only thought about being punished when getting home, even though I
33 hadn't done anything wrong. The punishment consisted of three lashings,
34 kneeling and no crying. Really scary!

35 Crying in my solitude I asked for forgiveness. "Please, sorry, forgive me, Sir,
36 please, don't be mean," I told him. "I'll do like you, please ... "

1 And this is what I did when he hit me to see if I convinced him to let me go.
2 But this damned and coward man didn't stop until he got tired of rising the whip.
3 He made me kneel, he hit me with a belt, and in the same position he ordered me
4 not to cry. He made me bear the physical and emotional torture without moaning.

5 He was illiterate and only liked numbers. He knew how to extract accounts
6 because he was in charge of the cars which transported passengers, not because he
7 had attended school or high school. He only deserves being mentioned because of
8 what he meant to me, a frustrated step-father, and because of the low education he
9 was up to provide. But my intelligence is different: "each person is a whole world," as
10 goes the saying, and I think like that because I am different.

11 **4. MY NICE TOYS**

12 An empty tin of sardines tied with a string.

13 An old car wheel. I ran with it. In my mind it was a car. I ran and with my mouth I
14 honked the horn, "Beep! Beep!" spinning it around with a small sugar cane stick.

15 I played marbles with crystal balls in the dirt.

16 They never bought me a soccer ball. They never bought me a toy for
17 Christmas.

18 At Christmas I only went to my friends to see what presents they got
19 from their parents. Once they took away a toy I asked for them and due to unjustified
20 selfishness they told the other kids of my age, "Don't lend your toys to this brat, he will
21 only lose them! Take care of your toys, because he will break them!"

22 This hurt me. So I sought refuge in my own nice toys, which my life in
23 poverty provided me. My resentment was that big that when my friends wanted to play
24 with me, I told them, "Play with me, but with my toys. Go, leave your toys at home
25 because later they will get broken and you will blame me, and I don't have a penny to
26 pay for them!"

27 Little Carlos told me, "Then, I won't play with you!" I replied, "Well, then
28 don't play! I don't care!" So he motivated me to start playing, "Ok, ready, let's play with
29 the marbles!" And the game started. After getting tired of playing with the marbles, I
30 took my tin of sardines, filled it with dirt and pulled it around, imagining it was a real
31 car while making "BRRUUUMMM! BRUUMMMM!"

32 It seems incredible, but Little Carlos felt envy of my improvised vehicle.
33 "I'll borrow you mine for a while and you give me yours," he said. He had a big plastic
34 dump truck with six wheels.

35 My tin of sardines didn't have any wheels. But we ended up being
36 friends, and when his sisters came to get him, I had to hear negative things about
37 myself. "It won't be long until he breaks your dump truck!"

1 **5. THE SOCCER GAME**

2 Another friend, Aurelio, was in fifth grade and he was the one who did my
3 homework while I was out playing soccer with William, Isael, Little Carlos, and
4 Geoffrey. They were my friends from the neighborhood, neighbors and teammates on
5 the field. Aurelio was also poor, like me. But he wore pants, without shoes nor shirt.
6 With him, I stole mangoes from other people's backyards; the ripe ones to suck, the
7 green ones to eat with salt.

8 William and Isael were brothers and their dad worked in Guayaquil as a truck
9 driver for Coca Cola. They didn't only receive gifts at Christmas, their father was so
10 worried about their well-being that he even gave them bicycles. They played with
11 shoes on, whereas we, Geoffrey and I, played barefeet. We put together the teams on
12 the field and played three against three. How good I felt on the field with my friend,
13 and how happy I was!

14 **6. THE GAME OF THE CRYSTAL MARBLES**

15 I loved this game. It was my pastime. Happiness came to me when I was
16 concentrating on the game. Once I finished, my uneasiness came over me again
17 remembering the beating-up I had to expect if I didn't manage to hide the whip from
18 my mom's view.

19 I started the game by throwing all the marbles on the floor to get my friends'
20 attention. Once, my step-father threw away two of my jars stacked with marbles. The
21 jar used to contain powdered milk. In my rage, I longed to make a crystal marble out
22 of him and to throw him under a big car. Again, he threw them into the toilet, but
23 despite of all that wickedness, he never took away my will to go on playing.

24 I was very good at playing the marbles and when I didn't have any, I took the risk
25 and told little Carlos to lend me one telling him that my mom had locked mine away in
26 a suitcase and that she had lost the keys. He replied, "No way, busybody! Go, get
27 your marbles! Look at him! He wants to get my marbles! I bet they threw away his
28 marbles, for being lazy!"

29 I convinced him by offering him all my winnings. I started playing and when I won I
30 told him, "Little Carlos, go on, take your marbles, I'll lose them afterwards." He
31 answered angrily, "Busybody, I won't lend you anything anymore because you're a
32 busybody! Give me the two you won!" I replied right away, "Wait, I think my Mom's
33 calling me! Didn't you hear? No? Well, I did!" and I ran away.

34 After a while I came to play with my own marbles, until they screwed me up again.

35 **7. I BECAME A LIFESAVER**

36 Once we had to live a while in the countryside where my step-father worked with
37 the machete cutting down the overgrown vegetation of a widow's estate. The lady had

1 five grown-up daughters. One of them was Vilma, who was about 18. I was six years
2 old when I met her and I hopelessly fell in love with her. I never told her about my
3 feelings because I was immature. I contained my love for her.

4 The widow's daughters worked in the family bar back in the city. In those times, I
5 was in second grade of elementary school and I had never imagined that at such a
6 young age, I would become a lifesaver. It all happened as a result of my need to
7 survive.

8 To get to our school, we had to pass a river in a small raft with the situational
9 disadvantage that the teacher was from Cuenca and didn't know how to swim. My
10 sister didn't know either. Fortunately, a week before, forced by my need to survive, I
11 crossed the strong rapids twice, swimming desperately and without any instructor.

12 Now, the three of us needed to go to school, but there was nobody nearby who
13 could take us to the other side. Nevertheless, as daring and courageous as I was, I
14 dared tell my teacher that I was a good raftsman. Accepted my offer, we got into the
15 raft, but half way down the stream I run out of strength to row, although the river was
16 not torrential.

17 My teacher started trembling and learned the lesson of not believing first hand
18 everything others tell us. His legs and hands were shaking, his whole body trembling.
19 He was at the front of the raft, my sister in the middle, and I at the other end of the
20 raft, rowing with a wooden oar. All of a sudden, our raft turned over and we all fell into
21 the water. As I was speedy, I climbed up the half-way attached buoys and just got to
22 see how my little sister was drowning.

23 My reaction was so fast that within five minutes, which seemed an eternity to me,
24 my sister was holding on to the boat. I felt enormous relief since she depended only
25 on me. Nowadays, I feel good remembering that moment because she lived and has
26 two children now. One of them is exactly like me when I was that age.

27 I towed my sister to the shore from where I observed my teachers hardships to
28 stay over water. Suddenly, he disappeared. Thank God we hadn't taken neither
29 lessons nor exams yet of the first trimester. I'm saying that because I was the first one
30 to get bad grades and to fail the school year. I feared the beating I would receive from
31 my step-father.

32 I would have let him drown, but as I didn't have any trouble with his authority, I
33 made a new effort and got him out from the bottom of the river where he was dying.
34 He also survived.

35 My teacher had a motorcycle on which he traveled from the countryside to the city
36 and back. My reward was good grades and a trip to the city on his vehicle. For the first
37 time in my whole life I traveled by motorcycle, and, surprisingly, I passed the school
38 year.

1 What I liked most about the countryside was the clear water of the river and its
2 rapids full of life and riding on donkeys and horses. The black women there was the
3 most fascinating thin. I liked their skin color and many more things ...

4 **8. MY HOUSEHOLD CHORES**

5 When I was in third grade, I lived with my step-mother who loved me dearly. She
6 washed my clothes, socks, underwear, she made me breakfast including hot milk, and
7 she ironed my uniform. Before leaving home in the mornings, she gave me some
8 money to spend during the recess. I was a great soccer player and when I came
9 home all sweaty and with an already dirty uniform on the first day of the week, she
10 didn't hit me like my step-father. She just scolded me and as serious punishment I had
11 to wash my uniform by myself. After that, she ironed it.

12 The following day, I would come home again with a sweaty uniform from playing
13 soccer during break time. My other siblings told her, "Common, Mom, let him wash
14 and iron his uniform himself!" She would reply that I was still too young, but at the
15 same time she accepted the idea to prevent their resentment, and, winking at me, she
16 warned, "It's time you started learning how to wash and iron your own uniform. My
17 oldest son can do it, so why shouldn't you?!"

18 Afterwards she would tell me in a more serious manner, "And your shoes have to
19 be well polished. You have to get everything ready!"

20 I obeyed her without feeling bad and I loved polishing my shoes because they
21 were of black leather. Before, I had only had blue and white rubber shoes, those used
22 by the highlanders on the market. I suffered from mitt as I wore them with my feet
23 dirty. When I lived with my step-mother, I put on white socks, and previous to that, I'd
24 put talc on my feet to prevent bad odor. Before, I took a shower every other day, but
25 my step-mother made me take showers three times a day and looked that I wore
26 clean underwear.

27 **9. MY DIRTY MIND**

28 One of my neighbor was visited every two years by her husband who was living in
29 the United States. She was a nurse and had a son. Every time her son left her a
30 couple of days for business, she asked my step-mother to send one of her daughters
31 to accompany her during the night as she was all by herself.

32 When my sister couldn't accompany her, she begged my step-mother to send
33 Taylor over. My step-mother replied, "I don't know if he wants to go." I acted as if I was
34 angry. However, I gave her hope that I would go over after having watched the TV
35 show I was expecting. The neighbor replied, "Don't worry, over here, I'll turn on the
36 color TV." I accepted the offer and spent the night in the other house where I watched
37 TV until my "anger" had vanished.

1 I spent the night in her son's room while she stayed in the room next to mine with
2 the door shot. After having spent three nights behaving well, the devil took over as
3 something got me to discover that the airconditioner hung at least 25 centimeters over
4 the ground and that, by bending down, I would see the other bedroom clearly.

5 In the morning, I was able to see her when she entered the bathroom wearing only
6 her bathing robe. She came back into her room and, putting my ear on the wall or
7 even at the door of the bathroom, I heard her urinating. When the sound that the
8 falling urine produces ceased, I returned silently to my bedroom. She returned with
9 soap, shampoo, and dental cream while I opened her bedroom door to listen to her
10 showering. She soaped up twice and when the end of the process was near, I went
11 silently back again into my room.

12 When she started getting dressed, I went on watching her surreptitiously. I
13 watched her open her legs and putting talc where the sun doesn't shine. When she
14 left her room, already dressed, to wake me up, she found me lying on my bed snoring.
15 I got up and back to my step-mother's house, I got dressed and left for school.

16 **10. MY FIRST MONEY**

17 On one occasion, I took 100 sucres (about 10 dollars) out of my step-mother's
18 handbag and when I changed it I had so many bills that I didn't know what to do with
19 so much money. I bought a soda, two pieces of bread and 20 sucres of mortadella in
20 a nearby shop. I was satisfied. I didn't buy candy to prevent them from suspecting
21 anything and asking me from where I had the money to buy so many things.

22 I made a roll out of the rest of the money and put it under the foot of my bed. Every
23 day I took 20 sucres to school in addition to the three sucres that I normally received
24 daily for my personal expenses. At school I tried to lose my money gambling because
25 I had too much. When I only had the 3 sucres for school I used to arrive at home with
26 nothing in my pockets, and if I didn't spend all of the 23 sucres, they would catch me.

27 I tried to lose the money in the bets, but as I was an ace in soccer I didn't lose and
28 took the liberty to say, "Take the money!" I still had a leftover of the 23 sucres, reason
29 why I invited my friends to eat tortillas made of plantain with pork. Girls were also
30 there. When I run out of the money and only had the normal three sucres those girls
31 and this bunch of friends stopped appearing.

32 To get money again, I bet my three regular sucres and made six. Like that, I spent
33 the double amount of money they gave me. That was why I came home every day
34 with a dirty uniform. As my step-mother had taught me how to wash and iron it, I
35 played soccer every day without worry.

36 **11. MY FIRST EROTICISM**

37 When I got home from school my step-mother would check my school agenda and
38 say, "You have to study for a quiz in history, and you have homework in math and

1 literacy.” And I would reply in the affirmative. “Go study, then!” I would go to my room
2 to study for the quiz, but weary as I was, I tossed the notebooks over the bed. I looked
3 out the window to watch the football players. The field attracted my attention more
4 than the notebooks and I envied those who were running behind the ball and with
5 soccer shoes. I imagined myself running and scoring goals. At seven o’clock the
6 match finished and I still hadn’t studied for the quiz. I don’t know why, but when the
7 field was empty, I went on looking out the window to admire the women passing by.
8 And then, I went to the bathroom to rub one out. I was ten years old.

9 Finally, I barely passed the quiz.

10 **12. MY SCHOOL AGENDA**

11 The agenda was new for me. In the agenda I wrote down all the homework and
12 my step-mother signed it, conscious that I had done them well. When the report card
13 arrived the grades were very good, even the lowest one. However, I received zero
14 points for bad behavior. They were consequently surprised, “How humble he is here at
15 home, and at school he unties.”

16 Nobody understood the emotions I felt and I never showed them to the others. At
17 school I stood out in soccer. During break time I was rough at joking, I put my foot out
18 to trip my friends, and when the principal saw me, she immediately graded my
19 behavior negatively.

20 My teacher did the same in the classroom, logically, but I didn’t care until I
21 behaved badly in her class. So she approached and wanted to slap me. I didn’t allow
22 that, I took her hand tightly, went on laughing, and threw the eraser into her face,
23 saying, “I’m gonna punch your face ‘cause I don’t allow no woman to touch me.”

24 The teacher informed my parents via agenda. The moment she wrote the bad
25 news into my agenda I started hating her (bitch!). In addition, I ripped out the written
26 pages in her presence. She wrote again a message into my agenda, and again I
27 ripped out the pages. I was pig-headed with my teacher. Before, everything was
28 smiles, and I even greeted her in the morning and said good-bye in the afternoon.

29 Now I am really sorry having behaved like that. I was a healthy boy, a good boy
30 when I lived with my siblings of father side, as I received a better treatment. However,
31 I was marked to be a bad boy. Once, I stole 400 sucres from my step-mother’s
32 handbag. When my sister arrived from university, she also checked my step-mother’s
33 handbag as she had always found most confidence in her.

34 But when she came back from university that time, she was missing five sucres in
35 bills. For my luck, thanks to those disappearances she didn’t consider it as important,
36 “It seems that I only had nine sucres, now five. I don’t remember what I had spent the
37 money on.”

1 In a hurry and with the fear of getting late to her academy, it didn't even occur to
2 her to stop and think about the real origin of the problem, and approached her
3 guardian angel, "Mom, I don't have money for the bus!" "Well, take some from my
4 handbag!"

5 **13. CHILDREN'S FANTASY**

6 Resentments change children's ideas. While a physically and morally attacked
7 child grows, its fantasies twist and distort, inclining to get negative; for example, the
8 fantasy of having a car when grown up. Call it as you wish – mistreatment,
9 resentment, or aggressions – the child will steal it when grown up.

10 Another example is that there are children who have fantasies about being police
11 officers and play with pistols, shooting and killing in their minds those who they
12 consider their enemies. When they grow, they might get to hate the police, just as I,
13 Robert Taylor, did. The fantasy of being a lawyer can change it into a victim of a
14 lawyer, like me, Robert Taylor. This is how the ideas transform.

15 That's the reason why when you visit a jail, you can see only anxious and
16 desperate people, full of hatred, resentment, and bitterness towards their parents,
17 uncles, grandfathers, or towards their relatives in general. Even being in jail, those
18 relatives still attack them. How? By not visiting them, like it was my case.

19 I was arrested 40 times and my family got me out only once through a lawyer. My
20 step-brothers tried to help me, but they loathed my bad behavior. I kept on envying
21 them because they had a very loving and attentive mother.

22 I was an outlaw. A TV was new for me. A sound system was new for me. A
23 refrigerator, drinking milk for breakfast or a good glass of juice was new for me. All of
24 that only existed in my fantasy.

25 **14. THE ESCAPE FROM HOME**

26 Only resentment and aggressions were etched into my mind for all of the suffering
27 I had to experience before living with my father, step-mother and step-brothers. But a
28 problem shared is a problem halved. When I realized that my friend was going through
29 the same situation, we got closer with more affection, and one day, he offered to run
30 away from home. I asked him for what; my step-mother didn't treat me bad, only my
31 father was the one who hit me.

32 He went on insisting on running away and I went on refusing politely, "Maybe
33 later". My father hit me again and as if all of that was written down, my friend's
34 stepfather kicked him out of his house. He looked for me to escape together, but I told
35 him that we should finish and pass the school year first. He replied, "No, no, no! I'm
36 leaving home. If you want to, let's go, but right now!"

1 I made excuses like, "It's night, let's go tomorrow, let's better go another day as
2 soon as he hits me again," so as not to go away. I went on attending classes. For my
3 luck, my teacher got sacked. Then her substitution arrived and the first thing she
4 asked was, "Who is the most unbearable student here?" and all of my peers pointed at
5 me.

6 In that last trimester I tried to behave, but I couldn't help manipulating by giving her
7 false information about my ex-teacher, for which she let me pass the school year with
8 good behavior report and academic progress. I had an intimate friend whom I visited
9 when they gave me the permission to or when my father came home from the
10 countryside after fixing heavy machinery. He was a diesel mechanic.

11 In his red pick-up truck he would bring us bunches of plantain, coconuts, yucca,
12 and mangoes that his clients would give him in abundance. He would also give a part
13 of everything to my friend as a gift and in those visits confirmed that he also suffered
14 because of his step-father. One Sunday, I was really worried when my father left on a
15 trip and telling me with disgust that on Wednesday, when he would be back, he would
16 have a serious chat with me. He had already beaten me before. When my friend
17 tempted me to run away from home, I asked myself, "Will my father hit me again?"

18 I was afraid only by the thought of it and that was why I said to my friend, "OK, let's
19 go! I think my dad is going to hit me again, but I'll make myself scarce. When he is
20 back, he will be surprised not to find me. Wait for me behind the store. I'll go get my
21 clothes. Go, get yours and bring cash 'cause I won't steal. I'll only take my clothes." I
22 didn't steal money, but I stole my step-brother's clothes. Damn, he must have cursed
23 me!

24 With my friend's 200 sucres we left for Quevedo, where my mother, my sister, and
25 my step-father were, I supposed. But I was surprised when I heard that she was
26 together again with my father and that they lived in Guayaquil. My mom had five
27 children with my step-father: one dead, three brothers and a sister. She took one boy
28 with her, the girl stayed with my grandma and the other two boys stayed with their
29 dad, my step-father, who was already involved with another woman.

30 I found my brothers living with a step-mother who started to loathe them the same
31 way my step-father treated me. Thank God they let us spend the night there. The next
32 day I brushed my teeth with unhappiness. I borrowed some cloth from my friend and
33 we left. On the way from Guayaquil to Quevedo we lived many unexpected events,
34 such as a strike of the prevailing transportation from that day on, and being broke.

35 Luckily, a bus on its way to Empalme took us up as slackers and allowed us to sit
36 at the back on the vehicle's motor. I started to feel regrets and to think things over. "If I
37 go back, I bet they'll hit me and hard." The fear of getting creamed stopped me from
38 going back. At night, we arrived in Empalme and started walking to Quevedo as there
39 were no buses available anymore.

1 I got angry with my friend and blamed him for everything. "This is happening to me
2 because of your craziness! If you hadn't picked me up, I would be fine at home. Now, I
3 can't go back! I tried to insult him by saying, "Carry my bag, too!" He took my bag with
4 clothes and carried it over his shoulder while I was walking ahead, angry and cursing
5 him. He put out the thumb at every car that passed by the street to make them stop.

6 Suddenly, a man with glasses and abundant beard in a black jeep stopped and,
7 with the agreement of the owner, we got in. In Quevedo I found out that my dad was
8 going one day to my mother and the other to my step-mother. He was living with both
9 of them.

10 **15. MY FIRST CRIME**

11 When we left my step-father's house in the morning, we went to the city center on
12 the lookout of adventure. We walked a lot until lunchtime. We were hungry, we saw
13 how people entered and left the restaurants and we didn't have a dime to eat.

14 Unlike a mature person, I didn't think about working, asking for money, or
15 communicating to somebody my problems. We started a conversation about our
16 situation. "I'm hungry!" "Me, too!" replied my friend. "What shall we do?"-"I don't know!"
17 So I suggested, "Let's steal!" "How?" he asked. "I know! Let's go to a shop and order
18 two sodas. Then, we run!" I said. He replied, "Good, but you order them!" "OK, I order
19 them!"

20 We approached a store in a corner concealed to buy the two sodas. "Two sodas,
21 please," I ordered. The shopkeeper asked, "Which flavor do you like?" We both
22 ordered a Coke.

23 He gave us the Cokes immediately. I drank the Coke speedily so that neither the
24 shopkeeper nor my friend would become aware and turn around. Within seconds I put
25 the empty bottle on the counter and run away (thinking, "every man for himself!").

26 I went on by myself, lost in the distance, walking with my head in blank. The
27 bubbles of the Coke plus the scare I had calmed my hunger. Later I found my friend
28 and asked him, "What happened?" He replied, "I also took off running, damn, you
29 totally smoked me!" "Yeah, definitely! Just relax!" I said.

30 The thought of going on stealing to compromise my friend came back. I had
31 confirmed that I was a faster runner than he was.

32 In the end, I thought of getting rid of this friend because I didn't need him anymore,
33 I wasn't hungry. When I saw an old lady coming out of her house to go to a shop
34 holding a 100 sucre bill in her hand, I said, "Come on! Get it!" He replied, "You, get it!"
35 "It's your turn! I did the thing with the Cokes!" He said, "Do it twice, and then, I'll do it
36 twice, too!" I replied angrily, "You're useless! If you want to come along with me you
37 have to steal like I do!"

1 The old lady was walking and we followed her.

2 “See how I get it! This is how it has to be done! Look!” I ran and, flop, I took away
3 the bill from her hand, but my friend, as he didn’t do it, stood still. The resentful lady,
4 almost gets him arrested thinking that he was my accomplice. But he sharpened up
5 telling her that he didn’t know me, that he was only asking me for directions. “I saw
6 him taking away the bill, please, believe me, ma’am,” and she believed him. (That
7 fag...).

8 I was almost 11 years old when my behavior started to incline to the world of crime
9 and drugs. My friend went back to his home where he was received well, but for me,
10 all the doors were shut. They told me if I wanted to come back I had to accept a
11 whipping from each of my siblings and from my step-mother. They applied the “sisaya”
12 (an Andean punishment) on me, and heavily. I didn’t accept the punishment and left
13 crying, but making sure they wouldn’t see me. They expected my cries and pleas
14 because they knew well that I had nowhere to go. However, I rebelled more and what
15 I got was more harm than I already had done to myself by leaving my home.

16 I only walked around the house trying to call their attention, but no one felt sorry
17 for me.

18 **16. ONE AGAINST THE REST**

19 Five squares from the Primavera citadel in Duran there was a river. At night on
20 that first day, practically thrown out of my home, I went to the shore with the intention
21 of taking a bath because I felt depressive, resented, and like the worst human being.
22 Full of resentment I told myself, “It’s OK. It doesn’t matter,” crying a river.

23 After crying, I took off my clothes when new friends of 13, 14, 16, and 17 years
24 arrived. They had seen me before. “You live in the citadel?”-“Yes!” They asked, “And
25 what are you doing here? Those from the citadel are too scared to come here.” I
26 replied, “I’m not scared of anybody!” The 13-years-old boy (he was two years older
27 than me) was smoking a cigarette and asked, “So what, you got kicked out of your
28 home?” I said, “No! The thing is that my friends are snobs. They are too scared to
29 come to the river, I’m not!” He said, “What would you do if we took your shoes and
30 clothes?” “I’d keep calm!”

31 I noticed that they liked my answer. One of them added, “This buddy isn’t a
32 busybody!” and gave me half of his cigarette. I accepted it. He asked me, “You know
33 how to smoke, perchance?” I said yes, at the same time I showed them giving off
34 smoke.

35 We were all in underwear and somebody yelled enthusiastically, “Well, let’s go
36 swimming!” I smiled. After swimming and having enjoyed the river, the 14-year-old
37 boy hid one of my socks and laughed.

1 He made fun of me saying to another one of the guys, "Give him his sock back,
2 don't be nasty," and they all laughed in unison. I bugged the one who was laughing
3 the hardest, who was the culprit. I put on my shorts, shirt and shoes without socks. We
4 left the shore and got to a corner of a street where the slackers stopped by.

5 The guy who was annoying me went on laughing so I threw myself at him saying,
6 "Son of a bitch, go make fun of that whore of your mother!" We fought and I won.
7 Another peer took out the sock from where he had hidden it and I took advantage to
8 break his mouth with a punch. They didn't bother me anymore, except for a brother-in-
9 law of one of them, who was a 30-year-old thief and a pothead.

10 With a stick of sugar cane he hit me on my head and I had to leave running to
11 avoid being hit again until I got to a corner where they knew me. He stopped
12 frightened, which I used to make him run by chasing him and throwing stones at him.
13 Three days after that incident I found out that he had been arrested and brought to
14 prison.

15 **17. MY FIRST CONSUMPTION**

16 I went back to the corner where I had that problem and kept friendship with the
17 same people. I had never seen the inhalation of contact cement, but given the
18 circumstances I was going through, I was incapable of withdrawing myself from any
19 negative idea. Maybe I looked for these ideas as a support for my disgrace,
20 loneliness, and abandonment.

21 We walked towards a hiding place where one of them took out a jar of contact
22 cement and they asked me if I had ever used glue, and I said no. "You wanna try?"-
23 "Yes," I said. "Well, find some bags because...we're gonna solve the problem with
24 solvents." I found a transparent plastic bag, but one of the slackers objected and told
25 me to find a milk bag because they were better. I replied, "It doesn't matter, this is the
26 bag I want!"-"This one's gonna stick on you!" he said. I replied, "It doesn't matter!"
27 without imagining the consequences.

28 Then I saw how they covered their noses with the bag and how they inhaled it
29 through nose and mouth. I started to do the same through the nose, little by little, until
30 a sound came to my mind, like the sound of the cicadas and I stayed firm with
31 another, different sound to the first one, "tu tu tu tuuuuu! I lost my sight and control
32 and when I recovered my consciousness I took the bag off my nose at the same time
33 that I fell tangled in the shrubbery.

34 I wasn't at the spot where I started inhaling. My friends got scared and run to the
35 whereabouts of the street corner. They laughed and waited for me to come back.
36 When I realized it, I had contact cement stuck in my hair, on my clothes and hands.
37 They gave me the nickname "Little Poisoned Mouse", then they only called me
38 "Mouse". Every time they called me they yelled, "MOUSE!" The effect was so strong
39 that I really looked like a poisoned mouse.

1 A block away from the slacker corner in direction of the river there was that old,
2 shabby house made of sugar cane where the family of the guy who had hidden my
3 sock, lived. We were already good friends, shared worldly conversations, talked about
4 the thefts they had committed with a bottle of liquor under that house . Three boys
5 slept there: Carlos was 14 years old alias “Railwayman” because he worked for a
6 month as an errand runner for the Duran train station.

7 Pancho, 13 years old, aka “Black Little Pancho”. Little Pancho because he was
8 small, dark skin and with hair that was neither curly nor straight. Taylor, 11 years old,
9 the “poisoned mouse”, for doing contact cement and losing mental control.

10 **18. THE SMALL THEFTS**

11 When the lights of Carlos’ old little house turned off, we entered it slowly, barefeet,
12 and without making any noise. We awaited the arrival of the early morning with a pack
13 of cigarettes and a bottle of liquor. Like that, accompanied by vice, we got into other
14 people’s backyards to steal before sunrise. We stole clothes from the strings, bicycles,
15 and even wet shoes.

16 We stole tender coconuts to drink them together with booze. We didn’t sleep
17 because we were too busy stealing without realizing the risk we were running. Thanks
18 God, nothing bad, like losing a leg because of a shot or becoming disabled, happened
19 to us. I’m commenting those negative experiences so that you can give advice to
20 other people, especially to the children who are the most inclined to this type of easy
21 and adventurous life due to poorly formed behavior.

22 One has to think about them, yes, the children. Thanks to a consideration I was
23 able to get out where I was because I received help, the help I give to anyone who
24 needs it through this simple work. Let’s think of it as the purpose of God.

25 **19. I WANTED TO BE A SOCCER PLAYER**

26 When I was nine years old I had the idea of being a soccer player. I was a sports
27 enthusiast and admired by the others and by my peers at school, when I was still
28 suffocated by my problems and full with sufferings. I stood out at soccer in such a way
29 that even a coach and journalist made me part of his team he had formed with the
30 purpose of reaching the major league.

31 When I was ten years old I admired the King Pelé so much that I even copied his
32 movements, which I saw him doing flawlessly on TV, in the field.

33 Our team was called “Alfarino Junior” and I was the youngest of the members,
34 whose ages fluctuated between 15 and 17. The coach, thanks to his job as a journalist
35 and propagandist, had gained important connections that enabled us an encounter
36 with the substitutes of “Barcelona” in the Modelo Stadium. But three days before the
37 match he poisoned himself.

1 Ironically, he didn't achieve his purpose, his goal of making himself a name by
2 making us a name. And why didn't he achieve his goal? I think because God didn't
3 want it. So I didn't want to be a soccer player anymore as I was convinced that
4 another person like him would not exist. And it was like that. No other person said to
5 me ever again, "come, play in my team!"

6 Soon I had the idea of being a pilot, but it was only a fantasy. Later I escaped from
7 home and I became a criminal. I was naughty and mendacious. I removed cash from
8 handbags and I didn't obey when they gave me an errand, and when I fulfilled the
9 errand, I did it angrily and grumbling. When I ran away from home, the claws of the
10 vice and drugs caught me. I was tortured by the cops, but, thank God, now I'm free,
11 enjoying the privileges that life gives us. I asked God for it and he granted it to me:
12 writing to help.

13 **20. SOME EMOTIONAL DOWNS**

14 Knowing what it was to inhale contact cement I tried to seek shelter at my mother's
15 house. At the beginning she received me with open arms, but when she confirmed
16 that I was not working and that I left the house in the same moment that I had arrived,
17 she started to condemn me. Well, why should I stay? I was 11 years old and had no
18 dialogue with my father, ...that stranger.

19 When my father arrived, I had to wait until he left to enter the house. I always did
20 the same thing until one day he caught me in the house. Thanks God he didn't claim
21 anything until that fateful day when he told my mother to kick me out of the house. He
22 told her that if he found me again, he would kick her out, too. My mother obeyed
23 religiously. That attitude offended me a lot, which was why I left to inhale contact
24 cement.

25 I didn't know where else to go and I went back home without considering my
26 mother's persistence of me leaving the house. This process turned into a circle: she
27 kicked me out, I consumed contact cement and went back. While the days passed, my
28 mother's anger grew bigger and bigger and so did my addiction to drugs. The greater
29 her anger, the heavier the insults against me. I replied, "This is not how you treat a
30 son!" And she would say, "This is not how you should behave! You only spend your
31 time hanging around!" And then there was the conflictive dialogue. She said, "Why
32 don't you work?" And I replied, "Because I am under age, you have to provide for me!"
33 – "There are so many people who don't have neither father nor mother and they live
34 well, work, buy their clothes, and you can't do any of that. The only thing you bring
35 here are troubles." I replied, "It seems like you are not my mother! You talk to me as if
36 I was a grown up." She exclaimed, "What? You think you are a little child? You are
37 already old enough to take care of yourself. There are little children who go out to
38 polish shoes or to vend the newspaper. Yesterday I saw some little children getting
39 into the bus to vend candy and you can't do any of that. You're like a pretty little child
40 who wants to be given everything!" – "But I am a minor and parents have to care of
41 their children until they are grown-ups."

1 **21. WHERE IS GOD?**

2 I once again left the house to inhale contact cement. I cried while inhaling and
3 asked God for help. I asked myself, "What shall I do?" I got the money for the contact
4 cement from a stolen necklace. I did that repeatedly in the afternoons; I bought two
5 jars for dawn and I made sure that I spent all nights inhaling. It became a custom
6 inhaling at night and sleeping during the day.

7 With the necklace or watch that I tore off daily I covered the expenses of the
8 consumption and food. I consumed in the fields where nobody could see me. I felt
9 repeatedly the urge to commit suicide, but I didn't do it because I wanted to know what
10 would happen in the future. I looked up the sky trying to make out God and crying at
11 the same time inhaling contact cement. How I begged God, but He wouldn't listen.

12 I moved to Duran to visit some of my friends I had met at the beginning of my
13 addiction. Together we worked in mugging street vendors to invest in our drug and
14 alcohol consumption... I went back to my mother on the lookout for support, a lifeline,
15 but she just threw me out again, which is why I got back to the same routine: attack,
16 rob, consume ...

17 On the bus I would take a window seat and match my thoughts to the sound of the
18 motor, shutting them up, looking at the street to separate my vision from my
19 conscious. That way no idea or obsession would occur to me, I just sat there, tense. I
20 made a habit out of it. Later on I would get on a bus when I was doing drugs to get lost
21 in the emptiness, without thinking about my parents, without looking at the sky to
22 avoid finding god.

23 **22. MY FIRST ARREST**

24 In the Centenary Park of Guayaquil I met some friends in the same situation and
25 they invited me to steal. It was my first theft where I was arrested and taken to the
26 Model police station, but when they proved that I was only 11 years old they brought
27 me to the Temporary Home. I spent three months on the streets as a crooked child
28 and thief. Inside there was a conduct teacher who hit us hard, another three cops as
29 guardsmen and another teacher of no importance.

30 When I entered the institution, before they made me take off my clothes they
31 asked me my name without thinking that, with time, they would never forget my name.
32 They gave me some underwear to put on and put me into a bedroom packed with kids
33 of my age. They woke us up at six o'clock and half an hour later we were dressed. At
34 seven o'clock, in lines of 10, we brushed our teeth, and before breakfast they made us
35 exercise.

36 After breakfast, they had us sitting in groups until lunch time and sometimes we
37 were allowed to play soccer. But not everything was peaceful. Well, we had to make
38 up domestic weapons to defend ourselves from any aggression coming from the other
39 internees. We sharpened the teeth brushes by rubbing them against the wall. We did

1 the same with the spoons. The fights between us happened on a daily basis and
2 repression of the authority they put us in underwear in the bedrooms. When Christmas
3 approached, we started preparing our escape.

4 **23. THE ESCAPE FROM THE TEMPORARY HOME**

5 Together with three friends we planned the escape because we wanted to be free
6 by Christmas. Not even one jerk of my family came to visit me. Our plan was that
7 somebody we could trust in would get a saw camouflaged inside a weight into the
8 institution so the guardsmen would not find it out. That part was taken over by one of
9 the guys' girlfriend, who was part of his gang.

10 The ceiling of the bedroom was more or less five meters above the ground. So we
11 put one bunk bed on top of another one. One of the slackers climbed onto the second
12 bed and another one onto the first slacker. Even more, the first one lifted the second
13 one who stood on the other one's shoulders. The latter hang on to the tubes where
14 the water tank was hid the saw and came down again.

15 The next day, another one climbed up and stood on the top of the tank with the
16 intention of cutting the grid of iron rods which were a little thicker than a centimeter.
17 From there we would be able to get out, once the iron was cut, as we only had to put
18 aside the transparent, yellow-colored plastic put upon a whole in the ceiling that
19 covered exactly the water tank. We were so decided of breaking out that even if there
20 hadn't been that whole, we would have done it.

21 Once they almost found the saw. The guardsman heard that somebody was filing
22 down the rods, but he stupidly believed that the boy was only trying to get out, but not
23 that he was acting as a locksmith. In the middle of the fuss the top of the tank broke
24 and my friend fell into the tank. The noise woke up the instructor, the teacher of
25 conduct. My friend jumped from up there to the ground and ran limping to find a hiding
26 place. "I'll count to three, and if you don't come out, I'll enter the room to get you!
27 Besides, you're the only wet one inside!" the instructor cried.

28 He didn't have any other option than leave the room, while my other friend and I,
29 the two other members of the group, pretended to be asleep. I thought, "in any minute
30 that son of a bitch will sing and they'll get us as well." We were smoking a cigarette,
31 tucked in, and covered by a bedspread so they wouldn't find it out. I laughed when I
32 saw how they punished my friend in the backyard forcing him to run around a pillar.
33 The punishment lasted one hour. The boy was 15 years old.

34 The following day they set a ladder and sent the younger boys up to check the
35 area around the water tank. Favorably, they didn't find the saw that was actually
36 hidden inside the tank. Only the "Colombian", a 7-year-old lad saw the saw, but he
37 didn't betray us, even though the cops tried to get the little ones on their side by giving
38 them half a portion more of the food and by letting them play by themselves on the
39 field, while putting the rest of us to sleep in the bedrooms.

1 Two days after that incident, we broke out. We only needed three days to open the
2 whole. Our gang had gained three members. Careful, I was the last one breaking out!
3 Four had already parted when I told the fifth with fear, "take those sheets and tie them
4 up there!" He caught the sheets while he was rising through the impulse of the other
5 friend and tied them up before leaving. Then, on top of a bed, I grabbed the sheets,
6 but when I pulled on it the knot loosened making fall only half of the sheets, thank
7 God. I stuck out my head and saw my friends waiting for me.

8 A mess was starting inside the building among the others who were also included
9 in the escape plan, but we left them out thinking that they may betray us because of
10 the fear of the beating. They had been asleep, but it only needed one realizing what
11 was going on to make them run around like ants, pulling at the sheets and climbing
12 towards freedom. The said repeatedly, "Taylor, take me with you! Take me with you!"

13 I looked back down finding them in the flapping of the sheets and the other teacher
14 who was waking up grumpily. I left the whole completely and felt the strong wind on
15 the roof. Standing up there I felt nervous. It seemed like they would catch me. I almost
16 went back out of fear, but I was the head of the escape, I didn't have no alternative but
17 to fight the panic.

18 I yelled to the boys, "CAREFUL, THAT SON OF A BITCH WOKE UP!" We ran
19 about a block on the roof between the cops' shots. I ran with fear and perceived the
20 whizzing sound of the bullets. Despite the cracking sound of the bullets, I never
21 stopped until I got till the end of the roof. I realized that it was quite high, at the height
22 of a lamppost.

23 In front I saw some people drinking liquor and applauding the escape that I was
24 responsible for, saying, "Look! These lads are slick!" When I got to the corner they
25 cheered me up, "Jump! Jump! Jump!" I jumped from that height denting my foot. I
26 lifted my injured foot and went on hopping. And this is how that bone stayed: standing
27 out under the skin by the instep of my left foot.

28 Later on I hid in a hallway that was not made of aluminum. My foot swelled so
29 much that I wasn't even able to take off my shoe. Under a lot of pain and effort, I took
30 off my shoes to put some menthol on the completely purple sole. I awoke there in the
31 middle of heavy imaginative night mares.

32 Let me tell you about the fate of the others. One boy who jumped after me crushed
33 his vertebrae and his heels. He remained stretched out on the street. Another one fell
34 onto a kiosk, broke the roof, and fell with everything into it. The other ones left running
35 normally. I told my tragedy to some men who were still boozing at the break of day.
36 Feeling sorry for me, they collected 40 sucres and gave them to me. With that money I
37 was able to get directly to my one of my step-brother's home.

38

39

1 **24. BUYING CONTACT CEMENT.-**

2 After fleeing the Temporary Home I joined a gang through a layabout who told me
3 to do him a big favor. I agreed before I found out that it was about buying him a jar of
4 contact cement in a hardware store. With my most ingenuous appearance as a child I
5 approached the clerk and ask for a jar to glue some shoes, but he replied that he was
6 not allowed to sell it to little children like me.

7 I didn't give up and told him that it was for my granddaddy who repaired shoes, but
8 the clerk replied, "Tell your granddaddy that he has to come himself or to send an
9 adult over because children use it to get high, didn't you know that?" As I'm not stupid,
10 I exclaimed, "Oh! I didn't know that!" I thanked him and went back to the slacker who
11 had just become my friend. "Let's go to another store," he told me and as we were
12 walking along, he asked me for my name. "Robert Taylor! And you, what's your
13 name?" – "They call me Duckling and I'm a member of 'The Wolves'gang'. Have you
14 ever been on glue?" "Yes, of course," I assured.

15 He gave me money in front of another hardware store and motivated me by
16 saying, "Go, get it! Feint them, will yah? Let's see if it's true that you're doing glue!" I
17 bought the contact cement without any problem. My friend offered, "Here, take some.
18 Let's go to my zone so you can meet the other guys of the gang. We're a good group
19 and there, we're gonna sniff some glue! When the other layabouts asked him who I
20 was he replied, "Just take it easy 'cause that lad is my pal, this lad is quite sharp!

21 Once the suspicion was over I started talking to them. They only talked about
22 mugging, stealing, fighting, and the detentions in the correctional center. I couldn't lag
23 behind so I told them about my escape from the Temporary Home. They didn't believe
24 me, but one of them made me look good when he said, "It's true! I did hear that some
25 had escaped through a hole in the roof dug with a saw!"

26 Another one added, "Hey, but the roof was high and there was also an iron grid,
27 one of those used by construction workers!" Another one stood me by. "Well, with the
28 saw, man! That's what the saw is for!"

29 "You must have been on drugs if you fled over the roof! It's much easier through
30 the backyard."

31 "It's true," Duckling said, "I always escape through the back yard. It's a piece of
32 cake to escape by the back yard, but I got caught once and they took me behind the
33 woodshed. All the teachers attacked me, a whole bunch, each of them with a stick.
34 They hurt me so badly that the next day I couldn't even get up. They had to bring me
35 breakfast to my bed and feed me because my lips were so swollen of the beating. But
36 in the next attempt I left and only left them dust. Those teachers are afraid of me!"

37 Everybody admired him because of the way he told his story, and even more when
38 he said, "Those of the Temporary Home can't stand me when I get there and send me

1 directly to the Observation House and there they can't put up with me either, so I end
2 up directly at the Correctional Center."

3

4 **25. MY CLOTHING WHEN I WAS 12**

5 I wore a denim jacket with silver button, without shirt, blue jeans, white boxers,
6 white "Ten" socks, and "Flou-shian" shoes.

7 My favorite stores where I stocked up on were the back yards with cords full of
8 clothes. The night was my sales person, my solitude the cashier, and the darkness the
9 security guard. I was a special customer as they assisted me between three and four
10 in the morning hours.

11 During the day, brightness got jealous.

12 Once I was dressed up, I gave the rest of the clothes to the other skint children in
13 the neighborhood where I started sniffing glue. I sold the cloth to those who had
14 money and bought a jar of contact cement.

15 **26. HOW OUR GANG WORKED**

16 I wasn't the boss of the gang, but, I was "Taylor of the Wolves". On the walls we
17 would write 'THE WOLVES'.

18 There were also drugs and women in our gang. And preferably contact cement.
19 The women didn't have boyfriends within the gang; which doesn't mean that we didn't
20 hurt them, but that they didn't have one sole owner. All of us owned them and they, in
21 turn, owned us.

22 We used to fight against the gang 'The SICAFE' across the street with stones and
23 cartridge. They started the quarrel. One of our gang members passed by a park where
24 those mobsters got together and they stole him his "flou-shian", leaving him only with
25 his socks. He came back angrily telling me in great anger, "TAYLOR, LEND ME THAT
26 GUN OF YOURS TO GET BACK!" I possessed a pipe and the gun and together we
27 decided to go with him.

28 At the moment of the fight all the doors and windows of the houses were shut and
29 the lights turned off until the riot was over. More and more phones were ringing,
30 calling the police with urgency so they would do something to stop the two gangs.

31 The result was one or two broken heads, others full with bullets in their back or
32 even in their face, seeming to be suffering from the measles. Luckily, nobody lost their
33 sight; there were many broken bones, though.

1 We took our injured to their parents' houses from where they were taken to the
2 hospital. We would visit them all together. We stole juice, grapes, and apples in the
3 streets and gave them to our injured, and we also left some cash for the meds.

4 In the middle of our fights the patrol car would show up with its scandalous sirens.
5 No more than racket! Each of us would seek a hideout or hide as fast as possible
6 wherever we could. One day during one of those fights I had bad luck and one of the
7 patrol cars followed me. But, at the same time I was lucky to escape as the streets
8 where I was running on were not paved and the potholes held the police car back.

9 The cops sped behind me longing to arrest me because they had seen me
10 carrying the gun. So I entered a veiling ceremony – well, may the deceased rest in
11 peace! – with the gun inside my blue jeans, on the left side, under my jacket.

12 I wiped the sweat with my hand from my front and observed how the patrol car
13 zigzagged at speed the few accessible spaces on the street in their obsessive
14 eagerness to catch me, but those boors didn't enter the veiling. And even if they had
15 entered, they wouldn't have caught me as there were three open doors, two for them
16 and one for me. They slowed down in front of the house where they were mourning,
17 turned off the siren and crossed themselves respectfully.

18 After several days I found out that the cops, illuminated with a spark of
19 intelligence, which they naturally lack, didn't enter the veiling. Good luck for me, back
20 luck for them!

21 **27. IT'S BETTER TO BE ALONE THAN IN BAD COMPANY**

22 I started to detach from the gang because suddenly I thought that I could win a
23 prize: a bullet. I wandered the streets alone; I slept wherever I was at nightfall, but not
24 before I got a supply of a jar of contact cement. First I did it for fun, and then it became
25 a custom. I loved the diabolic and hallucinogenic visions typical for the state of drug
26 addiction.

27 The bones of my legs and my back hurt from walking around and inhaling so
28 much. I felt tired, but I didn't give up and continued inhaling until dawn. However,
29 before the first rays of sunlight appeared, I started to jerk off four to five times,
30 sometimes, until, in the end, I ended up worn out.

31 Then, I would lie back until dawn and delve into the bushes to sleep where nobody
32 could see me. I was finally without bad company!

33 **28. THE GAY EARRING**

34 If there is something I can't stand it is that men wear female fashion for
35 themselves. In that regard, I remember that I didn't like one of our gang members
36 because every time we had to confront the gang "Lazy Guys" in a street fight, gang
37 against gang, he would hide and then reappear at our corner where we met.

1 Afterwards, at the house where we got ready to go out, he took two earrings out of
2 his pocket and said to me, “Taylor, put on this one that I brought you!”

3 Behaving like a fag he looked at his reflection in the mirror against the wall trying
4 to insert the garment in his earlobe while uttering, “If you don’t have the little hole, I
5 can pierce you!”

6 I was preparing a reefer to be high when going out and felt so much anger and
7 scorn that I attacked him; with my left foot I hit him in the back and smashed him
8 against the mirror so that he broke his nasal septum.

9 “Go and put on earrings on that bitch that your mother is and the little hole pierce it
10 into your asshole, because only women wear earrings!” I went on yelling, “You’re
11 nothing but a wimp because every time we fight against other gangs, you hide! You
12 can’t say that you are of “The Wolves”. I’m gonna make your life impossible so you
13 abandon the gang, and if you don’t do it, in any fight we might have I’m gonna shoot
14 you. And first I’ll send you as bait to the front, you know! Fagot!

15 We never saw him again.

16 **29. THE AMERICAN MAFIA**

17 After my escape, the instructors started to check the files and found that one of the
18 fugitives was called “the Colombian”, another was called Robert Taylor, and a third
19 one was an ex-convict pretending to be under age. They thought that we could be of
20 the American mafia as they found my name of English origin. All those precedents
21 were presented before the Juvenile Justice.

22 When I heard about that ridiculous report, I fled because I was afraid of the
23 beating. I knew that if they caught me, they would hit me hard. I took refuge on the
24 countryside with my uncles although I didn’t like the work with machete. Some days
25 passed by and I went back to Duran, staying at the house of some Mafioso who sold
26 drugs. One year later I forgot about the escape and went back to Guayaquil, where I
27 started walking with the shoeblacks and paperboys.

28 I spent the dawns respectively as I was used to and during the nights I smoked
29 drugs: contact cement, marihuana, paste. I figured out how to consume. I stole again,
30 and again I ended up in the Temporary Home where they told me that of all the
31 fugitives, I was the only one missing. They remembered me, what I was and what I
32 wasn’t, and warned the Director that I was ‘tough’. How tough could I have been at
33 only eleven!

34 The director wanted to meet me and, once I was sitting in front of his desk, I told
35 him the whole truth, “I planned the escape because my family didn’t visit me and
36 Christmas was getting closer, I wouldn’t have been able to eat pie in there.”

37 **30. THE PSYCHOLOCO**

1 A psychologist gave us a talk for two days about drug addiction and tested us. "Lie
2 on the floor of the field, close your eyes, and move your fingers... Now, your toes...
3 Don't open your eyes..."

4 I immediately thought what he would do while we had our eyes closed. So I
5 opened my eyes and saw that his eyes were closed shot. I stood up slowly and went
6 to the bathroom to jerk off. When I got back I heard him tell the group, "let's travel to
7 the moon, to the stars, let's talk to God, and then we come back to Earth."

8 Feeling like cracking up laughing, I had to oppress the urge because nobody could
9 notice. But I couldn't hold it back and said to the guy next to me, "Let's go out of here,
10 this psychologist is crazy!" My friend replied, "Yeah, dude, let's get out of here!" So we
11 went to a corner, sat down and cracked up laughing."Hahahaha! That crazy son of a
12 bitch! Hahahahaha! He wants to travel to the moon, to the stars, to talk to God, and
13 come back to this shit! Hahaha!"

14 The conduct teacher saw everything and after the psychologist left, he called us,
15 "Come, the two of you, head down here (pointing to the ground) with your asses in the
16 air!" Each of us received a lashing with a thick electric wire. Afterwards I said, "And
17 everything because of this crazy psychologist!" and we burst out again. The pain of
18 the lashings had stopped, but every time I touched the swollen part I remembered the
19 riot, cursed the psychologist, and laughed again. I was twelve years old.

20 **31. MY PASS TO THE OBSERVATION HOUSE**

21 The Director had already told me that I was a danger and made me perfectly
22 understand the idea of transferring me to the Observation House. They waited until
23 the conduct teachers were back to identify me as the famous Taylor. Among them was
24 the one on duty, the same who hit me with the electric wire. He used to order the
25 children to "bend like a tripod", to raise his hand and to slap them as hard as he could
26 making them knock over the floor.

27 When he saw me he said, "I knew that you would come back, and you escaped
28 during my shift." That was when I got really scared. At night he took me out of the
29 bedroom and to the backyard. He made me bend like a tripod, but I changed the
30 position and sat up. He glared at me. Showing no fear I said, "Nobody was visiting me
31 in this hole! Put yourself in my place! Imagine you're a kid and nobody visits you,
32 behind the bars during Christmas. You would also escape, or at least try to do so."

33 He changed his mind and hit my back with the whip in his hand, commanding me
34 to go to the bedroom. My friends asked me, "Why didn't they beat the crap out of
35 you?" I replied, "I was lucky, he didn't even touch me, I manipulated him well!"

36 The following day I had a quarrel with a new cop and insulted his mother. Do you
37 wanna know why? Because I wore some sunglasses, cut-off jean shorts, a white shirt,
38 socks, rubber shoes, a watch, a squared, long-sleeved shirt and a mafia-style hat. The
39 cop got angry seeing me dressed like a gang member, so he took away my

1 sunglasses and hat to “keep them safe in the Director’s office” and that “I could get
2 them back once I was freed”.

3 The Director was looking out of the window and over the backyard where I was
4 standing with the cop. She knew what he was doing with me. Luckily, she saw when
5 the cop stood on my foot with one of his big boots and when he pushed me at my
6 chest. I ran to the dumpsters where the brooms are stored and armed myself with one
7 of them. I said to him, “Fucking highlander! Go fuck that bitch of your mother! I give a
8 crap about your gun, about you, or about your size! You can stick your uniform up
9 your arse!”

10 He realized that the Director was watching him so he didn’t say anything at that
11 moment. In the evening the administrative personnel left and the conduct teacher
12 together with the cops were in charge of the institution. Worried about their well-being,
13 they drank a bottle of booze while we, the little prisoners, were in the bedroom. The
14 problem was that when they were dizzy, they started to try our nerves.

15 They woke us up in the middle of the night while we were sleeping to make us do
16 push-ups until we were sweating. They enjoyed messing with us. They cleared their
17 drunkenness with us. The following day we couldn’t complain about it with the Director
18 or the psychologists because with the night fall, they would punish us again.

19 It occurred to them to ask for me when they found out that I was an ex-fugitive.
20 Half sleepily I raised my hand. That was the signal to make us all do push-ups. “LET’S
21 DO A HUNDRED!” They hit the ones who got tired and stopped flexing. The cop that I
22 was talking about before, walked around me as that general punishment was
23 dedicated to me.

24 My situation was desperate, my sweat dropped onto the floor tile, soaked my
25 shorts and underwear.

26 I stopped flexing because he started to hit me with a broom, breaking it at the back
27 of my legs. After turning the broom into splinters on my butt, he took a stick made of
28 Guayacan wood and started hitting me on my chest, in my face, and when I used my
29 hands as protection, I felt how he broke my right hand. With a kick in my ribs and
30 another one in my chest he put the stick to my throat and got with all his weight on my
31 chest.

32 I sat up again and he said to me, “Go on with the push-ups, you son of a bitch!
33 You fugitives don’t deserve being treated well! You little fucker, I bet you’re gonna be
34 a criminal, that astuteness you have, you only use it to escape, steal, and smoke! You
35 should be at home! You’re not here because you’ve been a good boy! GO ON WITH
36 THE PUSH-UPS!”

37 I already couldn’t use one hand, the bone was pounding horribly. I tried to give it
38 support even only a little bit by putting it on the floor and pushing harder with his left

1 hand. Because of the ache in my right hand and soaked with sweat y fell and got up
2 on the floor tile until, finally, the bastard let me go. I remained spread over the floor.

3 Then, I started to cry. I insulted him mentally. You can imagine what kind of
4 insults! I had the thought of getting into a gang, take a gun and fire at not only that
5 cop, but at every uniform guy I would see.

6 The day after the beating up in the Temporary Home I heard somebody
7 screaming, "Robert Taylor, you're going somewhere else! Get your stuff!"

8 When I was done, I lined up together with other three "little angels". They wrote
9 down the pass and we left. While I was walking martially, the thought of the
10 Observation House being just another prison tormented me.

11 **32. I WANTED TO FLY HIGHER**

12 I wanted to be smarter than "Duckling" – do you remember? – but to be so I had to
13 be unbearable to the conduct teachers and cops. And that was what I did. As soon as
14 I left the gang, after having some fights with other gangs and sniffing glue, I was
15 arrested for the second time.

16 I spent four months in the Observation House. A psychologist was in charge of me
17 and I begged her to do something for me as not even my family wanted to know about
18 Taylor. They wouldn't bear no shame with a person who behaved as inappropriate as
19 I did. They said, "We talk to him and talk to him, but he doesn't understand. Let's just
20 leave him there."

21 My begging moved here. "It depends on your behavior. If you behave, you'll be out
22 in no time, but if you don't we'll send you to another place, to the correctional center,
23 and from there you won't be able to leave until you are of legal age. When you're 18,
24 you're gonna do military service, and then you are free."

25 I did the math and figured that I couldn't stay six years there. Six long years of
26 getting up at six in the morning, sweeping the backyard, push-ups, squats,
27 masturbation, and solitude. That's why I had nothing left than get used to a better
28 behavior, but I always liked wandering the streets. I waited for the results of my
29 behavior, trying to be very obedient, but two months had already passed and I started
30 worrying.

31 Every time I asked the psychologist in charge of observing my behavior they told
32 me to be patient. And every time I replied, "OK, OK, OK!" but at the same time I
33 prepared myself to swing over the roof, until I had my shot with the soccer matches
34 among the national rehab institutions.

35 **33. THE INTERPROVINCIAL GAMES**

36 In Guayaquil there are institutions which "favor" the children who went astray like
37 the Temporary Home, the Observation House, the Correctional Center, and the

1 Juvenile Shelter. From all of those, the Correctional Center was chosen as the seat of
2 the soccer matches. The slackers from Machala and Loja came to play. A week before
3 the championship, our training started as it was very important to win to get the right to
4 play the finals against the teams of the highlands. Those were the so awaited Olympic
5 Games among the slackers, and, because of that, it was difficult for us to think of an
6 easy victory because who can defeat a slacker? During my training or at night I
7 begged God to let us win, not so much for being champions, but more for the chance
8 to escape that I would have with every movement outside the city.

9 The first match we ended in a tie with those from Machala, which had been
10 defeated before by the team of the Correctional Center, whom we defeated three to
11 one. After that, we beat the team of Loja five to zero, and also the team of the Juvenile
12 Shelter. We ended the first half two to zero: I scored one goal, the other one was
13 scored by a guy called "Three Balls". Before the second half started, our conduct
14 teacher warned us, "You have to win, you cretins, if you don't, I'll give you with a stick.
15 For every failure I'll hit you your ankles!"

16 Looking at me he said, "Did you hear what I said?" I replied, "If you hit me or not, I
17 want to win and I'm gonna score a goal for you!" The second half started and it was
18 clear that both teams were exhausted because of the effort showed during the first
19 half.

20 The appearance of our team was questionable: some had lice, others had a bad
21 body odor, and some hadn't brushed their teeth no one knows since when, most of us
22 didn't have shoes, in shorts, with messy hair or even bald. The most optimistic ones
23 assured our victory judging from all those marvelous qualities.

24 But given the great performance that we showed, there must have been some
25 truth in that assertion. In the middle of the second half, the right forward of the other
26 team kicked a shot of great power so that it bent the hand of our goalie "Paisuco". He
27 lost his balance and fell at grass level. The ones from the Juvenile Shelter screamed,
28 "GOOOAAL!" with emotion, but, thank God, the ball hit the crossbar, flying back to the
29 middle of the field where "Cagaguado" took it and passed it on to me perfectly.

30 I evaded the first slacker, then another one until I was alone with the goalie. I
31 feinted a shot with all my force with my left foot, but stopped before kicking the ball
32 and the deceived goalie threw himself to the right, but I passed the ball to the left
33 where the goalie was standing at the beginning and, ... GOOOAAL!!! I already told
34 you that I was an enthusiast of the King Pele and that was why I copied one of the
35 tricks I had seen him do in one of the matches repeated on TV, scoring the third goal
36 that gave the indisputable victory to the team of the Observation House where I was
37 held as an imprisoned and naughty child.

38 On the eve of traveling to Quito, the Director "Little Pistol" promised he would help
39 us to get our freedom for having won on the coast, even though we wouldn't win in the
40 highlands. In the evening, the conduct teacher entered our bedroom escorted by two

1 cops and told us firmly, “you’re going to travel and I hope you will behave. If one of
2 you flees, take it for granted that from Quito I’ll bring you back doing squats.”

3 **34. THE TRIP TO QUITO**

4 The anticipated morning came and we dressed up for the trip in a super cab of the
5 “Ecuador Fleet”. It was forbidden to smoke cigarettes, but when we passed by a town,
6 the kid “Three Balls”, number 10 in our team, waving with a bill in one of his hands
7 called out for a boy who was vending cigarettes on the street. “Tobacconist,
8 tobacconist, give me a pack, bro!”

9 The kid ran in his eagerness to sell. “Three Balls” showed him the bill through the
10 bus window which made the vendor kid raise his hand with the pack. “Three Balls”
11 took the pack, took back his hand and head, and sat down into his seat without paying
12 for the service. I was sitting in the last seat and saw the sad face of the vendor who
13 was just left stupefied while the car was driving away. I was really sorry, but soon I
14 was over it.

15 From there on it seemed that there was fog in the bus as it was filled with smoke.
16 The cops and the conduct teacher only said, “Don’t smoke, lads, you’re only wearing
17 out your bodies, you’ll be losing afterwards. We arrived in Quito convinced that we
18 were grown up and independent as we had proven that by smoking without restriction.

19 The teams were already on the field. In the preliminary round played the slackers
20 of Guayaquil against those of Quito, in the presence of the team of Esmeraldas, which
21 awaited the elimination of one of them. During the first half they scored three goals to
22 zero and during the 15 minutes of break our tongues were like ties. Each of us tried to
23 justify the elevated score. I had troubles with “Black Cut”, who was responsible for one
24 of the goals, and so on. After attacking us mutually we took up our friendship and we
25 soaked up oranges.

26 The climate hindered us from developing. My nose burned while breathing and I
27 longed for the end of the match to get back to Guayaquil. During the second half they
28 scored four goals consecutively. We were eliminated, but we were glad that the team
29 of Esmeraldas was the one that took the Cup away from those of Quito after
30 struggling.

31 I’ll explain it: Quito was winning one to zero. The referee “Goat Chin” didn’t
32 validate a goal of Esmeraldas with which they would end in a tie as only three minutes
33 were left for the match to end. So, the conduct teachers of the slackers of Esmeraldas
34 started a riot (what an example!). A player from Esmeraldas used the opportunity to
35 snap the Cup off the referee’s hands and run away together with his peers, after
36 standing still at the shouting of the coach of the harmed team. “FUCKING
37 BUSYBODY, YOU WERE SOLD OUT!”

38 **35. THE REASON WHY I DIDN’T ESCAPE**

1 On our way home my conscience didn't leave me in peace because I was worried
2 for not having escaped. Why didn't I do it when I had the chance to? I would be better
3 off in freedom, I would be right now. I slept the rest of the way and when we arrived,
4 we received the congratulations of the Director "Little Pistol" (he had lost his little and
5 ring finger of his right hand).

6 He said excited, "Players, tell your families to get you out of here, from this
7 moment, my brave champions, you are free." All of them left, except Taylor. After two
8 weeks I raised a fuss with the psychologist. "You have fooled me with false promises!"
9 She replied, "Wait! Calm down! Calm down, son!" – "When are you going to help me?
10 You're nothing but painkillers! Your words are nothing worth! You old four-eyed!

11 I run out her office until I arrived at the back yard. The psychologist followed me to
12 tell me, "Taylor, please, son! You were behaving so well... I don't know what's going
13 on with you now!"

14 I replied, "WHAT'S GOING ON NOW IS THAT I AM PISSED OFF BECAUSE YOU
15 ALWAYS FOOL ME! Until when do I have to put up with you? Even better, don't tell
16 me anything!

17 Then, the conduct teacher intervened, "Come here! What's wrong with you? Don't
18 you see that you are disrespecting the psychologist?"

19 I replied, "She's no lady, that old four-eyed!" and there was the aggression. "HEAD
20 DOWN! HEAD DOWN AND BUTT UP! NOW YOU'LL RECEIVE YOUR TWO HITS
21 WITH A STICK!"

22 "Fuck it! I'm not doing it! If you want to hit me, here I am, but don't give me orders
23 about positions 'cause I'm not your son you can hit! YOU'RE ALWAYS PISSING ME
24 OFF!

25 The teacher laughed and when he confirmed that my anger was also disappearing
26 he told me those words I'll never forget, "When you're grown up you'll have enough to
27 write a book about all of this and especially about what has happened to you. You
28 only need to live more, and you even have an artistic name. Your name's ROBERT
29 TAYLOR, nice name for an artist. You can be a great author, if they don't kill you first.
30 Have you ever heard of "Nike runs with Nike"?"

31 I said, "The one who runs with a bag full of money after robbing jewelry store in the
32 United States and the cops follow him, shooting at him...!"

33 "In the same way as you are telling that story, you can write your book."

34 **36. THE NEW CONDUCT TEACHER**

35 A new conduct teacher and at the same time Drawing Director. He was afro-
36 descendent, tall, and very like my father. I remember that he made me cry. I went to
37 the restroom and shot the door so nobody could see me. I cried and cried. The

1 director followed me and when he heard me sobbing, he shouted paternally, "Taylor,
2 Taylor come! Come Here! Tell me what's going on with you!"

3 I opened the door and when I saw him, I hugged him crying. Caressing my hair he
4 said, "Calm down, calm down, son. Come, Let's go to have some fun!" But I didn't
5 listen to him so he would go on indulging me. Then, I stopped crying. I was a child
6 who having both parents never had them with me by my side both of them together.

7 There was only my mother, but before I could even walk by myself she left me in
8 charge of the neighbors. I don't say "I had a mother." I neither want to say, "I had a
9 father." I leave that to you. What I can say is that I am 20 years old and I am still
10 without them. But if that is my destiny, to live in solitude like a lost soul, I'll go on that
11 path of my life until I find my soul mate.

12 For now I'll try to fill in the holes that brought me unhappiness in my home. If God
13 gives me luck to have children, they, on the other hand, will enjoy much happiness.

14 **37. IN THE CORRECTIONAL CENTER**

15 I made friends immediately with the other inmates, although some of them already
16 knew me with the nickname "Cuco".

17 "What's up, "Cuco!"

18 "Hey, man! What's up!"

19 "What happened to you? Why did they send you over here? Didn't they say that
20 they would help the soccer players? That shit's been nothing but lies!"

21 "Yeah, man! I didn't even escape! But it doesn't matter! And here? Where's the
22 way out?"

23 "Massive escape is everything! That is all the slackers together against the teacher
24 in charge."

25 Let me explain that I had to stay in the Correctional Center until I was 18 years,
26 from where I passed directly to the Military Services. I thought that I wouldn't stay
27 there, "that's for stupid ones. I'll try to go away as fast as possible."

28 Inside the Correctional Center there was an upholstery workshop, a tailor shop,
29 and a workshop on mechanics. I chose the latter to learn a profession. There was a
30 classroom where the illiterate studied and other classrooms to teach from first to sixth
31 grade primary school. My first surprise was that the workshop on mechanics wasn't
32 more than a simple locksmith's shop, and the second that the conduct teacher would
33 start with aggressions yelling, "You are new, and if you take a saw or a pointed file to
34 your bedroom for your disgrace, you're gonna get to know me. And I warn you: If the
35 others here convince you, all of you are out! You (to the others) because of being old,
36 you've already spent more time here, and you, because you're new."

1 I didn't take the warning the bad way because it was normal for me to listen to
2 bullshit. When the workshop was over we went in lines of 10 slackers to the dining
3 room. When one ran away, they punished us all with exercises and beatings. After the
4 lashing our comment was, "Cool that lad got out! He was already getting musty that
5 lad!" (meaning that he had already spent a lot of time imprisoned).

6 "Yeah man, that lad was already going crazy!"

7 "And he was an outlaw. How wouldn't he go crazy!"

8 I was an outlaw, too, and when I heard about the fugitive going crazy, I told myself,
9 "Whew, am I going crazy, too?"

10 **38. THE BRAZILIAN**

11 I was given that nickname by "Little Egg", a friend at the Correctional Center who
12 heard a comment that I was good at playing soccer and that they could earn some
13 cash on bets.

14 When I had the ball to my feet, Little Egg" shouted , "KICK IT, BRAZILIAN!", and
15 while the match was progressing the others fell in yelling, "KICK IT BRAZILIAN! TO
16 THE GOAL! SCORE A GOAL!"

17 During the first encounter I scored two goals and we won. From the bets they
18 received the double amount of money and we split the money. They gave me part. We
19 went on playing and betting with such good luck that our pockets began to grow.

20 Everything was going well, until the conduct teacher felt envy and without wasting
21 any time he assembled his own team, including Little Egg and himself as players.

22 In the middle of the action he tripped me up many times to make me fall while
23 running. As I had evaded him, he didn't hit the ball, but directly my ankle. My hands
24 and knees started bleeding.

25 Nevertheless, I went on playing, but with more skill and intelligence. He persisted
26 in his meanness by using all of his body weight to make me trip over. I rolled the ball
27 slowly with my left foot, stood on my right foot leaning my body back; I put my left foot
28 behind to get more power, and achieved that the teacher made a false move and fell
29 to the floor because of his inertia.

30 I moved forward with the ball, fooled three adversaries and stood in front of the
31 goalie. I put all my anger in one shot hit with my right foot. The ball passed the goalie
32 blowing his ears to get to the bottom of the netting. The goalie stood there with arms
33 together and outstretched, his knees slightly bended.

34 I had to leave the game because the kicking went on. I couldn't bear any other kick
35 in my right ankle that was already hurt and neither the evil look of the teacher who
36 was frustrated as he couldn't beat me with fair play.

1

2

3

39. OUR PRIMITIVE WEAPONS

4

Normally, we caused a fuss in the dining room and there were even fights with pointed spoons against each other, attacking faces for real. Glasses were broken to use the pieces in fights or to cut one to get a pass to the hospital to see the street and try to escape on the way there. Although I never cut myself with that motive, there are cuts in my arms and scars over my body from stab-wounds.

9

Those marks seem as if I had had plastic surgeries because of all those stitches that appear on the landscape of my body: three on my right arm, one on my right shoulder, another one over my belly, and maybe the last one on the right side of my thorax. Smaller scars are observable in other capillary areas because of scratching, cuts from razorblades or from the thorns of a citrus tree.

14

40. PLANNING THE ESCAPE

15

Three other slackers whose families neither were worrying about them showed so much interest in escaping that they studied scientifically even the smallest detail of the breakout. I joined the conspirators.

18

We decided to overpower the teacher together, to attack him. We cut the cover of a mattress to elaborate some long strips that we hid in a little bag made of a pant leg to tie up the wicked teacher, the one who always hit us. In our first attempt of escape we shrank back at the presence of the cops.

22

Our idea was to enter the workshop, climb the ceiling from where hung wires and iron pipes which we would use to get to the zinc roof.

24

For the second attempt we agreed that one of my partners would put his arm around the teacher's neck while I would throw myself at him to catch his feet. The rest would tie up his hands and feet, and also place a handkerchief attached to a little string in his mouth so that he wouldn't scream until we were out.

28

Afraid that the others wouldn't fulfill the arrangements, I dared to tell them, "If you don't put your arm, I'll take the hammer and hit him right forward in his head." They were appalled, "No! No! You're gonna kill him," one of my friends said.

31

41. THE HEAD-LOCK

32

As usual, after the soccer match, we entered the dining room in lines of 10. That day, no one of the partners in crime ate. After an hour we made a line to go to the workshop. I had the hammer in my hands. The teacher was next to me sanding down a piece of iron to elaborate blanks and sliding doors, giving me a good opportunity to fulfill my bravado.

36

1 But to cut short my desire, one of my friends hurried up and put his arm like a
2 head-lock, knocking him down on his back. In less than a minute some of us had
3 climbed the wall. From above I saw when my friend fought with the conduct teacher
4 taking the worst part. In the middle of the struggle both stood up. I realized that he
5 was the only one missing to get out, so I took the hammer and hit it on the teacher's
6 head.

7 The latter bent little by little, like a banana, which encouraged me to kick him his
8 rips, hard, very hard, with the tip of my shoe. Touching ground he yelled, "THEY'RE
9 KILLING ME!" and I kicked him again saying, "DIE, BASTARD!" My friend who was
10 free, used the time to leave swiftly and then I was the only one staying behind, but I
11 had him yelling on the ground.

12 I ran towards freedom, satisfied because I had kept my word when I promised my
13 accomplice that I wouldn't leave him alone with the problem, even if the others would
14 run away thinking, "Every man for himself!" Nobody was left behind. The following day
15 they were newly arrested whereas I sought refuge in the countryside until the situation
16 was dead and buried.

17 **42. COUNTRY LIFE**

18 During the first couple of days I had a great time, but as the weeks went by I
19 became bored progressively. To cover my expenses of the trip I stole a golden
20 necklace and a watch. With the money from the sale I bought from a drug dealer four
21 jars of contact cement, ten joints, a pack of "Full" cigarettes with filter but no
22 mouthpiece, two pack of "Lider" cigarettes, and 100 packets of paste.

23 The farm house was my maternal aunt's property. When I got off the car, I first
24 looked for a hiding place for my merchandise. She saw me and surprised me by
25 saying, "YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING!" It wasn't for
26 nothing, she knew that I did drugs.

27 While the days passed, I had enchanted all the family members by telling them,
28 even to my innocent cousins, what had happened to me and without them noticing, I
29 consumed my drugs little by little when the urge came up as my body was screaming
30 for it.

31 I had some friends in the countryside who had known me since I was little. They
32 were all grown up adults while I was still 13 years old. We spent all the time playing
33 soccer on the town's soccer field and after the matches we went for some beers.
34 Later, I took out some packets of paste and some joints and at the same time I told
35 them about my spectacular escape.

36 I felt proud when I told them that I was part of the gang "The Wolves" and to prove
37 them my courage I took out the drugs of my shoe and asked them to buy a "Full"
38 cigarette without mouthpiece to put together a joint. When they brought it I gave them

1 a packet of paste and another of marihuana and told them to “assemble the scene”.
2 However, they didn’t know how to do it although they claimed to be great smokers.

3 In squat position I made the joint and talking, just like an expert pothead would do
4 it. At that young age I already proved that I was a “junky”, a “paster”, and a
5 “drunkard”, but in spite of all those qualities, I was obedient and humble since my
6 childhood, it’s just that I stopped being like that the more I got involved in drugs.

7 I didn’t like to work in the countryside and my aunt started pissing me off. “GO TO
8 WORK WITH THE OTHER BOYS!” (That is, with my cousins). I went, but I got sick of
9 it. I went back to the city when I figured that the fuss because of my escape had
10 passed. I dressed up, took my bits and pieces, and left my aunt and dear cousins
11 nothing more than dust. I hung around in the streets of the city, sleeping wherever the
12 night surprised me.

13 **43. CITY LIFE**

14 When I was hungry I didn’t do anything else than steal. But, in exchange, I also did
15 some good things like vending the “Extra” newspapers and polishing shoes. I sold the
16 newspaper in the early morning and I got high with the theft of any watch or golden
17 necklace. I was high until the crack of dawn and as a disguise for the eyes of the cops
18 I shielded myself working as a paper boy.

19 I yelled, “EXTRA! EXTRA! BUY THE EXTRA,” and at the same time I was
20 watching out for any potential victim. I vended about 10 newspapers of the 20 issues
21 that I purchased daily to disguise my real intentions: mob and steal. From the other
22 shoeblacks, I took away their boxes to polish the shoes to confirm at the end of the
23 service how much money the clients would have in their pockets.

24 When I saw a bundle of a more or less significant size, I returned the box and ran
25 towards acquaintances of slackers and other partners in crime to call their attention. I
26 made signs to the first one I saw and at the same time I walked behind the person
27 with the pockets full of money.

28 Instantly, some of us got together two or three blocks ahead and – BAM! – we put
29 our arms around his neck in form of a head-lock and took away all the cash and even
30 the wallet. If there was time left, we even took their shoes within seconds. From one
31 moment to the other, a person fainted in the middle of the city on the sidewalk where
32 he had been walking. We committed those crimes every time we were broke, and as
33 we were addicted and delinquent children, they happened all the time.

34 After wandering the streets of the city center stealing and getting high, I was afraid
35 of thinking that I could mess things up and end up in the Correctional Center. I
36 remembered the atrocious hit I inflicted on the conduct teacher’s head and that I
37 kicked his ribs. For that reason, scared, I took the bus to seek refuge in a parish near
38 the city.

1 **44. THE LAW OF FLIGHT**

2 I found out through the testimony of a slacker who had escaped from the
3 Correctional Center that they were waiting for me and the others of the “hammer flight”
4 to stop by again, that they had already arrested some of them and that especially the
5 conduct teacher was praying for the detention of a guy with the nickname “Brazilian”
6 to make use of the law of flight.

7 “Shit, man, if they arrest that lad, first they’ll smash him up and then apply the law
8 of flight. And the law of flight is the law of flight!” Other slackers who were with him told
9 him that I was that Brazilian. “Shit, man! They gonna whoop ya ass! Give you a
10 knuckle sandwich! Get cracking!”

11 Out of my jacket I took two joints and 500 sucres and said to the fugitive, “You’re
12 broke as you just broke out.” He replied, “Yeah! I’d just escaped when I came here.
13 I’m free not more than an hour!” I gave him my gift and said goodbye to all of them.
14 The last thing I heard from a 15 meter distance was, “Take care of you, Brazilian. Be
15 careful you gonna pay. Wherever you go you have to walk on eggs!”

16 **45. BETWEEN GOD AND DEVIL**

17 Everywhere I arrived, I never met a friend who invited me to something healthy;
18 neither was I looking for it. When I felt the longing to get high, I bought contact cement
19 in a hardware store and sought refuge in the bushes where I sniffed and cried. I cried
20 because I remembered my parents and how they treated me. I loved and hated them
21 at the same time. To get over the resentment, I inhaled desperately and cried because
22 of my rage.

23 The drug I consumed made me have hallucinogenic and evil visions. I saw the
24 Devil and I wanted him to take me, telling him, “Devil, take me with you as my father
25 doesn’t want me!” Later, in the middle of my hallucinatory state, I said, “Really, Devil,
26 we’re gonna be friends!” I tried to convince him to show himself to me without realizing
27 that I had already shown up. Then, I analyzed the situation and started to investigate
28 the reason why the Devil wanted to take me and got to the conclusion remembering
29 what the elder people say: “children, when they don’t obey their parents and disobey,
30 they are taken by the Devil”. I blamed my dad because in my memories I saw him
31 hitting me, which was the reason why I misbehaved at school. “YOU COMPOSE
32 YOURSELF OR THE DEVIL WILL TAKE YOU WITH HIM!”

33 I woke up enchanted by those hallucinogenic visions. When I stopped sniffing, I
34 got angry and said, “God, why don’t you take me before the Devil does?”

35 **46. THE BOSS OF THE MAFIA**

36 When I was high I cried first and then laughed remembering that once, when the
37 cops were following me after some thefts, they jumped the lights and bumped into a

1 cab. I imagined with pleasure how the cops paid the cab driver for the damages
2 caused.

3 My food after leaving the bushes was two bananas and a drink and then, ran back
4 to the hardware store. But first I stole a golden necklace and sold it to buy drugs for
5 the whole night. I bought two jars, a bottle of booze, and two joints. I first smoked the
6 reefer and then sniffed the glue.

7 During the hallucinogenic visions I saw the boss of the mafia. Once I had heard
8 some worldly comments about the boss of the mafia that nobody knows. I wondered
9 why and asked the chatterbox, "Hey! And when he dies, does he become visible,
10 then?" He replied, "No, because nobody sees him and nobody knows him! The mafia
11 is unforgiving. You can go wherever you want in the entire world and the mafia will
12 find and kill you (and he repeated) because the mafia is unforgiving!"

13 When I was high I didn't see the boss's face, just a hat in the bushes. So I
14 concluded that the boss of the mafia was no one else than the devil. And I had other
15 deductions; if he existed, how would they recognize him? And if he died, nobody
16 would recognize him because nobody knows him. In my mind I wrote down, "RIGHT!
17 The boss of the mafia is the same devil who pulls you through the pot, the paste, and
18 that shit that I inhale.

19 I recorded thoroughly in my mind; in other words, the Devil wants to take me! So I
20 used my astuteness to communicate with God. I got cracking, but I didn't let the Devil
21 know. I went on inhaling day after day, but worried about my feelings.

22 **47. MY ENCOUNTER WITH MASOCHISM**

23 I remembered that within the two detention centers there was not one single good
24 child. We were all ill-mannered and disobedient, even when they hit us. After the
25 punishment, we laughed behind their backs and we didn't care that they would hit us
26 again. That is what disobedience is. The end of the road of all those young boys who
27 don't obey; the Devil's place.

28 I wasn't able to stop inhaling and I consumed more every time. I was already
29 consuming three jars. OK! But if there is a Devil, there is also a God. There are also
30 good children who aren't like me, children who study and spend their time at home
31 with their parents. They don't do the same as I do. I do drugs.

32 **48. THE DEVIL'S DEAFNESS**

33 In need to communicate with God I found a way to do it by thinking that the Devil
34 only gets hold of what I hears people saying. When my father hit me because I had
35 run away from home, the Devil was attentive because instead of calming down, I ran
36 away again. It was then that I was convinced that the devil wouldn't listen to my
37 thoughts, just my words. Only God heard my thoughts.

1 I wasn't able to quit sniffing glue and completely stopped meeting my friends on
2 the street. I greeted them from far and passed them to get high or to steal.

3 Then I masturbated. I'm more well-mannered regarding that as, thank God, I
4 defeated that habit by keeping my thoughts towards Him, WITHOUT TALKING. Our
5 words can be heard by the Devil, but only when they are bad, because that is his
6 entry. The good words and our thoughts belong to God. If you say bad words, you can
7 ask God for forgiveness, but only in low voice, with your thoughts. God gave each one
8 of us the ability of mind and thought so we can be with him, even though we are
9 surrounded by evil.

10 **49. THE SAVAGENESS OF THE COPS**

11 The cops assigned to the parish surprised me inhaling at the local park and
12 arrested me. On that terrible day I didn't go into the bushes to my hiding place where I
13 would sit on a stone and lean against a tree. When they saw me, one of them pointed
14 his gun at me and said, "STILL, THERE! HANDS UP!" I replied enraged, "WHAT
15 STILL THERE! YOU SON OF A BITCH! FUCKING COPS, YOU'RE INTERRUPTING
16 ME!"

17 And then began rock'n roll. He tried to grab my hand, but he couldn't. The other
18 one stood behind me and knocked me down to the floor. The first cop grabbed my
19 shirt, but I got hold of his cuffs and I made him fall. The second one took hold of my
20 hair, I shook my head as hard as I could, pushing me away from his chest while the
21 other one was getting up.

22 I shook off the one who had held my hair, but in the next moment the other one
23 hugged me from behind. I yelled, "NO! NO! SON OF A BITCH! LET ME BE, I'M NOT
24 HURTING ANYONE! PLEASE, LET ME GO!"

25 Although I asked for help to the people who passed by, nobody defended me. I
26 remembered my father, stayed quiet and called for him, crying. After the crying, the
27 cops grabbed me at my shirt and I started to fight again so as not to go to the
28 dungeon. They dragged me out by my hair and one arm, but with the other arm I
29 pulled at them, making one of them fall. I gave up when they hit me with the handle
30 piece of their revolver hard on my head.

31 The cops were tired and sweating. Their uniform was dappled with blood and
32 some buttons were missing. Quickly they recorded the police report so they would
33 transfer me to the Model Police Station the following day. There happened the
34 injustice. When they led me to the Criminal Investigation Center (CIC) they already
35 knew the cause of my detention: DRUG ADDICT. They didn't even ask me why I did
36 drugs or what was going on with me.

37 They took a stick and started beating me up so I would confess my crimes. They
38 directly saddled me with meaningless accusations. "You took a bracelet of my sister-
39 in-law. She's coming to identify you!" Truth is that at this point in time I hadn't even

1 stolen a bracelet, only golden necklaces. I was worried and thought that if that woman
2 came and accused me of being the thief of her jewel, they would kill me with that
3 stick...

4 For my luck, they didn't. But out of any bad you can always get something good,
5 such as, for example, being punished by a female cop...a pretty one. I remember an
6 occasion when I was running in the back yard after having replied the "PRESENT!" of
7 the list, a Lieutenant hit me with her purse to stop me. Truth is that I was AROUSED! I
8 don't like blonds, but the female cop perplexed me. I loved her green eyes, but much
9 more her appearance from waist downwards.

10 I longed for one of those lieutenants questioning me to be honest with her and
11 confess all my crimes, which the agents didn't achieve, not even with the stick. Which
12 of the prisoners wouldn't like being hit by a handbag as I was?

13 **50. THE DRUG DEALERS.-**

14 After five days I got out of prison without anybody bringing a legal appeal that
15 would allow me to be set free within the time established by law for those who couldn't
16 be charged with any crime. Back in the parish I made friends with some drug dealers
17 who enjoyed the privilege of laundry service, to buy fashionable shoes, blue-jeans,
18 socks, and shirts. They had a lot of clothes, a TV in each room, recorders, a
19 refrigerator filled with food, a stove with an oven, and nice furniture.

20 I dressed their clothes and they gave me a bed. At day I did homework and at
21 night I went to school. Once, after lunch, some cops arrived home. My dealer friends
22 weren't there, but one of their intimates was. He was sleeping in the hammock in the
23 living room. They knocked on the door. When I looked out the window I was alerted by
24 the desperate cries yelling "The cops! The cops are outside! Wake up, Taylor!"

25 Without any fear I left the bedroom while he pretended to be sleeping in the
26 hammock. As there wasn't any other way out, we were trapped like locked up cats.
27 They searched the house, cut open the mattresses, rummaged in the refrigerator,
28 opened the radios and TVs, took out the drawers of the dresser and threw the clothes
29 on the floor, kicking it in case something would jump. They left the house in a
30 complete mess, up-side down, and, finally, they even searched outside pointlessly.

31 They took the photos of the two business owners who escaped from the razzia
32 when they left to play soccer minutes before the intrusion. When the cops left, my
33 companion said, "Thank you, Lord Jesus!" I just looked at him. Later he frightened
34 confessed, "Shit, man, I have 40 envelopes of paste in my wallet!" He had hidden the
35 wallet in his balls. That's why the cops didn't find them. I was already eating some
36 fried chicken with rice before having a shower and going to class when the bosses
37 arrived. After finding out about the aroused problem, they decided to move house
38 before the cops would be back again. However, they didn't forget me. We didn't leave
39 the parish so I could go on studying. Nevertheless, the school was quite far away,

1 which was why, at the end of the school year, they paid me a cab ride to get to school.
2 What a luxury!

3 **51. THE CANDY THIEF**

4 There was party, booze and smoking every weekend. They gave me some cash to
5 hang out at the center and because I was a party animal, I traveled to Yaguachi where
6 they arrested me for stealing candies from the highlanders who had come to sell their
7 product.

8 They set me free the following day to enjoy happily the famous festival of San
9 Jacinto. Addicted to drugs, I climbed up to the terrace of a house where the cops
10 caught me red-handed, with a joint lighten-up. And again they took me to the big
11 house. I was held imprisoned by justice, which sometimes can be unjust, until the end
12 of the festivities.

13 The cops put to one side the slackers arrested due to crime of stealing sweets,
14 and to another one the persons under arrest because of felony. I stood in line of the
15 candy thefts and everything turned out all right. I regained my liberty. I went back
16 home and found my buddies sloshed, high, and asleep. Thanks to the magic string
17 previously attached to the door latch of one of the windows I was able to enter the
18 house.

19 **52. THE FEINT OF THE FAB**

20 One of the dealers, the one who was the most attentive with me, once lied down in
21 my bed. Rumor had it that his nickname was "Butt Pirate", but I didn't believe that he
22 was a fab. I only started to have doubts when he started to take off his clothes, and I
23 thought, "Why does he lie next to me while his bed is more comfortable than mine?"

24 Then he started grabbing my balls and I let him. He turned on his belly and I
25 climbed onto him. After that, he wanted to do the same with me, but there a difficulty
26 arose as I automatically remembered an experience I had in jail while observing the
27 fight between two inmates. The one said to the other, "You ass-screwed fag! You are
28 a pillow biter!" The one addressed stayed calm, as if it was true, that was why he
29 couldn't complain about anything.

30 When "Butt Pirate" tried to convince me, I remembered that embarrassing episode
31 in prison and I wished he went to hell. He said, "OK, it's alright, keep calm! I'll give you
32 some large if you don't tell anything to anybody!" He took out his wallet and gave me
33 three bills of a thousand Sucres each. He went back to his bed, but from then on I
34 starting being precautious because they could attack me in group.

35 **53. THIEF STEALING ANOTHER THIEF**

36 Once I had spent the 3000 sucres, I felt hungry and the urge of buying me a jar of
37 glue. I chose an old woman to rip her off the necklace that hung around her neck and

1 reached to the middle of her two white boobs. She was more or less 30 years old and
2 strong white legs.

3 I grabbed the necklace and granted me my wish. I inhaled all night long hidden
4 between the bushes. However, the next day when I got back to civilization, there was
5 a scandal because of the necklace. The victim was driving around in her car with two
6 cops through town looking for me and ended up catching me. She was satisfied by
7 putting me in jail and did not charge me with the respective crime. How sadistic!

8 I spent five days behind the bars, but I didn't have such a bad time as I had taken
9 half of a jar hidden in my pants with me without them noticing it. With 10 sucres I had
10 in my pockets I sent a shoeblick to buy me a soda to use the plastic bag afterwards to
11 inhale. I was unfortunate as the shoeblick ran away with my cash. I didn't let me
12 become depressed. I inhaled straight from the jar, without witnesses.

13 When I was freed, I was almost 14 years old. I went back to the drug dealers and
14 as it was a weekend, they started to smoke and to get drunk. The drug buyers arrived
15 every minute and so as not to disturb, I took the key of the house and went to the
16 center of the town. I felt like stealing from those destroyers of humanity so it occurred
17 to me to make a copy of the key to the front door.

18 I previously made a deal with the buyer I trusted most, the same who gave me the
19 money to get the copy. He should enter the house with the copy of the key in the early
20 morning with the purpose of stealing everything he could, once all the high and drunk
21 guys had gone to sleep. He should also damage the door knob to make believe that it
22 had been broken by strangers.

23 At the first hour of the next day I got out of bed stealthily and I took all the money
24 that was in the pockets of the three pants. After that I went back to bed until several
25 hours later I was awoken by the harsh cries of my protectors. A thief had entered the
26 house and taken all the money, the music system, but...nothing had been broken.

27 I made the mistake of trusting that idiot who hadn't kept his word and didn't
28 damage the door knob or the door. What else could I do? The dealers got to their
29 conclusion and did well as they suspected me, but not completely as I still was with
30 them. They said, "If the door was left open.." – "No!, Shit! I closed it well," said
31 another. "So, the window" – "I closed the window before going to sleep!"

32 The fab blamed me, "You! You, squat, must have done it! You must have given
33 the key to someone so they could rob us! Tell us! Tell us quickly to whom you gave
34 the key!"

35 I replied, "I didn't do it, man! Really! You're blaming me for nothing!"

36 "SAY IT, NOW, ASSHOLE!"

1 When he started screaming at me, I got mad and I glared at him. I got even
2 angrier and I yelled at him, "WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU, YOU GAY
3 SON OF A BITCH!"

4 He went cold and didn't bother me anymore. Another dealer had heard that his
5 friend was a brown piper, but he didn't believe it, so when I was insulting him, he got
6 the message. And to finish off with him and not to leave any doubts, I grabbed my
7 balls and said, "Don't say asshole to ME, I don't fuck assholes!"

8 After that and with nobody noticing it, I took the hidden cash and I left that house
9 of doom for ever.

10 **54. ON THE WAY TO THE MODEL POLICE STATION**

11 I went back to the city and when I had spent all the money sipping in a bar, some
12 men dressed in khaki with pistols in their hands entered and asked for the IDs off all
13 the people in the bar. Out of the five on my table, I was the only one with no
14 documents.

15 "Why don't you have your papers?!"

16 "Because I was mobbed."

17 "And what's your name?"

18 "Robert Taylor."

19 "You look like a no-good! How old are you?"

20 "13, Chief, only four left to be 14."

21 "Are you a fugitive of the Correctional Center?"

22 "Where is that" (Playing the ingenuous boy)

23 "LET'S GO SO YOU KNOW IT!"

24 In the car I felt sorry for myself thinking, "Shit! I paid! They gonna kill me! For sure,
25 they gonna kill me! They're gonna apply the law of fugitive. Please, God, help me!
26 Help me, I don't wanna die!" At last I entered some sort of resignation. "Fuck it! May
27 God forgive me!"

28 When I expressed those bad words, I made the decision of dying as I imagined
29 myself shot in the back, covered with holes. God heard me. They changed their idea
30 and left me for two months in the Model Police Station.

31 **55. PAID WORK**

32 After thanking God for my freedom, I stole a golden necklace and had the money
33 for the ticket to Playas. I found an old friend of mine and asked him what he was doing

1 there. He replied, "I'm working!" I asked him if he could take me with him to work, even
2 it was only for food. To convince him I told him that I had run away from home and
3 that I had spent many years on the street.

4 While we were talking, my friend's maestro, for whom he was working, passed by,
5 and – how cool! – when I told him my problem, they took me to the garage. They gave
6 me something to eat and let me sleep in an improvised bed. The next day, we started
7 working and the maestro asked me where I was from. I replied, "From a parish in
8 Guayaquil". "What's your name," he asked. "Robert Taylor!"

9 As we went on working more questions came up. I told him about my life and the
10 reason why I was wandering the streets with nowhere to go, and I told him of my
11 gang. "Are you doing basuco (i.e. paste)," he asked me, and I affirmed.

12 He started to take me with him when he had to fix something at the client's home
13 when I had more confidence in me. His garage was for refrigeration and when he had
14 a job of that nature he told me, "Go, get the tools and let's go! Look! You have to take
15 those: two plumber wrenches, a pipe cutter, an open-end wrench, a slot screwdriver
16 and a cross-recess screw driver, a spare relay, a relay cylinder. We also take a piece
17 of bronze rod, a piece of silver rod, solder powder and paste, a face mask and a little
18 bottle like this with gas, just in case we need to solder. Let's do this, Taylor! You're
19 smart and swift."

20 We fixed a fridge in less than half a day and when we handed over our work, he
21 said to the client, "The work was done with the most advanced and modern
22 technology in refrigeration, so don't worry, if it stops working, you call me." He charged
23 and promoted himself at the same time.

24 Day after day he trusted me more. "Taylor, get racking, work so I can invite you for
25 some beers in the cabaret!" I started analyzing him and got to the conclusion that he
26 was a pothead as he loved jail music: only salsa. When the radio was off, he ordered
27 me to sing a salsa tune.

28 Despite the fact that there was more confidence between us, I didn't dare ask him
29 if he was doing drugs, but I imagined...

30 **56. LIKE A CLUBBER**

31 With nightfall, showered and all dressed up we went to the cabaret because the
32 maestro was in love with one of the whores and the place was calling him. We drank
33 around six beers and on our way home, we bought some bags of paste. While rolling
34 a joint, he told me that his wife had left him and he had three lads with her, two boys
35 and a girl.

36 There was a photo hanging on the wall in a big frame and while touching it, he
37 said, "That's my little girl." He took off his hat and gave it a kiss. After this sensitive act
38 we passed on to smoking. Some weeks passed by and I went back to the city. I

1 wandered its streets smoking marihuana and inhaling contact cement. My nose was
2 burning, but I used some menthol to soothe the pain.

3 I was arrested for stealing. I had one hundred thousand Sucres in a handful and
4 then, catch me if you can! WELL, THEY COULD! I was imprisoned for one month
5 and when I got out I went back to Playas, but I didn't look for my friend again. Do you
6 know why? Once he left me in charge of the garage and of the delivery of four fixed
7 refrigerators. When their owners arrived, I handed them over, one by one, I took one
8 hundred eighty thousand sucres in cash, I closed the garage, got in a cab and went to
9 the cabaret.

10 I went to and returned from the cabaret, I entered and exited the chambers of the
11 whores all the time, and regarding drugs, I had around 30 packets in each pocket. In
12 the pockets in the front of my shorts I carried a jar of contact cement, another jar
13 between my balls, and I had another one hidden in the garage, plus six packets of
14 paste, and in my wallet I had thousand and five thousand Sucres bills.

15 When I left jail, I felt like paying back the maestro with money I would get for a TV I
16 had stolen, or if not, with the TV. I left him owing him that, but when I went back to
17 Playas, I found him in the cabaret together with two women and some friends drinking
18 a gush of beer. I approached to say hi, and he said, "You know what, pal, I thought
19 about punching you in the face!"

20 At that moment I was ready to receive the aggression, thinking about taking off my
21 shirt and taking a chair to fend off the attack.

22 "Do you know why I won't do it? Because I spent one year in the penitentiary and I
23 don't wanna go back. If you go on like that, you're gonna find out what the penitentiary
24 is."

25 Calmed down, I replied, "I'm gonna pay you when I'm back from the city where I
26 come from, with a TV that covers the amount of the debt. I fulfilled my offer after three
27 days, but I couldn't go on in the garage.

28 **57. MY JOB AS A CONSTRUCTION WORKER**

29 I adapted a new routine as I was forced to sleep on the table of a restaurant at the
30 seashore and during the afternoons I went to the cabaret, which was the property of
31 three idiots. A whore asked one of them to make her a shelf of cement. I was
32 observing the scene resting on large and dry log of a fallen tree, where the scumbags
33 sat.

34 The man worked slowly, just like an idiot, which was why I interfered. "Give me
35 that, man! This is how it is done!" I completed the job within 15 minutes. That house
36 had a living room, a bowling alley, a cabaret, and riots, and at the hour of the riots
37 those idiots didn't know what to do. When I was alone, I decided to enter a room of
38 one of the whores and we greeted with a "HELLO". She stood there in underwear.

1 "WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT!" she told me.

2 "NOTHING," I replied.

3 She was standing with her back to me, putting makeup on her face, and talked to
4 me looking through a mirror.

5 "What do you want?"

6 "Nothing!"

7 She left the room, didn't see anybody, and entered the room again.

8 "How old are you?"

9 "Thirteen!"

10 "What's your name?"

11 "Robert Taylor."

12 "What do you want?"

13 "The money for the job of the shelf."

14 "If you put a light bulb in my ceiling, I'll pay you!"

15 I looked up the ceiling and realized that the room didn't have any light bulb nor
16 socket. There were only some electric conduct wires. I thought quickly. If I put the light
17 bulb, with that money I go to the room of the other. I went to an empty room, screwed
18 the light bulb out and pulled off the socket. The whore was lying and reading a
19 magazine, looking at me out of the corner of her eye while I was working. I caught her
20 looking at me. She stood up to switch the light on and off, once, twice, three times
21 non-stop, testing the effectiveness of my job.

22 "Good job!"

23 "So, pay me!"

24 "What you want is that I pay you with this!"

25 And she paid with sex. It was a good way of payment. I left the room satisfied and
26 I sat on a chair. Then entered another whore the room, who later would become the
27 terror of my thoughts and the reason why nobody would hold me back in the fuss. She
28 was wearing a white and transparent string bikini, a red bra, and high-heels.

29 Her curled hair reached her shoulders, of indigenous-African mixture, with
30 eyelashes pointing to the sky, and a little nose. When she smiled the light was
31 reflected in a golden tooth. Her name was Vitalia.

1 "You know how to make those cement shelves?"

2 "If you want, I can make one in your room, too."

3 "Tomorrow!"

4 "Right now, as there is cement and rod!"

5 "Better tomorrow."

6 I went on insisting and confirmed sadly how all hopes were fading.

7 "I don't have that, scumbag!"

8 "But I do!"

9 "Let's talk later..."

10 **58. I HAD TO BE A SCUMBAG**

11 I didn't want to leave the cabaret anymore and searched for alternatives. I started
12 helping one of the owners sweeping the living room, and taking down the chairs from
13 the tables, which were put there to facilitate the cleaning of the room. I asked him for
14 some coins and turned on the jukebox while I explained, "It's time to make it work so
15 that the people hear the music and enter. I'll put some salsa!"

16 I started dancing all by myself, opening the night. It was half past seven in the
17 afternoon.

18 As if by some miracle, the drunkards, potheads, and trouble seekers started
19 arriving. Four, five, and even eight people gathered around each table. I began
20 making friends with some of them, but not all of them. I made friends only with the
21 ones who were the laziest, the greatest smokers, and with those who most stole at
22 night.

23 It was time to sell the booze and without anybody asking me, I helped handing out
24 the beer bottles to the tables and cleaning with a towel the dirty tables, as they were
25 filthy pigs when drinking.

26 But I didn't see the girl come back! She was in a room next to the one I was
27 waiting and I could barely concentrate on the orders of the scumbag. "Get cracking,
28 man! Pick up those empty bottles on the table in the last corner!"

29 He was the oldest of the three owners, and I replied, "Take it easy, man!"

30 I charged the consumption and took the cash to him so he could give me the
31 change, and when he was distracted looking at the floor, like only real idiots do, my
32 fingers were like of a Chinese guy on a typewriter: with the right hand I took the bottles

1 and the towel, and with the other I covered a one hundred Suces bill and put it in my
2 front pocket with my back to the owner.

3 I was still worried about why the girl didn't come back.

4 There was only one woman to take care of all those perverts, which made her
5 presence more necessary to the owner of the cabaret.

6 "Hey, man! Have you seen where that whore went?"

7 "Which whore," I replied innocently.

8 "The skinny one. The girl that you saw pass by before, over there!"

9 "Ah," I said, as if I was just remembering, "I saw her leave over there, I don't know
10 where she might have gone!"

11 He didn't imagine that I was also waiting for her. Later he said, "Go look for her.
12 Go out the room for a sec and check on her!"

13 I liked that order and ...I didn't see her. It was eleven o'clock in the evening and it
14 started to rain cats and dogs. Then he ordered to take the bicycle and to go and buy a
15 piece of ice and packets of cigarettes. While pedaling, I thought, "Any time soon, I'll
16 run away with that bicycle, tobacco, and ice. Or I don't buy anything and I take the
17 bicycle in a car..."

18 I did the math: By selling the vehicle I would get a good amount of paste packets,
19 and I would still have cash to buy contact cement. But I cast aside the thought
20 because I was interested in Vitalia.

21 **59. AN EROTIC NIGHT**

22 The owner did the math and asked me then, "You, man, where are you gonna
23 sleep?" I replied, "I have nowhere to go! But why don't you let me sleep here in this
24 room, on the table?" He ordered, "Sleep in the bedroom with the whores, take any of
25 the vacant rooms!"

26 To close the place, I was standing with my back to the main door when I suddenly
27 heard the sound of high-heels. She entered smiling and explained, "The downpour
28 messed up with everything!" The owner of the cabaret said, "Yes, and it is still raining."

29 My clothes were also wet, but less than the skinny girl's clothes. When she saw
30 me sorrowful, she asked me, "And you? Where are you gonna sleep?" I told her, "In
31 one of the empty rooms!" He looked at me while chewing a bubble gum. "COME, JOIN
32 ME!"

33 She walked in front under the rain, opened the door lock of her room, made me sit
34 on her bed and went to the bathroom. After having a shower, she brushed her teeth,

1 dried her body with a towel, and put on her slippers, drying her little feet well. She
2 changed the sheets of the bed while I was taking a shower.

3 Smoking a cigarette, she watched me taking a shower, and when I finished, she
4 lifted the anti-mosquito awning that covered the bed, and passed me a towel. "GET
5 DRY, DADDY!" When I heard that, I thought, "WOW, THAT'S SUPER NICE!" Already
6 dry, I put on my slippers, put the towel around my hip, brushed my teeth with her
7 toothbrush and entered the bed raising the awning.

8 She took out the talc and powdered my feet, over the chest and neck, kissing me. I
9 left the bed to switch off the light and when we laid down, we wrapped ourselves up
10 and, hugging her and kissing, we made love. After the sex, she told me, "Go and buy
11 some packets to smoke! Or don't you know where to buy them?"

12 "I know each and every place here in Playas where they sell drugs. I can bring you
13 what you want!"

14 My shoes didn't get wet on the inside and I put them on after washing my body,
15 taking off the odor that the males expel after enjoying a good performance.

16 She gave me 3000 sucres for the drugs, a military knife, they key and the padlock
17 to close the door outside. But the doors of the saloon and the cabaret were closed,
18 too, so she asked me, "How are you gonna get out?" I replied, "Don't you worry about
19 that. I'm gonna fix that problem. You just stay there, relax until I'm back. It won't take
20 long."

21 To get to the street, I jumped over two walls and at 2 p.m. I was knocking the door
22 where they sold drugs. I jogged back and repeated the previous climbing, but the
23 other way round now to get inside. We got high and slept.

24 **60. THE FREELADING PIMP**

25 I visited my friends of the corners to delve more and more into the drugs. I smoked
26 all the money that she gave me and at night I left her alone after having shared some
27 packets. Later I only frequented her in the early morning hours, leaving the padlock
28 open so she could enter the room and lock it, and I kept the key. I always had to climb
29 the wall to get to her room.

30 Once the cops arrested me and I was freed after six days of jail. She thought that I
31 had abandoned her as I hadn't informed her at an appropriate time about my
32 detention. They charged me with the theft of a house, but as they didn't have any
33 evidence, they let me go. I asked Vitalia for money and bought contact cement. As
34 she was very generous, she also bought me some clothes: underwear, shirts, and
35 shorts. She knew that I didn't like pants because I fought better in shorts during riots.

36

37

1 **61. THE THEFT OF THE HOUSE**

2 I was an ace at intruding the houses of the good and honorable citizens. My
3 friends respected me because of my ability to apply my cleverness. The procedure
4 was simple: I made sure that the owners were not at home, knocked down the door by
5 hitting the door knob with a big rock, and then entered like the same owner.

6 I used the money obtained from the theft to buy packets of paste and cigarettes,
7 contact cement and a bottle of the "Cristal" booze. I didn't drug me publicly. I sought
8 the solitude of the bushes.

9 **62. MY SKINNY GIRL'S BROTHER**

10 My girl's brother arrived every Monday to pick up the money for the support of
11 some of my stepchildren I had never met. After sharing some weeks, we became
12 friends. Vitalia was excited because of that fraternal treat and wanted me to
13 accompany him to the countryside where her children lived and to come back on
14 Monday with him to pick up the cash. I always evaded the situation, disappearing
15 every time my brother-in-law appeared in Playas.

16 **63. I WAS UNDER HER SPELL**

17 Once I caught the whore red-handed, that is, filling up a bottle of soda with urine.
18 She left the bottle on the shelf so I would drink it without noticing the content. I was
19 suspecting that something like that was going on as on another occasion I had noticed
20 that the bottle of a "Tropical" soda was slightly misted up. I drank the fluid
21 nevertheless. The result was that I didn't want to go out to the corners with my friends
22 anymore.

23 They came to the cabaret to visit me and invited me to smoke a reefer and playing
24 soccer so I wouldn't sniff glue. I left the cabaret and walked with them, but after half a
25 block I told them, "I'll be right back. Wait for me at the corner," and I went back to the
26 cabaret, sat in the front of her room to watch her working.

27 I didn't even care about her money because I stole at night. I tried to find an
28 explanation for my behavior in my thoughts. "Shit! What's wrong with me? I can't go
29 away from here! I'M UNDER HER SPELL! Shall I beat her up, or what should I do?"

30 **64. MY EMOTIONAL KNOT**

31 I entered the room and hid a jar of contact cement under the bed where she was
32 lying and smoking a cigarette. I gave her a necklace so she could sell it and buy me
33 some beers in the night. She put it away in her handbag. "Have you eaten yet?" she
34 asked me. I replied, "I'm not hungry!" I gave her a kiss, made her a hickey between
35 her boobs, and left the room. However, after a while, I remembered the jar of contact
36 cement and went back, opening the door wildly. I caught her red-handed, introducing
37 my jar of contact cement in her vagina.

1 I didn't hit her, I just laughed. Disappointed and looking for a final reason to
2 escape from her, I stole things from the cabaret owner's house, making noise so they
3 would wake up and know that I was the thief. That was the tactic I used when I didn't
4 want to go back to a place.

5 **65. SOME RUDE GUYS**

6 In my trip from Playas to Guayaquil city some guys with a bottle of booze got on
7 the bus. They forced the driver to turn on the radio and started drinking, talking, and
8 burst into laughter. Later they insulted each other and started using bad words with no
9 respect of the women in the vehicle.

10 They changed their seats and came closer to where I was sitting. Before we
11 arrived in the city, I got sick and tired of listening to them. I stood on my seat, held on
12 to the banister and kicked the loudest one in the face, breaking his nose. I told him,
13 "Shut your mouth, son of a bitch! I'm also on this bus! Robert Taylor!" The other one
14 was hell shocked after witnessing my action, while the bottle fell on the floor, breaking
15 into little pieces.

16 They asked the driver to stop the bus to take the fight to the street, which was why
17 I also had to teach the driver a lesson insulting him, "Go on, you fucking bus driver,
18 don't you see that they are two and I am all by myself. Besides, it is forbidden for the
19 passengers to drive with booze, YOU IRRESPONSIBLE IDIOT!" The bus driver
20 accelerated the car surprised and afraid. I looked out the window and I poked my
21 tongue out at the two who got out of the bus, until I lost sight of them.

22 **66. MY STAY AT THE INTERPOL**

23 Wandering the streets of the city I found out that the conduct teacher who had
24 sworn to apply the Fugitive Law on me had been given the boot. Due to that, my great
25 concern was soothed. I felt very envious when I saw the kids come out of school, in
26 uniforms and with notebooks. I couldn't hold back the tears when I remembered that I
27 did the same once.

28 Like a movie, I saw with my inner eye all the bad things that had happened to me,
29 and I decided to seek death, delving even more in vice. I was arrested because of
30 drug consumption. My names were recorded in the Interpol. They put ink on each of
31 my fingers and planted them firmly over a piece of cardboard, just like the school's
32 report card. They ordered me to stand with my back to the white wall to take several
33 photos of me: one of my front, one of one side, one of my other side.

34 The sun rays reached my face and made me frown. The photographer told me,
35 "Stand straight! Don't wrinkle your face, son of a bitch, or I'll kick your face!" I was 14
36 years old.

37

1 **67. ALTERNATING IN THE MODEL POLICE STATION**

2 They brought me to the Model Police Station, straight order form the Interpol,
3 which was why the cops of that station came to pick me up to clean their offices.
4 Completing those tasks it occurred to me to steal the cardboard where they had
5 registered my photos and finger prints that looked like a report card, but I couldn't do it
6 during the day, so I decided to do it at night. I made up illusions of me holding it in my
7 hands and of running away with it, but my fear put off such a happy thought. "If I do it,
8 I bet they're gonna kill me and here nobody's gonna notice." That was what held me
9 back.

10 Later they gave me a box to polish the shoes of those sons of bitches who paid
11 me 10 Sucres each. They bought me shoe polish, a brush, and ink, and said, "You're
12 gonna stay here with us and when you're grown up you're gonna be a police officer!
13 Do you like that?" I faked a smile and affirmed. Then they asked me, "Do you know
14 who sells drugs?"

15 As they caught me for inhaling contact cement I replied, "It's just been a week
16 since I run away from home and I barely know contact cement. An older kid taught me
17 how."

18 I verified that I could be an artist when I ingenuously asked them, "How is the
19 drug?" That was how I put an end to the investigation. Later, with the money from
20 polishing the shoes I bought a jar of contact cement and inhaled in the restroom. They
21 caught me red-handed. One of them opened the door and saw me. I ended up in the
22 Lorenzo Ponce Hospital.

23 **68. MY OUTPATIENT TREATMENT**

24 I wasn't a person under arrest in the hospital. The cops handed me over to the
25 psychiatrists, who recorded my names, gave me a pill and a notice of an appointment
26 date. It was an outpatient treatment that I had to obey religiously because, if not, the
27 next time they caught me, they would send me to the Modelo Police Station to imprison
28 me for one week and if I repeated that offense, they would send me to the
29 penitentiary.

30 I didn't believe them and returned to my old habits. As a common agreement
31 among the slackers we split up in groups of three to steal. Out of the three that made
32 up our work group, I was the only one who was caught when we were mobbing a cab
33 driver in the middle of the city center.

34 **69. JAIL IS HEAVY STUFF**

35 Being in prison is definitely hard stuff. The first things I think of are still the
36 desperate screams coming from the changing of the guards. I even remember their
37 work schedules: from six to 12, from 12 to 18, from 18 to 24, and from 24 to six. And

1 with every shift when checking attendance, a cop shouted in the door and the inmates
2 replied, "THE COUNTING! THE COUNTING! THE COUNTING!"

3 Hearing this every day, over and over again, pisses anybody off.

4 That jail time gave me a nice gift: Jakeline. We didn't sleep together, we saw each
5 other between the bars that separated us and hindered us from uniting our bodies,
6 until we were set free. I was three months imprisoned, Jakeline got out first. What a
7 pitty!

8 There were some new weapons which were my best friends: The spoon is a fork
9 inside the prison, which you can use to kill other inmates. Careful!

10 The broom turns into a stick inside the prison, with which you can kill other
11 inmates. Careful! I broke the broom on the body of an inmate who was staring at me
12 and carried the spoon with a filed-down end and cemented surface. Careful!

13 I used the spoon to eat, cut, and I got cut in the fights over life or death. I wasn't
14 killed, that's why I'm telling you. Careful!

15 I thought about committing suicide as I was tired of receiving too much
16 psychological, moral, and physical torture, leaving a letter where I blamed the cops.
17 Because I didn't do it, I can tell you and with names. Careful!

18 ROBERT GEORGE TAYLOR, in recovery and including myself in society. Careful!
19 And moreover, careful!

20 **70. AH, MY JAKELINE!**

21 I met Jakeline when she was 13 years old. I was one year older.

22 "What's your name?"

23 "Taylor! And you?"

24 "Jakeline, but tell me Jake."

25 "And why are you here, Jake?"

26 "A raid! And you?"

27 "Theft!"

28 "What did you steal?"

29 "I was mobbing!"

30 "So you're here for mobbing."

31 "Yes, that's right! Where're you from?"

1 "Chone, and you?"

2 "I was also born in Chone"

3 "What's your last name?"

4 "Zambrano. (I observed that she was surprised.) And why are you surprised?"

5 "Because my last name is also Zambrano."

6 She was a prostitute, but that didn't bother me as I had been a pimp in Playas.
7 The problem was that there were two minors in the Modelo Police Station. I found out
8 what she did for a living in prison as she passed me every morning each day soap,
9 tooth brush and paste, and she didn't have any family visiting her. So, who gave her
10 the money?

11 I neither had a family, so we visited each other. She climbed the wall in the
12 restroom of her confinement and called me through a prisoner, "TAYLOR, YOUR
13 GIRLFRIEND IS CALLING YOU!" I ran and climbed the restroom wall .

14 "What's wrong, dear?"

15 "Nothing! It's just that I have nobody to talk to! The other female inmates are not
16 my friends."

17 "But talk to them!"

18 "No! I wanna talk to you! Don't go away!"

19 I understood her so I stayed and we talked.

20 "When are you gonna get out," she asked me.

21 "When the cops decide to give me the ticket to freedom."

22 "Nobody is getting you out?"

23 "No, nobody!"

24 "And how are you gonna do this?"

25 "If you get out first, you get me out; and if I get out first, I'll get you out."

26 "I can get you out! And you," she asked me.

27 "That's easy for me! I'll rip off some gold necklace from somebody on the street
28 and then I'll go to the police station and pay your bail. And you? How would you do it?
29 You are a woman, and not a thief!"

30 "I got some money stored in the hotel I'm staying. When I leave, I'll give you to the
31 address well written down on a piece of paper."

1 I exclaimed, "COOL!"

2 "I got a tape recorder, a TV, and all my clothes, ..."

3 Our conversation was as innocent as that, and she was such a good person that
4 when I started some big fuss inside the prison, she told me, "Stop fighting! Take care
5 of yourself!" Encouraged I said, "Here, you can't take crap from anybody. If the other
6 is bigger, I break the broom over his head or on his hands or I hit the face of the first
7 who bothers me. And if they're too stubborn and don't wanna listen to me, they'll have
8 to go through a fight with a pointed spoon, sharpened against the cement. And then we
9 fight until one of us dies...!"

10 And I really fought so much that I was reaching a point where nobody could even
11 glance at me because I insulted and asked them immediately, "WHAT?! DO I LOOK
12 LIKE A DUMBASS, OR WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME?"

13 And they bent their heads forward.

14 I wasn't the only one with that behavior, there were also other similar ones, but we
15 respected each other.

16 Jake became her ticket to freedom and when she left I didn't eat for two days. I got
17 even more aggressive until she came to visit me as I thought that I would never see
18 her again. But she came. She brought me a Mei Fun Take Away, a plastic spoon,
19 shoes, 3000 Sucres, a packet of "Lider" cigarettes, and a kiss that she passed through
20 the bars.

21 However, she left disappointed with me because when she gave me the plastic
22 spoon, she asked for the silver spoon that I possessed, the pointed one that was like a
23 Gillette razor blade. But I didn't give it to her. What I did was call her again when she
24 was leaving to give her another kiss through the bars. I promised her that I would give
25 it to her the next time she visited me and asked her to lend me 1000 Sucres to pay a
26 cop to let me out of the cell to talk to her.

27 Having done that, I hugged her, we hugged each other and we kissed again.

28 The next time she brought me a shirt, shorts, two pieces of underwear, socks, and
29 those shoes I like, rubber "Flow Chains". When she bid farewell, she said, "You'll
30 receive the ticket in two days. I'm gathering the cash for that."

31 When I was set free I remembered Jake. I imagined her arriving to visit me. That
32 made me cry.

33 The cops thought that I was crying of joy because I had regained my liberty. How
34 ingenuous! I started walking without looking back to my inmate friends and I left crying
35 for Jake. "It becomes obvious that he really likes her a lot," said my heart. "Pretty girl,
36 soft smile, soft looks, all of her is soft. Soft figure with very delicate skin. You are also
37 a human being who is distinguished from the rest because of your looks, but you also

1 go to jail, you also go to Temporary Home, you also go to the Correctional Center, and
2 you are also an alcohol and drug addict.

3 **71. AGAIN IN THE LORENZO PONCE.-**

4 The cops arrested me when I was on the streets inhaling contact cement and
5 smoking a joint. They put me into the hands of the psychiatrics of the “Lorenzo Ponce”
6 Hospital. When I arrived, the nurses recognized me and said, “You’ve already been
7 here!”

8 This time they put me in the wing of the detainees. My heart was crushed when I
9 entered. I cried big tears. One after another dripped when I saw the thick bars of iron
10 and the concrete walls and ceiling.

11 I cried when I saw the security and because I was imprisoned with the crazy ones.
12 I cried, but not because I was afraid of the crazy ones, but because I thought I might
13 become one of them.

14 They gave me some pills which made me sleep and lose control over the days.
15 Later, with a little ray of sunshine at the wall, I started to record the nights that passed
16 by. I was supposed to spend three months imprisoned, even though I told Dr. “Monkey
17 Beard” that I wasn’t crazy. That bastard gave me three months.

18 Before entering, they cut off my hair, forced me to take off my clothes, and
19 controlled my bath when I was naked. The nurse said to me in a sickly-sweet way,
20 “Here, if you do not behave, you’ll have a bad time. If you behave, you’ll have a good
21 time!”

22 To me, he seemed more than crazy. As I wasn’t paying attention to him, he said,
23 “Hey, Taylor! What are you? Aggressive or crafty that you’re not paying attention. Or
24 what are you?”

25 “Don’t ask me stupid questions!” I replied.

26 “So, how do you want me to help you?”

27 “Open the doors so I can go!”

28 “That’s not the way we help a person!”

29 “Fuck off, then!”

30 I was 15 years old. After a couple of days I made friends with some of the crazy
31 ones, who called me “Little Zambrano”. Then I was feeling like having sex with one of
32 the crazy ones, a fidgety, playful guy who sang, and danced, and made faces. I don’t
33 remember his face. I approached and touched his ass. I said, “WOOW! That’s not my
34 thing, man! I might be crazy, but not gay!”

1 I got closer and whispered in his ear, "Calm down, crazy man, I know that you
2 want it (with the voice of a seducer, Mafioso, and pothead).

3 He started moving with an inexplicable reflex and I think that he was even more
4 traumatized (may God forgive me) because later he moved like a woman. An ex-
5 prisoner called me and said laughing, "What! You wanna screw that crazy guy?" I
6 replied smiling, "Yeah!"

7 **72. THERE ARE NO FRIENDS**

8 There is no real friendship in jail as the same detention peer tries to find any
9 weakness in the other. You have to be careful. If you look weak to them they invite
10 you to fight for any little fuss, even your "friends", so be careful that it doesn't happen
11 to you.

12 The ex-prisoner of the hospital told me about the time he was in prison and
13 showed me his tattoos. He said, "In the penitentiary everybody gets a tattoo." I replied,
14 "I wouldn't get a tattoo, because when the cops catch you they identify you quickly
15 due to that stain. Apart from that, I'm not afraid of that shit."

16 Then I told him about my previous riots and he told me, "Be careful when you get
17 to the penitentiary. Although you still have some time, you're still green behind your
18 ears, they'll send you first to the Correctional Center if they catch you."

19 As you know, I had already been there and I was even a fugitive, and that was
20 what I told him. He suggested worriedly, "You just have to be careful when you get
21 out, because in the penitentiary they make the green ones who are stupid enough do
22 the laundry, and they and have sex with them like women." I replied immediately, "I'll
23 kill myself fighting with any son of a bitch!" "There, they sell you machetes," he said,
24 trying to scare me. "I'll buy one and fight!"

25 After getting out of the penitentiary I knew that the key is just to show no fear and
26 to be determined to complete the threats you utter. There are many who just talk, but
27 at the hour of the fight with a machete, holding it in their hands, the shit in their panties
28 and run away to the restroom. I covered my fear with aggression.

29 **73. PUNCHING THE CRAZY GUYS**

30 In the "Lorenzo Ponce" Hospital they gave me pill after pill every day. After a
31 month I had two fights with the crazy guys, and for nonsense. I was friends with an
32 African-Ecuadorian whom I met to play cards. In one of those moments another crazy
33 guy asked him to lend him 10 Sucres until his visit was coming. My friend declined
34 because he was afraid of not being paid back. He said, "You surely don't know who I
35 am." (He wanted to tell the other that he was capable of fighting with everybody.)

36 I vouched for the needy, for my disgrace. Visitor's day arrived, but he didn't pay
37 the money back. The debtor was walking down the hallway with a bag full of

1 groceries, and when he passed by another guy, the latter snapped an apple that was
2 hanging out of the bag. I took a peach that had also fallen to the floor during the
3 snatch and the debtor blamed me because I seemed to him of less seize, punching
4 me in the face.

5 The aggressor was almost seven feet tall and strong. I don't know where I got so
6 much ability from, but when I realized it; I had him pressed against a bed, punching
7 him in the face. My ripped-off friend had to interfere to separate me from the swindler.
8 We left the bedroom calmed down, but, out of jealousy, from one moment to another,
9 he said, "Let's go on!"

10 I had the edge over him and, with every punch I was giving in the face and at the
11 same time, he jumped up. Then we separated. He went to the restroom when I sat on
12 my bed. I pretended that I was letting him go to the restroom first. I thought that he
13 would kick me in the face. I didn't look at him, inviting him to do it. I made him believe
14 that I was unaware. But it was a trap and he was tricked into it. When I saw his shoe
15 sole approaching my face, I lifted my two hands for protection.

16 I stood up like a boxer and hit his nose with my fist, breaking his nose. I finally
17 gave up. After that, the other guys, crazy or not, praised me.

18 **74. THE SERVICE AT THE PSYCHIATRIST'S**

19 The food is not prepared adequately. There are even flies in the soup and the
20 cockroaches walk around as if they were part of the menu. There should be a better
21 treatment for the crazy people as they are also human beings. Why punishing a
22 biological error like this. Imprisonment is enough punishment, let alone the repression
23 with the preparation of their food.

24 The meds they receive are very strong. They almost killed me with an overdose
25 through the disposable materials, supposedly trying to calm my aggression. A
26 treatment in a rehab clinic for alcohol and drug addicts is much better, where they
27 don't give you pills that change your nervous system, where the food is good, as well
28 as the moral treatment because addicts are, like me, a hundred percent lack of
29 affection.

30 By the way, I'll tell you about the overdose that made me lose control over my
31 mind for one week and which, additionally, almost killed me. When I was hospitalized,
32 as they didn't see me that bad, one of the male nurses took me to the restroom. I
33 didn't want to put on the clothes of the crazy people as I hoped to keep on my own
34 clothing, and when the nurse had my uniform ready, I said, "I won't put that ridiculous
35 thing!"

36 He thought he was clever to bring me some tight pants as I had told him that I
37 didn't like wide pants. He gave me a shirt. I didn't have any slippers and I had thrown
38 away my shoes. I stole a pair of slippers from a crazy guy who had them under his
39 mattress.

1 The following day the nurse asked me to help him collecting the sheets to take
2 them to the laundry, then, he told me to put away the ones that were on the floor. So
3 while I was completing the task, another guy started helping me. We both gripped the
4 same sheet. He pulled to his side, and I pulled towards my side. He pulled harder and
5 I did the same. He got furious and attacked me, trying to give me a punch in my face
6 with his left hand.

7 I bent down at the same spot, without withdrawing, so his hand passed over me.
8 Then, with my right hand, I punched him in his face, pointing my fist in the middle. I
9 stayed tensed, protecting myself facing the lost look of the crazy guy.

10 *****

11 In the afternoon, a lady yelled with a shrill voice, "TAYLOR! TAYLOR! WHO IS
12 TAYLOR?!" I replied, "That's me, ma'am!"

13 "Come, the Doctor wants to speak to you!"

14 "Very well, I'm coming!"

15 I jumped off my bed and walked to the praxis. The doctor asked my names, if my
16 parents were still alive, and I replied well, without any mistake. Then, he took out a
17 shot.

18 "Doctor! What are you gonna do? What's that for?"

19 "Just some vitamins!"

20 "OK, very well!"

21 I rolled up the sleeve of my shirt and he injected me in my right arm.

22 "Thanks, Doctor!"

23 Then the effect started. That stupid injection made my bones ache, it was like
24 burning from inside out: I had a fever, dried out lips, only saliva in my mouth, and I
25 was cold.

26 I went back to the praxis with the intentions to pick up the desk and hit that doctor
27 with it for being a bad person, but I couldn't find him. The door was locked. I waited for
28 him until the next day, but I was already mixing things up. I asked the nurse to bring
29 me soda and biscuits that I had sent him to buy, without actually having done it. Laid
30 down I remembered slowly that I didn't have any money, that I was broke, which
31 triggered the fact that I demanded biscuits and soda from the unheard-of nurse.

32 "Nurse, nurse, please, forgive me!"

33 "I understand you, crazy kid!"

1 I got scared and thought, “Hey! What’s going on? Are they turning me into a crazy
2 guy? If I hit the doctor, I bet they’re gonna tie me up, inject me double of that shit, and
3 kill me.” I calmed down. Again they called me from the praxis.

4 “Good morning, Doctor!”

5 “Good morning! How do you feel?”

6 “Bad, Doctor!”

7 “Another vial and needle!”

8 “Hey, Doctor, don’t give me that, please!”

9 “With this one it will stop!”

10 I lost control. I didn’t remember anything. I was walking as if I didn’t exist. I walked
11 with open eyes, like sleep walking, but I couldn’t produce clear thoughts. I struggled
12 and struggled in a world of darkness. I just saw what they were doing and I wasn’t
13 able to come up with anything, nothing. My forebrain was barely working. In my pre-
14 consciousness my ideas of memories were erased. After five days I regained my
15 mental lucidity.

16 My mind cleared up just like turning on the TV and I started looking around me.
17 The bone ache was gone. That bone ache had hindered me to walk for longer than a
18 minute, and, at the same time, didn’t let me lay down for a longer time period, either.

19 I had to get up, but encountered a big surprise. When I was getting the scene
20 while my mind was awakening, I saw a gay nurse sucking like a baby on a tit inside
21 the praxis where there were all kinds of meds, pills, serums, and injections. I didn’t say
22 anything, I pulled up my pants and left the praxis room. I imagine that there is the
23 hiding place for homosexual people in the “Lorenzo Ponce” Psychiatric Hospital

24 Leaving the “San José” hall, where I had been, I started looking for a place in the
25 walls to escape of that madness, and I made it. The guard who was watching over the
26 door I had to pass to get to the laundry room asked me, “Where are you going?” I
27 replied, “I am the one who helps taking the sheets to the laundry and I’m going for
28 some of them!” Very well, he let me pass.

29 Behind the laundry there was a wall I had to cross. There were 20 workers in front
30 of me, who, in fact, would see me jump the wall. So I thought of begging them not to
31 detain me. Luckily, all of them were standing with their backs to from where I was
32 about to jump, organizing a bunch of sheets. I stopped two meters away from them,
33 but they didn’t see me. So I climbed an iron rod that served as a ladder and jumped. I
34 managed to escape the madness.

35 And I owe God everything.

1 **75. BACK IN THE MODELO POLICE STATION**

2 Two weeks later I was again in the Modelo Police Station, where I spent seven
3 months imprisoned and where I met Maria. She had two kids and was a prostitute.
4 She had been arrested in a raid. One day after my imprisonment, she brought me a
5 take-away lunch. She was very popular as many inmates required her very much, so
6 she stopped visiting me.

7 When she was set free she said, “Hopefully, you get out soon, I like you, but I’ve
8 got a husband and two kids!”

9 She kissed me between the bars and I said, “BYE, MARIA!” She replied, “Don’t
10 watch me leave! Let’s not look at each other!”

11 While she was bidding farewell, I got angry and felt hatred for her. That was why I
12 said, “GET OUT OF HERE, FUCKING HOOKER,” and freed her from any emotional
13 problem. However, she didn’t stop sending me letters. I enjoyed the romance in her
14 letters, but I threw them in the trash.

15 A whore’s love.

16 Envy of the envious.

17 Evil of the evil.

18 Hatred of the haters.

19 Insult of the dishonest.

20 Abomination of the abnormal.

21 Three weeks after leaving me, I got out and I looked for her, finding her in the
22 brothels.

23 “Hey, Maria!”

24 “Hey! When did you get out?”

25 “Yesterday. How are you?”

26 “Fine!”

27 “Can you assist me?”

28 “No! I don’t wanna harm you. Truth is that I like you. Don’t fall in love with me, I’ve
29 a husband and two kids.”

30 “Yes, but you are working, so I just want you to assist me.”

31 “No, please, go away!”

1 I had to go. On my way I decided that she wouldn't have it her way, I would make
2 love to her. I would have to disguise and change my voice.

3 I changed my clothes and put on a wig, a hat, and glasses. I approached her
4 where she was waiting for clients.

5 "How much, ma'am?"

6 "2000!"

7 "Good! Let's go!"

8 "Go on to the room."

9 She took off her clothes. I only pulled down my pants to the knees and got on the
10 bed, without taking my shoes off, and made love to her. She only felt that it was me
11 when I was over her. She asked, "Taylor, is it you?"

12 But we didn't stop the current. After fulfilling my wish, I stood up, took the wig off
13 my head, threw the glasses to the floor, cleaned myself up, and looked at her, lying
14 there, just the way she'd come to this world.

15 I went to the door, and the last thing I heard was, "Don't go yet. Stay a little while
16 longer!"

17 **76. HIGH IN THE MODELO POLICE STATION**

18 Drug entered in the take-away. A prisoner asked his wife to bring two containers,
19 and she did it, not because of fear, but to satisfy him.

20 "Taylor, open those containers, there you have a couple of joints!" I replied, "All
21 right, man!" I opened it instantly, not because of the food, but because of the drugs. I
22 put them in my pockets, we ate, assembled the marihuana, and got high.

23 The inmates yelled, "Taylor, give me a draft!" (Cough, cough cough cough!)

24 "Wait man! That's good stuff!" (Cough, cough, cough!)

25 "It's a spliff, man! Pass it on!"

26 "HERE, TAKE IT! Don't let the smoke escape! Keep it inside!"

27 "OK, let me try!"

28 "It made you cough!" (Ssf! Ssf! Ssf!)

29 "Yeah, man! That's a good one, that reefer is a spliff!" (Cough! Cough!)

30 "Shit, it made you cough, too!"

31 "Careful, Taylor, with the cops! Watch the door!"

1 "Yeah, man. Just smoke, dude, the cops are entertained with a girl! They're flirting
2 with her. She's a crazy little bitch, bro. She's the sister of that idiot sitting over there!"

3 "They're flirting with her? Fucking cops, bro! That's why my sisters don't come visit
4 me! Do they visit you, Taylor?"

5 "I'd declare myself crazy with those cops! Sons of a bitch! Thanks God, nor my
6 sisters, nor my mom, nor anybody of my family visits me! Ha ha ha ha! His sister is
7 visiting him! Ha ha ha! Crazy shit! Ha ha ha!

8 "Hey Taylor, are you having a laugh attack?"

9 "Hahahaha! Yeah, bro! I'm having a laugh attack!"

10 "Keep it down, Taylor!"

11 "Hahahaha! He's telling me to control it! Hahahaha! I can't control it. I'm just
12 laughing even more....Hahahaha!"

13 "Done? Are you over it a little bit, Taylor?"

14 "Yeah, I'm over it a little!" (I remained silent).

15 "Now, Taylor, is your laugh attack over?"

16 "Yes! And what's up?"

17 My silence lasted some minutes. My friend who was getting stoned with me left me
18 alone. I observed my surroundings and found that somebody was staring at me. "And
19 you, what are you looking at? I'm Taylor, just in case you don't know me!

20 "Me? Nothing!"

21 "Good! Careful of staring too much!"

22 I insulted all the inmates again and again. They're all fags! They're lazy, that's why
23 they're here! And I've stolen nothing, and I am here? Fucking cops out there, I'd like
24 you to drag me out so I can step on you! You aren't worth a shit! That's unjust!
25 INJUST! INJUST! INJUST! DAMN IT! This here is hell! I'd prefer to die! DO YOU
26 HEAR ME? If you hear me, inmates like me, know that this is a curse!"

27 "Calm down, Taylor, you're out in no-time, my friend!"

28 "Don't talk to me because I don't deserve living, and imprisoned! KILL ME! KILL
29 ME! HEY, COPS! COPS, COME AND KILL ME!"

30 They accepted the invitation and started kicking and hitting me with a stick. I was
31 left spread out over the floor. The other inmates felt pity for me.

32 "MENTHOL! FAST! Get up, Taylor!"

1 "Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Those cops! Sons of bitches, bro!"

2 "Shit, Taylor, they beat you up quite hard!"

3 "Yeah, man, yeah!"

4 I fell asleep and woke up after two hours to go on fucking with the cops' patience.
5 The fuss was when I was high. And when I wasn't, why didn't I do it.

6 From one moment to the other another of the insurgent inmates interrupted me,
7 "Enough, Taylor! Are you gonna mess with the biggest dog in town?"

8 That was for me like a coup d'état.

9 "What did you just say?"

10 "YOU HEARD WELL!"

11 I didn't wait any longer and replied immediately, "LET'S FIGHT, THEN!"

12 "LET'S FIGHT THEN, MAN!"

13 "Taylor, there is only one! You don't have to do that!"

14 He punched me three times in the face and I was just able to punch him once
15 because my hand was dislocated. My hand was better after three days.

16 I invited him again, "All right, then! Let's fight again, but now 'til the end! GRAB
17 YOUR SPOON AND STAND UP! You kill me or I kill you!"

18 "As you wish, Taylor!"

19 In the middle of the fight, the cops finished it separating us. One of us went to get
20 stitches in the polyclinic and the other one, who wasn't injured, went to the backyard
21 for a beating up and then, bruised in the same manner, to the dungeon.

22 **77. WORKING IN THE MODELO POLICE STATION**

23 Suddenly, a cop approached me and said, "Tonight weekend starts and there's
24 gonna be a whole bunch of people held in custody as we're gonna do a raid on the
25 people with no documents and I want a pair of new shoes. I'll put one of them in your
26 cell and you just take off his shoes, and I'll look the other way. And later, I'll put you
27 into another cell."

28 "OK! Very well, Chief!"

29 The detainees arrived and the first thing I did was grabbing one of them at the shirt
30 collar and threaten him with the spoon on his throat, "Still there, man! Take off your
31 shoes!"

1 "Officer! Officer! Officer! HELP, PLEASE! OFFICER! OFFICER! I'M BEING
2 MOBBED!"

3 "SHUT THE FUCK OFF OR I'LL KILL YOU!"

4 I put more pressure on the spoon so he realized that it was for real. That
5 convinced him and he had nothing left than his socks, which he stored in his pockets
6 (pew!) to save them.

7 "TAYLOR!"

8 "Here, Chief!"

9 I got out of that cell and into a new one where I handed over the shoes.

10 "What do you want for them?"

11 "Bring me a bottle, Chief!"

12 "Very well, Taylor, tonight I'll bring you the booze!"

13 I was happy in my new room. "Guys! Tonight we're gonna get drunk, a cop s
14 gonna bring me a bottle of booze!"

15 "For real?"

16 "Seriously, bro! I just took away some shoes of an inmate, gave them to the cop
17 and, in turn, he's gonna bring me that bottle!"

18 **78. DRUG DEALING MADE IN MODELO POLICE STATION**

19 The cop smuggled in the bottle in the inside of his helmet, despite all the doubts
20 we had about him keeping his word, and he passed me the bottle without the other
21 cops noticing it. With the bottle in my hands I said, "Only three of us are gonna drink!"
22 I chose two fellows and the rest of the inmates watched us getting drunk.

23 The following day I asked, "Boys, who wanna drink? Show me some cash! 1000
24 Sucres for the bottle. In addition, we need 2000 to bribe the cop."

25 "CHIEF! CHIEF!"

26 "What's up, Taylor?"

27 "Buy another bottle!"

28 "Well then, gimme the cash!"

29 "There you go! How much is the bottle, Chief?"

30 "1000 for the bottle!"

1 "There you have 2000!"

2 "GIVE IT TO ME!"

3 "TAKE IT"

4 Then, I said to the inmates, "I've already ordered it! Get ready, the bottle's coming
5 soon!"

6 "Hey Taylor, talk to the cop about the packets. Let's see what he says!"

7 "Calm down, let him get here first!"

8 The cop arrived with the bottle.

9 "Here, Taylor, take it!"

10 "Thanks, Chief! Listen, before you go, can you do me another big favor?"

11 "What else do you want?"

12 "Can you get me some marihuana?"

13 "OK, gimme the money!"

14 "Guys, guys! The cop said yes, let's put the money together!"

15 "I got 1000," said an inmate. "I got 2000," said another. "I've 500," and so on.

16 "Chief, here's the money!"

17 "Gimme it!

18 "Take!"

19 "How much?"

20 "Two thousand five hundred, Chief!"

21 After two hours, the cop came back with the order.

22 "Taylor! (approaching the bars) Call Taylor!"

23 "TAYLOR! TAYLOR!" yelled the inmates, "the cop is calling you! How cool! The
24 reefer has arrived! Man, get cracking!"

25 "Let's see, Chief!"

26 "Here you go!"

27 "Thanks!"

1 We had booze and drugs. A little later the cop brought me a package with twenty
2 packets of paste.

3 The next day, the cop was again looking for me, "CALL TAYLOR!"

4 "Here, Chief, I'm here!"

5 "Hey, can you do me a favor?"

6 "Sure, Chief! What's it gonna be?"

7 "Sell this packets. There are twenty. Sell them for 1000 Sucres each, and give me
8 the money!"

9 "Hey guys! If you want some, just talk to me, I'm selling a packet for 1000 Sucres!
10 Get your packet of paste! Packets of paste! One for 1000 Sucres, buy your packet!"

11 "Gimme one!"

12 "Here!"

13 "Gimme another one!"

14 "Take!"

15 "Taylor, sell me on credit!"

16 "Sell me on credit? It's paid cash! If you don't have cash, you don't smoke!"

17 "Taylor, sell me three packets!"

18 "Take three! Come on! Smoke, smoke, guys! Smoke for 1000 Sucres for each
19 packet of paste!"

20 "Taylor, sell me two!"

21 "There are two packets! Let's see, who else? Who wants more?"

22 "Taylor, gimme four!"

23 "No! I'm only selling you one. There are only few and I wanna smoke!"

24 I sold eight out of twenty packets and the other twelve I paid them myself with my
25 savings. I gave the business money to the cup and went to the restroom to smoke to
26 the rotten shit because they cleaned it every two weeks. And, hell, urine stinks! It was
27 horrible, but I hung in there. Nevertheless, I didn't bear people asking me for more or
28 watching me while I was getting high.

29 I assembled one joint after another until I ran out of all of it. I really wanted to go
30 on smoking! After that, I threatened the prisoners with my pointed spoon while
31 checking their pockets. I took their money and called the cop to bring me more drugs

1 and another bottle of booze. Inside the jail, drunk and high, I fought with an inmate,
2 the same I had bet in two previous occasions with my pointed spoon, when I was
3 clean and clear.

4 This time, he took advantage of me being dizzy and high and attacked me from
5 behind, cutting me twice, once in my hand and once in the shoulder of the same arm. I
6 wasn't able to fight him properly.

7 After that I was moved to another cell to avoid any crime. I thought about killing
8 him, about burying my spoon in his heart at night, while he was sleeping. He had also
9 cut me when I was inattentive.

10 With a bandage around my arm I went on dealing drugs. In my cell I got
11 depressed, lying around on my back, with my hands folded behind my head. I thought
12 of my mother. She didn't visit me. She didn't worry about me. My father likewise. My
13 brothers don't give a shit about me. Fuck! Is it because I'm good for nothing? That
14 must be it! I'm really good for nothing, for nothing because I'm useless.

15 I immediately lit a cigarette – hiss – and took a draft. I released more and more
16 smoke from my mouth while I was thinking, "Every day it's the same, always stuck
17 here. On the streets I don't do anything else than stealing to smoke and after smoking,
18 stealing. I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! NO! NO! NO! I can't go on living like this! I have
19 to die! That's right! I have to die!"

20 I stood up and walked from one side to the other, once and again, thinking and
21 thinking. I thought that I was a prisoner without defense, with anybody caring for me.
22 OKEY! I am the one who has to take care of myself. But, what should I do? If I get out,
23 I'll wander the streets again, upside down, and sleeping wherever darkness gets me...

24 **79. MY LIFE CIRCLE**

25 Once set free, I slept on the grass of any park I just had passed by, or on a bench.
26 I covered myself with newspapers. If it was cold, I slept under a bench, and if it was
27 too cold, I looked for plastic bags, opened them and wrapped myself in under my shirt.
28 I did that equally until I was old enough to be with hookers and use their money to pay
29 the hostel where we would shower and wash our clothes.

30 In the morning we would say good bye and go and follow our own routine. I liked
31 the idea of the hostel. At night I mobbed somebody. "Stand still! This is an assault!
32 The cash! The cash! If you don't give me your cash, I'll kill you! I took the money and
33 ran. Then drugs, after that the hostel, and a lot of smoke in the morning hours.

34 When I ran out of drugs, I left in a hurry to get more money. To the first person I
35 spotted with an outstanding squared bulge in their pockets I said, "Still there, mister!
36 "Cash! Gimme your cash if you don't wanna die!" I grabbed the money and ran away.
37 After buying the drugs I went back to the hostel, and again smoke and smoke until the
38 early morning.

1 In the end, I bought two joints and a bottle of booze. With the alcohol I cut the
2 impulses caused by the paste. In the morning I started my walk through the streets
3 until maybe the Law caught me after a mob and I went back to jail. That was my life
4 circle in the city. To avoid it, I sometimes went to the countryside where I had
5 established another cycle of life. Although I wasn't used to it, I adopted the habits of
6 the countrymen by going to sleep and standing up very early.

7 I had to work with machete and scythe, which I never got used to because I
8 loathed that profession.

9 My family told me, "you have to work, staying at home is for women!" What a
10 mess! So I did it because they made me to, not because I liked it and I was really bad
11 at it. I took too much time to cut those 130 feet of grass I was assigned to, I fell behind
12 and my cousins had to help me.

13 The following day, I hid in the bushes before they would call me for work. I left
14 camouflaged through the back door of the house and showed up in the afternoon. I
15 spent the whole day by my grandma who put pressure on me to join my cousins for
16 work.

17 **80. TRIPPIN IN THE CAPITAL**

18 When I was 16 years old, I went to Quito together with my cousin who was a
19 candidate to be soldier in the "Mariscal Sucre" headquarter. I bought two packets of
20 marihuana for the trip, made a joint, and light it sitting next to my cousin. I was such a
21 moron, disrespecting the military uniform! Even worse, I insisted on him having a draft
22 and he pretended to smoke. After a while I got a fever and a headache. What a pity! It
23 was my fault!

24 When we arrived in the capital city, the cold wind left me deaf and I felt a great
25 relief when we entered the room that my cousin rented for those few days. The next
26 morning he gave me the keys and told me to go for a stroll while he was at the military
27 distribution. I thought of a route to get to the headquarter at the end of the day and
28 left, but when I wanted to get back home, I was completely lost. And it was even
29 worse as I couldn't find the address which I had written before on a piece of paper.
30 What happened to the paper?

31 I started walking and walking, strolling around more and more, until I stepped on a
32 bus which made me completely unoriented, taking me to the outskirts of Quito. I took
33 another car. But I mistook it with a city bus and I found myself heading in direction of
34 Latacunga. "We're already entering Latacunga," one of the passengers said, "you can
35 stay here at the gas station and take a bus back to Quito." "THANK YOU,
36 GENTLEMAN!"

37 It was freezing cold. I felt extreme desperation and fear when I saw a local woman
38 wearing three jumpers, a hat, and a large woolen strip around her neck, covering her

1 mouth and who was still shivering because of the cold. Now, imagine me! I stepped
2 onto the bus heading back to Quito and felt better.

3 I walked around, lost, again, through the streets of the city and, suddenly, I found a
4 lonely bag in front of an abandoned house, at the edge of the side walk. I carefully
5 looked around as I thought it could be possible trap, but when I didn't see anybody, I
6 took the bag. I walked with it and opened it later on. It contained a bottle of shampoo,
7 boxer shorts and a big towel. I only kept the latter.

8 I went on walking covered with the towel until the crack of dawn. I sat at the edge
9 of the sidewalk of a completely deserted street because my feet hurt. When I heard
10 some steps approaching, I looked back and saw a stranger.

11 "What do you want from me?" I asked him.

12 "No, my friend! Ah, ah! What are you doing out here in this freezing cold?
13 Common, I invite you to my house! I have three big blankets, grass, contact cement,
14 pills, cigarettes, and a little radio."

15 "Let's go, my friend!"

16 We started walking together. We walked on and on. He didn't ask me anything, he
17 just inhaled contact cement from a plastic bag and I walked next to him. We climbed a
18 very big hill and some small stairs. At the end he knocked the door of a room. It was
19 only then that it occurred to me that something could happen to me. I wanted to go
20 back, but then I remembered that I was a man anywhere and so I decided to enter the
21 room to see what happened.

22 There was another guy in the room. They gave me a seat and the guy who had
23 been already in the room took off his clothes while the other one asked me my name. I
24 told him what had happened to me until that point, while his companion sniffed in
25 underpants. They gave me a tobacco and grass. I took both and made a reefer. I
26 drafted five times and passed it on. He replied, "Smoke, just smoke, there is still a lot
27 left!

28 So much open-handedness and generosity made me think that if it were only
29 always like that, at the side of that guy I would never spend a penny, I would save the
30 money from the thefts, or, in the end, I wouldn't even steal at all.

31 I passed on the joint at the half of its original size. He inhaled twice and passed it
32 on to his friend. The latter passed it on again to me saying, "FINISH IT UP!" I finished
33 the joint.

34 After five minutes he took out another bit of tobacco so I could make a reefer
35 again, and we repeated the addictive process. I was tired and sat on a couple of big
36 and thick blankets which were decorated with drawings of tigers, spread over the floor.

1 One of them took out a little jar where he had some pills. I counted twenty. He took
2 two, gave one to me and stored 17 pills. I was sitting against the wall while the trip
3 was hitting me. I stared to the front. They thought that I was having a trip, when heard,
4 “Common! Help me take off his clothes, I need those blue-jeans and that jumper! You
5 know I need them! And also the shoes!”

6 I did as if I hadn’t heard anything and started to prepare for the fight. In the pocket
7 of my jumper I had a pen, so I decided to use it the moment I was attacked. The pills
8 hadn’t been drugs, but sleeping pills, the reason why I barely heard him say,
9 “Common, man! Get comfy! Take off your shoes, jumper, and pants. Over there are
10 you’ve got blankets. Take your clothes off, don’t worry, it’s not cold inside here!”

11 “One moment, man! Take it easy! I won’t take off my shoes, I know how I sleep,
12 and even if I take them off or not, if I want to sleep with my clothes on, I’ll sleep with
13 my clothes on. So what?! “

14 Maybe I scared them, because they only said, “OK, lay in the middle!”

15 “No! I don’t wanna either lie in the middle, I’m gonna sleep over here!”

16 I laid down next to the wall, but there was still a little room left where one of them
17 laid down, leaving me in the middle. In that moment I started feeling the effect of the
18 sleeping pill. I thought, “Shit! My tiredness is overcoming me so fast! No, that can’t be!
19 I can’t fall asleep or they gonna steal everything from me!”

20 I tried hard, but the eyelids closed automatically when getting to heavy.
21 Nevertheless, I fought against the sleep.

22 “Here you go, my friend, cover up!”

23 Very well, I covered up. He stood up, took a knife and got back to the same spot,
24 hiding the weapon behind his leg. I waited for the attack. I grabbed the pen under the
25 blanket, took off the protective cap and held it ready in my right hand with the intention
26 to stab him in the eye if he took out the knife.

27 He got rid of waiting for me to fall asleep and, suddenly, he sat up. “Careful,” I
28 thought, “that’s the attack!” And it was exactly the attack. He hit be with the blade on
29 my forehead while saying, “What! YOU’RE NOT GONNA TAKE OFF THE JUMPER?”

30 I uncovered my hand strongly, but I felt pity, despite of being hurt, and changed
31 the direction of the pen. I stabbed him in his neck, instead. He felt the stab and,
32 complaining, opened his hand, letting go of the almost homicide weapon, 3 feet away
33 from where we were sitting. I stood up quickly and headed towards the knife as the
34 other was getting ready to catch it. I was prepared to kick him directly into his ribs
35 when I bent down, but he had a presentiment of the attack and said, “No!”

1 Owning the situation, I started insulting them, “You have no idea with whom you’re
2 messing with! Both of you are a couple of dumbasses, stinky, filthy, dirty little
3 mountain dwellers! GO OVER THERE, I’M GONNA SLEEP IN THE MIDDLE!”

4 Now that I remember that incident, I think about my stupidity. They were drug
5 addicts and thieves, just like me, equally dangerous. I slept with them next to me
6 unarmed, while they had a knife.

7 I wanted to rob them, but I rejected the idea, and when I got up I even gave them
8 my towel before I left to search for my cousin’s rented room. The “Mariscal Sucre” was
9 very close.

10 **81. THE FAMOUS PENITENTIARY**

11 It is also called Social Rehabilitation Center, but, on a personal basis, I can’t find
12 anything that rehabs in it; moreover, I would even call it “social destruction”, as I
13 consumed drugs every day.

14 To be transferred from the Modelo Police Station to that place, I had to board the
15 police bus. Although the seats were empty, they shouted at us, “ON THE FLOOR!
16 EVERYBODY ON THE FLOOR!”

17 “YOU! How old are you?”

18 “Seventeen, Chief!”

19 “And you’re already going to the penitentiary?”

20 “That’s right!”

21 “You must be a thief, you’ve got the looks of a criminal., It won’t be for nothing that
22 they are taking you to the pen!”

23 “Yes, that’s right!”

24 “And you even admit it!”

25 “You wanna me to say no?”

26 “Anybody would shut up!”

27 “Yes, that’s right!”

28 I’m sure I somehow bothered him because he kicked me in the stomach. My
29 indignation outrage awoke, “GO HITTING THAT WHORE OF MOTHER YOU HAVE
30 BECAUSE I’M NOT AFRAID OF YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE!”

31 Five cops fell over me...

32 **82. FIGHTING CUTTING EDGE AGAINST CUTTING EDGE**

1 In the penitentiary there are no bare-handed fights, but machete against machete,
2 knives against knives, edges against edges. FIGHT TO DEATH. The loser goes to the
3 “restroom” where three or four armed guys attack and rape. I tell you that because I
4 saw it.

5 Forced by the circumstances, I demonstrated to be so self-destructive that I didn't
6 even care to die through a machete hitting on my head or through a stab in my heart. I
7 didn't look for fights so nobody would look for fight with me. I didn't stare at anybody
8 because I didn't like to be stared at. However, within seven months of reclusion I had
9 two fights.

10 When I was put in jail I was traumatized by seeing all those bars, dirty, bear walls
11 covered in blood, and the floor covered in mud. In the dining room the flies danced
12 around the dishes. I didn't have anything to eat with, my fingers served as a spoon.
13 On the floor, the flies appeared to be an additional layer of cement that arose every
14 time something was moving over it.

15 We inmates shared our food with the flies. You could find even up to three flies in
16 one tasteless glass of tamarind juice. They never used sugar. Do you want to know
17 what our lunch was? If the menu was fish stew, the prisoners who worked as cooks
18 would cut off the fish fins, tail, and head to boil them in a huge pot with water, manioc,
19 plantain, and cabbage. The rest of the fish was left complete and was sold to the
20 inmates who had family with influence and, thus, situated in special cells.

21 Others, like us, weren't so lucky. Our destiny was to be at the bottom of the
22 penitentiary. People begged so as not to be sent there because it is true hell on earth.

23 The chief is the key because he and the detention officers are best buddies, and
24 they ganged up with them so that they wouldn't be sent to the bottom. The officers
25 charged 100 sucres per head. But that privileged situation is only temporary, as if your
26 family members are not coming after three days, you're sent to the bottom anyhow.

27 So the poor guys start begging, “No, please! I don't wanna go to the bottom, help
28 me, don't be mean!”

29 I was prepared for worst case scenario. Such is the case that while I was watching
30 the scene, sitting and smoking a cigarette, the chief approached and said, “And you,
31 man? Get ready with your yards so you don't have to go to the bottom because there,
32 it's messed up!”

33 I replied, “Send me wherever you wanna. Jail was made for me, wherever I go! I'd
34 love to see you at the bottom! I'm going there right now, because I won't give you the
35 pleasure to smoke with my cash, STUPID SON OF A BITCH!”

36 After a while, five inmates came from the bottom of the pen and climbed a higher
37 place to smoke marihuana holding a machete in their hands. Two of them knew me.

1 "And, Taylor, what's up?"

2 "Here, man!"

3 "How are you?"

4 "Having some trouble with that loose-lipped chief who is taking money from the
5 idiots."

6 "Let's go to the bottom. There you're gonna have a better time than here. Only the
7 ones who are afraid of jail are here!"

8 "Cool man, that means that I belong to the bottom!"

9 "If you want, I can talk to the officer who's my friend to give you the pass..."

10 "OK, then!"

11 They gave me the pass, and off I went to the bottom. There I started to see whom
12 I liked and whom I disliked. I met an enemy, but we only stared at each other, without
13 claiming the previous fight. After that, I found some newer friends I'd made on the
14 streets or in the Correctional Center. Because they were of legal age at that time, they
15 were sent to the pen.

16 **83. COMFORT IN THE CELLS**

17 The cells were gigantic. There were little rooms made of guadua bamboo with
18 paper walls, which were commonly called "tanks". In the pavilions of the bottom there
19 was one which was the worst, where I had to stay for seven months. They were our
20 refuge, our place or safe house, our lost privacy, our hiding place, a little piece of
21 freedom, our confessional with God...

22 **84. THEY STOLE MY CHOPPING BOARD**

23 One of the fights I had was because I beat up an inmate who made fun of the
24 wooden chopping board for meat that I had made. He said, "Gimme that so I can see!"
25 And he passed it from one to the other, until it ended up in a tank where I stopped
26 seeing it. I got enraged and started beating him up. He didn't bother me again.

27 However, the officer who saw us insulting one another, let us fight for a while.
28 Then I left for a stroll across all the pavilions until I bought a machete, which I put on
29 the bedhead before going to sleep, just in case there was a fuss in the middle of the
30 night. I started traumatizing myself thinking about my mom, my dad, my siblings, my
31 uncles and aunts, my cousins, my grandparents.

32 "Well, that's a thing nobody is visiting me! Where do I break out?"

33 I was afraid of breaking out of the penitentiary because I had previously seen how
34 a fugitive ended up: lying on the floor with broken ribs, blood coming out of his head,

1 bruises all over his arms and back, all swollen due to the beating. "If they catch me,
2 they'll kill me!" I woke up in the early morning and cried thinking about it. I armed a
3 joint and got high. I lost my sleep and walked around with the machete at my waist
4 tight against my shorts at the break of day.

5 There were moments I took it out of my pants and fought with it against the air to
6 practice and get ready for any later encounter. The restroom was in complete
7 darkness and the walls were covered with bats. While the others were sleeping, I
8 needed to urinate. Before entering the toilet, I took out the machete as I wasn't seeing
9 nor the floor nor the walls. I lit up a match and observed the hole. The match burned
10 out and I was afraid. The bats started flying around me, some of them bumped into
11 me. HOW SCARY!

12 I had goose bumps while I peed. I got nervous as I was sensing that something
13 not human was living in that place. I finished peeing on the floor and crossed myself
14 when I left the place, asking God to take care of me.

15 **85. THE COUNTING OF THE INMATES**

16 At six o'clock in the morning they played a song in each pavilion and you could
17 hear them yell, "COUNTING! COUNTING! GO TO YOUR PAVILION! COUNTING!
18 COUNTING!" That song played at the door of every pavilion. "ALL INMATES, LINE
19 UP! J! H! I! PAVILIONS, GET TOGETHER! PAVILION 1, LINE UP HERE!
20 ATTENTION TO THE LIST!

21 "Ramiro," "Here, officer;"

22 "José," "Here, officer;"

23 "Carlos," "Here, officer;"

24 "Oswaldo," "Here, officer;"

25 "Taylor," "HERE;"

26 "Elio," "Here, officer;"

27 "Luis," "Here, officer;"

28 I never paid honor to the officers and I returned to my tank when they left. I never
29 shared my room with anybody. Inside the tank I had my stuff: three shorts, three
30 shirts, and three underpants. Once I left it for a while and when I was back I couldn't
31 find anything, neither my machete. There were only the cardboards left where I slept.
32 "SHIT, WHAT HAPPENED!" I felt attacked and left the tank immediately, armed with a
33 piece of pointed iron.

34 The following day I borrowed 100 Sucres to buy a machete from the maestro of
35 the locksmith shop, under whose orders I was working.. In that way I hoped to find

1 the people wearing my clothes to ask them the names from whom they bought them
2 to attack the latter with my machete.

3 The days passed by and I never found the guilty ones. Later on, I didn't speak to
4 anybody anymore, I crisscrossed all over the place. I decided to let go of the machete
5 and to not pay attention to anybody as I was starting to go crazy.

6 **86. THE BLACK RAPIST**

7 Every day injured inmates left from any of the pavilions located at the bottom,
8 because during the night came up the fights to death with machete against machete. I
9 lost my fear and decided to live inside the penitentiary as if it was my own house. One
10 of those days, a black guy wanted to rape one of my friends, who was the same age
11 as I was. When everybody was awake, some of us talking, some smoking drugs, and
12 some of us playing cards, the black man caught my friend in front of the group and,
13 threatening him with his machete, said,

14 "TAKE OFF YOUR PANTS!"

15 My friend replied, "No, calm down! No! Don't do that to me!"

16 And he didn't do it. What might have been the reason for him to stop seducing him
17 with violence?

18 I hated that man, and to avoid problems, I changed my pavilion. There I was given
19 a tank all by myself. Suddenly, somebody knocked on my door, uttering desperately
20 my new nickname,

21 "BRAIN, BRAIN, CRAZY BRAIN!"

22 I picked up the machete, opened the door, and saw my friend.

23 "What's going on with you? Come in," I said to him.

24 He entered with his sheets and some cardboards.

25 "You can sleep on that side over there and I'll sleep here! What happened to you
26 now, man?"

27 "That black guy is bothering me!"

28 "It's alright, he's not gonna bother you here!"

29 I took my machete and sharpened it. In that moment I thought about opening the
30 door of the pavilion and taking advantage while that guy was sleeping to stab him in
31 his chest so he would die.

32 Later that night the black guy arrived and knocked at the door of my room, calling
33 for my friend. I gave my friend the sign to be quiet, covered my body with a sheet with

1 which I also hid the machete I was holding on to with my hands, and encouraged I told
2 him off.

3 "What's going on, man! What do you want?"

4 "Why did you move here?"

5 "I came here because I wanted to kill a guy whose name only I know, and my
6 friend came here to me because he is afraid of you, and now, he is sleeping!"

7 Then, he started bothering me, "Careful, you're still green behind the ears, they
8 can do nasty stuff with you. Here, they rape the young ones!"

9 He hoped that I would be scared and beg him to protect me, but all I said was,
10 "The one who touches me has to man up very well because I'm ready to fight to death
11 with anybody!"

12 "Alright, Crazy Brain, that's how it has to be. Call your friend, the lad!"

13 "No, my friend won't come out and period. And I can't talk to you anymore!"

14 I turned around and entered my tank where my friend was holding a stick I had
15 given him just in case there would be a fuss with the purpose that he would come out
16 and get his own back with that black guy, killing him with a hit on his head.

17 "If you come out, you come out, but to hit him hard and determined to kill him so
18 he doesn't bother anymore, that black pervert!"

19 Well, there was no fight with the black guy. However, an evil idea attacked my
20 mind, "What would happen with my friend if I had been the same as the black guy?"

21 **87. THE FIGHT FOR AN OIL LAMP**

22 There was this habit of stealing the light bulbs to buy drugs, as most of the
23 inmates used oil lamps made up of Kerosene and a wick in a bottle. Once, a lamp of
24 one of the inmates was stolen. In the exact moment when that inmate was looking for
25 the thief, I was talking to a friend I had met in the Correctional Center about the
26 headlight of a motorcycle he wanted to buy in the locksmith shop.

27 "You'll have to ask the maestro," I said to him, while he was looking at the light
28 bulb that I was holding in my hands. In that moment, the man who was victim of the
29 lamp theft was walking around insulting everybody and everything. I looked at him and
30 he said,

31 "You must be the Crazy Brain, son of a bitch!"

32 I got so mad that I threw the light bulb I was holding in my hands to the floor,
33 breaking it into pieces, while answering him,

1 "You don't get to insult my mother, you wimp!"

2 "I insult you as many times as I want!"

3 Next thing, I stood up from the stool I was sitting on and said to him while taking
4 off my shirt, "Let's fight once and for all, son of a bitch!"

5 "Go fight with that whore of your mother, I'm gonna show you!"

6 And he left for his room.

7 He came back holding a machete, the mouth piece of a broken bottle and a sheet
8 to cover him. Was it his real intention to show me who the boss was or to kill me with
9 his machete? In his absence, I had borrowed a machete. He attacked me at the time I
10 was throwing my shirt on the floor and putting my left hand behind my back.

11 I hit him with my machete his armed hand and his machete, assuring that none of
12 his attacks reached my face or my body.

13 I stepped back to attack him with violence, but I stopped as I was feeling that I
14 would kill him. He took advantage of my hesitation to attack me, which was why I hit
15 him directly, aiming at his head. He counterattacked my machete with his, and with his
16 other hand he tried to attack me below with the point of his broken bottle, cowering
17 during his attack.

18 I withdrew my right hand with which I was holding the machete to withstand the
19 pointed piece of glass, thinking about lifting his head with the tip of my machete.

20 Something held me back, freeing me from being a criminal. I turned around and
21 ran away. I looked back and saw that he was following me. I leaned against an entry
22 waiting for him in turn, to hit him first on his head. I was indecisive about which part of
23 my machete I should use to hit him in his face, but, fortunately, he didn't enter the
24 room and I hid somewhere. Suddenly, the officers came. "TAYLOR! TAYLOR!
25 TAYLOR!" They went on and on yelling my name.

26 I started being afraid. "Shit, they're gonna punish me! But it was his fault, I didn't
27 invite him to fight". "COME OUT, TAYLOR! COME OUT OR WE COME AND GET
28 YOU!" Well, I left my hiding place.

29 "COME HERE, MURDERER! COME AND SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!"

30 We walked to the polyclinic. The man had one finger amputated, and at the right
31 wrist where the palm of the hand begins, the skin was off, showing the tendons used
32 to move his fingers. Thank God, he was able to move his fingers! The tendons were
33 unharmed. In the same arm he had a deep cut from the machete below his shoulder
34 and on his wrist. The officers asked me,

35 "What?! Haven't you eaten yet? Are you hungry? Did you wanna chop him?"

1 "No, I didn't invite him to fight!"

2 "But he says that he didn't have a machete..."

3 "That's what he says!"

4 **88. AN UNJUST REPRISAL**

5 The physical and psychological punishment started.

6 "Where did you leave the machete? Hand it over!"

7 "I already gave it to the officer."

8 They went on hitting me while making me jump in squats all the way down to the
9 bottom of the pavilions where the punishment cell was located. But before they
10 ordered me to put my head on the floor, my hands on my back, feet firm on the floor
11 and gluteus in the air. In that position, they insulted me and one of the officers who
12 was walking around me kicked me with his boot in my stomach. I fell on my belly on
13 the floor.

14 I got even angrier and returned to the position so he could hit me again, and he did
15 it. I stood up again and went into that same position, and he repeated the kicking with
16 the point of his boot. The boss of the officers approached and said,

17 "GET UP, YOU'RE ALSO HURT!"

18 "That's right," I replied.

19 "Go, clean yourself up so they can give you stitches!"

20 "Very well, thank you!"

21 After taking a shower when I was on the way to the polyclinic, one of the officers,
22 who was obsessed with hitting me, slowed down to fulfill his desire.

23 "And you, where are you going?"

24 "The chief officer ordered me to get stitches..."

25 "Come, come here to see closely what you have done!"

26 "It's not my fault, he started the fight!"

27 "If he dies... He is from Manabi, and me, too! When he dies, you'll have to fight
28 with me, machete against machete!"

29 Faking fear I said, "No, no! You'll win! I won't fight with you! I'm sure you gonna
30 win! You're an officer!"

31 "When he dies, you'll fight with me anyways!"

1 Inside me, I longed to see him in front of me, both of us standing with a machete. I
2 planned to stab his heart with the tip of my machete with all my strength and all my
3 hatred, even if they killed me later. That would mean a certain death, but first I would
4 kill him.

5 The injured seemed to be dying due to lack of blood, but in the end he survived.
6 After sewing up my injuries, I went through the punishment.

7 **89. DEATH ENTERTAINS**

8 Two inmates wrote a page with blood in the history of the so famous penitentiary.
9 One was sentenced to three years imprisonment, having only two months left to be
10 set free. The other one was sentenced to sixteen years for murder and had left fifteen
11 days to get out.

12 They had two confrontations: the first one in a soccer match where they disliked
13 each other, and the second was a fight, machete against machete. It was 10 o'clock in
14 the morning when the prisoner charged for the pity crime stabbed the one charged for
15 murderer in his heart. Like this, he added to his two months sixteen more years.

16 That was why I stopped by chance being a problem to the officers as they forgot
17 about me with the entertainment of that murder. A week later, I went back to the
18 bottom of the pavilions where the fight had occurred and I observed my enemy who
19 was walking again through the inside of the penitentiary. That was why I prepared
20 myself emotionally to kill him before he killed me from the back.

21 I planned to attack him in the restroom while he was doing number two. The
22 restrooms are not private and everything that is done inside there is visible. Some of
23 them jerk off without bothering that another might be watching. That's completely
24 normal. But nothing happened as, the next day – what a surprise – they gave me my
25 ticket to freedom.

26 **90. BEHIND THE BARS IN PLAYAS**

27 I thanked God because nobody, absolutely nobody of my family would visit me. I
28 got on a bus to Playas and searched for Vitalia, the skinny girl, in the cabaret, but I
29 couldn't find her. What might have happened to her? Four days later, I was arrested,
30 only a week later I was freed.. Two weeks later I was arrested again, which was why
31 the commissioner told me, "Leave Playas, if not, next time I catch you, I'll send you to
32 the Modelo Police Station!"

33 I was set free, but I stayed in Playas. Then they arrested me for stealing a cell
34 phone in a bank where I had entered high in a moment when the guard was
35 inattentive. I wanted to damage the computer and get in that way, but I couldn't. I
36 wasn't armed and if the guard had been armed, he would have killed me.

1 After a struggle, I took the phone. It was of good quality. In the market, it cost sixty
2 thousand Sucres and I sold it for fifteen thousand to buy booze and drugs. After three
3 weeks behind the bars, they let me go, and I went to the cabaret. At dawn I met
4 Manolo with whom I got high.

5 We decided to climb the walls to enter the cabaret to check if there were any
6 hookers asleep. One of them was with some bastard, the other one was sleeping
7 alone.

8 "Manolo, let's fuck the one who's with that bastard!"

9 "No, let's better do the other one!"

10 "All right! What time is it, Manolo?"

11 "Two o'clock in the morning."

12 "Cook! The door is open between two and four in the morning!"

13 When I looked back, Manolo was spread over the floor with open arms, snoring.
14 How fast he fell asleep! I tried to complete the suggested mission. With a knife I
15 started to cut out little pieces of wood of the door, little by little, until I got to the latch.
16 Manolo was still asleep. I thought about taking off his pants and make him gay, but I
17 changed my mind and woke him up.

18 "Manolo, Manolo, wake up, it's done!"

19 "Yeah, man! Get cracking!"

20 While Manolo joined the hooker in her bed, I searched with my hand below the
21 mattress, took her handbag, and left the room. It contained a bundle of bills.

22 "Manolo! Manolo! Manolo, let's go! Let go of that whore!"

23 "Gang-ster," he said to me, with the voice of a pothead.

24 "Let's go, Manolo, already!"

25 "I'm coming, gangster, take it easy, it's your turn!"

26 I didn't pay attention to him and jumped the walls. I bought breakfast and then I hid
27 between the bushes to get high with two big bottles of "Cristal" booze, two jars of
28 contact cement, one hundred packets of paste twenty of marihuana.

29 **91. BIG TROUBLE IN HOSPITAL**

30 After eight days I was sent back to prison and from there they transferred me to
31 the Modelo Police Station from where I got out after three months. During that
32 detention a rival stabbed me in the right side of my thorax. He had a knife, and I had

1 only my hands and my shirt. I ended up in hospital to get the obligatory stitches. I was
2 barely able to stand and a cop was watching over me so I wouldn't escape.

3 They gave me paper to claim a bed through a pane, but I got angry with the
4 nurses and started insulting them. I sat on the floor, threw away the paper and yelled
5 at them.

6 "Can't you see how bad I am, fucking shit! And you make me do the formalities by
7 myself!"

8 "Calm down," the cop said, picking up the paper.

9 "Fuck you, too! Take me to the Modelo Police Station, I'm better off there!

10 The nurses got scared and brought a stretcher right away to take me to a cool
11 room with fluorescent lighting with no windows. I got angry again.

12 "Doctor, doctor! Please, ma'am, call the doctor!"

13 "He's coming!"

14 "Doctor, until when are you gonna leave me here? I wanna go! I'm hungry, I've
15 only had, serums, nothing more than serums! Until when? I wanna eat or I'll go."

16 "Here, you can't release yourself!"

17 "Gimme food, then!"

18 "I'll send you to your room, soon, son! Calm down, just calm down!"

19 "OK, but now, doctor!"

20 "I'll leave the transfer for this patient here signed, Miss..."

21 The doctor left. Three hours went by and four patients were taken to their rooms,
22 but not me.

23 "Ma'am, what's with me?"

24 "There's still no bed free."

25 "How come the others were transferred?"

26 "The doctor hasn't signed your transfer yet, you have to wait."

27 "How come?, ... the doctor has just signed my transfer!"

28 "Wait a minute."

29 "Shit! Move it! You're good at smiling and flirting, but nothing more!"

1 "I'll call the police officer who's outside!"

2 "Call him, I don't give a crap! I'll count to five and if you don't get me out I'll take
3 that fucking needle out of my vein myself and smash everything here to pieces! One,
4 two, three. I'm at three, I'm talking serious! Four, there're four! Miss flirty, I won't hold
5 myself back! FIVE!"

6 "OK, OK! I'm coming!"

7 She pushed my stretcher and they took me up in an elevator. They moved me with
8 high speed, and even faster before little potholes in the floor to make the bed jump
9 and to hurt me.

10 "Slower, you bastard nurse, you're not taking that whore of your mother!"

11 In the room where I was supposed to be hospitalized, some nurses were talking
12 and one of them was a police sergeant who was almost killed by some criminals while
13 he was pursuing them to arrest them. The bastard was shot and a bullet entered his
14 neck and left through his throat.

15 When I laid down in my assigned bed, one of them asked me,

16 "Are you hungry?"

17 "Yes!"

18 The ex-cop interfered,

19 "Eat those here!" touching his testicles.

20 I got serious in presence of that old boy and replied,

21 "Show me some respect, fuck! You don't know whom you're messing with!"

22 "Whoever you are, fuck, you don't disrespect me!"

23 Then he went to a shelf from where he took a helmet and moved it so I could see
24 it. It was one of his best memories of the gendarmerie. So I called the doctor and told
25 him that I wouldn't hold myself back from whatever would happen with that man who
26 had just threatened me by saying that when one of his cop friends arrived, he would
27 borrow the revolver and kill me. But, I said to the doctor, as soon as I notice the
28 slightest attempt, I would kill him first.

29 It worked wonders. They made the ex-cop in front of my bed disappear
30 immediately. However, I felt important as I enjoyed continuous police protection, from
31 six to twelve, and from twelve to six o'clock, every day. In the morning, the doctor
32 asked me how I felt. I replied, "A bit better. It's only that I've got problems with the
33 cops!" He said, "Don't worry, they can't hit you here inside the hospital!" "And if they
34 take me, doctor?" I asked. "They're not taking you anywhere. You can't leave without

1 my permission. And I won't give you the release until they've solved your problem." I
2 thanked him.

3 At night a cop asked me,

4 "Where do you want the cuffs?"

5 "Wherever you want, you can't hit me here, the doctor told me so! If you hit me,
6 you or anybody of your litter is gonna be sacked and as you'll be without job, you'll
7 have to steal, now shamelessly, to eat. So you can put your cuffs wherever you want!"

8 He cuffed my ankles so tight to the bed that they hurt.

9 **92. I COULDN'T POP THE CHERRY**

10 They didn't give me any chance to escape as I was guarded day and night. There
11 were different cops who took turns to watch me. How should I escape? What shall I
12 do? In the same room there was a sick man with only one leg who was visited by two
13 of his daughters. One visited him in the morning and the other in the afternoon. I
14 winked at one of them and she smiled back.

15 Three days went by during which she'd had to approach the sink mandatorily to
16 clean the silverware that her father used. I took advantage of that situation to follow
17 her and make her fall in love with me. She was a virgin, but I couldn't eat her cherry
18 because of that mistrustful cop who would even follow me to the restroom and wait for
19 me on the other side of the door.

20 One day I had her with her underwear down when suddenly the cop showed up in
21 the door. How inappropriate! I was wearing the clothes of the patients and wanted to
22 screw the girl, pass her on afterwards to the cop to screw her too, so he would be
23 entertained and I could escape. But he showed up before his turn. I couldn't use that
24 trick anymore, so I told the girl (she was 30 years old), "Go, I don't want you anymore,
25 you're too old!"

26 Nobody had popped her cherry, her lips were trembling out of fear. I didn't like her
27 anymore because she was too faint-hearted. In addition, she was quite stupid
28 because when I asked her to bring me clothes to escape she brought me clothes I
29 didn't like, that's why I got mad.

30 "You're good for nothing, not even for sex! Coward!"

31 "But I didn't, I have never done that, be patient!"

32 "Patience for what, old bitch!"

33 She left crying and I threw the clothes in the trash.

34 **93. THE REHAB CENTER**

1 I started looking for another way out, so I borrowed the “El Universo” newspaper to
2 find any helpline and discovered an add that said, “Rehabilitation Center for
3 youngsters of Ecuador, situated in Quito, a community that fights against drugs
4 without any cost, supported by the government of three countries: Brazil, Chile, and
5 Ecuador...”

6 I talked to the social worker of the hospital and asked her to call that number. As
7 an answer, first came a psychologist with glasses, a big, old, sexy white woman.

8 “Hello, hello, good morning! What’s your name?”

9 “First tell me your name if you want me to tell you mine! (I smiled and looked at her
10 boobs).

11 “My name is Robert Taylor.”

12 I immediately looked at her shoes and said, “They really suit you. They combine
13 with your skin color. You are pretty!”

14 Then I told her about my problem, addressing her informally as she tolerated it.
15 She told me that she was just a substitute for the psychologist who had to attend me.

16 “Shit, we’re not gonna see each other anymore?”

17 “Yes!” she said.

18 “If not, I’m not going to tell you my problems and you just go away!”

19 “Don’t throw me out, because I’m already leaving.”

20 She took her bag angrily and left. I didn’t see her again. Then came the social
21 worker, very serious, she didn’t give me any chance to flirt with her. I asked her to call
22 the number zero, zero, zero...I don’t remember the number, and that is what she did.
23 The next day at night, three women arrived who were ready to help me. We talked
24 and when I had them sentimentally manipulated I threw the key at them.

25 “As the cops are watching me, how will we do it so you can take me to rehab?
26 Sincerely, and I swear in the name of the Lord that I wanna meet that place because
27 I’m here because of the drugs and I have problems...”

28 “Yes, but you are under arrest!”

29 “Yes, that’s right!”

30 “What you want is us take you out, but we won’t do that. Here is our telephone
31 number and our address in Guayaquil. Call us when you’re out and visit us. Thanks
32 and good bye!”

1 After being hospitalized for two months, they put me on the cuffs and in a patrol
2 car, that was waiting for me with the sirens on and all four doors opened, they brought
3 me to the Modelo Police Station, from where I got out a week later.

4 **94. BETWEEN THE REHAB AND THE MODELO**

5 When I was out, I joined a friend from the Correctional Center who earned sixty
6 thousand Suces in one night assaulting people and I accompanied him to buy
7 clothes.

8 Then I accompanied him to the river, where some slackers arrived to wash their
9 clothes and to get high while the clothes were drying. While he was looking for soap in
10 underwear, I took his clothes and a pair of new shoes and ran away. I left him dust I
11 was the one who had a bath and who got to put on new clothes.

12 On the way, I thought about calling the Rehab Center, "I'll take a bath, I'll change
13 my clothes and shoes and get there like new to see what this recovery is about. How
14 ingenuous! In that moment I found three five-thousand-Sucre bills recently printed,
15 with the smell of heaven, of sweetness, for the first time I had them in my hands,
16 thanks to my friend, what a joy! The excitement made me change my mind. I'd better
17 smoke some weed and then call the number of my saviors.

18 All dressed up I went to the drug dealers and supplied with two thousand Suces in
19 marihuana. I didn't ask for booze because then, it would be impossible for me to show
20 up at the rehab with my breath reeking of alcohol. I'll better buy three thousand in
21 drugs later and then I would call the rehab center.

22 I consumed more than that and when I had only five thousand Suces left, I said,
23 "Nice! I still have money for the call and for the ticket to the office in Guayaquil, and I
24 even would have change. I can even go with only one thousand. The ticket costs one
25 hundred Suces. I still have money to buy a little bottle and the rest I can spend in
26 paste. I better buy a big bottle of "Cristal" liquor and I go later, as there are buses until
27 10 p.m., I still can go."

28 I bought the bottle and had four thousand Suces left. "I still have booze, so I buy
29 paste for three thousand Suces and I finish the other half of the bottle. I'll go with
30 three thousand Suces. That's more than enough."

31 After consuming the three thousand Suces I said, "With the one thousand Suces
32 I have I'll buy a jar of contact cement, inhale all night long and in the morning I'll go to
33 the rehab center. It has to be a good thing, I'll go tomorrow.

34 The next morning I couldn't travel (would I even do it?) as a cop found me sniffing
35 between some bushes where I had fallen asleep. They charged me with assault I had
36 never committed and I ended up in the Modelo Headquarter from where they
37 transferred me to the penitentiary three months later.

1 **95. IN THE REHAB CLINIC**

2 My compulsion towards drugs cut short my trip to Quito (Guayaquil?!).
3 Nevertheless, God put a good man in my way, a man of noble heart, who found me
4 suffering and dying during his Sunday visit at the penitentiary and who proposed free
5 rehabilitation in his clinic.

6 When I was installed there, I observed that everything was exactly as I had asked
7 God for . I had where to do the laundry, a bed to sleep on, a bathroom for my personal
8 hygiene, friends who didn't do drugs, sleeping hours in a good schedule, and the
9 development of a program that was wise in its essence and spiritual per excellence.

10 There I started to realize why I was consuming drugs and why I couldn't stop. My
11 new friends, true friends, told me that I had to tell them all my problems so they could
12 help me and that I had to be honest. There were some main points for recovery, but
13 first I had to admit that I was an alcohol and drug addict.

14 “Do you admit that you are an alcohol and drug addict?”

15 “Yes, I do!”

16 “Why do you admit it?”

17 “Because I'm a drug addict, because I can't stop using drugs, and for me, a person
18 who can't stop consuming is an addict. That's why I admit it.”

19 “Your answer is correct! Now the next question; do you think that you are honest?”

20 “Yes!”

21 “Why do you think so?”

22 “Because I'm telling the truth!”

23 “Correct answer!”

24 “What do you think of this place and how do you feel being here with us in
25 therapy?”

26 “I think that here nobody gets high and that I won't do it either staying with you.”

27 “That's what you think?”

28 “Yes, that's what I think!”

29 “And how do you feel?”

30 “I feel well thinking that here nobody does drugs!”

1 BAMB, an aggression of one of the people present (which, at the same time,
2 helped)..

3 "If you are a pothead how are you feeling well? You must feel bad thinking that
4 nobody is consuming here!"

5 "Yes, but that is what you think!"

6 "If we offered you a reefer, would you smoke it?"

7 I replied angrily, "Don't ask me bullshit!"

8 "Why are you getting mad if it's the truth?"

9 "Because if I'm here it's to stop, not so that you can invite me. If I wanted to smoke
10 a reefer I wouldn't need you or anybody of you, I'd just go and steal."

11 "Do you think you can give up completely?"

12 "Yes, yes I think that I can give up completely!"

13 "Believe that first yourself!"

14 "Well, I believe that myself, son of a bitch, and, even more, I don't care whether
15 you believe me or not, the only one who's not gonna do drugs is me!"

16 "Believe that first yourself!"

17 "Goy tell BELIEVE THAT FIRST YOURSELF to the whore of your mother!"

18 "What? Are you fierce?"

19 "I can't be fierce because only animals are fierce."

20 "And you, aren't you an animal by chance?"

21 "Yes, but a rational one!"

22 "In other words, so I did drugs because of being rational?"

23 "No!"

24 "So, why then?"

25 "Because in the end my parents didn't control me..."

26 "Oh, so you're blaming your parents?"

27 "Yes, because maybe they didn't worry about me!"

28 Then, the one who started the conversation said, "Look at him! The little boy wants
29 his parents worrying about him! BRING HIM THE RUBBER TEAT!"

1 "YOU CAN PUT THAT UP YOUR ASSHOLE!"

2 The existential therapist interfered, "Let's see guys! How do you feel? What's
3 new?"

4 "Novelty is that there's a new peer."

5 "What's your name?"

6 "Robert Taylor!"

7 "How do you feel, Taylor?"

8 "Well, a little well!"

9 "What is that shredded 'well'?"

10 "The good thing is that here I haven't consumed drugs so far."

11 "And you won't consume again, your suffering is over. It was already time, brother.
12 How many years have you been doing drugs?"

13 "Nine years!"

14 "Nine years? You're right to feel well now! Do you think that you can recover?"

15 "I'm already in recovery!"

16 "No, you're not yet in recovery! You're inside the clinic. When you've learned the
17 Program you can say that you are in recovery."

18 One of the group asked me, "Is it true that you're gonna recover?"

19 "Yes!"

20 "I TELL YOU THAT YOU WON'T!"

21 "Why?"

22 "Because you're only recovered when you're dead."

23 "No! When I die I'm dead, and without drugs I am in recovery!"

24 "You know what, Taylor?," the therapist told me, "you're pretty smart!"

25 "Thanks"

26 A friend of the group interfered, "BUT BELIEVE THAT FIRST YOURSELF!"

27 "That's your envy talking!" I replied.

28 "You just want revenge!" another one told me off.

1 "So what? Do you want me to shut off like idiots do?"

2 "Taylor, you got an excuse for everything!"

3 "So I'm gonna shut up, stop bothering me before I stab all of you!"

4 The therapist interfered, "HERE YOU GONNA CRASH!"

5 "Am I afraid of you, by chance, because you're the therapist or because you're
6 taller than me? You're wrong, I'm not afraid of anybody, so the one who's gonna crash
7 is you!"

8 "No, I'm not doing that anymore because for a fight two idiots are needed, and I
9 stopped being one! Or why do you think I am well?"

10 "Then stop bothering me!"

11 "But I have to bother you, you're here for that, but be very careful because I won't
12 tolerate your behavior. That aggression of yours is nothing more but resentment you
13 feel for your family. You're a bad son! Or don't you think that's resentment? Let's talk
14 about that, about the resentment that you feel towards your parents. Or isn't it true?
15 ... Show me if I'm wrong!"

16 "No, you're not wrong!"

17 "Why are you resentful with your parents?"

18 "Because when I ran away from home they didn't come after me. I was arrested
19 and they neither came to visit me."

20 "Yes, but that was after you ran away from home! And before that, what
21 happened?"

22 "My parents broke up and my mother lived with a man who was not my father."

23 "You hate your mother, right?"

24 "Yes, very, very much!"

25 "Do you also love her?"

26 "No, I don't love her! I don't wanna even see her because she didn't live with my
27 father and my step-father mistreated me. He hit me every day, I hated him. I hated him
28 because he hit me. I wanted to kill him and at the same time It made me feel hatred
29 towards my mom."

30 I started crying rivers. Everybody was quiet.

31 "That's what you have to talk about, and not come here and talk as if you were the
32 boss!"

1 "It's because you're making me look like an idiot!"

2 "You're very wrong! It's just that I try to discover until which point your resentment
3 is fomented. Don't you see that it is the resentment that makes you aggressive? It's
4 the resentment that made you consume drugs, a resentment caused by some
5 emotional impact. And do you know what? Just so you know, the emotional impacts
6 don't allow the inner development of your personality. It is an emotional impact to see
7 your mother with a man other than your father..."

8 "Yes, because when I got high I was only thinking about that! ONLY ABOUT
9 THAT! My father never took me to live with his paternal brothers to create a new
10 home. My step-mother does love me and I love her because she made me breakfast
11 before I left for school. And she checked my homework and tested me for the lessons.
12 But after that my father punished me for behaving badly at school and having bad
13 grades in behavior. I escaped from home to become a drug addict, thief, and street
14 criminal."

15 After crying the therapist told me, "Sit down, we're gonna go on with you
16 tomorrow!"

17 "Thank you"

18 **96. GOD DOES EXIST**

19 My recovery started to seem a good idea, it was what I had always wanted. I
20 thought it over and thanked God, reaching the firm idea that he really existed. At the
21 beginning of the following day I was again at the attention center of the clinic.

22 "How do you feel?"

23 "I feel very well and I thank you for that."

24 "Don't thank us, thank God."

25 "I thank God a lot first, and then you."

26 "Do you believe in God, Taylor?"

27 "Don't you hear me thanking God, son of a bitch?"

28 "Yes, but don't get mad, it's for you to work your patience!"

29 "Go and make work the patience of your mother!"

30 The therapist intervened worriedly, "You won't recover, Taylor, if you don't change
31 the bad scheme. Forget about that, leave that aggression aside!"

32 "Are you God, by chance, so you can tell me that I won't recover?"

33 "You're still the same negative Taylor!"

1 "Who cares, but I don't get high!"

2 "You won't change anything by simply stopping using alcohol and drugs, if the one
3 thing that lead you to that has been the character flaws! That character of yours is the
4 resentment that has formed in you."

5 "Let me be, I'm not you!"

6 **97. GOD'S INSTRUMENT**

7 The director of that clinic got me out under his responsibility and I owe him my
8 recovery. He gave me roof over my head, a home in general, love and understanding.
9 He took me with him when he went on a stroll with his wife and his little son every
10 weekend and talked with me.

11 "It's worth it that you recover. I saw how you suffered in prison. Thank God for it!"

12 "God and you, too!"

13 "Think that it was God who led me to visit that place so you would get out. It's
14 proven that God exists!"

15 "Yes, it's true, God exists! I never thought I would recover, but now I'm realizing
16 that it's not how I thought it to be. Look at me and how I am!"

17 "Yes, that's right! I'll go on helping you and I hope you behave with the lads of the
18 recovery program."

19 "Yes, but they bother me sometimes! What do you think?"

20 "It's normal that you get angry, we never liked it that somebody tells us the truth."

21 "But you won't kick me out of your clinic?"

22 "No, don't think like that! I just want you to be an example for society, and I know
23 you can do it."

24 "Yes, I'm gonna be an example for society! I'll try to go deeper in recovery."

25 **98. DEVIL'S TEMPTATION**

26 When I had spent a month admitted to the clinic, I had the opportunity to go out to
27 the shop at the corner and I asked for all the things they had sent me to buy.
28 Suddenly, a gentleman arrived and asked for "two cold beers of the brand "Club". It
29 was a very hot day and when I saw them on the counter, I felt the urge of drinking one
30 of them. They were so cold that they were even sweating tiny water drops...

31 I had the money in my pocket and told myself, "I'll buy one for me, nobody will see
32 me. In addition, the treatment has just begun!" I stopped. "No, better not! They're
33 gonna smell the alcohol breath and they're gonna kick me out of the clinic! Nobody is

1 paying for my treatment, it's expensive. It costs three million Sucres. Who's gonna pay
2 another recovery?

3 **99. THE DIRECTOR'S THERAPY**

4 The following day, in the morning, the director arrived for his therapy.

5 "ALL THE ADDICTS TO THERAPY"

6 "Therapy, therapy, therapy, guys!" everybody repeated. "The director arrived!
7 Taylor, get cracking! Therapy!"

8 I replied mockingly, "Therapy! The whore of your mother!" And I laughed about
9 them, but at the same time I got ready to leave.

10 "Good morning, guys!"

11 "Good morning, Director!"

12 "How are you?"

13 "Fine, we're all fine!"

14 "Any novelties?" I raised my hand. "Yes, Taylor! What's your novelty?"

15 "My novelty is that I have a boner and want to screw one of the addicts."

16 "For real, Mr. Taylor!"

17 "For real!"

18 He called the one who was in charge of the group and told him, "Take Taylor to
19 the hookers or to a cabaret. If not, he's gonna screw up one of the guys here!"

20 After a while I came back and told the director, "Thanks for the cash!"

21 "Thank me by not falling back. I like it when they thank me in that way! (and I am
22 thanking him until now because I haven't fallen back).

23 **100. THE OBSESSION WITH STEALING**

24 The annoyances occurred inside the clinic because we took other people's stuff
25 without asking them, such as dental cream, soap, towels, underpants, socks, combs.
26 When something got lost the anger was noticeable in the victim during the sessions of
27 therapy.

28 "And you, why are you angry?"

29 "Because I had a pair of socks that I had washed last night so I could wear them
30 today in the morning and I couldn't find them."

1 “You’re angry just because of that”·

2 “Of course, don’t you see that it is not fair that while being in rehab, things get
3 stolen!”

4 “And you’re mad, right?”

5 “Yes!”

6 “Now, remember when you steal. The addict likes stealing. But the victim freaks
7 out.”

8 When the director said that, we all laughed and even the one with the missing
9 things, who replied, “You’re right!”

10 Suddenly, one of us raised his hand to speak.

11 “One moment, I also lost something!”

12 “What have you lost?”

13 “Underpants I had in my drawer. There is somebody here who’s taking things and
14 saying that the addict steals and doesn’t like to be the victim. It is an excuse for the
15 one who did it or who is still stealing things. At least I (cleaning his hands) have never
16 stolen!”

17 The director replied, “You’re saying that you’ve never stolen?”

18 “No, never!”

19 “And your parents’ happiness, who stole that? Wasn’t it you that thief, per
20 chance?”

21 We all laughed, even the one who cleaned his hands.

22 “Well, let’s stop wasting time in trivial matter, stupid things that make feel bad.
23 TAYLOR, TELL THE TRUTH,” the director said. They blamed me for the lost socks
24 and underpants. I didn’t answer. “SO YOU’RE GUILTY THEN!”, the director cried.

25 “Why are you blaming me?”

26 “Because you agree on not going on looking for the thief. The things that got lost,
27 are they trivial matter, by chance?”

28 I rose my pants and showed them my socks, I showed my underpants to the other
29 one and ended up insulting everybody.

30 He started the session by putting me in the front.

31 “If you’re not guilty, why are you feeling bad?”

1 "Because it pisses me off. Every time the cops caught me getting high on the
2 streets charged me for being a thief without having stolen anything and they asked me
3 for bicycles, radios, sound systems I hadn't stolen. I told them that it hadn't been me
4 and they replied by hitting me with sticks, leaving me like a beaten fainted snake on
5 the floor. Then they threw a water bucket at me to wake me up. That's why I get mad
6 when they accuse me of something I haven't stolen. It's not a big deal!"

7 The director replied, "It's not a big deal for you, but it is for me."

8 "Don't you see that the cops beat me and without pertaining to any gang yet, they
9 asked me from which gang I was. When I was arrested for the first time, I was eleven
10 years old, and it was because of that that I got interested in being part of one of them,
11 to be able to say, "I'm from that gang! I didn't wanna stay behind from the others.
12 Some of them said, "I am of the SICAFE", another said, "I'm one of the PETERS", a
13 third said, "I'm part of the PHANTOMS"...and I wasn't part of any. Later, I got into the
14 gang "THE WOLVES" so as not to fall behind and also because of curiosity because I
15 thought I was very cool."

16 **101. MY FRIEND, THE DRUGS**

17 After lunch we started another session and again I was put in front of them.

18 "Taylor, do you hate your mother?"

19 "Yes, I hate my mother!"

20 "Why do you hate her?"

21 "I already told you, because she broke up with my father."

22 "Don't you think they might have had problems?"

23 "I think so and you are right, but that is not a reason for a mother to kick her son
24 out of the house. She preferred a man like my father who abandoned her over me, her
25 son. When they lived together, my father told her, "I don't wanna see your son here at
26 home and if I see him again, you're leaving together with your two kids, I don't know
27 where, but you're going away from here!" I was already doing drugs and my mom
28 preferred to kick me out. I begged God to give them happiness and I left to consume a
29 jar of contact cement. I cried and asked God to take me with him. I didn't have where
30 to seek refuge."

31 "And then, what did you do? Whom did you tell your problems?"

32 "THE DRUGS! I liked the drugs even though I realized that they were harming
33 me..."

34 "Taylor, tell us how you did the drugs!"

1 "Yes! I put some contact cement in a bag and before inhaling I started to stroke it, I
2 passed my hand over it and told it, "My friend, my only friend. I'll have to die with you."
3 I kissed it and then I consumed it."

4 A friend of the group laughed and asked me, "So you were in love with the drugs?"

5 "Yes, you son of a bitch, don't laugh at me!" (I started crying.) The director
6 interfered, "What do you want to do to the guy who laughed at you?"

7 "kick him in his face!"

8 The session finished and, for the first time in my life, I asked my friend for
9 forgiveness for having insulted him. Within the group we were used to tell each other
10 the truth, no matter what, without holding back anything that bothers us. This is what
11 you call HONESTY.

12 **102. CONVERSATION WITH THE DRUG**

13 "Tell me, drug, why do you follow me?"

14 "Because you're mine, because you tasted me."

15 "Yes, drug, but now I'm not with you anymore."

16 "And exactly because you're not with me it is that I am following you even more.
17 You'll have problems and when you're not able to solve them, I'll be ready to make
18 you forget them."

19 "Yes, drug! But when I consumed you, I wasn't happy. Remember, drug, I went to
20 jail. Do you remember, drug, when I was together with you, I had you lighten up in my
21 hands and stroke you at the same time I consumed you? You didn't know how to take
22 care of me. A car full of cops arrived where we were. They took me to jail and you
23 stayed there most of the times because I had to throw you away where they wouldn't
24 find you. And that was so the cops wouldn't punish me with sadism or with longer jail
25 time. So, why didn't you come out and defend me from the kicking and punching? The
26 only thing that was left from you were tracks on my fingers. Drug, I think that you are
27 the enemy of the cops, why did you hide?"

28 "Yes, Taylor, you're right! I don't get along too well with the cops, that's why I
29 couldn't show up when they were kicking and punching you. I remember that they also
30 tied you up and I was pleased seeing you like that because you really put up with it
31 and you were really brave."

32 "But now, I don't want you to follow me anymore!"

33 "Why? We were such good friends!"

34 "You've just said why, drug. WE WERE GOOD FRIENDS!"

1 "But what separates you from me?"

2 "God! You were pleased watching how I destroyed myself little by little, but I used
3 my astuteness while you were with me. I asked God in my thoughts to separate me
4 from you. That's why I'm free from you now. Is it true, or not, drug?"

5 "Yes, it's true, but now I'll rebel against you and I'll hate you. Now I hate you and I
6 won't rest until I see you again trapped by me!"

7 "If you rebel against me, drug, I won't rebel against you because if you gave me
8 rebelliousness, God gave me patience, tolerance, and much more care. Before you I'll
9 be humble, with humbleness I'll say no when you tempt me, taking as a reference the
10 people who are trapped by you. I also tell you, drug, that when you came to me, I was
11 just a little eleven-year-old child and now I am nineteen. My mind, that mind that God
12 didn't allow you to destroy completely, isn't immature anymore. The suffering that you
13 caused while I was seeking refuge in you from my problems, because I escaped from
14 them, because I evaded reality, now I alleviate them by asking God for forgiveness for
15 having been with you. You, drug, you are the worst companion, and I'll take care of
16 myself and stay away from you, by not joining people who consume you as they are
17 blind in their thoughts. However, I pray to God for them."

18 "Taylor, don't you dare praying to God for the others! Just save yourself!"

19 "No, drug! Now I can't do anymore what you tell me like before! Now I have to
20 obey God, because He has taken control over me. I will disobey you, drug, when you
21 offer me a drink through one of your followers."

22 "I am the drug. Be careful with me, Taylor! I'm in your present. I'll follow you for
23 ever and ever!"

24 "I am Robert Taylor! Don't worry about me, drug. In my thoughts you are part of
25 the past. I'll take good care of myself! God said, 'Stop it, now!'"

26 **103. THE ANTI-DRUG STRATEGIES**

27 Now that I am in recovery I have to protect myself from the drugs which can tempt
28 me any moment. And how do I protect myself? By avoiding people who are with it and
29 by not frequenting those who stop at the corners. That's on the outside. On the inside
30 I have to worry about not feeling resentful with everybody who attacks me. Because if
31 I let grow that resentment, I can get into a state of depression.

32 That is much stronger than the resentment and I can evade it by having a glass of
33 beer, and after that I'll end up doing drugs anyway. But truth is that the drug won't get
34 away with it. That's very difficult, because although I might be resentful and
35 depressive, I have now tools to stay away from consumption, like, for example,
36 repeating, "EVERYTHING GOES BY, EVERYTHING GOES BY. THE GOOD THING
37 ABOUT THE BAD THING IS THAT EVERYTHING GOES BY." I just have to be

1 patient and wait for the time to go by because all the pain and all the problems pass
2 with it too.

3 But I tell you one thing: to stay away from consuming drugs or alcohol is for brave
4 people. Brave are the ones like me who fight against the problems and confront them
5 without consuming. I'll give you an example: a 20-years-old individual has had a
6 girlfriend for three years. She felt a more emotional attraction towards another guy of
7 twenty two. How hard it was for the boyfriend to accept the situation! He felt resentful,
8 he didn't sleep, he didn't eat, he lost hope, he was lost.

9 One afternoon he took a shower and went out to clear his mind and some of his
10 friends called him. "HAVE A DRINK!" He wasn't a drinker, but without thinking twice he
11 accepted the invitation. Later he arrived home drunk. What a surprise for his parents!
12 Did you see how he didn't know how to handle his problems without evading them?
13 Did you see how he evaded his problems?

14 I repeat, the good thing of the bad thing is that everything passes. Another
15 example: a cut in the knee because of falling. At the beginning it hurts and hurts, it
16 annoys, it bleeds, and it sticks to your pants. How painful! Right? But after a couple of
17 days, it stops hurting and over time, only a scar is left. That's when we can see that
18 every pain goes away. Did you see?

19 **104. MY RECOVERY PROGRAM**

20 I can help you based on my experience. I know a recovery program and I'm going
21 to explain it so you can study it, my dear friend. CAREFUL!:

- 22 1. Read and think, live the best thing of what you read.
- 23 2. You are the only one who chooses between good or bad.
- 24 3. Hold on to good things.
- 25 4. Don't attack yourself, don't harm yourself. Pay attention, man!
- 26 5. If your mom tells you not to go to the corner, don't go. Don't you see that she's
27 protecting you?
- 28 6. God is talking to you through everything that you experience and gives you a
29 message through yourself. He shows you from out of where he has taken you and
30 where you can get.

31 Look at the hell I got to.

32 GET CRACKING, MAN, PAY ATTENTION!

33

34 **105. DON'T BE AFRAID OF ASKING FOR HELP**

35 Every alcohol or drug addict just has to ask for help to stop consuming, as it
36 already proven that we will never free from the vice by ourselves. In my case, how
37 many times didn't I try to stop it out of my own will and I was never able to, no matter
38 how much I asked God.

1 Resentments, aggressions, and strong compulsions that have fomented since
2 childhood in us cannot be controlled by us, they control us. While we don't resolve
3 those conflicts, recovery will be impossible. If we visit a psychologist who was filled
4 with his profession in solitude, we will receive only advice and warnings: "You must be
5 patient, don't get upset for nothing, those are things that are already over."

6 Before that disorientation it is better to be admitted to a rehab clinic where we are
7 going to be part of a group and where we get consoling identification through
8 dialogue.

9 "You, come to the front! Why do you consume?"

10 "Because I liked it," some of them say. Other people utter, "I don't know!"

11 "I'll find out why you used to do drugs," the therapist says. "Would you like to know
12 it? ANSWER!"

13 "Yes!"

14 "How do you feel?"

15 "FINE!"

16 "That's a lie! You don't feel fine! Why do you lie? To be able to help you, you have
17 to be honest. You have to express everything that is bothering you! You have to let go
18 off all that hatred and resentment."

19 The patient stays quiet because he is new in the clinic.

20 "Tell us, what are the things that you don't accept about your dad, your mom, your
21 siblings! What happened to you? What don't you like about them?"

22 "What did you see that you didn't like? ANSWER!"

23 "I didn't like it when my mom left home."

24 "That's it! Talk! You're filled with resentment! LET IT GO! LET IT GO! Confess that
25 you would like to kill your mother. Why don't you talk about that? It is because you
26 don't accept that your mother left you alone. (The addict's tears start to roll down the
27 cheeks.) That hatred and resentment that you have towards your mother. GO ON!
28 What else is still there? That's nothing, you'll leave here all cleaned up! You'll recover
29 anyway! From then on, everything depends on you! Common! Go on! What else do
30 you have? You wanted to kill your mother. YES! But you also love her. Right?"

31 "Yes, that's right!" (Again, tears fall down his cheeks while he gets ready to tell his
32 problem.)

33 "Have a seat! How do you feel?"

1 "BETTER!"

2 "That's how you have to feel! We'll go on tomorrow...."

3 The therapist said to another one who had just been admitted to the clinic, "Come
4 to the front! What's the matter with you? You have to start talking already! How many
5 kids do you have?"

6 "Three."

7 "Talk, let go off all your parenting problems! Let it touch your soul! Why do you
8 make them suffer? Is it their fault, by chance, that they have to pay for all your hatred,
9 all your resentment? TALK! Why do you make your kids suffer?"

10 "You don't get to tell me that I make my kids suffer! I haven't been a bad father,
11 they have everything they need. I buy them everything."

12 "THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY, MATERIALIST! That's what you are! There's no use
13 for your kids to have everything if the best thing for them is to have a father who takes
14 them to play to the park, who takes them out for a stroll. To whom will they complain
15 that that's what they don't have, if you get home drunk? Or... ask your kids how they
16 feel..."

17 "Ask them yourself!"

18 "YOU SEE? That bastard still doesn't open up! Bad father!"

19 In a confrontational therapy with the same individual to which his son attends:

20 "What's your name, little boy?"

21 "José."

22 "Joey, what would you like from your daddy? (period of silence) Talk, Joey. TELL
23 HIM! TELL HIM! This is the moment to tell your daddy all the truth! Just tell him!"

24 "That...that..."(stammers the kid).

25 "Common, common!" (encourages the therapist).

26 "That, that he shouldn't hit my mom and that he shouldn't drink....SNIFF! SNIFF!
27 SNIFF!"

28 "Do you see? Are you or aren't you a bad father? Can you see how your kids
29 suffer? STOP! THINK! Until when? They aren't responsible for anything, they are
30 ingenuous. They're here to be loved! God gave them to you so you can love them, so
31 you can share with them! Not to make them suffer!"

32 "OK! You've made me rethink. Really, you have helped me a lot!"

1 "Would you like to hug your son?"

2 "Yes!"

3 "Go to your father, Joey, and give him a hug!"

4 The kid hugged his father and after a few days, things changed:

5 "Joey, how are things with your dad?"

6 "GOOD! He takes me to the park, to the cinema, to the attractions that are
7 announced in the newspapers, and to the swimming pool. (Thinking about the time
8 before with his father, the boy starts to cry again. That gave his father a new
9 motivation to go on correcting his behavior towards his son.)

10 Truth is that, little by little, the resentment of the kid disappeared and, later on, he
11 told his adventures without crying. He was a happy child.

12 **106. HOME IS THE KEY**

13 If we don't have the right to punish a brother or a father, we don't have the right to
14 judge others. To punish a defenseless child is offending him. It's not fair that they are
15 punished by the ones who bring them into life without being responsible for having
16 born. Instead, a child should receive love, understanding, affection, and patience,
17 despite the fact that the might not have all the material things to be satisfied.

18 A humble home and with a humble love in the economic sense are much better
19 because in that way, while growing, the child will be able to understand he wasn't
20 lucky to have money and this makes it easier for them to accept that. But the difficult
21 part to accept is the aggressions they receive since their very childhood and the
22 resentment caused by the emotional impacts. They are the origin of inappropriate
23 behavior which reaches its highest point when turning into bandits, thieves,
24 potheads, robbers, criminals, prisoners, serving sentences for raping and stealing.

25 I suggest the kids who're thinking about running away from home not to do it.
26 There is hunger on the streets. Imagine: BROKEN, with not even a penny, without
27 your dad, without your mom, without your siblings, without your uncles and aunts,
28 without your grandparents. Who will give you food and how will you still your hunger?
29 Which kid likes to work?

30 Don't allow yourselves to be talked into by your best friends because I can tell you
31 that those friends show you the wrong way. Is it clear or not? I am your friend. Don't
32 run away from home. Ask your parents for forgiveness for any mistake you might have
33 committed. Don't evade it.

34 There are drugs, fights, theft, jails, and bad comments about you on the streets.
35 You're frowned upon and you create suspicion if they know your full names. If you are
36 on the wrong path and outside your home, nobody will show you respect. They will

1 ask themselves, "Who is that kid? Who might his parents be?" And they will criticize
2 you. "What kind of parents are they! Careless parents! If it was my son, I would give
3 him a good punishment and that's it!"

4 What's going on in that moment? You are being criticized by the others. It's when
5 you're starting to be rejected by society. And in order to take vengeance you'll go
6 deeper and deeper into the darkness. Later on, there's no one who could free you
7 from the claws of vice and of drugs. Only God, and only, if you believe in HIM,
8 because you might even lose your Faith.

9 If the criticism you received from society has already made you lose faith in
10 yourself, how not losing your faith in God? That's the moment when the drug starts to
11 become part of you and you part of it. REMARK: Think about it, please.

12 **107. MONITORING IS THE QUINT ESSENCE**

13 An addict finished his three-month treatment and was released. During the therapy
14 he always said, "I'LL COME FOR THE FOLLO-UP SOMEHOW OR OTHER!
15 ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, BUT MY MONITORING IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN
16 ANY OTHER THING! DON'T YOU SEE THAT MY LIFE IS MY RECOVERY?"

17 There was a fare-well party. His monitoring was every five days or at least ten
18 hours per week. The first day he arrived on time. The next week he was also on time.
19 He showed up two or three times per week and the others said, "How well that addict
20 looks! He's doing well!"

21 After four weeks he didn't come for a whole week. After three weeks he arrived at
22 the clinic, but he didn't enter the session. He stayed with his peers who had more time
23 in rehab. Then he entered and waved with his hand like a politician doing campaign
24 and said, "Good afternoon, guys!" when the therapy session was over.

25 He definitely stopped going to the follow up and after three months since his
26 release, he fell back.

27 **108. FAITH IN GOD**

28 We have to help other people through our experiences so they don't consume
29 drugs and correct their lifestyles if they had already done it. They should start looking
30 for the exit, which is HAVING FAITH. The faith in God, a kind of faith is expressed by
31 letters and words that come from the inside of our offended and resentful heart due to
32 external aggressions. The bad things in other people hurt us, and when your heart
33 starts asking God for help, it is when you feel the FAITH.

34 You ask the Lord with tears in your eyes to save you. That's the moment when
35 your heart talks to God, it shows Him who you are. You can ask for heavenly help with
36 the deepest faith, buy then, there are your thoughts, you get obsessed with what you
37 have asked for and you get desperate.

1 We don't control ourselves, I proved that several times. Examine it, analyze it well.
2 Many times things don't turn out the way you thought. Ask yourself why, before you
3 finish reading this book. I am a witness of my own suffering, but I was able to recover.
4 My recovery started the day I least expected it.

5 I asked Go, "God, please help me. Take care of me, my Lord. Get me away from
6 the drugs, oh Lord! Only you can do it I can't do it, God! Every time I tell myself, "that's
7 the last time, the last time, and the last time," but I can't, God. I'm already tired, every
8 day the same and the same. Look at me, God, I don't want to, but I'm still doing it. I
9 know that I am failing you, Lord.

10 I told him all of that while I was inhaling drugs. After the effect, a pause. I looked
11 up the sky and looked between the clouds for God's face, I tried to sight him so he
12 could tell me something. I sighed over my tiredness and said, "God, please, take me
13 with you, I don't wanna live any longer .

14 Lord, please, soon I want to get high again. Touch me with your hand, Lord. It's
15 alright, God, you already want to take me with you. That's why you let me do drugs.
16 You are waiting up there, God, you'll see that I'm gonna die."

17 And I consumed at high speed trying to reach God's abode even faster. I was
18 arrested a couple of times and every time they put me behind the bars I was
19 immediately claiming God, "I'm fine, God, I know you won't let me here inside this
20 prison, you're just punishing me for a couple of days. I'll wait until you end my
21 punishment, Lord, behind the bars and without fear.

22 **109. MY 24 HOURS**

23 Now I am settled and I live with the peace of the Lord. I'm an existential therapist
24 and constantly I receive feedback by helping other people to stop suffering due to
25 drug addiction. I have many behavioral disorders which are still not solved definitely
26 (When, my God?) because my personality was extremely affected.

27 I am distrusting when it is about the future; however, by enrolling the conscription
28 to serve my country I got to the conviction that I was forced to stop LIVING MY
29 TWENTY FOUR HOURS.

30 Undoubtedly, I did the first step with this account...

31

9.3. Linguistic Analysis

Level of Textual Variable	P. / LINE	ST	P./ LINE	TT
Phonic / Graphic Level	6 / 14-15	Corría y con la boca pitaba ¡PI-PI!, ¡PI-PI!...dándole vueltas con una latita de caña.	6 / 14	I ran and with my mouth I honked the horn, “ <i>Beep! Beep!</i> ” spinning it around with a small sugar cane stick.
	6 / 29-31	Después que nos cansábamos de jugar al pepo con las bolas de cristal, cogía mi lata de sardina, la llenaba de tierra y la jalaba ilusionándome como si fuera un carro de verdad a la vez que emitía sonidos con mi boca: ¡UUUMMMMMM!, ¡UUUMMMMM!.	6 / 29-31	After getting tired of playing with the marbles, I took my tin of sardines, filled it with dirt and pulled it around, imagining it was a real car while making, “ <i>BRRUUUMMM! BRUUMMMM!</i> ”
	15/26	Corrí y <i>fop</i> le arranché el billete y como él no había sido se quedó inmóvil.	15/2-3	I ran and, <i>flop</i> , I took away the bill from her hand, but my friend, as he didn’t do it, stood still. The word has no meaning in itself and only represents the sound made during the action. This form of sound utterances to underline the actions is usually not very common in written language (except for comic books).
	37/1-3	Al instante, dos o tres cuerdas más adelante nos juntábamos algunos, ¡PUM!, le poníamos el brazo en la garganta en forma de llave china y le sacábamos todo el billete y hasta la billetera marchaba.	36/28-30	Instantly, some of us got together two or three blocks ahead and – <i>BAM!</i> – we put our arms around his neck in form of a head-lock and took away all the cash and even the wallet.
	63/19-20	Los presos gritaban: -¡Presta Taylor un toque! (tosía: <i>ijue!, ijue!, ijue!, ijue!</i>).	62/23	The inmates yelled, “Taylor, give me a draft!” (<i>Cough, cough cough cough!</i>)
Prosodic Level				

Grammatical Level: Grammatical Arrangement	1 / 4,5	..., sorprendiéndome al decirme que se identificaba con el texto del primer capítulo de mi novela “El Mundo Gira y gira”, uno de cuyos ejemplares <i>doné</i> a la biblioteca de dicha institución.	1/ 4,5, 6	I was surprised when he told me that he identified himself with the first chapter of my book “The World is Spinning”, of which <i>I’d donated</i> a copy to that institution’s library. In the ST simple past is applied, whereas in the TT past perfect, to make it clear that one action happened before the other one.
	1 / 14, 15, 15	Un tanto desilusionado-¿quién no?-le contesté que aquello no estaba comprendido en el plan de la obra puesto que era solamente un capítulo introductorio, <i>orientador</i> y con futuras proyecciones.	1 / 14, 15	A little disappointed I was – who wouldn’t be? – I replied that it was not the plot of the book as it was just the introductory chapter, <i>for orientation</i> and future projections. The adjective <i>orientador</i> was changed into a noun <i>orientation</i> .
	1 / 19	“¿Sabe usted lo que significa cuarenta <i>detenciones</i> en dieciocho <i>años de vida</i> ?”	1 / 19	“Do you know what it means <i>having been arrested 40 times in only 18 years</i>?” The noun <i>detenciones</i> has been changed into a verb. A literal translation (“Do you know 40 detentions in 18 years of life mean?”) would sound alien-like. Additionally, the Spanish expression <i>años de vida</i> is simply rendered as <i>years</i> in the TT.
	2 / 1	-¡No me importa, porque tengo <i>aceptación</i> de todo lo que me pasó;	2 / 1	“I don’t care, because <i>I’ve assimilated everything that’s happened in my life</i>. The noun <i>aceptación</i> has been changed into the verb <i>assimilate</i> .
	3 / 3	... que <i>mantendré como constante</i> en esta historia	3 / 3	...I’m going to <i>maintain throughout this story</i>, ... As Spanish is more word-loaded than English, solution: compensation by merging.
	3 / 18-19	Maltratado por mi padrastro <i>odié</i> a mi madre...	3 / 19-20	Mistreated by my step-father, I <i>felt hatred</i> towards my mother, ... The verb <i>odié</i> in the ST was changed to verb plus noun <i>felt hatred</i> in the TT.
	5 / 5-6	<i>Comí tanto, tanto</i> , que estaba pipón, me ahogaba como de cansancio, me faltaba la	5 / 3-5	<i>I ate so much dirt</i> that I was already potbellied, I suffocated as from exhaustion. I couldn’t breathe and I

	respiración, casi agonizaba.		was dying. The repetition of <i>tanto</i> was omitted, so used to emphasize the amount.
6 / 23-24	Eso me resentía, por lo que me <i>refugiaba</i> en mis lindos juguetes, los que la vida de pobre me regaló.	6/ 22-23	... So I sought refuge in my own nice toys, which my life in poverty provided me. The verb <i>refugiarse</i> was split up into verb and noun. (It is an expression)
7 / 6-8	Otro amigo, Aurelio, estaba <i>en quinto grado de la escuela</i> y era quien me hacía los deberes para que yo saliera a jugar pelota con Guillermo, Isael, Carlitos y Jofre.	7 / 2-4	Another friend, Aurelio, was in fifth grade and he was the one who did my homework while I was out playing soccer with William, Isael, Little Carlos, and Geoffrey. In the TT, when saying <i>fifth grade</i> , it is already clear that the narrator is talking about school. Therefore, the extra information in the ST has been omitted.
7 / 7-8	<i>Eran</i> amigos de barrio, vecinos y compañeros en la cancha.	7 / 4-5	They were my friends from the neighborhood, neighbors and teammates on the field. In Spanish, the personal pronoun does not need to be mentioned. Moreover, when it is used, it is to emphasize on the subject.
8 / 22-23	<i>Presuroso</i> trepé sobre las boyas semiamarradas y alcancé a ver cómo mi hermanita se ahogaba.	8 / 21-22	As I was speedy, I climbed up the half-way attached buoys and just got to see how my little sister was drowning. The adjective was changed into a complete phrase.
8 / 30-31	<i>Digo gracias a Dios</i> porque yo era número uno para sacar malas notas y al quedarme de año mi susto era la paliza que recibiría de mi padrastro.	8 / 29-30	I'm saying that because I was the first one to get bad grades and to fail the school year. <i>Digo</i> is in simple present tense, whereas the rendering <i>I'm saying</i> is in present progressive tense. This change of tenses reflects the divergence of structure usage of Spanish and English. Additionally, <i>a Dios</i> has been omitted so as not to be too repetitive.
9 / 10-12	Era un gran jugador de pelota y cuando llegaba sudado y con el uniforme sucio, <i>recién empezando el día lunes</i> , ella no me pegaba como lo hacía mi padrastro.	9 / 8-10	I was a great soccer player ad when I came home all sweaty and with an already dirty uniform on the first day of the week, she didn't hit me like my step-father. <i>Lunes</i> has been replaced by the phrase <i>on the first day of</i>

				<i>the week.</i>
9 / 31-33	Cuando <i>éste</i> se ausentaba varios días por <i>asuntos de negocios</i> , le decía a mi madrastra que le prestara a una de mis hermanas para que la acompañe a dormir ya que estaba sola en la casa.	9 / 29-31	Every time <i>her son</i> left her a couple of days for <i>business</i>, she asked my step-mother to send one of her daughters to accompany her during the night as she was all by herself. 1. <i>Éste</i> was not translated with <i>he</i> because this could cause confusion, as not only the son, but also the husband was mentioned in the previous sentence. 2. <i>Asuntos de negocios</i> was replaced by <i>business</i> .	
10/19-20	En la despensa compré una cola, <i>dos panes</i> de sal y veinte suces en mortadela.	10 / 19-20	I bought a soda, <i>two pieces of bread</i> and 20 suces of mortadella in a nearby shop. The word <i>pieces</i> has to be added to the TT for grammatical constrains in the TL.	
10/32-33	Así me gastaba el <i>doble</i> de lo que me daban.	10 / 32-33	Like that, I spent the double <i>amount of money</i> they gave me. The literal translation would be <i>I spent the double of what they gave me</i> , which does not comply with the grammatical norms of the TL (there needs to be a noun). Strategy: compensation by splitting.	
10-5	Me asomaba a la ventana para ver <i>jugar a los futbolistas</i> .	11/2-3	I looked out the window to watch the <i>football players</i>. The literal translation would be <i>to watch the football players play</i> , repeating unnecessarily the word <i>play</i> .	
12/4-5	Apresurada, por el temor de llegar tarde al <i>centro de sus estudios</i> , ni se le ocurría detenerse a reflexionar sobre el verdadero origen del problema	12/1-2	In a hurry and with the fear of getting late to her <i>academy</i>, it didn't even occur to her to stop and think about the real origin of the problem, <i>Centro de estudios</i> was not rendered as <i>center of studies</i> , which sounds alien-like, but as <i>academy</i> , also having in mind that the ST does not reveal what type of studies the character is attending. Strategy: compensation by merging.	
12/9-10	A medida que va creciendo un niño física y moralmente agredido, sus <i>ideas fantasiosas</i> se van distorsionando e inclinándose hacia lo negativo.	12/6-7	While a physically and morally attacked child grows, its <i>fantasies</i> twist and distort, inclining to get negative; ... A literal translation would be <i>fantastic ideas</i> : however, the word " <i>fantasies</i> " is more communicative. Strategy:	

				compensation by merging.
	12/14-15	Cuando <i>crece</i> puede llegar a tenerle odio a los policías, igual que yo, Roberto Taylor.	12/12-13	When <i>they</i> grow, they might get to hate the police, just as I, Robert Taylor, did. The verb in singular has been changed to plural to maintain the number of the subject.
	13/7-9	Continué yendo a clases y para mi suerte botaron a la profesora, luego llegó su reemplazo y lo primero que preguntó fue “¿cuál es el más insoportable de aquí?”, y, todos mis compañeros <i>me señalaron con el dedo</i> .	13/3-5	Then the substitution arrived and the first thing she asked was, “Who is the most unbearable <i>student</i> here?” and all of my peers <i>pointed at me</i>. 1. The word <i>student</i> was introduced for a better understanding. 2. <i>Con el dedo</i> was omitted as it is already understood that pointing is usually with a finger.
	14/6	Me enojé con mi amigo echándole <i>la culpa</i> :...	14/1	I got angry with my friend and blamed him for everything. Explicitation so as not to leave the reader “in the air”.
	20/5-6	El dinero con el que compré el cemento de contacto era de una cadena <i>que había arranchado</i> .	19/3-4	I got the money for the contact cement from a <i>stolen</i> necklace. The relative clause has been changed into an adjective.
Grammatical Level: Word Level	1 / 7,8,9	En Noviembre Taylor ingresó a trabajar como terapeuta vivencial en la “Comunidad Terapéutica contra el Alcoholismo y la Farmacodependencia” –COMTALFA-, <i>organismo bajo mi dirección</i> y recién supe que su expectativa quedó truncada...	1 / 7, 8, 9	In November, Taylor started working as an experiential therapist in the “Therapeutic Community against Alcoholism and Drug Dependency (TCADD) <i>under my management</i> and I found out that his expectations had been cut short.... The word <i>organismo</i> in the ST was omitted in the TT to give the reading certain fluency.
	1 / 12	“Yo pensaba que el resto de la <i>novela</i> seguiría enfocando el asunto penitenciario,...	1/ 12	“I thought the rest of the <i>book</i> would also be about the prison theme, ...” In the ST the word <i>novela</i> gives a more detailed description of what kind of book it is about. A literal translation would be

				<i>novel</i> . This is a case of generalization.
1 / 12	“Yo pensaba que el resto de la novela seguiría enfocando el asunto penitenciario,...		1 / 12	“I thought the rest of the book would also be about the prison theme, ...” A literal translation would be “ <i>would go on focusing on</i> ”. However, the rendered TT is more idiomatic. However, there is a loss at the grammatical level. In the ST it only needs two words to express the same thing, whereas in the TT the double amount of words is needed. That is called compensation by splitting.
1 / 14	Un tanto <i>desilusionado</i> -¿quién no?-le contesté que		1 / 14	A little disappointed as I was – who wouldn’t be? – I replied that ... The phrase “ <i>as I was</i> ” was introduced for purely literary embellishment. Compensation by splitting.
1 / 14, 15	Un tanto <i>desilusionado</i> -¿quién no?-le contesté que aquello no estaba comprendido <i>en el plan de la obra</i> puesto que era solamente un capítulo introductorio		1/14, 15	A little disappointed as I was – who wouldn’t be? – I replied that it was not the <i>plot</i> of the book as it was just the introductory chapter, ... Spanish literature tends to be overloaded with words. On the other hand, English literature tends to be plain and straight-to-the-point. Strategy applied: compensation by merging.
1/ 23	Si quieres nárrame tu historia, pero cámbiate de <i>nombres</i> , le dije.		1/ 23, 24	“If you feel like doing so, tell me your story, but change your <i>identity</i>,” I told him. A literal translation for the word <i>nombres</i> would be <i>names</i> . But it is not an idiomatic solution.
1 / 25	-¡Es que después <i>directa o indirectamente</i> te podría perjudicar!		1 / 26	“It’s because <i>sooner or later</i> it could harm you.” A literal translation would be “ <i>It’s because directly or indirectly it could harm you</i> ”, which is not very smooth to read
3 / 2	Mi apellido es Taylor, pero todos lo mencionan como si fuera mi <i>nombre</i> , ...		3 / 2	Taylor is my last name, but, everybody uses it as my <i>given name</i>, ... In the ST, this part was not specified. <i>Nombre</i> could be given or last name. To avoid any kind of ambiguity, the translation rendered is not just <i>name</i> , but <i>given name</i> .

				Strategy applied: particularization.
3 / 9-10	<i>El último me lo pusieron las prostitutas luego de que la policía me llevó detenido al Hospital Psiquiátrico “Lorenzo Ponce” ...</i>	3/10	Prostitutes nicknamed me like that after the police brought me to the Psychiatric Hospital “Lorenzo Ponce”... In the TT the reference to the last mentioned nickname in the previous sentence has changed from <i>El ultimo</i> to <i>like that</i> and the verb <i>me lo pusieron</i> changed to <i>nicknamed</i> . The whole sentence has been reordered. Another aspect in this sentence is the generalization of the verb <i>me llevó detenido</i> of the ST to <i>brought me</i> in the TT. A literal translation (<i>after the police brought me arrested to the...</i>) would sound alien-like.	
3 / 34	¡Corre a comprar y demórate para tu desgracia!.	3/ 35	“Go buy that bread, and you’d better be quick for your own good!” A literal translation of <i>corre</i> would be <i>run</i> , but <i>go</i> is more idiomatic. Generalization.	
4 / 9-10	Al llegar donde el <i>tendero</i> , otro pito.	4 / 8	Arriving at the store, I had to expect another dispute. In the ST, the narrator arrives at the shopkeeper, but it was translated as <i>store</i> . In addition, the second phrase has been modified to be not too short-spoken.	
4 / 11	... en qué piensas niño tan <i>chiquito</i> y con mente olvidadiza	4 / 10-11	...”What are you thinking of, child, so little and so forgetful!”... <i>Chiquito</i> is a rather informal adjective referring to size, but also age. A possible translation could be <i>young</i> , but this adjective only refers to age, not to size. Therefore, the best equivalence would be <i>little</i> .	
4 / 13-14	Mi madre: “en qué piensas tú, que siempre que te mando a comprar vienes <i>con las compras cambiadas!</i> ”	4 / 12-13	My mother said, “What are you always thinking of? Every time I send you to buy something you come home with another thing!” A literal translation would be <i>you come home with changed groceries</i> , whereas the rendered translation is more fluent.	
4 / 23-24	Tenía seis años de edad y ya reflexionaba: <i>demoro mucho para crecer</i> , mejor le meto un	4 / 24-25	I was six years old and already thought: <i>Growing’s taking too long</i>; I’d better hit him with a slash of a	

		machetazo en la cabeza y se la corto		machete and cut off his head. The ST words <i>demoro mucho</i> which refer to the speaker, the rendering <i>growing's taking too long</i> is distanced; however, it is more communicative than a possible literal translation (I'm delayed in growing).
4 / 29-30		Vivíamos en Quevedo, provincia de Los Ríos, en un sector marginado poblado por gente de <i>escasos recursos económicos</i> .	4 / 30-31	We lived in Quevedo in the Province of Los Ríos, in a suburban sector where only <i>impoverished</i> people lived. <i>Escasos recursos humanos</i> could be translated literally as <i>scarce financial resources</i> . However, one has to have in mind that trivial English literature is not marked by complicated syntactic and semantic structures. <i>Impoverished</i> is an appropriate equivalence as it is not too complicated or too simple.
4 / 31		Quería <i>conocerlo</i> para ver a quien se parecía.	4 / 32	I wanted to see him to know whom he would look alike. In the ST the narrator wants to “ <i>know/ meet</i> ” <i>him</i> to “ <i>see</i> ” whom he would look alike. However, the narrator is talking about God and that he looked at the sky. It would not make much sense to know or meet somebody just by seeing them in the sky. For that reason, the words see and know have been interchanged.
5 / 3-4		Por ser el mayor, me dejaron encargado de la custodia de mi <i>hermana por parte de padre y madre</i> y de un hijo que mi madre había tenido con mi padrastro.	5 / 1-2	As I was the eldest sibling, I was left in charge of my <i>sister</i> and of my half-brother, son of my mother and of my step-father. The additional information in the ST about the sister is unnecessary in the TT, because your brother or sister will always share the same parents, if not, it would be your half-brother or half-sister, or step-brother/step-sister. Strategy: omission.
5 / 13-15		!. –Pero hija, decía la anciana, este <i>niño</i> está muy mal, tenemos que hacer algo, vamos donde un médico o al hospital.	5 / 13-14	“But, my dear,” said the old woman to her, “this <i>child</i> is really sick, we have to do something, let’s go see a doctor or go to the hospital.” When rendering <i>niño</i> as <i>child</i> there is a loss, as the ST word defines gender, whereas in the TT the gender has to be

				compensated in place. However, it was rendered like that because it sounds better than saying “ <i>boy</i> ”
5 / 30-31	Cuando estudiaba primer grado no estaba en condiciones de prestar atención a lo que decía la <i>maestra</i> .		5 / 31-32	When I was in first grade, I wasn’t in conditions for paying attention to my teacher. In the ST, the gender of the teacher is given, whereas in the TT it is lost. However, rendering <i>la maestra</i> as <i>my female teacher</i> to compensate the loss would not be communicative. The only plausible strategy would be a compensation in place where in the following lines her sex will be specified by a pronoun (she, her, etc.)
6 / 17	Nunca me compraron <i>pelota</i> .		6/ 16-17	They never bought me a soccer ball. A literal translation would be just <i>ball</i> , but the semantic field in English is too wide. The best equivalence is, thus, particularized.
6 / 32	Parece <i>mentira</i> pero Carlitos sentía envidia de mi improvisado vehículo:		6 / 32	It seems incredible, but Little Carlos felt envy of my improvised vehicle. A literal translation would be <i>lie</i> , however, <i>incredible</i> is a better equivalence because of syntactic structure in the TL (it seems + adjective, rather than a noun). Nevertheless, both <i>lie</i> and <i>incredible</i> lie in the same semantic field. A lie cannot be believed in and when something is incredible, it also is not believable.
7 / 8-9	..., solo que él usaba <i>pantalón largo</i> , sin zapatos y sin camisa.		7 / 5-6	But he wore pants, without shoes or shirt. In English, the word <i>pants</i> (as the equivalence for <i>pantalón largo</i>) already implies that it reaches until the ankles. If not, it would be shorts. (Generalization / omission)
9 / 30-31	Una <i>vecina</i> de al lado recibía cada dos años la visita de su marido residente en los Estados Unidos, ...		9 / 28-29	One of my neighbor was visited every two years by her husband who was living in the United States. In English, the term <i>neighbor</i> is unfortunately genderless, which causes in the TT a loss because the reader will not know if it is a woman or a man. The strategy applied is compensation in place. The information gap can be overcome later on with specifications.

9 / 31-33	Cuando éste se ausentaba varios días por asuntos de negocios, le <i>decía</i> a mi madrastra que le prestara a una de mis hermanas para que la acompañe <i>a dormir</i> ya que estaba sola en la casa.	9 / 29-31	Every time her son left her a couple of days for business, she <i>asked</i> my step-mother to send one of her daughters to accompany her <i>during the night</i> as she was all by herself. 1. A literal translation would be <i>told</i> , but more accurate is <i>asked</i> as the neighbor was actually asking for a favor, not commanding. 2. The literal translation would be <i>to accompany her to sleep (with her?)</i> which would not sound correct.
9 / 34	Cuando mi hermana no podía acompañarla le suplicaba que le preste a Taylor.	9 / 32-33	When my sister couldn't accompany her, she <i>begged</i> my step-mother to <i>send Taylor over</i>. The literal translation of <i>prestart</i> would be <i>borrow</i> . However, to use that verb in combination with a person is not very common.
10/13-14	La veía cómo abría las piernas y talqueaba <i>sus partes íntimas</i> .	10/12-13	I watched her open her legs and putting talc <i>where the sun doesn't shine</i>. The translation was rendered in an idiomatic way, which is preferable whenever possible.
10/22	El resto del dinero lo hice un <i>paquetito</i> y lo metí debajo de la pata de la cama.	10 / 22	I made a <i>roll</i> out of the rest of the money and put it under the foot of my bed. A literal translation would be <i>I made a little package</i> , but the rendered translation is more idiomatic and gives the reader a clearer mental image. (It also has extralinguistic influence).
10/27-28	En las apuestas intentaba perder el dinero pero como era avión para <i>jugar pelota</i> no perdía y me daba el lujo de decirles...	10/27-28	I tried to lose the money in the bets, but as I was an ace in soccer I didn't lose and took the liberty to say, ... A literal translation of <i>jugar pelota</i> would be <i>playing ball</i> , but that would be too general. Strategy: particularization.
11/19-20	En las horas de recreo era tosco para las bromas, a mis amigos les ponía el pie para que se caigan y al verme <i>la directora</i> , de seguido, calificaba negativamente mi conducta.	11/17-19	During break time I was rough at joking, I put my foot out to trip my friends, and when <i>the principal</i> saw me, she immediately graded my behavior negatively. In the ST, the principal is a woman. In the TT however, the reader doesn't know that first. Just in the second part of the

				sentence, the reader realizes the gender of that person. This is called compensation in place.
11/26-27	<i>Me lo volvió a coger y de nuevo le rompió las hojas.</i>		11/26-27	<i>She wrote again a message into my agenda, and again I ripped out the pages.</i> A literal translation would be “ <i>she took it again</i> ”. However, this act does not imply the action of writing a message. Hence, it has been made explicitly to guarantee a smooth reading.
12/11-12	<i>Llámeseme como se llame, maltrato, resentimiento o agresiones, se lo roba cuando llega a ser grande.</i>		12/8-9	<i>Call it as you wish – mistreatment, resentment, or aggressions – the child will steal it wen grown up.</i> The Spanish language employs a certain degree of distancing in its expressions, as it is in this case. However, a literal translation of that would be less communicative than this direct approach. In addition, the word <i>child</i> is in the ST only implicitly existing in the conjugation of the verb <i>se lo roba</i> . The reader in the ST only knows that it is about the child because it was mentioned in the previous sentence. As in English all the sentences need an explicit subject, the word <i>child</i> has been used.
12/18-20	Es por eso que <i>al visitar</i> una cárcel <i>se ve</i> pura gente angustiada, desesperada, llena de odio, de rencor y resentimiento con los padres, con los tíos, con los abuelos, con sus familiares en general		12/15-17	<i>That’s the reason why when you visit a jail, you can see only anxious and desperate people, full of hatred, resentment, and bitterness towards their parents, uncles, grandfathers, or towards their relatives in general.</i> The distancing in the ST was omitted.
12/21-22	<i>Fui participe de</i> cuarenta detenciones, de las cuales solo una vez me sacaron mis familiares por intermedio de un abogado.		12/19	<i>I was arrested 40 times and my family got me out only once through a lawyer.</i> The literal translation would be <i>I was a participant of</i> which is less communicative than the rendered translation.
12/32-33	Yo le <i>dije</i> que para qué, si mi madrastra no me trataba mal, solo mi padre era el que me pegaba.		12/30-31	<i>I asked him for what; my step-mother didn’t treat me bad, only my father was the one who hit me.</i> The general word <i>decir</i> was specified. Strategy:

			particularization.
13/29-31	Consigno llevó a uno, a la niña la dejaron con mi abuela y al os dos varones con su padre que era en realidad mi padrastro, quien ya se había <i>conseguido otra mujer</i> .	13/27-29	She took one boy with her, the girl stayed with my grandma and the other two boys stayed with their dad, my step-father, who was already <i>involved</i> with another woman. As to comply with an idiomatic translation, the verb <i>conseguir</i> was not translated literally (which would be <i>get</i> or <i>obtain</i>).
14/1-2	Para suerte, en un <i>carro de pasajeros</i> que iba para el Empalme nos aceptaron en calidad de vagos, permitiéndonos sentar atrás, encima del motor del vehículo.	13/35-36	Luckily, a <i>bus</i> on its way to Empalme took us up as slackers and allowed us to sit at the back on the motor of the vehicle. A literal translation would be " <i>passenger car</i> ", which sound alien-like. The type of car is specified, thus the strategy applied is particularization.
15/2	-¿Qué <i>colas</i> desean?, preguntó el tendero.	14/21	The shopkeeper asked, "Which <i>flavor</i> do you like?" The literal translation would be <i>soda</i> , but as to avoid repetition, which is not well seen in English literature, it has been changed to <i>flavor</i> .
15/5	<i>Fuimos atendidos de inmediato.</i>	14/23	He gave us the Cokes immediately. The sentence has been changed from a distanced angle to a rather direct approach by changing passive into active voice.
15/5-6	Tomé la cola a velocidad y para que no se dieran cuenta ni el tendero ni mi amigo <i>les di la espalda</i> .	14/23-24	I drank the Coke speedily so that neither the shopkeeper nor my friend would become aware and turned around. The literal translation <i>and I gave them the shoulder</i> would sound alien-like.
15/6-7	En segundos puse la botella vacía sobre el mostrador y salí corriendo (<i>¡sálvese el que pueda!, me dije.</i>)	14/24-25	Within seconds I put the empty bottle on the counter and run away (<i>thinking, "every man for himself!"</i>) The word <i>decir</i> was not rendered as <i>said to myself</i> , but as <i>I thought</i> , which is the more accurate and precise expression in this case.

	15/13-14	Había constatado que <i>yo corría más</i> que él.	14/30-31	I had confirmed that I was a faster runner than he was. Literally translated it would be like <i>I run more</i> , which has another connotation, referring to distance and not to speed as the ST intends to express.
	19/17	Siempre hacía el mismo <i>juego</i> hasta que un día me atrapó dentro de la casa.	18/19-20	I always did the same thing until one day he caught me in the house. The literal translation would be <i>game</i> , but that is not appropriate according to the context.
	21/1-2	<i>Al salir del comedor</i> nos mantenían sentados en grupos hasta la hora del almuerzo y a veces nos permitían jugar pelota.	19/36-37	After breakfast, they had us sitting in groups until lunch time and sometimes we were allowed to play soccer. Particularization
	21/3-5	A los cepillos dentales <i>se les sacaban</i> puntas restregándolos contra la pared...	19/39	We sharpened the teeth brushes by rubbing them against the wall. Omitting of distancing.
	28/9-10	<i>La Directora</i> estaba asomada en la ventana mirando al patio donde me encontraba con el policía...	27/3-4	The Director was looking out of the window and over the backyard where I was standing with the cop. Translation loss: in the ST the gender of the director is implicitly indicated. Strategy: compensation in place.
Sentential Level	1 / 12	“Yo pensaba que el resto de la novela seguiría enfocando el asunto penitenciario,...	1 / 12	I thought the rest of the book would also be about the prison theme, In Spanish, the personal pronouns are only used when putting emphasis on the subject. Unfortunately, this emphasis gets lost in the translation in this case. A way to maintain it would be “I <i>did</i> think that the rest of the book would be about...”, but that would not comply with the style.
	1 / 24	-¡Para eso mejor no le digo nada!	1 / 25	“If that’s how you will deal with it, I’d rather say nothing!” A literal translation would be <i>For that I better don’t tell you anything!</i> However, this rendering would feel alien to the readers of the TT and would not be communicative.

2 / 3	-¡Está bien, lo vamos a hacer!	2 / 4	“Ok! Let’s do this, then!” A literal translation would be “It’s alright, we will do it!”. However, it would be alien-like and not very communicative.
3 / 22-23	...: ¡VAMOS, LEVANTATE MARICON DE MIERDA, VAGO, ANDA COMPRA EL PAN PARA DESAYUNAR!	3 / 23-24	..., “Hey, get up! Fucking faboy! Slack! Go, buy bread for breakfast! In the sentential level, aspects like intonation, sequential focus, and illocutionary particles are analyzed. Here in this piece of dialogue, there are several illocutionary particles that, in the way they appear in the ST, do not appear in the TT. <i>Vamos</i> would be literally <i>let’s go</i> , but that would make no sense in the TT. So the best equivalence would be <i>hey</i> .
3 / 24	Yo, en voz baja contestaba: <i>-ya va</i> ;...	3 / 25	I replied with a low voice, “I’m coming already”. The illocutionary particle in the ST is distanced, referring to time. However, in English it has to be with the pronoun I.
3 / 34	¡Corre a comprar y <i>demórate para tu desgracia!</i> .	3. / 35	“Go buy that brand, and you’d better be quick for your own good!” A literal translation would be <i>and be late for your disgrace</i> , but that sounds alien-like.
3 / 12	¿No?. ¡Caramba, qué paciencia hay que tener con estos niños!”.	4/ 11	“Eh? Heavens! What patience one must have with these kids!” <i>No</i> and <i>caramba</i> are illocutionary acts.
4/20	¡Qué fatal!,	4 / 21	What a mess! A literal translation would be <i>How fatal!</i> Which would sound alien-like.
5 / 13-14	...¡AH, QUE LE PASA!. Mi madre dijo: ¡Fijo que estaba comiendo tierra!. –Pero hija, decía la anciana	5 / 11-12	..., “HEY, WHAT’S WRONG WITH HIM!” My mother said, “I’ll tell you, he was eating dirt!” “But, my dear,” said the old woman to her, ... Illocutionary acts.
5 / 27	¡Vaya que casi me muero y la vieja puta me salvó!.	5 / 27-28	Damn! I almost died and the old bitch saved me! Illocutionary act.
6 / 27-28	Yo le contestaba: <i>¡no juegues pues, a mí que me importa!</i> .	6 / 27-28	I replied, “Well, then don’t play! I don’t care!” Illocutionary acts.

7 / 30-31	Empezaba a jugar y cuando ganaba le decía: Carlitos, toma <i>nomás</i> tus bolas, después voy a perder.	7 / 29-30	I started playing and when I won I told him, “Little Carlos, go on, take your marbles, I’ll lose them afterwards.” <i>Nomás</i> can be literally rendered as <i>just</i> , however, using it in the TT wouldn’t have the same effectiveness in the function of the sentence like <i>go on</i> .
9 / 16-17	Mis otros hermanos le decían: <i>¡ya, mami, déjelo que él lave y planche su uniforme!</i>	9 / 13-14	My other siblings told her, “Common, Mom, let him wash and iron his uniform himself!” Illocutionary acts.
9/36 – 10/1	La vecina contestaba “ <i>no importa, acá yo le prendo el televisor a colores</i> ”.	9 / 35-36	The neighbor replied, “Don’t worry, over here, I’ll turn on the color TV.” 1. A literal translation would be <i>It doesn’t matter</i> ; however, the rendered version is more communicative. 2. The particle <i>le</i> in the ST gets lost in the TT as this expression of formal address gets lost in the English language.
11/4	¡Entonces, a estudiar!.	11/1	“Go study, then!” The function of the sentence in the ST is to motivate the addressee. The same needs to be expressed in the TT.
11/23-24	“le voy a meter un puñete porque yo no permito que ninguna mujer me toque”.	11/23	...”I’m gonna punch your face ‘cause I don’t allow no woman to touch me.” Attempt to utter a communicative sentence.
14/22-30	-¡Tengo hambre! -¡Yo también!, respondió mi amigo. -¿Cómo hacemos?. -¡No sé! -¡Robemos! -¡Cómo! -¡Ya sé, vamos a una tienda y pedimos dos colas. Luego corremos! -¡Bueno, pero <i>tú</i> las pides!	14/16-19	“I’m hungry!” “Me, too!” replied my friend. “What shall we do?”-“I don’t know!” So I suggested, “Let’s steal!” “How?” he asked. “I know! Let’s go to a shop and order two sodas. Then, we run!” I said. He replied, “Good, but you order them!” “OK, I order them!” Illocutionary acts.

		-¡Ya está bien, yo las pido!.		
	15/9-12	Más adelante encontré a mi amigo y le pregunté: -¿qué pasó?-Me contestó: -¡Yo también salí corriendo, <i>vaya que</i> me dejaste botado! -¡Sí, <i>así fue; tranquilo nomás!</i> , le respondí.	14/27-29	Later I found my friend and asked him, “What happened?” He replied, “I also took off running, damn, you totally smoked me!” “Yeah, definitely! Just relax!” I said. Illocutionary acts
	19/14	<i>¡Qué me iba a quedar pues!.</i>	18/17	<i>Well, why should I stay?</i> Illocutionary act.
Discourse Level	1 / 3,4,5	Conocí a Taylor en Marzo de 1992 en una clínica psicoterapéutica de la ciudad de Guayaquil, sorprendiéndome al decirme que se identificaba con el texto del primer capítulo de mi novela “El Mundo Gira y gira”, uno de cuyos ejemplares doné a la biblioteca de dicha institución.	1/ 3,4,5,6	I met Taylor in March 1992 in a psycho-therapeutic clinic of the city of Guayaquil. I was surprised when he told me that he identified himself with the first chapter of my book “The World is Spinning”, of which I’d donated a copy to that institution’s library. Spanish sentences are usually much longer. English sentences in their plain style tend to be short and precise. For that reason the ST sentence was split into two sentences.
	1/ 12, 13	Yo pensaba que el resto de la novela seguiría enfocando el asunto penitenciario, <i>por eso</i> no terminé de leerla”.	1 / 12, 13	“I thought the rest of the book would also be about the prison theme, and when I realized it wouldn’t be so, I didn’t finish reading it.” A literal translation would be “ <i>that’s why I didn’t finish reading it,</i> ” but that would be too short-spoken for a literary work, which is why a phrase was added.
	1 / 26	-¡No, le aseguro que no habrá problemas!	1 / 27	He assured me, “No, there won’t be any trouble.” In Spanish, dialogue has a different structure. In English, direct speech always involves an explicit explanation of who is saying what and how. As in the ST the speaker says <i>le aseguro</i> , this junk was taken out to explain how the speaker said it (<i>he assured me</i>). To comply with the standards of dialogue in the English context, the whole sentence has

				thus been reordered, yet without carrying out any kind of performance.
3 / 3, 4	Soy un alcohólico y drogadicto, gracias a Dios, en recuperación ...	3 / 4	I'm an alcohol and drug addict, <i>but</i>, thanks to God, I'm in recovery now, ... In the ST, there is a coordinating conjunction missing that indicates a contrast.	
3 / 26-28	Tenía vergüenza y odio, trataba de evadirlo, de no darle chance, pero él se me ponía de frente y yo agachaba la cabeza o miraba para otro lado.	3 / 28	I felt shame and hatred. I tried to evade him, not to give him any opportunity, but he stood in front of me and I bent my head and looked somewhere else. Division of the long sentence into two.	
4 / 21-22	Al momento acudían ideas a mi mente: ¡MATARLO!. Después otra: pelear con él cuando sea grande. Otra: ¿adónde me voy!.	4 / 22-23	At that moment I had ideas: Kill him! Then, another one: Fight with him when you're grown up. Another: Where shall I go? This part lacks any cohesion. However, the "style" was maintained to show the process of thoughts carried out by the narrator in that rather <i>staccato</i> way.	
5 / 5-6	Comí tanto, tanto, que estaba pipón, me ahogaba como de cansancio, me faltaba la respiración, casi agonizaba.	5 / 3-5	I ate so much dirt that I was already potbellied, I suffocated as from exhaustion. I couldn't breathe and I was dying. Division of a long sentence into two.	
6 / 12-13, 16.	Una lata de sardinas desechada amarrada con una piola. Una rueda rechazo de una llanta de carro. Bolillas de cristal con las que jugaba al pepo en la tierra.	6 / 12-14 15	An empty tin of sardines tied with a string. An old car wheel. ... I played marbles with crystal balls in the dirt. Fragments. The last fragment was completed so as not to have too many incomplete thoughts.	
6 / 23-24	Eso me resentía, por lo que me refugiaba en mis lindos juguetes, los que la vida de pobre me regaló.	6 / 22-23	This hurt me. So I sought refuge in my own nice toys, which my life in poverty provided me. Division of a long sentence into two to comply with the style of the TL.	

7 / 22-23	Una vez me botó mi padrastro dos tarros que antes contenían leche “Nan”, llenos de bolas de cristal.	7 / 20-21	Once, my step-father threw away two of my jars stacked with marbles. The jar used to contain powdered milk. Reorganization of the sentence, creating two to comply with the style of the TL.
8 / 4-5	La señora tenía cinco hijas mujeres <i>entre las cuales</i> se encontraba Vilma, de aproximadamente dieciocho años de edad.	7 / 37 – 8 / 1	The lady had five grown-up daughters. One of them was Vilma, who was about 18. Division into two sentences to comply with the style of the TL.
9 / 21-22	<i>Luego, más seriamente:...</i> y los zapatos tienen que estar bien betunados. Tienes que dejar todo listo!.	9 / 18-19	Afterwards she would tell me in a more serious manner, “And your shoes have to be well polished. You have to get everything ready!” In the ST, the sentence is incomplete as there is no subject or verb. To comply with the English standards, the sentence has been completed.
9 / 24-25	Antes tenía zapatos de caucho de color azul con blanco de los que usan los paisanos en la plaza <i>y por calzármelos con los pies sucios me caía pezuña</i>	9 / 21 - 23	Before, I had only had blue and white rubber shoes, those used by the highlanders on the market. I suffered from blisters as I wore them with my feet dirty. Division of the sentence into two separate thoughts to comply with the style of the target language.
9 / 30-31	Una vecina de al lado recibía cada dos años la visita de su marido residente en los Estados Unidos, era enfermera y tenía también un hijo.	9 / 28-29	One of my neighbors was visited every two years by her husband who was living in the United States. She was a nurse and had a son. The original sentence in the ST was broken down into two sentences because the sentence would contain too much information.
11/9-11	No se por qué, al quedar la cancha vacía yo seguía asomado a la ventana para admirar a las mujeres que pasaban y luego me metía al baño a echarme un pajazo.	11/6-8	I don’t know why, but, when the field was empty, I went on looking out the window to admire the women passing by. And then, I went to the bathroom to rub one out. The sentence in the ST was lacking a coordinating conjunction indicating contrast to make the text more fluent. Additionally, the sentence was too long for English standards.

	11/27-28	Estaba hecho un terco con la <i>maestra</i> , antes de eso todo era sonrisas y sonrisas y además le decía: ¡señorita buenos días! ¡señorita, hasta mañana!.	11/27-28	I was pig-headed with my teacher. Before, everything was smiles, and I even greeted her in the morning and said good-bye in the afternoon. The sentence in the ST has been divided in the TT according to the different ideas. In addition, the direct speech has been changed into indirect speech.
	11/29-31	Yo era un chico sano, bueno cuando vivía con mis hermanos de padre por que recibía mejor trato, pero, quedaron las huellas de un mal muchacho.	11/29-31	I was a healthy boy, a good boy when I lived with my siblings of father side, as I received a better treatment. However, I was marked to be a bad boy. The long ST sentence has been broken down into two smaller sentences.
	12/9-12	A medida que va creciendo un niño física y moralmente agredido, sus ideas fantasiosas se van distorsionando e inclinándose hacia lo <i>negativo</i> . Por ejemplo, la fantasía de tener un carro cuando se agrande.	12/6-8	While a physically and morally attacked child grows, its fantasies twist and distort, inclining to get negative; for example, the fantasy of having a car when grown up. The second sentence in the ST is not a complete sentence. To avoid this, a semicolon has been used to attach that fragment to the previous sentence.
	12/13-14	<i>Otro ejemplo: hay</i> niños que fantasean ser policías y juegan con pistolas, disparando y matando imaginariamente a quienes ellos consideran sus enemigos.	12/10-12	Another example is that there are children who have fantasies about being police officers and play with pistols, shooting and killing in their minds those who they consider their enemies. The colon in the ST has been omitted to give the reading a more fluent aspect.
	12/32-33	Yo le dije que para qué, si mi madrastra no me trataba mal, solo mi padre era el que me pegaba.	12/30-31	I asked him for what; my step-mother didn't treat me bad, only my father was the one who hit me. The sentence was divided into two sentences separated by a semicolon to comply with the style of the TL.
	13/6-7	Para no irme, justifiqué argumentando que es de noche, mañana nos vamos, mejor otro día apenas me pegue otra vez.	13/1-2	I made excuses like, "It's night, let's go tomorrow, let's better go another day as soon as he hits me again," so as not to go away. Reordering, change from indirect to direct speech.
	13/7-9	Continué yendo a clases y para mi suerte	p.	I went on attending classes. For my luck, my teacher

		botaron a la profesora, luego llegó su reemplazo y lo primero que preguntó fue “¿cuál es el más insoportable de aquí?”, y, todos mis compañeros me señalaron con el dedo.	13/2-5	got sacked. Then her substitution arrived and the first thing she asked was, “Who is the most unbearable student here?” and all of my peers pointed at me. The long sentence in the ST was divided into 3 sentences to comply with the style of the TL.
	13/26-28	Con doscientos sucres que cargaba mi amigo nos fuimos a Quevedo, donde suponía que estaba mi madre y mi hermana con mi padrastro; pero me encontré con la sorpresa de que ella había regresado con mi padre y vivían en Guayaquil.	13/24-26	With my friend’s 200 sucres we left for Quevedo, where my mother, my sister, and my step-father were, I supposed. But I was surprised when I heard that she was together again with my father and that they lived in Guayaquil. Breaking down of the long sentence into two to comply with the style of the target language.
	13/33-34	Al día siguiente cepillé mis dientes lleno de infelicidad, le presté ropa a mi amigo y salimos.	13/31-33	The next day I brushed my teeth with <i>unhappiness</i>. I borrowed some cloth from my friend and we left. Breaking down the long sentence in the ST into two sentences to comply with the English standard.
	14/4-5	Llegamos de noche al Empalme y por no haber carro a Quevedo empezamos a caminar.	13/38-39	At night, we arrived in Empalme and started walking to Quevedo as there were no buses available anymore. Reordering to facilitate the reading.
	14/6-7	Me enojé con mi amigo echándole la culpa: ¡por tu locura me pasa esto, no me hubieras ido a ver, tranquilo estuviera en mi casa; ahora qué voy a regresar!.	14/1-3	I got angry with my friend and blamed him for everything. “This is happening to me because of your crazyness! If you hadn’t picked me up, I would be fine at home now. Now, I can’t go back!” The whole sentence in the ST has been divided into several smaller sentences. In addition, There has been a reordering in the direct speech.
	14/11-12	<i>De pronto un jeep color negro conducido por un hombre de lentes y barbas abundantes plantó y con el consentimiento de su dueño lo abordamos.</i>	14/6-7	Suddenly, a man with glasses and abundant beard in a black jeep stopped and, with the agreement of the owner, we got in. Reordering to facilitate the reading.

14/22-31	<p>-¡Tengo hambre!</p> <p>-¡Yo también!, respondió mi amigo.</p> <p>-¿Cómo hacemos?.</p> <p>-¡No sé!</p> <p>-¡Robemos!</p> <p>-¡Cómo!</p> <p>-¡Ya sé, vamos a una tienda y pedimos dos colas. Luego corremos!</p> <p>-¡Bueno, pero tú las pides!</p> <p>-¡Ya está bien, yo las pido!.</p>	14/16-19	<p>“I’m hungry!” “Me, too!” replied my friend. “What shall we do?”-“I don’t know!” So I suggested, “Let’s steal!” “How?” he asked. “I know! Let’s go to a shop and order two sodas. Then, we run!” I said. He replied, “Good, but you order them!” “OK, I order them!”</p> <p>Rearranging of the ST into a paragraph. Direct speech is in Spanish and English very different. In Spanish, no quotation marks are used, and the different expressions are separated by lines, which causes that many times it is not explicitly said who says what.</p>
15/3-4	<p>-¡A mí me da una Coca Cola!</p> <p>-¡Yo también quiero una Coca Cola!.</p>	14/21-22	<p><i>We both ordered a Coke.</i></p> <p>Direct speech has been changed to indirect speech to give it a little change in the reading. Too much direct speech can result tedious.</p>
15/8-9	Seguí solo, perdido en la distancia, caminando sin pensar en nada, los gases de la cola más el susto que me llevé calmaron mi hambre.	14/26-27	<p>I went on by myself, lost in the distance, walking with my head in <i>blank</i>. The bubbles of the Coke plus the scare I had calmed my hunger.</p> <p>The long ST sentence was divided into two parts, separating two different thoughts.</p>
16/5-7	Esperaban mis lamentos y mis súplicas por que perfectamente sabían que yo no tenía adonde ir, pero me “rebeldicé” más y lo que conseguí fue hacerme más daño del que ya me había hecho yéndome de casa.	15/13-15	<p>They expected my cries and pleas because they knew well that I had nowhere to go. However, I rebelled more and what I got was more harm than I already had done to myself by leaving my home.</p> <p>Separation of the long ST sentence to comply with the style of the TL.</p>
18/4-9	<p>Tres dormíamos debajo de la casa: Carlos, catorce años de edad, alias “ferroviario” por que trabajó durante un mes haciendo los mandados en la Estación de Ferrocarriles de Durán.</p> <p>Pancho de trece años, más conocido como</p>	17/3-9	<p>Three boys slept there: Carlos was 14 years old alias “Railwayman” because he worked for a month as an errand runner for the Duran train station.</p> <p>Pancho, 13 years old, aka “Black Little Pancho”. Little Pancho because he was small, dark skin and with hair that was neither curly nor straight. Taylor, 11 years</p>

		“Panchín del Negro”. Panchín por que era pequeño, de piel oscura y cabello entre ondulado y lacio. Taylor, once años, el “ratoncito envenenado”, por consumir cemento de contacto y perder el control mental.		old, the “poisoned mouse”, for doing contact cement and losing mental control. The incomplete sentence were maintained in the rendering of the TT,
	19/12-14	Conociendo lo que era inhalar cemento de contacto traté de buscar refugio en la casa de mi madre, quien en un principio me recibió muy bien pero al constatar que yo no trabajaba y que así como llegaba en ese mismo momento me iba, empezó a repudiarme.	18/14-17	Knowing what it was to inhale contact cement I tried to seek shelter at my mother’s house. At the beginning she received me with open arms, but when she confirmed that I was not working and that I left the house in the same moment that I had arrived, she started to condemn me. The large ST sentence has been broken down into two, separating thoughts to comply with the style of the TL.
	19/17-19	Gracias a Dios no me reclamó nada hasta que un fatídico día le dijo a mi mamá que me botara, que si me encontraba de nuevo la botaría también a ella.	18/20-22	Thanks God he didn’t claim anything until that fateful day when he told my mother to kick me out of the house. He told her that if he found me again, he would kick her out, too. The long ST sentence was split up into two sentences. As the second independent clause of the ST has been separated, in the TT, the subject had to be repeated because of syntactic constrains.

9.4. Extralinguistic Analysis

10. FIELD	P. / LINE	ST	P./ LINE	TT
Names Nicknames Lastnames	1 / 3,4	Conocí a <i>Taylor</i> en Marzo de 1992 en una clínica psicoterapéutica de la ciudad de Guayaquil, sorprendiéndome al decirme que se identificaba con el texto del primer capítulo de mi ...	1 / 3,4	I met <i>Taylor</i> in March 1992 in a psycho-therapeutic clinic of the city of Guayaquil.
	1 / 23	Si quieres nárrame tu historia, pero cámbiate de <i>nombres</i> , le dije.	1 / 23, 24	“If you feel like doing so, tell me your story, but change your <i>identity</i>,” I told him. In the Ecuadorian culture, as all the Hispanic or Spanish culture, people have usually two given names and two last names. That’s why the ST <i>nombres</i> is in plural. However, in the English-speaking regions, this is not common for unmarried people. Solution: the word <i>identity</i> is a good equivalence as it is a synonym and does not appear in plural.
	2 / 5	..., ¿en verdad quieres que la escriba con tus <i>nombres reales</i> ?	2 / 6, 7	“But, do you really want to write using your <i>real name</i>?” Again, the issue with the two last names. There is a loss, though not in semantics, but in grammar (plural becomes singular).
	3 / 7-9	En el mundo del hampa fui conocido con los sobrenombres de “Ratón”, “Ratoncito Envenenado”, “Cuco Valoy”, “El Brasileño”, “Seso Loco”, “Perro Ñato”, “Guacuco Dos”, “El Gogotero” y “El Pelado Lorenzo”.	3 / 8-10	In the underworld I was known as “<i>Mouse</i>”, “<i>Little Poisoned Mouse</i>”, “<i>Cuco Valoy</i>”, “<i>The Brazilian</i>”, “<i>Crazy Seso</i>”, “<i>Snub-nosed Dog</i>”, “<i>Guaco Two</i>”, “<i>The Funky Guy</i>”, and “<i>The Lorenzo Skint</i>”. In the Ecuadorian culture, nicknaming is something very common. Those nicknames are usually given because of appearance or because of something that has happened in a certain place. There are different strategies that could be applied. One of them could be Cultural Borrowing where the nickname does not change at all. However, as the translation aims at an idiomatic method, the best

			would be to translate, i.e. to find an equivalent expression for that nickname.
6 / 27	<i>Carlitos</i> me decía: ¡entonces no juego contigo!.	6 / 27	Little Carlos told me, “Then, I won’t play with you!” Literal translation. In English, there are almost no diminutive forms of names. An adapted version could be Charlie.
7 / 6-8	Otro amigo, <i>Aurelio</i> , estaba en quinto grado de la escuela y era quien me hacía los deberes para que yo saliera a jugar pelota con <i>Guillermo, Isael, Carlitos y Jofre</i> .	7 / 2-4	Another friend, Aurelio, was in fifth grade and he was the one who did my homework while I was out playing soccer with William, Isael, Little Carlos, and Geoffrey. <i>Guillermo</i> and <i>Jofre</i> have been translated, whereas <i>Aurelio</i> has been borrowed as it is an Italian name. <i>Isael</i> has also been borrowed. There might be a typo on part of the author.
18/5-6	Carlos, catorce años de edad, alias “ <i>ferroviario</i> ” por que trabajó durante un mes haciendo los mandados en la Estación de Ferrocarriles de Durán.	17/5-6	Carlos was 14 years old alias “Railwayman” because he worked for a month as an errand runner for the Duran train station.
18/7	Pancho de trece años, más conocido como “Panchín del Negro”.	17/7	Pancho, 13 years old, aka “Black Little Pancho” ...
18/30-31	Nuestro equipo se llamaba “ <i>Alfarino Junior</i> ” y yo era el menor de todos sus integrantes, cuyas edades fluctuaban entre los quince y los diecisiete años.	17/33-34	Our team was called “Alfarino Junior” and I was the youngest of the members, whose ages fluctuated between 15 and 17. Cultural borrowing.
18/31-34	El entrenador, gracias a su profesión de periodista y propagandista hizo un importante contacto para que tuviésemos un encuentro con los suplentes del “ <i>Barcelona</i> ” en el <i>Estadio Modelo</i> , pero tres días antes de la confrontación se envenenó.	17/34-37	The coach, thanks to his job as a journalist and propagandist, had gained important connections that enabled us an encounter with the substitutes of “Barcelona” in the Modelo Stadium. But three days before the match he poisoned himself.

21/37-22-1	Solo "el <i>Colombiano</i> ", chiquillo de siete años de edad vio la sierra pero no nos delató.	20/36-39	Only the "<i>Colombian</i>", a 7-year-old lad saw the saw, but he didn't betray us, even though the cops tried to get the little ones on their side by giving them half a portion more of the food and by letting them play by themselves on the field, while putting the rest of us to sleep in the bedrooms.
23/10-12	¡Vamos a la otra tienda!, me dijo y cuando empezamos a caminar me preguntó ¿cómo te llamas?... ¡Robert Taylor!, ¿y tú?. A mi me dicen " <i>Patito</i> " y soy de la banda de "Los Lobos".	22/11-13	"Let's go to another store," he told me and as we were walking along, he asked me for my name. "Robert Taylor! And you, what's your name?" – "They call me <i>Duckling</i> and I'm a member of '<i>The Wolves' gang</i>'.
30/14-15	En el primer tiempo quedamos dos a cero, uno que metí yo y el otro el pelado " <i>Tres bolas</i> ".	29/12-13	We ended the first half two to zero: I scored one goal, the other one was scored by a guy called "<i>Three Balls</i>".
31/7	Llegó la mañana esperada y nos aliñamos para el viaje en un Supertaxi de la " <i>Flota Ecuador</i> ".	29/4-5	The anticipated morning came and we dressed up for the trip in a super cab of the "<i>Ecuador Fleet</i>".
31/23-24	tuve problemas con " <i>Raja Negra</i> ", quien fue culpable de uno de los goles, etc, etc.	30/23-24	I had troubles with "<i>Black Cut</i>", who was responsible for one of the goals, and so on.
31/30-31	... el árbitro " <i>Barba de Chivo</i> " no les hizo válido un gol a Esmeraldas con el que empataban faltando tres minutos para acabarse el partido.	30/31-33	The referee "<i>Goat Chin</i>" didn't validate a goal of Esmeraldas with which they would end in a tie as only three minutes were left for the match to end.
33/20-21	De inmediato me hice amigo de los internos, a pesar de que algunos ya me concían con el sobrenombre de "Cuco":	32/15-16	I made friends immediately with the other inmates, although some of them already knew me with the nickname "<i>Cuco</i>".
34/21	EL BRASILEÑO.-	33/10	<i>The Brazilian</i>
34/22-23	Este apodo me lo puso "Huevito", un amigo de la Correccional al escuchar un comentario	33/11-13	I was given that nickname by "<i>Little Egg</i>", a friend at the Correctional Center who heard a comment that I

	de que yo era bueno para jugar al fútbol y que podrían ganarse un billete en las apuestas.		was good at playing soccer and that they could earn some cash on bets.
36/33-35	... comprando con el producto de su venta a un cachinero cuatro tarros de cemento de contacto, un paquete de diez tamugas de marihuana, una cajetilla de "Full" filtro sin boquillas, dos cajetillas de cigarrillo "Líder" y cien sobres de base.	35/19-22	With the money from the sale I bought from a drug dealer four jars of contact cement, ten joints, a pack of "Full" cigarettes with filter but no mouthpiece, two pack of "Leader" cigarettes, and 100 packets of paste. Brands.
37/25-26	También para variar, hacía cosas buenas como vender "Extra" y betunar zapatos.	36/14-15	But, in exchange, I also did some good things like ending the "Extra" newspapers and polishing shoes. Brand.
42/32-33	Había la bomba de que le decían "Nalgajuma", sin embargo, yo no creía que era mariposón.	41/21-22	Rumor had it that his nickname was "Butt Pirate", but I didn't believe that he was a fab.
49/8	¡Vaya que no veía regresar a la <i>flaca</i> !	47/26	But I didn't see the <i>girl</i> come back! A common nickname in Spanish.
49/17	Seguía preocupado por que la flaquita no regresaba.	47/3	I was still worried about why the <i>girl</i> didn't come back.
51/15-16	El producto obtenido con el robo me lo fumaba en sobres de base, compraba cigarrillos por cajetillas, cemento de contacto y una botella por lo menos de "Aguardiente <i>Cristal</i> ".	49/6-7	I used the money obtained from the theft to buy packets of paste and cigarettes, contact cement and a bottle of the "<i>Cristal</i>" booze. Brand
51/26-27	Sospechaba que algo estaba ocurriendo ya que una ocasión, a pesar de observar pañosa una botella de Cola " <i>Tropical</i> ", tomé su líquido.	50/18-20	I was suspecting that something like that was going on as on another occasion I had noticed that the bottle of a "<i>Tropical</i>" soda was slightly misted up. Brand

	53/12-13	Me compraron <i>bacerola</i> , cepillo y tinta, diciéndome: ¡aquí te vas a quedar con nosotros y cuando seas grande serás policía!.	51/11-12	They bought me <i>shoe polish</i>, a brush, and ink, and said, “You’re gonna stay here with us and when you’re grown up you’re gonna be a police officer!” <i>Bacerola</i> is a term that was introduced because of a brand.
	54/17	ROBERT JORGE TAYLOR, en recuperación e integrándose a la sociedad...	53/18-19	ROBERT GEORGE TAYLOR in recovery and including myself in society. Name was taken over, but adapted in phonetic spelling.
	54/23	-Jakeline, pero dime <i>Yake</i> .	53/24	“Jakeline, but tell me <i>Jake</i>.” Adapted in phonetic spelling.
	57/15-16	Eran tres meses que debería estar encerrado, habiéndole dicho al doctor “ <i>Barba de mono</i> ” que no estaba loco.	56/16-17	I was supposed to spend three months imprisoned, even though I told Dr. “<i>Monkey Beard</i>” that I wasn’t crazy.
	57/28-29	Al pasar los días me hice amigo de los locos, quienes me decían “ <i>zambranito</i> ”.	56/30-31	After a couple of days I made friends with some of the crazy ones, who called me “<i>Little Zambrano</i>”. Diminutive.
	61/19-20	Saliendo de la <i>sala “San José”</i> , donde me encontraba, empecé a buscar un lugar en las paredes para escapar de la locura y lo logré.	60/24-25	Leaving the “<i>San José</i>” hall where I had been, I started looking for a place in the walls to escape of that madness, and I made it. Calque
	55/4-6	-¿Y cuál es tu otro apellido? - <i>Zambrano</i> . (observé que se sorprendió). ¿Y por qué te asombras? -Por que también soy <i>Zambrano</i> .	54/3-5	“What’s your last name?” “<i>Zambrano</i>. (I observed that she was surprised.) And why are you surprised?” “Because my last name is also <i>Zambrano</i>.”
Cities Towns Provinces Other places	4 / 29	Vivíamos en Quevedo, provincia de Los Ríos, en un sector marginado....	4 / 30	We lived in Quevedo in the Province of Los Ríos, in a suburban sector where ... Proper nouns like Quevedo are to be borrowed; the province can be carried over by calque.
	5 / 1-2	En uno de esos rutinarios días nos visitó la	4 / 33-34	One of those routine days my step-father’s mother visited us with an invitation to go and pray to the <i>Holy</i>

	madre de mi padrastro con la misión de salir a orar en el ‘Pozo Bendito de la virgen de San Camilo’.		Well of the Virgin of San Camilo. If the method applied in this translation was adaptation, the translator would have to find something like a sanctuary in the target culture. However, as the translation aims at bringing the Ecuadorian culture closer to the outside, calque can be used to carry over the name.
7 / 11-12	Guillermo e Isael eran hermanos y el papá de ellos trabajaba en <i>Guayaquil</i> de chofer de un carro de la Coca Cola.	7 / 8-9	William and Isael were brothers and their dad worked in <i>Guayaquil</i> as a truck driver for Coca Cola The city might be difficult to pronounce for English speakers.
13/26-27	Con doscientos sucres que cargaba mi amigo nos fuimos a <i>Quevedo</i> , donde suponía que estaba mi madre y mi hermana con mi padrastro;...	13/24-25	With my friend’s 200 sucres we left for <i>Quevedo</i>, where my mother, my sister and my step-father were, I supposed.
13/34-36	En el viaje de <i>Guayaquil a Quevedo</i> pasamos por muchas peripecias como el paro de transporte vigente desde ese día y el habernos quedado chiros.	13/33-34	On the way from <i>Guayaquil</i> to <i>Quevedo</i> we lived many unexpected events, such as a strike of the prevailing transportation from that day on, and being broke. PS: strikes are very common in the politically instable country.
14/1-2	Para suerte, en un carro de pasajeros que iba para el <i>Empalme</i> nos aceptaron en calidad de vagos, permitiéndonos sentar atrás, encima del motor del vehículo.	13/35-36	Luckily, a bus on its way to <i>Empalme</i> took us up as slackers and allowed us to sit at the back on the vehicle’s motor.
16/11	A cinco cuerdas de la <i>Ciudadela Primavera de Durán</i> , queda el río.	15/19	Five squares from the <i>Primavera citadel</i> in <i>Duran</i> there was a river. Calque
18/5-6	Carlos, catorce años de edad, alias “ferroviario” por que trabajó durante un mes haciendo los mandados en la <i>Estación de Ferrocarriles de Durán</i> .	17/5-6	Carlos was 14 years old alias “Railwayman” because he worked for a month as an errand runner for the <i>Duran train station</i>. Calque
30/4-5	Vinieron a jugar los vagos de <i>Machala</i> y los	29/2	The slackers from <i>Machala</i> and <i>Loja</i> came to play.

		de Loja.		
	31/18-19	Llegamos a <i>Quito</i> convencidos de que éramos mayores e independientes pues fuimos capaces de demostrarlo fumando sin restricciones.	30/17-18	We arrived in <i>Quito</i> convinced that we were grown up and independent as we had proven that by smoking without restriction.
	31/20-22	... y en el preliminar jugaban los vagos de <i>Guayaquil</i> contra los de <i>Quito</i> , ante la expectativa de los de <i>Esmeraldas</i> que esperaban la eliminación de uno de los dos.	30/19-21	In the preliminary round played the slackers of <i>Guayaquil</i> against those of <i>Quito</i>, in the presence of the team of <i>Esmeraldas</i>, which awaited the elimination of one of them.
	42/19-27	A mí me daban un billete para que me vaya a bacilar al centro y por ser muy fiestero viajé a <i>Yaguachi</i> donde me metieron al calabozo por andar robando dulces a los paisanos que venían de la sierra a vender su producto.	41/4-7	They gave me some cash to hang out at the center and because I was a party animal, I traveled to <i>Yaguachi</i> where they arrested me for stealing candies from the highlanders who had come to sell their product.
	42/22	Al siguiente día quedé libre como para disfrutar alegremente la <i>famosa fiesta de San Jacinto</i> .	41/8-9	They set me free the following day to enjoy happily the <i>famous festival of San Jacinto</i>.
	20/14-15	Me trasladaba a Durán para frecuentar con los amigos que conocí al principio de mi adicción...	19/12-13	I moved to <i>Duran</i> to visit some of my friends I had met at the beginning of my addiction.
	20/25-26	En el <i>Parque Centenario de Guayaquil</i> me encontré con amigos que andaban en la misma situación y me invitaron a robar.	19/24-25	In the <i>Centenary Park of Guayaquil</i> I met some friends in the same situation and they invited me to steal. Calque
Institutions	1 / 11	...del <i>Concejo Municipal de Tres Cruces</i> :	1 / 11	... of the <i>Municipal Council of Tres Cruces</i>: The place <i>Tres Cruces</i> is a proper name, which cannot be translated. (If it changed, it would be an adaptation, a method which was not applied in this translation process). The strategy applied was Calque. Some parts were borrowed, but the structure is TL oriented.
	20/26-27	Fue el primer robo por el que me llevaron detenido al <i>Cuartel Modelo</i> , pero cuando	19/25-27	It was my first theft where I was arrested and taken to the <i>Model police station</i>, but when they proved that I

	comprobaron que solo tenía once años me trasladaron al <i>Hogar de Tránsito</i> .		was only 11 years old they, they brought me to the <i>Temporary Home</i>.
21/8	La huida del <i>hogar de transito</i>	20/4	The escape from the <i>Temporary Home</i>
22/2-3	Recién me había escapado del <i>Hogar de Tránsito</i> cuando ingresé a una banda por intermedio de un vago que me dijo: ¡házme un favor bien chévere!...	21/2-3	After fleeing the <i>Temporary Home</i> I joined a gang through a layabout who told me to do him a big favor.
23/19-21	Solo hablaban de asaltos y robos, de peleas y detenciones en la <i>Correccional</i> . Yo no podía quedarme rezagado y por eso les conté que me había fugado del <i>Hogar de Tránsito</i> .	22/21-23	They only talked about mugging, stealing, fighting, and the detentions in the <i>correctional center</i>. I couldn't lag behind so I told them about my escape from the <i>Temporary Home</i>.
24/1-3	Todos lo admiramos por la forma como lo contó y todavía más al decir: "los del <i>Hogar de Transito</i> cuando caigo no me aguantan paro de una me mandan a la <i>Casa de Observación</i> y allí tampoco me comen y voy a parar directo a la <i>Correccional</i> "	22/37-38; 23/1-2	Everybody admired him because of the way he told his story, and even more when he said, "Those of the <i>Temporary Home</i> can't stand me when I get there and send me directly to the <i>Observation House</i> and there they can't put up with me either, so I end up directly at the <i>Correctional Center</i>.
21/16-18	Este último se agarró de los tubos donde descansaba el <i>tanque de la cisterna</i> elevada, bajando luego de esconder la sierra.	20/13-14	The latter hang on to the tubes where the <i>water tank</i> was hid the saw and came down again. The houses usually have a water tank on the roof to have access to fresh water. This might be strange to people from other countries.
30/2-9	Hay en Guayaquil instituciones que "favorecen" a los menores de edad que están descarriados como el <i>Hogar de Tránsito</i> , la <i>Casa de Observación</i> , la <i>Correccional</i> y el <i>Hogar Juvenil</i> .	27/36-37; 28/1	In Guayaquil there are institutions which "favor" the children who went astray like the <i>Temporary Home</i>, the <i>Observation House</i>, the <i>Correctional Center</i>, and the <i>Juvenile Shelter</i>.

Money	6/ 25-26	¡Anda, deja tu juguete en tu casa por que después se va a dañar y me culparán y no tengo ni <i>una lata</i> para pagarlo!.	6/ 24-26	Go, leave your toys at home because later they will get broken and you will blame me, and I don't have a <i>penny</i> to pay for them!" This term in the field of money or finances was as far as possible adapted in terms of register and style.
	10 / 18-19	Una ocasión, de la cartera de mi madrastra cogí cien <i>suces</i> y al cambiarlo me dieron muchos billetes que después no sabía ni que hacer con tanta plata.	10/17-19	On one occasion, I took 100 <i>suces</i> (about 10 dollars) out of my step-mother's handbag and when I changed it I had so many bills that I didn't know what to do with so much money. Currency is always an extralinguistic feature as it depends on the nation in which the plot takes place. The <i>sucre</i> is a currency that was used in Ecuador until 1999, and then changed to the U.S. dollar. Even Ecuadorians who were born in the middle of the 90s and beyond might have no notion or "feeling" with that currency, let alone people from other countries with other currencies. Strategy to overcome this problem: glossing. However, the term will be used throughout the whole novel.
	10/24-25	En la escuela trataba de hacer apuestas para perder la <i>plata</i> por que tenía mucha	10/24-25	In school I tried to lose my <i>money</i> gambling because I had too much. <i>Plata</i> is a common colloquial word in Ecuador referring to money.
	10/27-28	En las apuestas intentaba perder el dinero pero como era avión para jugar pelota no perdía y me daba el lujo de decirles: ¡cójanse la <i>plata</i> !.	10/27-28	I tried to lose the money in the bets, but as I was an ace in soccer I didn't lose and took the liberty to say, "Take the <i>money</i>!" <i>Plata</i> is a common colloquial word in Ecuador referring to money.
	14/17-19	Teníamos hambre, veíamos cómo la gente entraba y salía de los comedores y nosotros no teníamos ni <i>un sucre</i> como para comer.	14/12-13	We were hungry, we saw how people entered and left the restaurants and we didn't have a <i>dime</i> to eat.
	42/19-21	A mí me daban un <i>billete</i> para que me vaya a bacilar al centro y por ser muy fiestero viajé a	41/4-7	They gave me some <i>cash</i> to hang out at the center and because I was a party animal, I traveled to

		Yaguachi donde me metieron al calabozo por andar robando dulces a los paisanos que venían de la sierra a vender su producto.		Yaguachi where they arrested me for stealing candies from the highlanders who had come to sell their product.
	43/8-9	...¡yo te doy unas <i>lucas</i> pero no le digas a nadie!.	41/31-32	“I’ll give you some <i>large</i> if you don’t tell anything to anybody!”
	49/13	Cobrabam el consumo y le llevaba los billetes para que me del vuelto...	47/30-31	I charged the consumption and took the <i>cash</i> to him so he could give me the change, ...
Measurement	10 / 4-6	Luego de tres noches de dormir en santidad se me entró el diablo en el cuerpo pues algo me llevó a descubrir que el acondicionador estaba suspendido por lo menos <i>una cuarta</i> sobre el piso y que agachándome alcanzaba a divisar con claridad el dormitorio aledaño.	10 / 2-4	After having spent three nights behaving well, the devil took over as something got me to discover that the airconditioner hung at least <i>25 centimeters</i> over the ground and that, by bending down, I would see the other bedroom clearly. <i>Una cuarta</i> is a common measurement referring to a quarter of a meter.
	21/19-20	A la siguiente noche subió otro, parándose en la tapa del tanque de la cisterna, con la intención de cortar la malla de varillas de hierro de <i>media pulgada</i> de espesor.	20/15-16	The next day, another one climbed up and stood on the top of the tank with the intention of cutting the grid of iron rods <i>which were a little thicker than a centimeter</i>.
Architecture and construction	18/1-2	Desde la esquina de los vagos a una cuadra hacia el río se levantaba una <i>casa de caña</i> media viejuca donde vivía la familia del que me escondió la media polín.	17/1-2	A block away from the slacker corner in direction of the river there was that old, shabby <i>house made of sugar cane</i> where the family of the guy, who had hidden my sock, lived. Sugar cane is a very strong and robust material, but also light at the same time, guaranteeing that the inside will not heat up too much under the fierce sun of Ecuador. However, this might appear strange to foreigners.

	18/2-4	Ya éramos buenos amigos, compartíamos conversaciones mundanas, hablábamos de los robos que ellos habían cometido y <i>debajo de esa casa</i> dialogábamos alrededor de una botella de aguardiente.	17/3-4	We were already good friends, shared worldly conversations, talked about the thefts they had committed with a bottle of liquor <i>under that house</i>. Houses made of sugar cane are usually high-built, creating a space under that first floor for other purposes. The expression <i>under the house</i> , though, might cause uncertainty (How is it possible that they sit under the house? In the basement, perhaps?)
	21/19-20	A la siguiente noche subió otro, parándose en la tapa del tanque de la cisterna, con la intención de cortar la <i>malla de varillas de hierro</i> de media pulgada de espesor.	20/16-17	The next day, another one climbed up and stood on the top of the tank with the intention of cutting the <i>grid of iron rods</i> which were a little thicker than a centimeter. Description of a construction material that might be different in other countries.
	36/1-2	La idea era entrar al taller, subir al techo de donde pendían cables y tubos de hierro de los que nos aprovecharíamos para llegar hasta las mismas hojas de zinc.	34/22-23	Our idea was to enter the workshop, climb the ceiling from where hung wires and iron pipes which we would use to get to the <i>zinc roof</i>. Construction material might change from country to country.
Cultural-bound knowledge	6 / 16	Bolillas de cristal con las que jugaba al pepo en la tierra.	6 / 15	I played marbles with crystal balls in the dirt. <i>Al pepo</i> is a common children's game. However, a similar game in English-speaking environment is simply called <i>play marbles</i> . Although there is some kind of loss there (no proper noun for it), it is the most appropriate equivalence.
	8 / 11-12	Para llegar a nuestra escuela deberíamos pasar un río en balsilla con la desventaja situacional de que el <i>profesor era cuencano</i> y no sabía nadar, ni tampoco mi hermana.	8 / 8-9	To get to our school, we had to pass a river in a small raft with the situational disadvantage that the teacher was <i>from Cuenca</i> and didn't know how to swim. People from other countries who don't have much knowledge about Ecuador might not know that Cuenca is in the highlands and that people there usually don't know how to swim because there are no deep waters, only rivers. However, the ST already explains explicitly why the

			narrator thinks that being from Cuenca was a problem in that particular situation.
9 / 24-25	Antes tenía zapatos de caucho de color azul con blanco <i>de los que usan los paisanos en la plaza...</i>	9 / 21-22	Before, I had only had blue and white rubber shoes, those used by the highlanders on the market. First of all it has to be known that even the smallest town always has a marketplace near the city center where people sell food and goods. It also has to be known that due to the climate, the basic ingredients or foods are grown in the highlands, such as potatoes, tomatoes, onions, green peppers, and so on, implying that usually the highlander are owners of shops or a spot on the market. And usually, they wear this type of shoes.
9 / 25-26	Al vivir en la casa de mi madrastra me ponía medias de color blanco previa la <i>entalcada</i> para evitar el mal olor.	9 / 23-24	When I lived with my step-mother, I put on white socks, and previous to that, I'd put talc on my feet to prevent bad odor. The use of talc at the feet might not be known to people who come from colder countries, where the feet usually don't sweat.
14/9-10	El, a cada rato <i>hacía la señal de pare a todo carro</i> que circulaba por la carretera.	14/5	He put out the thumb at every car that passed by the street to make them stop. A literal translation would be <i>the sign to stop the car</i> , but this "sign" made on a road is usually known as the "thumb-up" gesture.
16/4	Me aplicaron la "sisaya" y bien fuerte.	15/11-12	They applied the "sisaya" (an Andean punishment) on me, and heavily. <i>Sisaya</i> is definitely not a well-known expression. The strategy to solve the problem is glossing.
19/32-33	Hay niños chiquitos que salen a betunar zapatos y a vender periódicos.	18/37-38	"... . There are little children who go out to polish shoes or to vend the newspaper." In many countries children are given or carry out certain task, but usually just to augment their pocket money, and not because of actual need.
28/12-	... le dije: <i>¡serrano</i> chucha de tu madre anda a	27/7	I said to him, "Fucking highlander! Go fuck that bitch

	13	cargártele a la puta de tu madre.		of your mother!" When saying <i>Serrano</i> it does not only refer to the highlander, but it has also a negative connotation. Regionalism is very prevalent and a certain antipathy can be felt between the people who live in the Andes and the people living at the coast of Ecuador. In the police, usually police officers from the coast are sent to the highlands and viceversa.
	31/8-10	Nos prohibieron fumar cigarrillos, pero al pasar por un pueblo el pelado "tres bolas", número diez del equipo, enseñando un billete en una de sus manos le gritó a un muchacho que en la calle vendía cigarrillos: ¡tabaquero, tabaquero, presta una cajetilla ñaño!.	30/5-8	It was forbidden to smoke cigarettes on the street. "Tobacconist, tobacconist, give me a pack, bro!" In Ecuador there are many people who cannot afford a proper establishment, so they have to sell their goods on the streets. Therefore, there are not only people vending newspapers or food, but also cigarettes, clothes, cell phone accessories, etc.
	41/35-36	(No estaban mis amigos traficantes pero sí uno de sus allegados,) quien se quedó dormido en la <i>hamaca</i> de la sala.	40/22-23	He was sleeping in the <i>hammock</i> in the living room. Hammocks are not to be found in all countries.
	46/4-5	Empecé a analizarlo y deduje que era un marihuanero por que le encantaba la música de prisión, solo <i>salsa</i> le gustaba...	44/25-26	I started analyzing him and got to the conclusion that he was a pothead as he loved jail music: only <i>salsa</i>.
	48/26-27	... voy a poner <i>salsa</i> !.	47/15	I'll put some <i>salsa</i>.
	50/15-16	Fumándose un cigarrillo me veía bañar y al término del mismo alzó <i>el toldo antimosquitos</i> que cubría el lecho y me pasó una toalla:...	49/3-4	Smoking a cigarette, she watched me taking a shower, and when I finished, she lifted the <i>anti-mosquito awning</i> that covered the bed, and passed me the towel. As Ecuador's coast region is tropical, there are many mosquitoes, usually during the rainy season.
Expressions /	7 / 26	Yo era buenazo para el pepo ...	7 / 24	I was very good at playing the marbles...

Slang				In Spanish, diminutives and augmentatives are very common. However, there are certain difficulties to translate those. Usually there is a loss and, therefore, a compensation in splitting necessary. Here <i>buenazo</i> was rendered as <i>very good at</i> .
	10/15-16	Me levantaba, regresaba a la casa de mi madrastra, <i>me aliñaba</i> y cogía rumbo a la escuela.	10/15	I got up and back to my step-mother's house, I got dressed and left for school. The word <i>aliñar</i> is usually used in terms of food. However, as a slang word here in Ecuador, it means to dress, to get ready to leave the house.
	10/25-26	Yo era de los que con tres sucres que me daban para la escuela llegaba sin medio en los bolsillos y si no me gastaba los veintitrés sucres me podían <i>pescar</i> .	10/25-26	When I only had 3 sucres for school I used to arrive at home with nothing in my pockets, and if I didn't spend all of the 23 sucres, they would catch me. Although both words <i>pescar</i> and <i>catch</i> could lie within the semantic field of fishing, here in this context, they have another connotation.
	10/27-28	En las apuestas intentaba perder el dinero pero como era <i>avión</i> para jugar pelota no perdía ...	10/27-28	I tried to lose the money in the bets, but as I was an ace in soccer, ... <i>Avión</i> does not refer to the means of transportation, but it is an expression to say that somebody is really good at.
	12/30-31	<i>Pero el dolor compartido hermana a los que sufren.</i>	12/27-28	But a problem shared is a problem halved. It is a saying that has to be adapted.
	13/34-36	En el viaje de Guayaquil a Quevedo pasamos por muchas peripecias como el paro de transporte vigente desde ese día y el habernos quedado <i>chiros</i> .	13/33-34	On the way from Guayaquil to Quevedo we lived many unexpected events, such as a strike of the prevailing transportation from that day on, and being broke. <i>Chiro</i> is a common slang word for used for people who have no money.
	15/27-28	... pero <i>se avisó</i> diciéndole que no me conocía, que solamente me preguntaba una dirección....	15/4-5	But he sharpened up telling her that he didn't know me, that he was only asking me for directions.
	15/7	(isálvese el que pueda!, me dije.)	14/25	(thinking, "every man for himself!").
	16/13-	Lleno de resentimiento me dije "está bien,	15/22	Full of resentment I told myself, "It's OK. It doesn't

	14	qué importa”, en medio de un mar de llanto.		matter,” crying a river. The expression in the ST has been translated with an expression in the TL that has the same connotation and that has similar words.
	16/23	-¡No!, lo que pasa es que mis amigos son <i>aniñados</i> . Ellos sí temen venir al río, yo no.	15/28	I said, “No! The thing is that my friends are <i>snobs</i>.
	16/24	-¿Qué harías si te bajamos los zapatos y la <i>cachina</i> ?	15/29-30	He said, “What would you do if we took your shoes and <i>clothes</i>?”
	16/26-27	Uno de ellos acotó: ¡este <i>man</i> no es <i>sapo!</i> , y me brindó la mitad del cigarrillo.	15/31-32	One of them added, “This <i>buddy</i> isn’t a <i>busybody!</i>” and gave me half of his cigarette. <i>Man</i> is a cultural borrowing from the English language, mostly (if not even only) in Guayaquil and surroundings. It can refer to a woman or a man. <i>Sapo</i> is another very common slang word.
	22/19	Les grité a los muchachos: ¡ <i>PILA</i> , QUE SE DESPERTO ESE HIJUEPUTA!.	21/18	I yelled to the boys, “<i>CAREFUL</i>, THAT SON OF A BITCH WOKE UP!” <i>Pila</i> or <i>pilas</i> is a very common expression in the spoken language. It does not refer to the batteries, but to the state of being attentive, in one or another form.
	22/23-24	Al mirar al frente vi que unas personas que bebían licor aplaudían la fuga que yo protagonizaba: ¡oye, esos pelados son <i>pilas!</i> .	21/23-24	In front I saw some people drinking liquor and applauding the escape that I was responsible for saying, “Look! These lads are <i>slick!</i>”
	22/25	Desde esa altura me tiré abollándome la <i>pata</i> .	21/25	I jumped from the height denting my <i>foot</i>. In Ecuadorian slang, the foot is called <i>pata</i> , which is actually the term for a foot of an animal.
	23/7-9	No me rendí y le dije que era para mi <i>abuelito</i> que trabaja arreglando zapatos y él contestó: dígame a su <i>abuelito</i> que venga en persona o	22/7-9	I didn’t give up and told him that it was for my <i>granddaddy</i> who repaired shoes, but the clerk replied, “Tell your <i>granddaddy</i> that he has to come himself or send an adult over because children use it to get high,

	que mande una persona mayor por que los niños con eso se drogan, ¿no lo sabías?.		didn't you know that?" The diminutive and augmentative forms are very common in the Ecuadorian Spanish spoken language.
23/16-18	Cuando los otros vagos le preguntaron quién era yo, les contestó ¡tranquilo nomás que el pelado es mi <i>pana</i> , es un pelado sabido!.	22/19-20	When the outhers layabouts asked him who I was he replied, "Just take it easy 'cause that lad is my <i>pal</i>, this lad is quite sharp. <i>Pana</i> is colloquial referring to a friend. Adapted.
23/21-23	¡ <i>Habla serio!</i> , me dijeron. Dudaron, pero uno de ellos me hizo quedar bien: ¡ <i>la plena</i> , yo si escuché que se habían fugado por el techo al hacer un hueco con una sierra!.	22/23-25	They didn't believe me, but one of them made me look good when he said, "It's true! I did hear that some had escaped through a hole in the roof dug with a saw!" <i>Habla serio</i> is a very common expression for when somebody cannot believe something just heard. Strategy: omission. <i>La plena</i> is also a very common slang that expresses that somebody believes that something is true.
23/27-28	Otro de ellos dijo: ¡tú has de haber estado sicosiado para que te hayas fugado por el techo, si por el patio <i>es más a vaca!</i> .	22/29-30	"You must have been on drugs if you fled over the roof! <i>It's much easier through the backyard.</i>"
23/29-30	<i>Es a vaca soñada</i> la fuga por el patio pero una vez me cogieron y me <i>dieron la del zorro</i> .	22/31-33	<i>It's a piece of cake</i> to escape by the back yard, but I got caught once and they <i>took me behind the woodshed.</i> Both expressions were rendered in a communicative way.
23/32-33	Tuvieron que llevarme el desayuno a la cama y darme de comer en la boca por que los labios los tenía <i>hinchadotes</i> de los patazos.	22/34-35	"... . They had to bring me breakfast to my bed and feed me because my lips were <i>so swollen</i> of the beating. Augmentative
24/12-13	Luego de estar <i>encachinado</i> , la ropa que me restaba se las regalaba a los niños que eran <i>chiros</i> y que vivían por el barrio donde aprendí a inhalar pega.	23/12-13	Once I was <i>dressed up</i>, I gave the rest of the clothes the other <i>skint</i> children in the neighborhood where I started sniffing glue.

27/10-11	Abrí mis ojos y observé que los suyos los tenía <i>cerrados a machote</i> , ...	26/4-5	So I opened my eyes and saw that his eyes were closed shot.
27/15-16	Mi amigo contestó: ¡ <i>si-món, loco</i> , vámonos de aquí!	26/10-11	“Yeah, dude, let’s get out of here!” <i>Simón</i> and <i>loco</i> are very common expressions in spoken language used among youngsters and between friends.
27/33-34	Sin demostrarle miedo le dije: nadie me visitaba en esta <i>güevada</i> , ...	26/30-31	Showing no fear I said, “Nobody was visiting me in this hole!” <i>Güevada</i> , usually spelled <i>huevada</i> is a common slang word referring to something stupid, crazy. In this context, however, it refers to something miserable.
28/10-11	Para suerte, vio cuando el policía me aplastó el pie con una de <i>sus bototas</i> y me empujó del pecho.	27/4-6	Luckily, she saw when the cop stood on my foot with one of his big boots and when he pushed me at my chest. Augmentative.
28/13	<i>Yo no te como de revólver</i> ni de policía ni de talla.	27/7-8	“I give a crap about your gun, about you, or about your size!”
31/8-10	Nos prohibieron fumar cigarrillos, pero al pasar por un pueblo el pelado “tres bolas”, número diez del equipo, enseñando un billete en una de sus manos le gritó a un muchacho que en la calle vendía cigarrillos: ¡ <i>tabaquero, tabaquero, presta una cajetilla ñaño!</i>	30/5-8	It was forbidden to smoke cigarettes, but when we passed by a town, the kid “Three Balls”, number 10 in our team, waving with a bill in one of his hands called out for a boy who was vending cigarettes on the street. “Tobacconist, tobacconist, give me a pack, bro!” <i>Ñaño</i> is a term that refers to siblings, like brother or sister (in the feminine form). It is a cultural borrowing from the Kichwa introduced by the Incans.
31/26-27	El clima no nos dejaba desarrollar. Me ardía la nariz al respirar y esperaba que termine pronto el encuentro para regresar a Guayaquil.	30/26-27	The climate hindered us from developing. My nose burned while breathing and I longed for the end of the match to get back to Guayaquil. The climate of Quito or the highlands differs greatly from the one in Guayaquil. In Quito, the air is dry, it is colder, but the radiation of the sun is high. Besides, Quito is

			located almost 3000 m over sea level. The pressure of the air is different and exercising for people who are not used to that can experience exhaustion, tiredness or running out of breath fast. The climate in Guayaquil, on the other hand, is very humid and hot.
32/10	... ¡vieja lentuda!.	31/10	“You old four-eyed!” <i>Lentuda</i> is a term that refers to people who wear glasses and it has a negative connotation.
34/15	-¡Bacán que se fugó ese pelado!	32/3-4	After the lashing our comment was, “Cool that lad got out! ...” <i>Bacán</i> is also a very common expression.
34/17	- <i>Si-món loco</i> , ese pelado ya se estaba sicoseando.	33/6	“Yeah man, that lad was already going to crazy!”
35/1-2	Todo iba bien hasta que al profesor de conducta le dio envidia y <i>ni corto ni perezoso</i> armó otro equipo en el que incluyó a ‘Huevito’ y a él mismo como jugadores	33/20-21	Everything was going well, until the conduct teacher felt envy and <i>without wasting any time</i> he assembled his own team, including Little Egg and himself as players.
36/25-26	Corrí hacia la libertad satisfecho al cumplir con mi palabra cuando le prometí a mi compinche que no lo dejaría solo con el problema así los demás huyan pensando <i>“sálvense quienes puedan”</i> .	35/12-14	I ran towards freedom, satisfied because I had kept my word when I promised my accomplice that I wouldn’t leave him alone with the problem, even if the others would run away thinking, “Every man for himself!”
36/33-35	... comprando con el producto de su venta a un <i>cachinero</i> cuatro tarros de cemento de contacto, un paquete de diez tamugas de marihuana, una cajetilla de “Full” filtro sin boquillas, dos cajetillas de cigarrillo “Líder” y cien sobres de base.	35/20-22	With the money from the sale I bought from a <i>drug dealer</i> four jars of contact cement, ten joints, a pack of “Full” cigarettes, with filter but no mouthpiece, two pack of “Lider” cigarettes, and 100 packets of paste.
37/15-	A esa tierna edad demostré que era un	36/4-6	At that young age I already proved that I was a

	17	"triquero", un "solucionero", un "borracho", pero a pesar de esas cualidades yo era obediente y humilde desde mi niñez si no que al irme profundizando en las drogas dejé de serlo.		"junky", a "paster", and a "drunkard", but in spite of all those qualities, I was obedient and humble since my childhood, it's just that I stopped being like that the more I got involved in drugs.
	37/22-23	Bacilé tranquilo mi patín por la calles de la ciudad, durmiendo donde me cogiera la noche.	36/11-12	I <i>hung around</i> in the streets of the city, sleeping wherever the night surprised me.
	38/16-17	-¡Chuzo ñaño, donde cae ese pelado primero le sacan la entrechucha y luego le dan la Ley de Fuga.	37/7-8	"Shit, man, if they arrest that lad, first they'll smash him up and then apply the law of flight.
	38/19-20	<i>¡Póngase las pilas!..</i>	37/9-10	"Get cracking!"
	38/26	<i>... por donde te vas tienes que andar mosca!.</i>	37/15	"Wherever you go you have to <i>walk on eggs!</i>"
	42/9-10	. Cuando se marcharon, mi acompañante dijo: ¡GRACIAS DIOSITO LINDO!.	40/32-33	When the cops left, my companion said, "Thank you, <i>Lord Jesus!</i>"
	42/13-14	Al enterarse del problema suscitado decidieron cambiarse de casa antes de que los <i>chapas</i> regresen nuevamente;...	40/37-38	After finding out about the aroused problem, they decided to move house before the <i>cops</i> would be back again.
	42/24	<i>... otra vez me llevaron a cana.</i>	41/10-11	And again they took me to <i>the big house.</i>
	43/24-25	<i>¡Salado!</i> , el betunero se me fue con el billete.	42/11-12	I <i>was unfortunate</i> as the shoeblack ran away with my cash.
	43/33-34	<i>... debería entrar con la llave copiada en la madrugada a fin de robar todo lo que pudiera, una vez que los <i>manes</i> se acostaran drogados y <i>plutos</i>.</i>	42/19-21	He should enter the house with the copy of the key in the early morning with the purpose of stealing everything he could, once all the high and <i>drunk guys</i> had gone to sleep.
	44/6-7	Cometí el error de confiarme en el <i>gil</i> que no	42/27-28	I made the mistake of trusting that <i>idiot</i> who hadn't kept his word and didn't damage the door know or the

		cumplió con la promesa de dañar la chapa o la puerta...		door.
	45/18-19	En eso pasó a nuestro lado el maestro para quien él trabajaba y ¡chévere!, cuando le conté mi problema me llevaron al taller...	43/4-5	While we were talking, my friend's maestro, for whom he was working, passed by, and – how cool! – when I told him my problem, they took me to the garage.
	49/25	... sale fuera del salón un <i>ratito</i> y mírala bien!.	48/12	“Go out the room for a sec and check on her!” Diminutive form.
	50/12-13	Terminado el baño cepilló sus dientes, secó el cuerpo con una toalla, calzó sus zapatillas secándose bien los <i>piecitos</i> , ...	48/34 – 49/1	After having a shower, she brushed her teeth, dried her body with a towel, and put on her slippers, drying little feet well. Diminutive form.
	51/8-9	... en su generosidad me compraba cachina: calzoncillos, camisetas y pantalonetas.	49/33-35	As she was very generous, she also bought me some clothes: underwear, shirts, and shorts.
	51/25	Un día <i>pesqué</i> a la puta en roja, o sea, poniendo meado en una botella de cola.	50/17	Once I caught the whore red-handed, that is, filling a bottle of soda with urine. The word has nothing to do with fishing.
	52/5-6	Pero <i>al ratito</i> me acordé del tarro de cemento de contacto por lo que regresé abriendo violentamente la puerta.	50/35-36	However, after a while, I remembered the jar of contact cement and went back, opening the door wildly.
	53/28	No me <i>tragué el cuento</i> y regresé a las andadas.	52/30	<i>I didn't believe them</i> and returned to my old habits.
	57/21	Para mí, que estaba <i>reloco</i> .	56/22	To me, he seemed <i>more than crazy</i>. Augmentative.
	63/28	-¡Pila Taylor con los <i>pacos</i> ,...	62/31	“Careful, Taylor, with the <i>cops!</i>”
Address	5 / 13-14	-Pero <i>hija</i> , decía la anciana	5/ 12	“But, my dear,” said the old woman to her, ... In Ecuador it is very common to call your son or daughter <i>hijo</i> or <i>hija</i> . Even in-laws or any person close to the family can be called like this as an expression of affection. What in English is common is “son”, but in this case it is about a “daughter”. A good equivalence would be any word that expresses affection, like <i>love</i> , <i>dear</i> , etc.

	9 / 16-17	Mis otros hermanos le decían: ¡ya, mami, <i>déjelo</i> que él lave y planche su uniforme!	9 /	My other siblings told her, “Common, Mom, let him wash and iron his uniform himself!” In Ecuador, it is usual to address parents, grandparents, uncles, etc. formally. This is lost in the English language where only “you” is applied.
	9/36 – 10/1	La vecina contestaba “no importa, acá yo <i>le</i> prendo el televisor a colores”.	9 / 35-36	The neighbor replied, “Don’t worry, over here, I’ll turn on the color TV.” Formal address to show respect.
	19/31-32	-Parece que <i>usted</i> no fuera mi mamá. Ni que yo fuera mayor de edad para que me <i>diga</i> esas cosas.	18/35-36	I replied, “It seems you are not my mother! You talk to me as if I was a grown up.” Formal address.
	27/35-36	Siendo usted también se escapa o al menos hace el intento de fugarse.	26/32	“You would also escape, or at least try to do so.” Formal address.
	45/2	Trece años <i>mi cabo</i> , me faltan cuatro meses para entrar en los catorce.	43/20	“13, Chief, only four left to be 14.”
Food / Plants	4/ 5, 6	Cuando me mandaban a <i>comprar tomate, cebolla y pimiento</i> , regresaba con tomate, comino y pimienta.	4 / 3	When they sent me to buy tomatoes, onions and green pepper, I came back with tomatoes, cumin, and peppers. Tomatoes, onions, and green peppers are the three basic ingredients that almost every typical Ecuadorian dish contains. As the intention of the translation is to bring Ecuadorian culture a little closer to other cultures, no change has been made. However, if the translation was aimed at an adaptation, those ingredients might have been changed by typical ingredients of the target culture (potatoes, cabbage, and onions for example).
	4 / 15-16	Mi padrastro: (primero me daba un cocacho que percutía en mi cabeza como cuando se golpea un <i>mate seco</i>)	4 / 14-15	My step-father gave me first a tap on my head that felt just like when you hit a dry coconut, and then said, “...”

				Referring to a sound made by hitting a coconut might confuse some readers of regions where there are no coconuts and, thus, not know how that sounds like.
	6 / 14-15	Corría y con la boca pitaba ¡PI-PI!, ¡PI-PI!...dándole vueltas con una <i>latita de caña</i> .	6 / 13-14	I ran and with my mouth I honked the horn, “Beep! Beep!” spinning it around with a small <i>sugar cane stick</i>. Sugar cane is a very common plant to be found in Ecuador and used for many purposes. In an adaption it should be changed for a stick of any material that could be found in the environment of the target culture.
	6 / 29-31	Después que nos cansábamos de jugar al pepo con las bolas de cristal, cogía mi <i>lata de sardina</i> , la llenaba de tierra y la jalaba ilusionándome como si fuera un carro de verdad a la vez que emitía sonidos con mi boca: ¡UUUMMMMMM!, ¡UUUMMMMM!	6 / 29-30	After getting tired of playing with the marbles, I took my <i>tin of sardines</i>, filled it with dirt and pulled it around, imagining it was a real car while making “BRRUUUMMM! Bruummmm!” As tinned sardines is a common meal among common people, it will be easy for a child to find one and to play with it. In other cultures, this kind of food in tin might not be very common. In an adaption another tinned food should be chosen. However, it was maintained so as not to lose the “Ecuadorian style”.
	7 / 9-10	Con este amigo nos robábamos <i>mangos de los patios ajenos, maduros para chupar y verdes para comer con sal</i> .	7 / 6-7	With him, I stole <i>mangoes from the other people’s backyards; the ripe ones to suck, the green ones to eat with salt</i>. This is a very good example of a commonly eaten snack.
	7 / 22-23	Una vez me botó mi padrastro dos tarros que antes contenían leche “Nan”, llenos de bolas de cristal.	7 / 20	Once, my step-father threw away two of my <i>jars stacked with marbles</i>. The jar used to contain powdered milk. In the ST, it is specified what the jars contained: powder milk from the brand “Nan”. However, the brand was omitted to avoid cultural overload.
	10 / 19-20	En la despensa compré una cola, dos <i>panes de sal</i> y veinte sures en mortadela.	10 / 19-20	I bought a soda, two pieces of <i>bread</i> and 20 sures of <i>mortadella</i> in a nearby shop. In Ecuador, there are different types of bread, usually

				differentiated by the amount of salt they contain. There is sweat bread (more sugar than salt), salty bread, and even mixed bread. Therefore, a distinction needs to be made. However, in many countries, when talking about bread, the general idea would be salty, which is why <i>de sal</i> was omitted.
	10/28-29	Aún tenía sobrantes de los veintitrés sures por lo que invitaba a mis amigos a comer <i>tortillas de verde con chicarrón</i> .	10/28-29	I still had a leftover of the 23 sures, reason why I invited my friends to eat <i>tortillas made of plantain with pork</i>. Tortillas are a popular dish all over Latin America. Through the Hispanic influence in the U.S. and other English-speaking countries, the word tortilla has already been borrowed and anchored within the language. However, tortillas can be made out of different ingredients, which is why the specification has to be maintained in the TT.
	13/15-16	En su camioneta color rojo traía en abundancia <i>racimos de verdes, coco yuca y mangos</i> que la gente le obsequiaba.	13/11-12	In his red pick-up truck he would bring us <i>bunches of plantain, coconuts, yucca, and mangoes</i> that his clients would give him in abundance. The novel is set at the coast of Ecuador, where plantain, coconut, and mango trees grow in abundance.
	14/33-15/4	Nos acercamos a una despensa esquinera disimulando comprar ambas colas: -¡Dos <i>colas</i> por favor! -¿Qué <i>colas</i> desean?, preguntó el tendero. -¡A mí me da una <i>Coca Cola</i> ! -¡Yo también quiero una <i>Coca Cola</i> !.	14/20-22	We approached a store in a corner concealed to buy the two sodas. “Two sodas, please,” I ordered. The shopkeeper asked, “Which <i>flavor</i> do you like?” We both ordered a <i>Coke</i>. In Ecuador, sodas are usually known as <i>colas</i> , a word which must probably come from the brand <i>Coca Cola</i> . However, its use has spread to any type of soda. People don’t usually talk of <i>gaseosa</i> . That is why, when ordering a soda, people have to specify the flavor. If a soda of the brand <i>Coca Cola</i> wants to be ordered, you have to say <i>Coca</i> .
	17/10-	<i>Con una lata de caña</i> me pegó en la cabeza y	16/10-	With a <i>stick of sugar cane</i> he hit me on my head and I

	11	tuve que salir corriendo para evitar la repetición hasta llegar a la esquina donde me conocían.	11	had to leave running to avoid being hit again until I got to a corner where they knew me. As already established, sugar cane is very common and used in many different areas. This implies that these materials can be found on the street. According to the context, the narrator was attacked by a man who had grabbed that stick quickly, maybe from materials that was lying around.
	17/20-21	Encontré una funda plástica y transparente, pero uno de los vagos me replicó que busque <i>una de leche</i> por que es mejor.	16/24-25	I found a transparent plastic bag, but one of the slackers objected and told me to find a <i>milk bag</i> because they were better. In Ecuador, the use of milk in bags is very common. However, this might not be the case in other countries, which can cause a problem in understanding the reading properly.
	28/32-33	Después que me hizo astillas la escoba en el culo sacó el tolete de <i>guayacán</i> y empezó a golpearme.	27/27-29	After turning the broom into splinters on my butt, he took a stick made of <i>Guayacan</i> wood and started hitting me on my chest, in my face, and when I used my hands as protection, I felt how he broke my right hand. <i>Guayacan</i> is a common tree in Ecuador famous for its hard wood.
			30/24-25	After attacking us mutually we took up our friendship and we soaked up oranges. Oranges are a very common snack. The peel is slightly cut off. By squeezing it gently the juice spills out at the top and can be drunk.
	36/21-22	Este se fue doblando poco a poco, como <i>madurito</i> , lo que me incitó a meterle un patazo en la costilla, duro, durísimo, con la punta del zapato.	35/7-8	The latter bent little by little, like a <i>banana</i>, which encouraged me to kick him his ribs, hard, very hard, with the tip of my shoe. Plantain is one of the basic foods in the Ecuadorians' diet. The term <i>maduro</i> or its diminutive form <i>madurito</i> refers to the ripe plantain, which is sweet in taste. To translate it as

				ripe plantain might distance the reader from the reading. Banana on the other hand, is a similar fruit, with similar taste and globally more widespread.
	56/18-20	Me trajo un <i>chaulafán en tarrina</i> , una cuchara plástica, zapatillas, tres mil sucres, una cajetilla de cigarrillo “Líder” y un beso que dejó pasar el enrejado.	55/18-20	She brought me a <i>Mei Fun Take Away</i>, a plastic spoon, shoes, 3000 sucres, a packet of “Líder” cigarettes, and a kiss that she passed through the bars. <i>Chaulafán</i> is a typical dish of Chinese food sold in Ecuador. It was adapted by looking for the most popular Chinese dish in other countries.
Aggressions	4/15-16	Mi padrastro: (primero me daba un cocacho que percutía en mi cabeza como cuando se golpea un mate seco)	4 / 14-15	My step-father gave me first a <i>tap on my head</i> that felt just like when you hit a <i>dry coconut</i>, and then said, “...” <i>Cocacho</i> is an expression used in the Latin American area. Strategy: compensation by splitting.
	4 / 23-24	Tenía seis años de edad y ya reflexionaba: demoro mucho para crecer, mejor le meto un <i>machetazo</i> en la cabeza y se la corto.	4 / 24-25	I was six years old and already thought: Growing’s taking too long; I’d better <i>hit him with a slash of a machete</i> and cut off his head. In Ecuadorian Spanish, any tool ending with “azo” refers to hitting somebody with that tool or body part. Strategy applied: compensation by splitting.
	7 / 19-20	Al terminar de jugar se me venía encima el malestar al acordarme de la <i>tranquiza</i> que me esperaba cuando no alcanzaba a esconder el látigo de la vista de mamá.	7 / 16-18	Once I finished, my uneasiness came over me again remembering the <i>beating-up</i> I had to expect if I didn’t manage to hide the whip from my mom’s view. <i>Tranquiza</i> is a regional expression used in the Andes and in Mexico.
	14/2-4	Empecé a entrar en arrepentimiento y a meditar: “si regreso fijo que me pegarán y lo harán duro”; el miedo a una <i>leñiza</i> me impidió regresar.	13/36-38	I started to feel regrets and to think things over. “If I go back, I bet they’ll hit me and hard.” The fear of <i>getting creamed</i> stopped me from going back. <i>Leñiza</i> is another word for beating.
	16/3-4	Me dijeron que si quería entrar tenía que recibir una <i>latiguiza</i> de cada uno de mis	15/10-11	They told me if I wanted to come back I had to accept a whipping from each of my siblings and from my

	hermanos y de mi madrastra.		step-mother.
17/6-7	Otro compañero sacó la media de donde éste la había escondido y aproveché para romperle la trompa de un <i>puñetazo</i> .	16/7-8	Another peer took out the sock from where he had hidden it and I took advantage to break his mouth with a <i>punch</i>. <i>Puñetazo</i> is again a tool plus the ending –azo to express that somebody is hit with that tool, just that in this case it is about the fist.
23/32-33	Tuvieron que llevarme el desayuno a la cama y darme de comer en la boca por que los labios los tenía hinchadotes de los <i>patazos</i> .	22/34-35	“... . They had to bring me breakfast to my bed and feed me because my lips were so swollen of the <i>beating</i>.
26/27-28	Al enterarme de este ridículo informe huí por temor a la <i>leñiza</i> , donde me cogían me daban duro.	25/22-23	When I Heard about that ridiculous report, I fled because I was afraid of the <i>beating</i>. I knew that if they caught me, they would hit me hard.
27/21	A cada uno nos dio dos <i>latigazos</i> con un grueso cable de luz.	26/26	Each of us received a <i>lashing</i> with a thick electric wire.
32/18	-¡PONTE, PONTE DE TRIPO, AHORA TE METO TUS DOS PALAZOS!.	31/20-21	“HEAD DOWN AND BUTT UP! NOW YOU’LL RECEIVE YOUR <i>TWO HITS WITH A STICK!</i>”
36/7-8	Temeroso que no cumplieran estas disposiciones, me atreví a decirles: “si tú no le pones el brazo yo cojo el martillo y de frente le doy un <i>martillazo</i> en la cabeza”	34/28-29	Afraid that the others wouldn’t fulfill the arrangements, I dared to tell them, “If you don’t put your arm, I’ll take the <i>hammer and hit him right forward</i> in his head.”
36/21-22	Este se fue doblando poco a poco, como madurito, lo que me incitó a meterle un <i>patazo</i> en la costilla, duro, durísimo, con la punta del zapato.	35/7-8	The latter bent little by little, like a banana, which encouraged me to <i>kick</i> him his ribs, hard, very hard, with the tip of my shoe.
38/16-17	-¡Chuzo ñaño, donde cae ese pelado primero le <i>sacan la entrechucha</i> y luego le	37/7-8	“Shit, man, if they arrest that lad, first they’ll <i>smash him up</i> and then apply the law of flight.

		dan la Ley de Fuga. Y Ley de Fuga es Ley de Fuga!.		
	38/19-20	-¡Chuzo ñaño, sáquesela que <i>le van a dar vuelta, lo van a hacer chicharrón!</i> . ¡Póngase las pilas!..	37/9-10	“They gonna <i>whoop ya ass!</i> [They gonna] <i>Give you a knuckle sandwich!</i>”
	41/14	Cogieron un palo y empezó la <i>leñiza</i> conmigo para que les diga mis delitos.	39/37	They took a stick and started <i>beating me up</i> so I would confess my crimes.
	41/25-26	¿A cuál de los presos no le gustaría recibir un <i>carterazo</i> como el me dieron a mí?.	40/11-12	Which of the prisoners wouldn’t like <i>being hit by a handbag</i> as I was?
	53/2-2	El fotógrafo me dijo: ¡ponte bien, no arrugas la cara chucha de tu madre, antes de que te meta un <i>patazo</i> en la trompa!.	51/34-35	The photographer told me, “Stand straight! Don’t wrinkle your face, son of a bitch, or I’ll <i>kick your face!</i>”
Tools of any kind	8 / 3-4	Un tiempo nos tocó vivir en el campo en donde mi padrastro trabajaba al <i>machete</i> haciendo unos desmontes en la hacienda de una viuda.	7 / 36-37	Once we had to live a while in the countryside where my step-father worked with the <i>machete</i> cutting down the overgrown vegetation of a widow’s estate. The machete is a common tool in Ecuador. Although it might not be used or exist in other cultures, the machete has become a well-known utensil also in English-speaking regions as the term has been borrowed and integrated in its vocabulary.
	26/28	Me refugié en el campo donde mis tíos aunque no me gustaba trabajar al <i>machete</i> .	25/23-24	I took refuge on the countryside with my uncles although I didn’t like the work with <i>machete</i>.
	45/26-29	... coge las herramientas y vámonos. ¡Mira, estas tienes que llevar!: dos llaves de tubo, corta-tubo, llave de boca, desarmador plano y de estrella., relay de repuesto, cilindro de relay. En caso de soldar allá: varilla de bronce,	44/14-19	..., “Go, get the tools and let’s go! Look! You have to take those: two <i>plumber wrenches</i>, a <i>pipe cutter</i>, an <i>open-end wrench</i>, a <i>slot screwdriver</i> and a <i>cross-recess screw driver</i>, a <i>spare relay</i>, a <i>relay cylinder</i>. We also take a piece of <i>bronze rod</i>, a <i>piece of silver rod</i>,

		varilla de plata, polvo y pasta de soldar, mascarilla y una pomita así con gasolina.		<i>solder powder and paste, a face mask and a little bottle like this with gas, just in case we need to solder. Let's do this, Taylor! You're smart and swift."</i>
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9.5. Glossary

GLOSSARY

Andar mosca	to walk on eggs
Aniñado, a	snob
Arranchar	take away
Avisparse	to sharpen up
Bacerola, f.	shoe polish
Bacán	cool, great
Bajar algo de alguien	to take / steal
Base, f.	paste
Batida, f.	raid
Cachina, f.	clothes
Camellar	to work
Cana, f.	jail
Casa de Observación	Observation House
Cemento de contacto	contact cement
Chaulafán, m.	Mei Fun Take Away
Chévere	cool
Chiro, a	broke
Chupar	to booze
Chuzo, m.	shit
Cisterna	water tank
Cocacho, m.	tap
Cola, f.	soda
Comerse a alguien	to screw somebody
Correcional	Correctional Center
Cuartel Modelo	Model police station
Diario escolar, m.	school agenda
Descartable, f.	vial
Desgraciado, m	jerk
Echarse un pajazo	to rub one out
Encachinar	to dress up
Engrifada, f.	tripping
Esa movida	that thing
Estar emputado	to be pissed off
Flaca, f.	girl
Gajo, m.	a bunch of
Goma, f.	glue, contact cement
Grifo, m.	joint
Güevada, f.	stupid thing, shit

Hastiado, a	weary
Hogar de tránsito	Temporary Home
Hogar Juvenil	Juvenile Shelter
Jugar al pepo	play marbles
Latigazo, m.	lashing
Latiguiza, f.	whipping
Leñiza	beating, getting creamed
Libreta, f.	report card
Llave china, f.	head-lock
Loco, m.	dude
Machetazo, m.	slash of a machete
Maldito, m.	bastard
Man, m/f.	guy/ buddy
Marica, m.	fag
Maricón, m.	faboy
Mariposón	fag
Mocoso, m.	brat
Muga de marihuana, f.	joint
Ñaño	brother, bro
Ñato,a	snub nosed
Ñoñero, a, adj.	insurgent
Pana, m.	pal, friend
Pega, f.	glue, contact cement
Pelada, f.	girlfriend
Pelado, m.	skint
Pelado, m.	lad
Pelar a mate	Cut off the hair
Pica, f.	jealousy
Pilas	careful, slick,
Plantar	to stop
Plata, f.	money, a penny
Pluto, a, adj.	drunk
Ponerse pilas	to get cracking
Putiar	to insult, to offend
Quedarse frío	to keep calm
Redacción, f.	literacy
Risueña, f	laugh attack
Sacar la chucha	to beat the crap out of somebody

Salado, a, adj.	unfortunate
Sapo, m	busybody
Ser avión	to be smart
Ser de mango (drugs)	to be a spliff
Serrano, m.	highlander
Si-món	yeah
Talquear	put talc
Tamuga de marihuana, f.	joint
Tragarse el cuento	to believe something or somebody
Tratamiento externo, m.	Outpatient Treatment
Trompa, f.	mouth
Unas lucas, f.	some large
Vacilar	hang around
Vacilar a alguien	to flirt with somebody
Vago, m.	slack/ slacker
Vago, m.	layabout