

Tameka Bazile
Pace University
October 28, 2012
Creative Writing

Assignment #6

“Prisoner 268-A responding.”

“Prisoner 268-A, when this message ends, you will be free to leave your cell for community time. Understand, you will be allowed 2 hours of community time and another hour for community lunch. Should you prove hostile, violent or wild during this time it will be cut short and you will be returned to your cell. Do you understand?”

“Yeah yeah.”

“Enjoy your free time.”

Mat pushed open the buzzer of his tiny cell as soon as the buzzer went off. The taste of freedom was tainted immediately by the thought that he will soon return but he tried not to think of it.

“Hey! Lopez!”

“Ayye, what’s up papi?” Lopez responded coolly, obviously reveling in his sweet freedom as well. “You ready to leave next week?”

Mat has been in the pen since 2009 for a serious of events that he can’t blame anyone but himself for. It the matter of one night a bank was robbed, money was lost, fights erupted, people died. It was only a matter of time before *la policia* came to get him and he knew there was no sense in putting up a fight. Lopez was caught two days later.

“Mang, I don’t know. You my boy! How’m supposed to leave you here?”

“You gotta go *loco*. You got a daughter!”

Mat’s daughter Ericka was his pride and joy. The pictures taped up to the walls of his cell each had her in them. Ericka was his *hija* and it took him a long time to own up to it. When he first started dating Lorena, things were rocky. He wasn’t even sure if a relationship was good for *un bastardo* like him. Good thing Lorena was persistent; she knew him better than he knew himself. Soon they were steady and strong and when Ericka came along, as unprepared as they were, they embraced it – until Mat was arrested that is.

“*Mi hija* mang, I gotta take care of her. When I get out, I’ll dig diamonds out of the ground for her and Lorena myself. Were you granted parole?”

“Na mang, I don’t even know why I tried. They have so much evidence against me for shooting Carl. Lilo framed me mang! This shit is fucked up! When I get out, I’m gonna tan his ass!”

Matt’s mind wandered to the night Carl, his best friend, was shot. It was the blackest night he’d ever seen – even his *madrina* said there was malice in the air. It started off innocent enough; at least, as innocent as it can be when you live in the ghetto. Mat, Lopez, Lilo & Carl went to play cards in the park by the girl’s school. Lorena was about to get out of cheerleading practice and he wanted to surprise her with the engagement ring he had stolen. As soon as they entered the park, the *Bridales* gang jumped Carl and Lilo, at least that what he seemed like at the time. Lilo has set it all up to get back at Carl for sleeping with Maria, who was now pregnant; with who’s baby, they would never know.

Lopez ran to get back up while I fought those assholes off Carl’s back. I never noticed Lilo pull out the ’45 Lopez had given him and I definitely didn’t know what to do when the three shots sent a ringing into the air. The world stopped spinning as Mat watched Lilo and the *Bridales* gang run towards the back of the girl’s school. He knew they wouldn’t hurt Lorena but Carl... Carl was....

“Mateo! You all there *chichi*?”

“Yeah mang, yeah. Just reflecting.”