

## When boys hate girls

By JM. Persánch

To Rosario Ferré, in memoriam.

Rosario I hate your town. The other day Ambrosio? Yeah even today's. Your towns are so horrible. I know but I'm gonna build another one for me. Not for you. Aaaaand if you hate me don't come to this side of the living room Ambrosio... Fine. You are *never* gonna see this one. And this town is gonna be so cool... Fine. Get your toys and get outta here Rosario. Police! Police! Fire!! OoooK. Phhemmmm! Plaffff!! Nee-nooo-nee-nooo. Shhhhhh! Silence on this side of town. We're building a new town for pink, green, and yellow ponies... four, five, six... hmmm and two sirens. That's an ugly town!! Silence on this side of town... hmmm spread some pebbles on the floor, carefully form a circle with them, add a row to each side. I'm going to this town over here, your town Rosario. Run ruun close doors close close close clooooooose. Bbbrruah. Noo! Rosario look, it goes from here. Noo!! Did you just rip off her hair?! Ambrosio why? I hate you, bye, back to my town Rosario.

Start again.

[Singing to herself]

I'm Rosario, I'm prextty,  
I'm prex-tty, I'm very pretty...  
The rest of the rocks in here,  
the rest of the rocks in here,  
me me me, amen me me...  
everything fell a little hard,  
you also fell a little hard in my heart,  
in my head...  
I said everything I did!  
I get the pretty in me,  
me me me amen  
me in everything you gave  
me with your little heart,  
me and everything,  
everything will get hmmm ...  
I'm reaching in,  
I will get to it.  
But first it's me  
la-la-la-la-la-la  
I said it outside,  
I said it inside,  
out out out...

Capture the lion Rosario!! Let's play outside that would be goodder?! Better? Better!! Oh yeah!! You got the lion, it's an emergency Rosario Aaaaarggh! Puummm! Pummm! OK Ambrosio, why is there so much traffic? Hey! Hey! And the lion is... dead. Can we go outside? Can we go outside?? Can we can we??? So come on ... six, seven... when I say ten we're going... are we going outside to reaad?! OK let's go come on. Where's your chair? I'm gonna sit on the fluffy one. Hey you, Rosario, come on! Or a little dog is gonna pinch you with scissors! I guess I have the best chair... Aww it smells of poop out here.

Silence.

Rain!!!

It's raining in summerrr Rosario!!!

Crazy, there's sunshine Ambrosio look. Aaand I wish I could touch the clouds. Rosario I dare you to sit in the rain. Rosario I dare you to go further in the road. Rosario I dare you to move your booty and fart.

Silence.

“Rosarioooo, Ambrosioooo, both of you, put your toys away. It's bed time. Now. Kiss good night.”  
–And so my elder brother Ambrosio and me did... *that night* –as my mum Isabel Luberza was thinking out loud sitting on the balcony polishing my fingernails with Cherries Jubilee– was the first time I ever heard of the name Isabel la Negra and, since then, my fate and hers got intertwined like sound and noise. It all happened when he died, Ambrosio, my dad, leaving each of them half his inheritance... That night... *swaying back and forth defiantly before me and feeling the blood flow out of her like a tide, her treacherous turncoat blood that has even now begun to stain her heels with that glorious, shocking shade she's always loved so, the shade of Cherries Jubilee.*

(Silence).