

## Required Reading in the San Jose Unified Schools

The following excerpt from the book "Always Running" by Luis J. Rodriguez is required or suggested reading in a number of school districts throughout California. We think it is outrageous. What do you think?

-Lee Rogers

### ALWAYS RUNNING

lay there in the back seat with her blouse open and ample breasts wet with my saliva.

"Don't stop...ummmm, don't stop."

My tongue drew circles around her nipples, which were on a dark patch over honey-brown skin. My hands rubbed her cunt from the outside of her pants. Her hips moved in waves, pushing harder and harder into my hand. She groped for my zipper, tugged and slid it down. Her fingers kneaded the top of my penis, hard and wet with anticipation.

"Eso, así...oh baby, lick me."

Roberta pushed me up, my back arched and my head scraped the top of the car. Then she held on to my penis with both hands while her lips smothered it and her tongue lightly flickered over the tip. After a moment, she pulled at her pants, pushing them off with her hands and feet. I looked down and saw the tuft of wild hair at the crotch, her legs spread and wearing my shoulders, inviting me to enter.

She grabbed the back of my neck and then pressed me down to her. The penis sank into the bristle of pubis, then slid into the oiled vagina, covering it in flesh and juice and rhythm of pelvis. Roberta's mouth sucked at my chest, my neck and shoulders as her fingernails scraped tracks into my back. The scent from her hair and neck filled my head as I moved and quivered inside of her.

Night after night, I stayed over at Roberta's place. Because there were many children in her house, who never appeared to fall asleep, we made love in the car, beneath the staircase, or fondled in the driveway. Chicharrón and Shoshi found their own spots. At four or five in the morning, Chicharrón and I left, grabbing some *huetos rancheros* at a 24-hour Mexican restaurant on First Street.

Sometimes Fermín, Frankie's wine husband, would show up and the fights would start; the yelling and plates being tossed against a wall, and then the poor bastard being thrown out on his ass. Frankie was one tough East L.A. mama

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## ALWAYS RUNNING

"If you don't mind, I'm taking this off," Delfina said as she removed her bra from beneath her silk blouse. Her nipples made impressions through the blouse as she put the bra in her purse.

Before long my hand traveled through her skirt toward her crotch. I felt something. She quickly reached under the skirt and pulled her legs through the underwear, which had a sanitary napkin stuck on the inside. I could see a tinge of blood.

"This is not a good idea — maybe we should walk around," I said.

"Why? It's only blood — my blood — there's nothing wrong with it!" Delfina shouted.

"Hey, Delfina, I didn't mean anything by it. I just never went all the way with a girl on her period before."

"You're just like everybody else!" she yelled. She grabbed my hand and slipped my fingers through her vaginal lips. Then she showed me the soft red liquid which leisurely smeared the fingers.

"See, it's nothing terrible!" Then she cried and I didn't know what to do. I hugged her, trying to keep my fingers from touching the silk blouse.

"I'm sorry. Believe me, I'm so sorry."

"Oh, Louie. I think I love you."

\* \* \*

Love is a word which so easily skims across our lips. Girls cut their wrists for it. Dudes try to kill for it. Notes professing devotion are passed in the hallways, dropped on desktops or placed discreetly inside school folders. It doesn't take much: a woman brushing her hair, the sniff of a dude's cologne, an after-school walk — and we're in love.

Babies are easy too. Many homegirls become mothers, although they are unfinished children. Whatever comfort and warmth they lack at home is also withheld from their babies. Girls drop out of school. Homeboys become fathers even in their early teens. But there's nothing at stake for them, at the

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