

over at Lindsay. "Hey, Linds, did you make your salsa? ~~The verde picante?~~ It'll go great with the tri-tip."

"*Si, si,*" Lindsay brushed some leaves off the chairs with a kitchen towel. "I also made avocado pie, Sabrina's favorite."

"You didn't use any of my mom's organic **Rancho Palermo** avocados, did you?" Evie asked as she scratched Molesto's belly.

"Of course not," Lindsay said. "I couldn't if I wanted to. She has those under lock and key, with all her winning Bunco money."

Before they knew it, Molesto's ears, as if on cue, pricked up and was followed by the sound of Vicki Gomez's ~~Saab~~ *Mercedes* pulling into the drive-way. Molesto rolled over to his feet and took off for the front yard.

"They got back quick," Lindsay looked at her watch.

Evie got up from her chair, wiped the tortilla chip crumbs off her shorts and went to the front yard.

"Tell 'em I'll be right there," Evie's father called out as the flames roared to the height of his chest. "I don't think I can leave this... right now."

Evie came around the house just as her sister was getting out of her mother's Saab, but as soon as she saw her sister, she was taken aback. Sabrina, how could you say it nicely, looked really bad. For one thing, Sabrina, who relished sunshine and poo pooped any suntan oil that contained the socially deadly SPF, was pale, almost pasty *Sick* ~~white~~, pale. And she was very thin. Her dark roots of her blonde hair were an inch deep, *that* exposing a form of laziness Evie had never knew existed in her sister. Evie knew Sabrina

After a few moments the door unlocked and opened. When Evie looked up, she couldn't believe who stepped out: Alejandra de los Santos.

While the Flojos were one of many, how would you say it, "social groups" at Villanueva, there was actually another group that, at least, *seemed* similar to the Flojos. That group was the Sangros. The Sangros, (short for sangrona, Spanish for full-blown bitch) were four girls from Mexico City. They were *born* in Distrito Federal, meaning they were *Mexican Mexican*, unlike the Flojos, who were born in California and were Mexican American. While the Flojos were known for their flip flops, the Sangros were known for their stripes, as in their perfectly calculated highlights, blonde highlights. Not blended or, woven but rather straight stripes the width of a straw that made for severe contrast to their dark layered hair. Until Evie's newest look, she and Raquel had always thought the Sangros had the tackiest hair imaginable.

Alejandra de los Santos, along with **Fabby Torres, Denise Ramirez and Charlene Ruiz** were resident students at Villanueva. It took some hearty bank to be a resident student at Villanueva, but the Sangros had fathers who pulled powerful punches down in the *distrito*, so in addition to their green cards, the Sangros also flashed gold. Between their papas piggybanks and the Flojos's ATM cards, it was the **archtypical** class struggle between the haves and have-mas.

Even in the doorway of an outhouse (and even with those horrid stripes) Evie thought that Alejandra looked glamorous, a lighter shade of Beyonce, ready to give a Grammy acceptance speech. She sported the typical femmy Sangro look— leather knee-high boots, a low cut frilly blouse and, of course, *the hair*. In her Sanuk flowjoes and a