

"Evie," Her mother said. "Cover your mouth when you yawn." She went on.

"Yeah, it was during my Teena Marie phase, just for a short time. God, maybe I should go back to blonde. What do you think, Linds?" She looked at her reflection from the kitchen cupboard's glass door

"Oh, si, Senora," Lindsay agreed as she brought Evie a small glass of orange juice. "You would look even *mas linda*."

Evie threw Lindsay a look. *God, can you be anymore mas habladora hipicritora?*

But Lindsay just innocently smiled back. Apparently she could.

With her mother's enthusiastic nod of approval, Evie felt ^{even more} unsure about her new look. The last ^{thing you want} you want is to inspire ^{her own} your mother with ^{her} your own style. But as she went through her closet in search of clothes to match her new hair, what better day than a Monday to showcase independence? At Villanova Evie's always been known as Raquel's little shadow or, as of late, the freaky Flojo with the blue hair.

awk Transition ... we needed something to join these parts together
"What did you do to your hair?" Alex asked Evie, as Dee Dee uncovered his eyes

Slow this down?
Dee Dee uncovered Alex's eyes. He looked at her ablin keel she paused for a moment and then ...
with her hands. She and Evie had walked up behind him at his locker. His face was crinkled in disapproval when he saw Evie. *Not* the reaction she had hoped for.

showing a what was behind door #2?
"Que quapa, no?" Dee Dee put ^{one} her hand on her hip like a game show model and displaying Evie as if she was a brand new car up for grabs. *and told her eyes used the other to point to Evie*

"I dunno," Alex looked ~~Evie over~~. He wasn't so sure what to make of the new hair color. "But if that's the look you were trying for."

Trying for? As if Evie was attempting to do something but didn't quite

accomplish it?

"It *was* the look I was trying for," Evie snapped. "And the one I achieved."

"Don't trip, Eves." Alex frowned. "Dee Dee just asked me a question."

"And I just gave you an answer," Evie was embarrassed.

"What's up with all the changes?" Alex asked.

"You know, Alex, you can be so dense." Evie linked arms with Dee Dee. "Come on Dela. He's obviously not *en la moda*."

Dee Dee giggled. "Sorry you don't approve, Alejandro." She flicked an awkward looking part that went down the left side of his head. "But call us if you ever wanna do something with that cow lick."

"Oh, what do we have here?" Mr. Galvan, Evie's Spanish II teacher, smiled when she entered class. "I almost didn't recognize you."

"Oh, yeah," Evie felt embarrassed. Was she now a taco de ojo and he was hungry. Not the male attention she was thinking of. Mr. Galvan was like fifty years old. That's 100 in teenage years. "I went under the bottle."

"En espanol?" He asked.

"I slept with my bottle." SPANISH

Some students entering class overheard her and laughed.

"You said, 'I slept with my bottle,' "

"What," Mark Guerrero said. "Your baby bottle?"

"Maybe her beer bottle," Brian Wilcox piped.

Yeah, your 40 ounce," Mark added.

great!
but
awk

Gentlemen, just take your seats," Mr. Galvan directed them. He turned back to Evie. Actually, you wouldn't have a direct translation. You would say, "I colored my hair (SPANISH)

"I colored my hair."

"No," he smiled. "En espanol."

Evie repeats it slowly in spanish.

"Well, good enough. You know, I moment I thought you were your friend."

"My friend?"

"Si, Dela de LaFuentes."

So much for individualism, Evie thought as she took her seat.

Not totally sure the purpose of this? How does Evie feel about this?

Evie vowed that Alex's earlier opinion wasn't going to ruin her morning, but, in reality, it did. His comments clung to her during all of Spanish, Science Lab, Civics and Art. Why, ~~she wondered~~, was she was so concerned about what *he* thought? What did he know about fashion or style? Him, in the same ol' rubber flojos he's worn since last year. His feet must stink, she thought. *Fo sho.*

Out of place?

awk

After 4th period, Evie was finally free to have so much time worrying about her hair and Alex's uneducated little opinion of it. She welcomed lunch time and headed toward the cafeteria to meet up with Dee Dee for lunch and the Sangros. THOUGHTS OF RAQUEL.

yes please

But as she walked by the Boys PE building she was **taken aback** by a long, slow whistle, coming from behind her. She turned around and was surprised to find Jose with Mondo.

loud

It seemed like forever since any of them had exchanged words. Actually it had almost been two weeks since the three of them had really talked. A big change from how they used to be. Even when she was grounded, she still rode to and from school together. And of course, every lunch at Juniper's Tree.

But there they were now, just the three of them in front of the boy's gym.

"Hey, look at you," Mondo half smiled as he pulled up his shades for a better look.

"Oh, hey," Evie answered timidly. Was Raquel around? She didn't know if ready she was to face her just yet.

"Nice hair," Mondo went on.

"Alright..." She waited for a cutting remark, Mondo style. "Go ahead and say it."

"No, I mean it." He got closer and looked her over like he's never looked her over before. "You look hot."

Hot?

"Oh, thanks," was all she could say. She looked around. Raquel wasn't anywhere near.

Jose came up on the other side and stretched his arm out against the wall, blocking her path. She was caught between the two, Mondo behind her and Jose in the front. Just a *slight* (uncomfortable). As Flojos they've shared tight spaces together, in the front seat of Mondo's car, the mosh pit of the last Hermano show at the Fairgrounds, but this was definitely different. The energy was, well, felt too close for friendship.

"So," Jose lowered his head and moved closer into Evie. "Have you found out?"

"Found out what?" Evie asked. *Jeez, are you sniffing me?*

"If blondes have more fun?"

"Jose, stop it!" She pushed his arm away. "Quit being stupid." She wanted to sound tough, but deep down she felt awkward. What had she told Dee Dee? To just ignore him? "So," Evie looked down the hall. "Where's Raquel?" ~~What she meant to convey was: where is your girlfriend?~~ *I just*

"Dunno," Jose arm dropped and he shrugged his shoulders casually. "My hip ain't tied to hers."

"No, but your dick is," Mondo quipped.

Evie let out an unexpected chuckle.

"Hey," Jose looked at Evie. "At least I'm not the one dumping my best friend for some Sangro slut."

"Dee Dee's not a slut." Evie snapped. "Is that what you think or is that what Raquel programmed you to think?"

But before he could answer, Raquel was already coming towards all three of them.

"Hey, Jose!" she called out. "I've been *waiting* at the tree. Where have—" She ~~didn't recognize Evie at first, but when she got closer and saw her hair, you can bet she let loose.~~ *she walked towards him.*

"You have *got* to be kidding!" Raquel's mouth was wide open in disbelief. She came up to Jose and nudged him in the ribs. "Can you believe this?" She looked over Evie's hair. "What are you? Some Pseudo Sangro now?"

"Yeah," Jose half smiled. "We were just saying that."

Actually, Evie thought, you were not "just saying" that.

“Oh, *my* God, Evie,” Raquel went on. “You have *totally* lost it. Totally.”

She actually circled Evie. “Who do you think you are trying to be?”

“I’m not trying to be anyone,” Evie brushed back the sides of her hair. “I just changed the color. It’s no big deal, Raquel.” Evie tried to stand up to her but it was something she definitely needed more practice with.

“What, was this Dee Dee’s idea?” Raquel asked.

“No, not at all,” Evie answered.

“Yeah, I’m sure it was. She’s always had you wrapped around her little finger. Even when we were kids.”

Evie was getting pissed off. Raquel was having a field day in front of Mondo and Jose, again, at her expense.

“I think she looks hot,” Mondo tilted his head and caressed his chin. He continued looking at Evie. “I definitely approve.”

“*Hot?*” Raquel questioned.

“What, you jealous, Rocky?” Mondo asked. “Maybe you should think about lightening up. In more ways than one.”

“Oh, shut up.” Raquel pushed her hands into Mondo’s chest. “Come on, Jose.” She put her arm around his waist. “There ain’t nothing to see here.”

And with her hand tucked in the back pocket of Jose’s cords Raquel led Jose from Evie and Mondo followed. But as they walked away, Jose looked back and over his shoulder he winked at Evie. This caught her off guard. Was it just more flirtation? Morse code to signal that he was still her friend? Either way, Evie can’t help but feel a bit triumphant. She finally had a little something over Raquel.

she wouldn't feel better yet since this hasn't happened yet
she was feeling a little better
By the time Evie reached the Sangro table, the **heaviness** of the confrontation with Raquel had slightly lifted, thanks to the enthusiasm thrust upon her by Alejandro and the Sangros.

aww
Ay!" Alejandra twirled Evie around in **Salsa inspired** dance move. "Now we just have to do something about your chancas!"

Evie looked down at her flojos and pursed her lips. Hmmm, not likely any time soon. MORE

let's hear more about the Flojos throughout please!
"No, I know," Alejandra had a look on her face as though a light bulb went off.

"We have to celebrate," She looked at the other Sangros and Dee Dee with a sly look.

"To initiate her, big time."

"Basilio?" Denise guessed

"Basilio." Alejandra affirmed.

Alejandra looked at Evie. "*Don't* make any plans this Friday, chica. We are going to have some fun. I'll see Basilio today after school and plan everything."

By Friday night, the build of Basilio was overwhelming Who was Basilio and how was he connected to Evie celebrating a new hair color? Dee Dee knew of him, but like everyone else, kept it hush hush. Was Basilio a male stripper? Were the Sangros planning a dorm party and Basilio was gonna pop out of some cardboard cake and gyrate his g-string around to Reggatron? ~~Cross-Mostly the Reggatron part, that is.~~

MENTION HOW THE WEEK AT SCHOOL WENT?

yes please!
funny

By Friday night, Evie had her Weekender bag packed and all ready to go, but of course, Dee Dee running late again. She ended up pacing around her room, stopping only to brushed and re brush her hair. It was growing out and now covered her ears. **She looked at her profile. Well, at least she had a purple taco.** ← maybe too much purple taco?

When her cell rang, she thought it would be Dee Dee, but it was Alex.

"Hey, you wanna head out to Sea Street tomorrow?" He asked. "It would just be you and me."

"Oh, *tomorrow?*" Evie felt conflicted. She looked over at her Max board in the corner of her room. It was going on the second month of her owning it and she had yet to even get it wet. "I can't."

"We don't have to do DP," Alex suggested. "We can go later in the day."

Evie hesitated. Alejandra had said to keep Friday night and most of Saturday afternoon free. She didn't want to bail early and let everyone down. She was the guest of honor. Besides, she was very intrigued to meet this Basilio.

"Mmm," Evie clicked her tongue. "I really can't, Alex. I'm all tied up. Sorry."

"So," Alex started. "I thought you wanted to surf."

"I do."

"But every time I ask you, you can never go, or you don't wanna go. What's going on?"

"Nothing." Evie looked at herself in her closet mirrors. "Nothing's going on and I *do* wanna surf. It's just, it's not a priority right now"

"Oh," Alex mood dropped. "Not a priority. O-kay."

“What is that supposed to mean?” Evie asked.

“Nothing, I’m just agreeing with you, Evie.”

But Evie could tell he was annoyed. What was he not understanding? “You know what, Alex?”

“What?” he asked.

“Can you call me by my proper name? From now on?”

“Your *proper* name?” Evie could sense a smirk forming on Alex’s face. Was he now laughing at her? What a jerk.

“Yeah,” Evie said defensively. “Evelina.”

Alex got quiet on the other end.

“Alex,” Evie asked. “You still there?”

“Yeah,” he let out an exasperated sigh. “I’m still here. O-kay, Evelina. I’ll talk to you *later*. ”

And he hung up before Evie could even say good bye.

What the hell was that about? She flipped her phone shut and looked at herself again in the mirrors. Why was he PMSing all of a sudden? God, didn’t he know that sand and sea water were a lethal combo for chemically treated hair?

↑ Good but
is this
too much?
not sure...

Finally, Evie’s mother called out that Dee Dee showed up. Evie didn’t give Alex another thought and went downstairs to meet her.

“Hola, Vicki,” Dee Dee hugged Evie’s mother as she entered the foyer.

“How are you, mi’ja?” She kissed Dee Dee’s cheek. “Evie tells me you’re doing just great at school.”

"Mom," Evie tilted her head in annoyance. "She wants to be called Dela. I've *told* you that."

"Oh," Evie mother looked embarrassed. "I'm sorry."

"It's no big deal, not with you anyway." Dee Dee put her arm around Evie. "But, *yes*. Evie's been a big help at school and I've already made a ton of new friends, *otras* chicas from Mexico, too."

"Oh, how wonderful." Evie's mother smiled. "Is that who you're watching videos with tonight?"

"Uh huh," Dee Dee said. "But it's gonna be an early night, because we all have to study tomorrow. Plus, they live on campus and they have to be back at school by 9pm."

"Oh, sure." Evie's mother looked completely charmed. Good girls who study and have an early curfew -- what mother wouldn't want friends like that for her daughter? "Is Raquel going to?"

"Oh, definitely," Dee Dee said quickly. "Right Evie?"

"Uh," Evie was taken by surprise. "Yeah."

"And Gracie's gonna order from California Pizza Chicken," Dee Dee added.

"Now *that* sounds like a nice night," Evie's mother looked tremendously pleased.

As Evie and Dee Dee left the house and got into the Beetle, Evie turned to Dee Dee.

"Why did you tell my mom that Raquel was coming?" Evie asked.

"Oh, that was just to throw her off," Dee Dee lit up a cigarette, before starting up her car. "Don't you want her thinking that everything is all good and regular, like the old

This is great!