

Hector's Record Collection

by Fred Osuna

Hector Gonzalez, feared by the neighborhood youth, lives in his family's garage and hangs black lights on the big door, forcing us to sneak in from the side. We rifle through his records: Zappa, Santana, Hendrix. I steal one I know he won't miss. When he names me the perp, my sister gets up in his face, defensive. Hector swings a roller skate, grazing her scalp. Soon after, Mr. Gonzalez begins parking his Plymouth in the garage and Hector vanishes. Forty years pass. Hector fatally overdoses. Memorially, I spin his *Watergate Comedy Hour* LP, laugh, stop, look over my shoulder.

