

have any one of those girls I want. I see how they look at me.”

“Yeah, the girls may be lookin’ but you don’t hear what they’re sayin’. You’re ‘roided out’, Manuel.”

On his way out, José added, “One more thing, your breath stinks! Now I’ve said it, if you don’t like it, Manuel, O.K., but I figure friends have got responsibilities to friends.”

Manuel looked around the group, then asked, “Can you believe that? He called me a ‘roid’ and he pretended to be my friend. Who needs friends like that!”

“He must have talked to

my girl because she started in on my case. Everyone was sticking their nose into my business. Before you know it, her brother was telling me to take a hike. That did it! I lost it and punched him out good. After what he said, I thought he deserved it.”

Manuel looked up. The group wasn’t buying it.

Leguero leaned back in his chair and said, “Okay, Manuel, now let’s have a little reality check with that story. You have no one to blame but yourself. You broke the law when you attacked your girl’s brother and broke up their home.

To live in this town, you have to live by its rules. That’s why the judge ordered you to pay for the damages.”

## Real Friends

Manuel’s eyes were glued to the floor.

“Manuel, look at me,” Mrs. D. ordered. “We’ve known each other for years. You’ve called on me as a friend. Well, friends don’t always say the things we want to hear. Real friends say what they feel needs to be said. José was a friend to you. He was trying to help you in the best way he could.”

**YOU GIVE BUT LITTLE WHEN  
YOU GIVE OF YOUR POSSESSIONS.  
IT IS WHEN YOU GIVE OF  
YOURSELF THAT YOU TRULY  
GIVE.**

*Kahlil Gibran*