

Endless night essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

? Julio Martinez ELS2 March 1st, 2012 Endless Night The flashes, the smoke that was coming out from the Dj's desk and the loud music, where the things that started the party. Like a hundred people inside a three-room apartment in the Bronx. All of my panas were there, also people from my school that at some point I hung out with. It was called Party Del Cotize Vol. 2, because that was the second time Jeremy was throwing it.

The first one was a blast too. He was one of the most popular guys in the neighborhood, because of his "swag" and because he was extremely outgoing, or maybe just because he throws fancy parties. I remember having a fight with my mother because she did not want me to go there because she knew it was going to be dangerous, you know, mothers' know-it-all moments. She said that guy was the black sheep of the bloque, and that me and my brother should stay away from him.

For her, he used to deal with drugs and selling "illegal" drinks, but we knew that those were just excuses because she didn't like him. And as always, my father didn't give any opinion. The party started at 10: 00 because the DJ was preparing the mixes. Before he arrived we were only dancing to mambo songs, which wasn't really what we expected, but as soon as the DJ came through the door and got ready the party started. It didn't even have an hour after it started and there was a smell of marihuana that I had to go in and out every 10 minutes, I wasn't used to it.

Also, there were a bunch of girls throwing up due to the high quantity of alcohol they consumed, and obviously their bodies couldn't resist it. The heat of the sweat of each and every person made me forget that it was 18

Degrees outside. The hookah made the party look like sky above an industry, smoke spread all around. Despite those mishaps everything was good. The people inside never ceased dancing, it was like there was ecstasy in the air. My panas were like dancing and drinking and singing out loud like if it was the last day of humanity.

My mother called me like fifteen time, but I couldn't either hear the ringtone nor feel the vibration of my cell phone, but then I went down and across the street to buy some McDonald's because I was hunger and call my mom, but the people there never felt hunger for some reason. When my mom picked up the phone the first thing she said was " muchacho donde eh que tu ta metio? , tu no ve que hora eh? " she was ode mad. " I told you were I am," I said, " don't worry I'll sleepover at Tia Carmen's house because its just two blocks away and Amber will open the door, she never sleeps".

She didn't agree, but I know she was calmed now that she knew I wasn't going to walk or take public transportation alone. After I ate, I went upstairs again and I saw people running the opposite way of me, then I saw Raudy, one of my panas, and he told me that two cocos, a name latinos use for African American teenagers, were going to fight and they were armed. Though that fight wasn't it for the night, those two guys calmed down after a couple of punches they gave each other, that's how things work nowadays, people fight and stay friends.

It was 3 am, almost everybody was drunk and falling to the floor dizzy, like if they were trying to run with their feet tied, but nevertheless people didn't sit down and Jeremy was with his girlfriend in his room doing God-knows-what. I

was getting tired; I never danced like that in my entire life. My feet were making sparks all the way because I was too tired and I was dragging them in order to walk. Eventually I left the party, though everybody stayed, but I knew for sure I was the only one who got out of there sober.