

## MONOLOGUE

### La Loba de México Speaks Out for the Children

Hey you, Big Bully Niño with the cape. You don't fool me. I know you stole your super-hero cape from a child.

**NO.** Don't even try to say you didn't. I know you did. You pushed her on the floor and took her cape... But we'll come to that later.

And, Niño, don't stare at my bones. My skin was ripped off of me a long time ago. I've learned what it feels like to have the wind and rain pass from the right side of your body to the left side and, for good measure, turn around and blast your bones again from left to right.

But today, because I think if you really saw me as I am now.... it would scare you... I have borrowed the skin of a friend.

A good friend that people have told countless lies about, speaking of her as an evil, crafty creature.

A friend that was only trying to protect and feed her family.

A friend whose furry skin has given me a gift, an inner light that let's me see the path through the forest of ancient trees. Even in the dark of a moonless night I can now see the path.

***“The path?!”*** you ask. Can you not see it? ***No?!***

It seems not even the mighty sun can clear the cobwebs before your eyes.

So know this: My keen sight can clearly see you in my forest as you picnic, drinking your fancy wines and cakes. I can see you pretend to choose and pick flowers... but really, others are doing your bidding.

But above all know this: Today I am La Loba de México, the She-Wolf of México.

And now that you have met me... are you afraid? Is it really fear, or is it something else?

No, don't answer now. Just quietly listen for once.

I am the body through which the children trudge forward, feet and backs aching. And I will admit....

Sometimes you just want to push them out and be done with it because they feel so heavy in your belly.

Sometimes you feel a great hunger as they hide between your ribs or fall asleep between your lungs.

Sometimes you want to eat those that wander near your spleen, just to give the others a lesson.

But you stop yourself, because that is the right thing to do, and you let them through.

So Big Bully Niño, let's get back to that other incident involving the super-hero cape you wear...

Don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about. Listen!

Right now, stop licking on Little Red Riding Hood's cherry-flavored lolly pop, admit you took her cape by force, and **LET THE CHILDREN COME HOME!**