

Constitutional Goats

Just as I turned into Sepulveda Boulevard to get into some serious “look ahead” eightball” at the Castle, my favorite neighborhood bar in Manhattan Beach, California, I saw something that made my jaw drop.

Down the street it looked like a Mexican fiesta line dance, dozens of people hand clapping and guess who were leading them? My Chicano buddies, José and Josb, identical twins, boogieing in front, José with a big tuba, Josb with a horn. A miniature mariachi band leading a posse of people to the Castle.

I stood aside as the entourage entered the bar dancing, ordering, the bartenders of the Castle ecstatic with the Hose brothers’ assemblage, as always. Finally, the crowd all safely doing some strange Aztec dance the Hose brothers taught them, ordering beers and margaritas, I snuck in and sat in back to watch the spectacle. Eventually José spotted me as he deposited his tuba in the corner.

“*Hola* Donald,” he shouted over the noise. Josb waved from the front, horn in hand. The Hose brothers always were a happening in this little bar. They met in the middle of the room, did high fives, high tens, jumped high in the air, bumped chests to the cheering of the entire bar and sat next to me.

“*Que pasa, hermanos,*” I said. “I didn’t know you could play instruments.”

“Jes,” Jose said with straight face. “All *Mexicano hombres* play tubas y horns. *es* mandatory.”

I didn’t believe this for a minute, but they were so serious, I didn’t want to hurt their feelings. So I said, “What’s your latest con game, *amigos?*”

“Kong game?” Josb asked.

“Never mind, Josb. Has the Mexican government hired 200,000 soldiers to patrol the border yet? Is the yadder business over for good?”

“Jou must be yoking,” José said. “We jear from berry high sources, no big draft in U.S. No wall, so no yadders. Government be laughing stock of world.

“It be pronounced ‘ladders’,” Josb said solemnly to his brother with perfect American pronunciation. He had been taking English lessons.

“Jes, I know. Yadders,” José said with a straight face, a big high five with his brother punctuating his comment..

I love the way these guys talk in English, especially since they make no bones about the eccentricities of my Spanish.

“No more yadders, no more big National Guard draft, so now big deal is gay people,” José said.

“Gay people?” I asked, puzzled.

“Jes,” José said. “Constitution amendment. Bush talk to God and something in Bible against gay people get married. So we do research and figure out how to make *mucho pesos* over this one.”

“Si,” José said. “We jear Condi Rice proposing different amendment for no marriage with goats. Mexico now be goat capital of world. We make big bucks on Americanos sneaking over border for hot goats. Condi say Deuteronomy be against messing with goats.”

“Oh, pleeeeeaze,” I coughed a mouthful of Modelo Negro spurring out of my nose I was laughing so hard.. “That is the dumbest idea I’ve ever heard.”

“Not dumb,” he said solemnly. I keep forgetting the Hose brothers don’t have a sense of humor. “Jes good trade deal. Go to Greece, buy all goats then we have monopoly on world goat illegal marriage business. We help Mexican economy ebery way we can.”

Josb got up, did a little dance step, whacked his brother on the back, the two jumping up and bumping chests, corralling the mob they brought with them, did a quick Aztec dance number, the whole damn bar doing it with them like Rockettes at Christmas, the brothers playing their unlikely instruments, oom-pa-pas from Jose, tweedle-dee-tweedles coming from Josb’s horn, somehow managing a two step hat dance. After five minutes of major chaos, they came back to the table, all sweaty, happy as only the Hose twins can be.

I had my multi-functional mobile phone out, furiously punching into my portfolio, looking for the goat commodity market prices, and sure enough, the goat market had gone through the roof.

“You guys already went to Greece?” I asked, bewildered.

“Jes...Yast week. Got ebry goat in world.” Big high fives, high tens, chest bumping, running around the bar.

“Sorry, jou guys,” I said after the celebration, *mucho Dos Exxis*, and *Modelo Negro’s* finally converting my syntax to theirs. “Must yump to broker to change investments. *Hasta luego, amigos*,” I said as I weaved my way out on Sepulveda, while the oompas and tweedles were blasting from within.