



*It's a rush, running wide open, the blast of wind on our faces before the windows roll up and our masks come down. The gun oil smell. Everything racing, no one talking, just watching as we close, knowing it could go wrong but knowing it won't because we've done it a hundred times and we're still alive and who's going to stop us and who's more afraid of dying? I watch their gringo faces go pale — the best moment and always the same — when they realize it's too late to save themselves. Their scared eyes. The sick looks. Then we're on them like roaches. How the Indians used to do it before they became gringos, before the roads were paved, finding the solitary wagon, circling, whooping and wild, taking trophies. There's no better feeling than belonging to such a party, running with the men. It's a rush, like I said.*