

The Legend of Fernando Hermana Sympactica

Written by Fernando Herman Sympatica



Today I am a free man. Warden Charlie Shaw has released me.

I have just been released from the graces of Penitentiaria de la San Quentin. I went in a scrawny, spindly boy of nineteen, pock marked and virginal only to bloom into a new man. Gone is Freddy Rosenthal, boy in the tortuous grip of a late puberty, barely 5'6, serving 3-5 years on laundry theft from a Chico State Sorority.

I am now Fernando Hermana Sympatica, a "Master" of Hermana Sympatica Fighting. "Master" is the first level to be achieved. It is the level of "La Guapa"

And guapa, I am. I am indeed.

I have toiled in the vineyards of San Quentin. Fate intervened when I met Javier Sympatico while picking the finest San Quentin Grapes (sold under the Warden's Family label, tis MY sweat you are sniffing, swilling and spitting). Javier took me under his wing and trained me in the discipline of Hermana Sympatica Fighting, a side project of Juana Inés de la Cruz. After a steady diet of thin oatmeal, tantra-cise and fights with sharpened chavetas, my muscles gleamed in my own succulence. This succulence would slowly drip down the inkwork of a Peruvian body artiste', a three striker who now uses the blade only for exquisiteness, my exquisiteness. I am his Pilate..

At night, I would study under the flicker of a candle of my own making from Eggs, soap and

The Legend of Fernando Hermana Sympatica

Written by Fernando Herman Sympatica

smuggled aardvark entrails .The aardvark is holiest of beasts as they exterminate the unworthy..

I read the Philosophies of the Hermana Sympatica Fighter and the fiction of Hesperanzo Elgerianez, until blood filled the whites of my hauntingly ominous eyes. Javier helped me to stay awake at days at a time, with the help of the herb “coca,” (most idiotsos think it is mythological) until I have mastered all of their tongues.

I was not that “virgin freak,” as I have often been described. I now realize rhat from birth I had embraced the idea of celibacy. This is the way of the Hermana Sympatica.

I am now known as Fernando Hermana Sympatica; in honor of the first Grand Master Flash of Hermana Sympatica Fighting and, of course, the ABBA song. Fernando tirelessly picked the coca, found his inner essence after a six week binge coupled with meditation. Then he spread his word.

I am the most stunning human you have ever been, oh, so fortunate to lay your eyes upon. My once frail sickly arms now bulge robustness, chiseled flatness engulfs my abdomen and according to other gentleman in the vineyard... my ass is “Muy Fabulouso.” My once curly tight wound hair is now ravenesque and drapes my t-squared shoulders. The ABBA song embraces my new being and is my theme song which I will play constantly once I save up enough for an I-Pod Shuffle.

I will now serve mankind and spread the word of THE Hermana Sympatica. “Superhero” is far too small a word to describe what I am.

Upon my release, I found myself in need of a day time occupation while I continue my training and, of course, to appease Zack Freschi, my new Parole Office; a flatulent zappata of a man. He could use my enlightenment. I walked the streets of the Marina to North Beach looking upon those weaker than me; those who needed my services. Those starved for the likes of me, “The Aardvark of Enlightenment.”

The Legend of Fernando Hermana Sympatica

Written by Fernando Herman Sympatica

I needed a job where I could work upon my skills and, of course, be surrounded by extraordinary specimens, such as myself. Then on the corner of Broadway and Kearny I saw a sign which read “The Lusty Lady—25 cents” It would be easy for me to succeed here. I could teach the Lady’s to cleanse their lustiness.

They needed a beautification expert for the Midnight to 6:00 am shift. They promised me a generous living wage and career advancement. One day I may get the 9:00 to 3:00 am shift, the “star-maker” shift. One of the highest orders of the Hermana is the “Star Maker”- ‘twas my destiny.

Also, I would be surrounded by the most tantalizing women in all of San Francisco.. but of course, no more tantalizing than me.

So now, night after night I grab my mop to glorify each of the small booths after the clientele have left. I always leave a yellow rose in the vase’ above the between the window and the quarter slot. The rose is always missing after the clientele leave. I know I have inspired them, yet it is an empty victory. How the clientele continues to bathe my handiwork enrages me. My blood curls as I see the decrapification of my skills. Le ignorance’ . Le ignorance.

And now, I mop and my muscles gleam a new strength. One day these so-called men will be enlightened... as I have been.

These “Lusty” ladies love me. They crave my wisdom, they crave my knowledge, they crave my celibacy. They crave my coca and suckle upon my nipples.

They crave the ways of the Hermana Sympatica.

And I will teach them.

The Legend of Fernando Hermana Sympactica

Written by Fernando Herman Sympatica
