

My Friend Luis

Episode 13 — “Terror in the Mountains”

A podcast by Wayne Jacobsen · myfriendluis.com · July 2021

LUIS: Then I started screaming to God, and I started screaming so loud — but don't think of screaming using just your voice and your throat. No, no, no, I was digging deeply into my soul and I was screaming from the depths of my soul to God. And I said, "God, help me. God, please help me. Asael, where are you? Asael, you promised to be with me. Where are you? You're a liar. You don't keep your promises. You're not my friend. You say you're my friend, but you're not. Where are you?" I screamed so much, and for hours probably, that I couldn't speak anymore. I lost my voice.

WAYNE: Hi, I'm Wayne Jacobsen, and this is My Friend Luis — the story of one of the most engaging men I've ever met, and of the friendship that developed between us. It has transformed both of our lives and left us in grateful awe at the adventure of life on this little planet.

As we were finishing up production of the original podcast, Luis came over one day asking if he could tell me a story. His countenance was heavy, and I knew this was going to be painful. As his extended family was listening to the podcast, some of the ensuing conversations dredged up a painful episode that Luis had long tried to keep buried. "I need to tell you the story of my father's death," he said, eyes focused on the carpet. "You were with him when it happened?" I asked. He nodded. After a heavy sigh, he looked up with tears in his eyes. "I've never told anyone this story."

It took most of that day and two subsequent Saturdays for the whole story to spill out, as he let me walk with him through the tragedy and terrors of that night and the emotions that were still as fresh as if it had just happened. Obviously I didn't record those sessions, and was initially glad that this came out after the podcast was finished. I wasn't sure this story was appropriate for a wider audience. I was incredibly honored that he'd shared such a tender story with me. But then, most unexpectedly, Luis's childhood friend Rafa shows up with insights that illuminated this event in Luis's larger story. That's when we knew this story had to be shared. We've waited three months to make sure that the retelling of the story of his father's death and its aftermath would be part of a healing process and not prolong his pain.

This is the first of three additional podcasts we'll release over the next few weeks, as Luis tells us this part of his story. It's February 23, 1988.

LUIS: On the day before, we were plowing one of the fields. On that day, he was okay, man, but he wasn't really working, because he had a previous heart attack — which I was with him when it happened too, three or four months before. So it was really bad, but I stopped a car on the road. We took him to a doctor, and he and the doctors managed to save him at that time.

On the 23rd, as always, I was plowing the field. We didn't use tractors. We used the horses and the old-fashioned plow — like you see in the movies, like Little House on the Prairie, that type of plow. It was

about two and a half acres, maybe. I wanted to finish that on the 23rd, but I was really tired and it was getting really late. The sun was going down. I said to my dad, "Well, we have a little bit of sunlight. I want to go get a little bit of alfalfa for the horses and the cow at home." So he said, "Okay." Then I came back. I put the saddle on one of the horses for my dad, and I walk home and he was on the horse. It was about 12 miles.

I was plowing on the 24th. I told my dad, I said, "Dad, why don't we do this? Why don't I come in early in the morning on the 24th? I start plowing the field. So by the time you get there — there's a small bus that will go over there and bring you in around 9:30 or 10 a.m. So I said, why don't you just bring me something to eat?" And he said, "Okay, I'll do that." I said, "Okay, so by the time you come in, I'm going to be almost finishing, probably."

On that night, I couldn't sleep at all. For some reason, I felt very uneasy. It was probably around 4 a.m. I got up and I started saddling the horse to come back to the field. By the time I got there and get the other horse and plug them — or connect them — to the plow, it was around, I don't know, maybe like close to six, maybe six-thirty-ish, something like that. I started plowing. By the time he came in around 10, I was really ahead. He was really surprised to see how much I had advanced. He brought me lunch, and I remember that he brought tacos with beans and eggs. I don't even know why I'm mentioning that, but I remember very well there were beans and eggs — eggs and beans.

We sit down, we ate. While we were eating, I was talking to my dad, and I was telling him, and I said, "Listen, I'm going to keep working the horses until probably around midday, around 12, because that ground is really hard and they're really tired. So I don't want to force the horses that bad. I'm going to let them rest for about two hours. You just stay here and watch them. I'm going to collect some more alfalfa for the cow at home, and then I'm going to work on the other field — well, while you rest here with them. Is that okay?" He said, "Okay."

So I worked until midday and I unplugged them, you know, give them a little bit of water, and I gave them to eat — to the horses — and headed out. "I'll be right back. I'm going to do what I said I was going to do." I came back around 2 p.m. I connected the horses back to the plow. I continued to work, and it was around 4 p.m., and I thought I was going to finish sooner, but man, the ground was harder than I thought and I had to go slower.

And my dad all of a sudden stops me and says, "Hey, hey, hey, I got to go and bring the cow back home, because it's pregnant." I looked at my dad and I said, "Dad, you even realize what time it is?" He says, "I know. I'm going to go up there, I find it, I bring it down, and we'll take it home. Because if he has the baby up there, the coyotes and the mountain lions will eat them both." I looked at him and I said, "No, no, no, no, no. You're not going to do that. You can't do that. It's getting late. If it was like 11 or maybe 10, it was fine, but not with you. You're in no condition to go up there. You just had a heart attack not too long ago. And for you to walk up to that mountain — at least minimum seven or eight miles going up, then find it, then coming back — I said, it's going to be impossible."

So he insisted. I even — I stopped plowing. I started this — it was an argument. I started arguing. I never really argued with him. All the time I said, "Yes, sir. No, sir." But this time he was really arguing, and I know — I knew — he was in the condition he was, but he was very, very stubborn. Extremely stubborn. First I started begging him, and it didn't work. Then I got firmer and firmer, to the point that it was kind of like a shouting match. He was shouting at me and I was shouting at him. I started screaming at him. I said, "You can't. No, you're not going." He says, "Yes." I didn't want to stop him physically. If I put one hand on him, you know, just even by stopping or holding, that's considered disrespectful. I didn't want to disrespect my father. So he said, "I'll be back by no later than 6 p.m." I begged him and I said, "Please don't do this." I screamed at him. Then I said, "Don't." At that point I was really mad. I was really mad at him. And he left, and I just saw him getting, you know, getting lost up on the mountain.

I was very upset. I went back to the field and continued to plow. I was getting very anxious about it and I wanted to finish. And I kept working really, really hard. Around 5 p.m. passes, and I continued to plow. Then 6 p.m., and I'm almost finishing. I keep looking up on the mountain to see if I can see him coming down. He's not coming down. So I finished up plowing. I disconnected the horses from the plow. I gave them a little bit of water. Then I fed them, and then I run up to the mountain.

As I was running up to the mountain, I kept screaming his name — just in case I bypassed him or something, or he wasn't using the trail. So I kept screaming his name as I was running up the mountain. I go up through the first mile. Nothing. Second mile, I start seeing people coming down from the mountain. And I'm asking them, "Hey, have you seen my dad? He went up there looking for the cow." And they said, "No, I haven't seen him." And then they started questioning me and saying, "Who does that? Why would he go up there at this time?" And they were saying, "Didn't he just had a heart attack?" I said, "Yes, he did." So I kept running and asking people as I see them. But nobody — they kept warning me. They said, "No, no, no, go back, go back, go back. It's going to get dark pretty soon. You're not going to be able to see anything under the canopy of the trees."

During the day, it's kind of like full moonlight outside, because the canopy is so thick that you can look at it. You can see kind of like if it was a moonlight, and when there's wind, the branches from the trees will move and you see the rays of the sun piercing through it. It's beautiful. At night, there's a lot of movement from drug cartels in the area — you know, moving merchandise. There's also a lot of Satanists and also a lot of people doing rituals from witchcraft at night in those mountains. Even the Captain with his platoon, they only venture out there for certain operations that they do, certain missions. They're very careful. They planned it very careful, because it's really dangerous being up there — not just because of the presence of the drug cartels or satanic people or people doing witchcraft rituals, but also because of the animals that lived in there. It's a lot of mountain life. It was infested with coyotes. There were a lot of predators. You have the rattlesnakes and the scorpions too.

So we get to the fourth mile. I keep screaming his name, and nothing happened. I keep running, running up the hill as fast as I can. I'm really tired. Even though I was in great shape physically, still that mountain, it was really tough. I was young. I was really strong. But even as strong as I was, that mountain is unforgiven. So I go to the fifth mile — nothing. Sixth mile — nothing. I'm screaming his name. And you

can still see, but barely. In other areas where the canopy wasn't so thick, the eye could see. But on those areas, it was harder. So after I passed the sixth mile, I kept running and screaming his name. When I was getting close to probably like the seventh mile, maybe, I was screaming his name and I was running up the trail. I heard this gunshot. I thought somebody was shooting at me. I thought I encountered a drug cartel — about, I don't know, maybe about 100 yards behind me, away from the trail, about 30 yards into the trees.

Well, being out there and being around the Captain all these years, you kind of learn that — to know that when the shot is coming at you, or when it's up in the air, by the sound or the way it echoes into the mountains. He was teaching me all of that: try to see whether the shot was at you, and then from what direction. I went down on the floor. I put my head down, and then I started looking, and then I started screaming to my dad again. And then I backed down, because I remember he had his gun. And I walked in the direction where I heard the shot, and there he was. I found that he was on the ground. He had fired the gun. He heard me. He was trying to get my attention. He could barely talk.

When I first saw him, he was drenched in sweat. He was like, all wet in sweat. And when I saw him, the first thing I did, I run up to him and then I grab his head, and then I said, "Have you been shot?" And I start checking him. He nodded, no. "Have you been bitten by a rattlesnake, or stung? Have you been attacked by an animal?" He nodded, no. Then I said, "Where does it hurt? Tell me where it hurts." He pointed at his chest. I'm not a doctor, but having a heart attack not too long ago and going on that mountain — I knew what it was. He was going through another heart attack. He could not talk. He was just nodding. When he was trying to talk, he will pull me in so he can get close to my ear, so he can kind of like whisper words. He couldn't even scream. He was just kind of like garbling, just complaining.

I grabbed the gun, I put it on safety, and then I put it on my waist. Then I told him, "Dad, I got to get you down this mountain. We got to get out of here." I helped him out. We started the slow and painful process down this mountain. It was really slow, and I could barely see. At first, I just had his hand over my shoulder. Then when I noticed that it was too slow, I tried to carry him on my hands. He was really heavy for me. I thought I was stronger than that, but he was really, really heavy. He was probably heavier than me. So I kept carrying him, and I couldn't do it. And I said, "Dad, I'm sorry, I'm going to have to put you over my shoulder." I didn't want to do that, because I was going to put more pressure on him, probably on his chest or his abdomen. But he's not saying anything. So I just picked him up and I started kind of running down the mountain.

And one of the times I kind of stopped, put him down, because he was trying to tell me something. I got really close to his mouth so he can speak into my ear. He kept mumbling the words: "Please, please kill me. I can't take this anymore. Please kill me." There's a custom that if somebody is in unbearable pain, a lot of pain, he or she can ask willingly and voluntarily — saying that I cannot take this anymore, please take me out of my misery by shooting me on the head. I know it sounds horrible, but it was a thing. I would never do it, no. He was begging, but I said no. And I noticed that he was trying to reach for the gun on my waist. So I pulled his hand and I said, "No, no, no, no, no, no. No — you're going to live. Okay? You're going to be okay. You're going to be fine."

So I picked him up again, and then he kept tapping me on the shoulder. And I said, "Don't worry about that. I'm going to get you out of here. I'm going to get you out of here." But then I could barely see. It was really hard to see. I keep hitting myself on the rocks — you know, my shins. I keep hitting rocks on the way down. But then we probably did, I don't know, maybe about two miles. And then he started shaking really violently. I kind of stopped, and I was screaming at him to keep fighting. I kept saying, "No, no, no, no, no. You're not going to die. Okay? Okay. Don't do this. Don't do it. Don't do it. Keep fighting. Keep fighting. I'm going to get you to the doctor. Okay? I'm going to get you to the doctor."

He stretched violently, and when he did that, he got almost out of my hands. So I didn't want him to fall down and hit himself, so I pushed him towards me, and I fall down back. When we fell down, I fall down on top of a rock. I thought I broke my back. When I put my hand down to, I guess, cushion the fall, if you will, I broke my wrist and two of my fingers. It was painful. It was like a huge sting running through my arm. But I didn't pay much attention about it. I thought it was just — I got hit, that's why it hurts. I grabbed him again and I said, "Are you okay? Are you okay? You didn't hit yourself, right? You didn't hit yourself." But he was just shaking at that moment. I couldn't see, so I tried to touch his face, and I could feel this saliva coming out of his mouth. I was just screaming. I was just screaming at him. I was just screaming at God. I was screaming at God to help me. At that point, I was screaming at anybody who could hear me. I was screaming at drug cartels, if they were there — anybody to come and help me. I was screaming to Asael to come and help me. But nobody showed up. Nobody came.

I picked him up, and when I picked him up, I walked about — maybe I took like ten more steps, maybe. And he stretched really violently again, kind of like humped his back. And all of a sudden, he was gone. I knew he was there. When that happened, I put him down and I was screaming at him. I was screaming to keep fighting, not to go. I said, "Don't leave me, please." I kept screaming at him to keep fighting and to come back to me. I keep putting my ear on his mouth to see if he was breathing, and he wasn't. So I picked him up again, put him over my shoulder, and I kept walking. This time was different. It was harder to carry. It was really hard to carry. He was like really limp. And he seemed, for some reason, heavier.

As I was going down, I kept hearing howling from coyotes, getting closer and closer and closer. That wasn't really on my mind, that they were going to get close to us. It wasn't really that. In my mind, I was just — you know, I was so focused on my dad and to get him down the mountain that I said, okay, I know how long it's going to take. So whatever it takes, I'm going to get you down there, okay? I kept going and going until to the point that I could not see anymore. So when I couldn't see anymore, what I did — I grabbed the gun and I took a shot kind of like high up, because I didn't want to hit any rock near me, or because I didn't know where I was. Maybe a tree was in front of me. I didn't know. And I took the shot, and I looked to see with the muzzle flash where I was. I noticed I was about 30 feet away from the trail. I got a mental picture of where I was. I picked him up and I started slowly creeping my way and walking — you know, kind of like pretty much crawling my way to the trail. By that time, the coyotes were almost on top of us. At that point, I could actually hear them running around me.

So at that moment, I got these thoughts in my mind. I said, okay, what choices do I have? If I leave my dad here and go around for help, the coyotes will get him. Or I was thinking, why don't I cover him with

branches from the trees? And I thought, but I can't see anything, and I have nothing to cut them with. That's not an option. So I thought and I said, well, maybe I can cover him with rocks. Okay, where are they? I mean, I can feel them, but I don't — they're big. I can pull one up. How am I going to cover him? So the third option was just to stay with him in there all night.

Based on the mental picture I had from when I took the shot to see where I was, I wanted a division between two properties, so I can have like an L shape — protection from two fences. They're made of rocks, or walls, if you're going to call them walls. And I wanted that so I can only focus on what was in front of me, and not behind me and to my right. So I wanted to be in, like, in a corner. That was an option at that point. So I slowly moved toward the rock wall until I felt it. And then I put my dad right there between my legs, so I can protect the front when they were coming. The coyotes were already on top of us. They were relentless. By then it was probably, I don't know, maybe 9 p.m., maybe.

I got this first thought. It was more like a voice speaking, and kept saying, "All this will go away if you just kill yourself." Yes, the voice that I was talking to — I could hear him from the outside. And it was weird, because it was kind of like — it had this sarcasm into it. This sense of hurry, like sense of like, come on, do it, do it. Try to entice me to do something manipulative. "If you just take the gun, pull the trigger, this will all end right now."

I tried to do that. So I grabbed the gun. I couldn't even take it off the safety, because my thumb was broken. So I was using the other hand. And then I remember putting it on my forehead, and I couldn't do it. Then I put it on the side of my head, and I couldn't do it. Then I put it inside of my mouth. And it's a two-stage trigger. And what a two-stage means — like, you pull the first time, and that's just to let you know that the second pull, it's coming. So it's supposed to be more for a better steady shot. I pulled the first stage. And when I was just about to pull the second one, this voice — I didn't hear it with my ears. I heard it — it was inside of me, speaking to me. And it started telling me, saying this: "Oh, if you only knew, if you only knew how much I love you, if you only knew how much I care for you."

I pulled the gun out of my mouth, and I started screaming at the voice. And I started having this conversation with the voice inside of me. I started saying, "Yeah, if you care so much about me, why don't you come and help me? If you care so much about me, why don't you come in here and give my father life again? If you care so much about me, why am I in so much pain?" Then it started — the conversation started getting more and more intense. I thought I was talking to God at the moment. But I called it the voice. I didn't call it God. I just called it the voice. I started screaming back at the voice, and telling him that if he loves me so much, how come you're not here? How come you're not helping me? Then he says, "Oh, but I am. I am here." I said, "No, you're not" — because I was questioning him not being there. He started telling me how much he loved me, and the plans he had for me. This will pass. And he was asking me to trust in him, and everything's going to be okay again.

He said, "Do you see the trees?" I said, "No." "But do you know they're there?" I said, "Yes." He said, "How do you know?" I said, "I know I'm in a forest, and I could touch them. I could feel them." He says, "Exactly. I'm the same way. You can't see me or feel me, but I'm here." He says, "Can you see the rocks?"

"No." "But how do you know they're there, if you can't see them?" I said, "Because I know they're there." He says, "Exactly. So I'm here too. You can't see me, but the fact that you can't see me doesn't mean that I'm not here."

Then he kind of took me away from there. He didn't take me away physically — it's just, mentally, I was no longer there. I was really at peace talking to the voice. All of a sudden, I came back. I called it waking up. I thought I fell asleep. I felt like my dad moving, and I came back. Then when I came back, I came back to a world of pain. When I felt that tug, I got really happy, because I thought my dad was moving. I grabbed his face, put his face right next to me so he can face me. Then I leaned down and I started talking to him. I started saying, "You're back. You're moving. You're moving. You're coming back." All of a sudden, I start hearing the growl, and I still hear the movement of the coyotes racing. What happened was, one of the coyotes grabbed hold of one of his legs, and he was pulling him away from me. That's the tug I felt.

When I felt that, I was so enraged. I got very — I mean, very — angry. I grabbed the gun. I still had it with the safety off from when I was trying to pull the trigger on me. I remember aiming right in front of me. It was really close. We were within three-four feet, maybe. I could hear him, and I thought, when I feel the other pull, I'm going to pull the trigger. Sure enough, two or three seconds later, there was another pull. As soon as I felt the pull, I pulled the trigger. When I pulled the trigger — you don't want to look down the sights, because at night it blinds you. It didn't matter, because I couldn't see anything. You try to look ahead through the sights. When I looked, I wish I didn't see what I saw. There were at least 17 or 18 coyotes in front of me. Plus whatever I could hear on my left and my right and behind me — it was a huge pack. It seems like the entire mountain of coyotes was on top of me. I hit the animal. I could hear them struggling and fighting for survival, tossing on the rocks and then fighting it. It did that for a couple of minutes, and it stopped.

Then I started screaming to God, and I started screaming so loud. Don't think of screaming using just your voice and your throat. No, no, no. I was digging deeply into my soul. I was screaming from the depths of my soul to God. I said, "God, help me. God, please help me. Asael, where are you? Asael, you promised to be with me. Where are you? You're a liar. You don't keep your promises. You're not my friend. You say you're my friend, but you're not. Where are you?" I screamed so much, and for hours probably, that I couldn't speak anymore. I lost my voice. It was really painful even to try to talk. I was so dehydrated that my tongue was getting stuck on the roof of my mouth. I used my finger to unstick it from my mouth so it could fall down. I was drenched in sweat.

It started to get cold, and I heard that evil voice again, screaming. It was screaming something, but it was kind of like a surround sound — when you hear him here, and then there, and then behind you, and then on your side. And he kept screaming and laughing, and he kept saying, "Insane in the membrane. Insane in the membrane." I don't know what that meant. And all of a sudden it started telling me, "You're going insane. You're going to be crazy. Kill yourself. You're going to be nuts. Kill yourself. Kill yourself." I tried to scream at it and say, "Shut up" — I couldn't speak. That was just garbling noises. So I grabbed the gun again, and I took it off safety, and I put it in my mouth again. And when I was just about to pull the trigger

again — the same voice, deeply inside of me. This voice was different. The evil voice I could hear with my ears; this voice, it was internally. This voice, even though it was internally, was actually louder. Because every time he spoke — and I said "he" because it was a male — every time he spoke, as if he controlled the environment, nothing else matters. Even the pacing of the coyotes and the chirping of the coyotes was blocked. Everything was blocked, as if the entire universe was being paused, so we can have this conversation. He said the same exact thing: "Oh, if you only knew how much I love you. If you only know how much I care about you. If you only know how I'm carrying you in my hands right now."

When again I came back, I felt again a tug, but this time it was stronger. And then when I felt the tug, when I came back, I knew what it was. I knew it. I knew my dad wasn't coming back to life. I knew it was another coyote, based on experience I got before. So I grabbed the gun again. I pointed it right in front of me. And when I felt the other tug — but this tug was harder; I have to hold my dad, or he was going to be dragged — I pulled the trigger again. And when I pulled the trigger, the pain on my arm was so intense. I didn't know it was broken. I thought I just hurt myself. I didn't know the fingers were broken. I just felt that I couldn't really move them very well, and it was painful. And this animal, when I hit him, he kept fighting and fighting and fighting. And I was trying to scream at them, tell them to get out of here. And sometimes I kept saying, "Bring it, bring it." So the animal kept fighting and fighting and fighting. It just kept struggling. You could hear him tumbling through the ground and everything, and wrestling. It went like that throughout the night.

But then, it's probably — I'll say probably like 1 or 2 a.m., maybe. I kept screaming at God. I kept screaming at him. And I kept screaming at Asael. But the voice, the internal voice, only came in and talked to me when I was trying to kill myself. This outside voice, this evil voice, came again. And he kept telling me again to kill myself, to end this. He kept saying, "Look, I make a lot of sense when I say this. Just pull the trigger, and you don't have to endure this. No man can endure this. No man can handle this. You're going to go insane. You're going to go crazy. You're going to end up in an asylum. You're going to end up probably — you're going to be a drug addict. You're not going to be of good to society. So just kill yourself. Do everybody a favor. Do yourself a favor and kill yourself." In my mind, it was kind of like making sense. So I grabbed the gun, I put it in my mouth. And again, when I was just about to pull the trigger, the internal voice talked to me again. And he said the same thing again: "Oh, if you knew how much I love you, if you knew how much I care about you." But it wasn't so much what he was saying, but what I felt when he was saying it. Because he was taking me away from reality. When I was just about to break, he'll come in and strengthen me again.

But then I'm not so much screaming at him as much as I pleaded: "Please, please help me. Please look at my dad. Look at me. I'm in so much pain." He said, "I know, I know. That's why I'm here with you." And that's when I remember what Asael told me a long time ago — that the pain of the children attracts the attention of the Father. He kept telling me that, how much he loved me and how much he cared about me. I don't know how long we talk. It seemed like seconds. But I don't know if it was hours. I don't know if it was minutes. I don't know. It just felt like seconds. When I came back again to my senses, or woke up, or whatever it was, I came back again to a world of pain.

So I kept just trying to scream and scream and scream all night. And it was so painful. I was really dehydrated. I was really hungry. I was really cold. I was in so much pain, physical and emotional. The psychological pain was unbearable. It was horrible. Throughout the night, I could feel all these ants, right? Crawling on my legs and crawling on my arms. And throughout the night, I keep touching my father on the face, and try to clean him up from dirt, and try to clean him up from all the ants crawling on him. So that went on throughout the night.

I kept fighting the coyotes for the rest of the night. When I was leaning on the fence, I didn't know if there were holes in it. And I could feel them nipping at me from the back and getting me — kind of like nipping really quick and then running off. And then I kind of moved a little bit, and then they got me on the shoulder too. I didn't even check for holes. I felt the wall and I just sit there. I got bitten three times by the coyotes on the back, through the holes in the wall, until slowly and little by little they started being less and less and less. For some reason, I couldn't see anything, but it seems like my hearing got much better at night. I don't know why, but I could hear them pacing perfectly behind me, and I could hear them pacing everywhere, and I could pinpoint where they were based on their sound. Little by little, they started screaming and chirping, and they started leaving and getting more away and away and away, until finally I started to see a little bit — just a little bit. I was waving my hand before my face, and I could barely see a little shadow. I was so happy that the light was coming in, because I know that with the light will come peace. The coyotes were going to leave, and I don't have to worry about them — at least them.

WAYNE: The morning brought hope to the exhausted and emotionally wrecked 15-year-old who had endured a horrible night alone in the mountains. Unfortunately, however, that hope would be short-lived, as this story is about to get worse. And what should have been celebrated as a courageous night by a boy protecting his dad will be used to blame him for his father's death. Next time, on *My Friend Luis*...

LUIS: When I got into my town, where I lived, everybody kept looking at me, just talking to themselves — more secretive talking, and then just looking at me. And I ignored everybody. I walked to the house, and outside the house there's one of the elders. And one of the elders sees me and says, "Weren't you with your dad when this happened? Where were you? Where were you when your father needed you?" I just pointed to the mountain, and then he says, "Talk to me. That's disrespectful. I'm talking to you. Why don't you talk to me?" I pointed to my throat, that I couldn't talk. And then, of course, he says, "Yeah, yeah, yeah." He said, "Are you supposed to be with your father?" He said, "You're a coward. You're supposed to defend him. You were to look after him." I was very upset with him.

This transcript was generated from the episode audio and lightly edited for readability: paragraph breaks and speaker labels were added, and obvious transcription errors were corrected. The speakers' own words and phrasing have been preserved.