

RISKY STUFF



HISPANIC
HIV/AIDS
EDUCATION

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**American
Red Cross**

Risky Stuff*

(*Based on a play by Carlos Morton, developed and produced with the Association for the Advancement of Mexican Americans, Houston, Texas, 1989)

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Additional Information

Your local Red Cross chapter can provide you more copies of this comic book

Fotonovela "Mi Hermano"

Family Guide for HIV/AIDS Prevention

(All available in Spanish and English)

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RISKY STUFF



Savage

I tell you—
I heard the teachers talking about it.
Someone in school has AIDS!



Haul

Oh gross!



Rosi



Viki



Hector

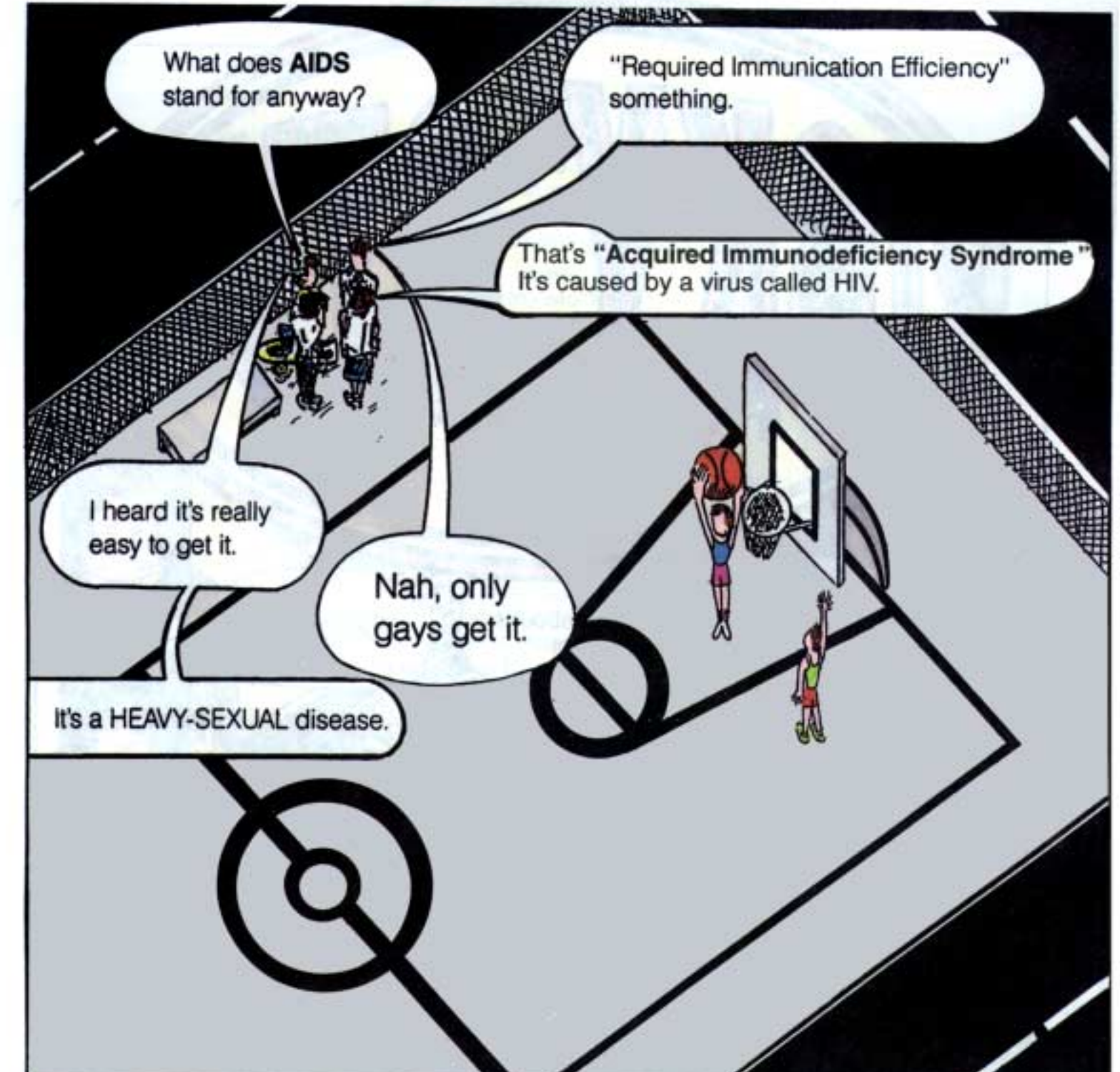
I remember it well. It was a hot day.
All my friends were skipping school and
hanging out in the playground.



Juan



ANY CITY, USA—DAY. A CONCRETE PLAYGROUND.



What does **AIDS** stand for anyway?


"Required Immunication Efficiency" something.

That's "**Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome**" It's caused by a virus called HIV.

I heard it's really easy to get it.

Nah, only gays get it.

It's a **HEAVY-SEXUAL** disease.



EXCUSE ME, you mean **HETEROSEXUAL**? As in sexual contact with members of the opposite sex?

Okay, Viki, we know you're smart. Look man, everybody knows only gays get it.

I know you can get it from swimming in pools or sitting on toilet seats.

That's not true. You don't know nothing.

**NO YOU CAN'T!
NOT THAT WAY!**

There are cases of people getting it from mosquito bites.

No way! Mosquitoes can give you malaria, not the virus that causes AIDS.



I know who has it.

That guy who works in the cafeteria.

What makes you think Juan is gay anyway?



Juan? But he's such a nice guy.

No, he's such a **SWEET** guy.

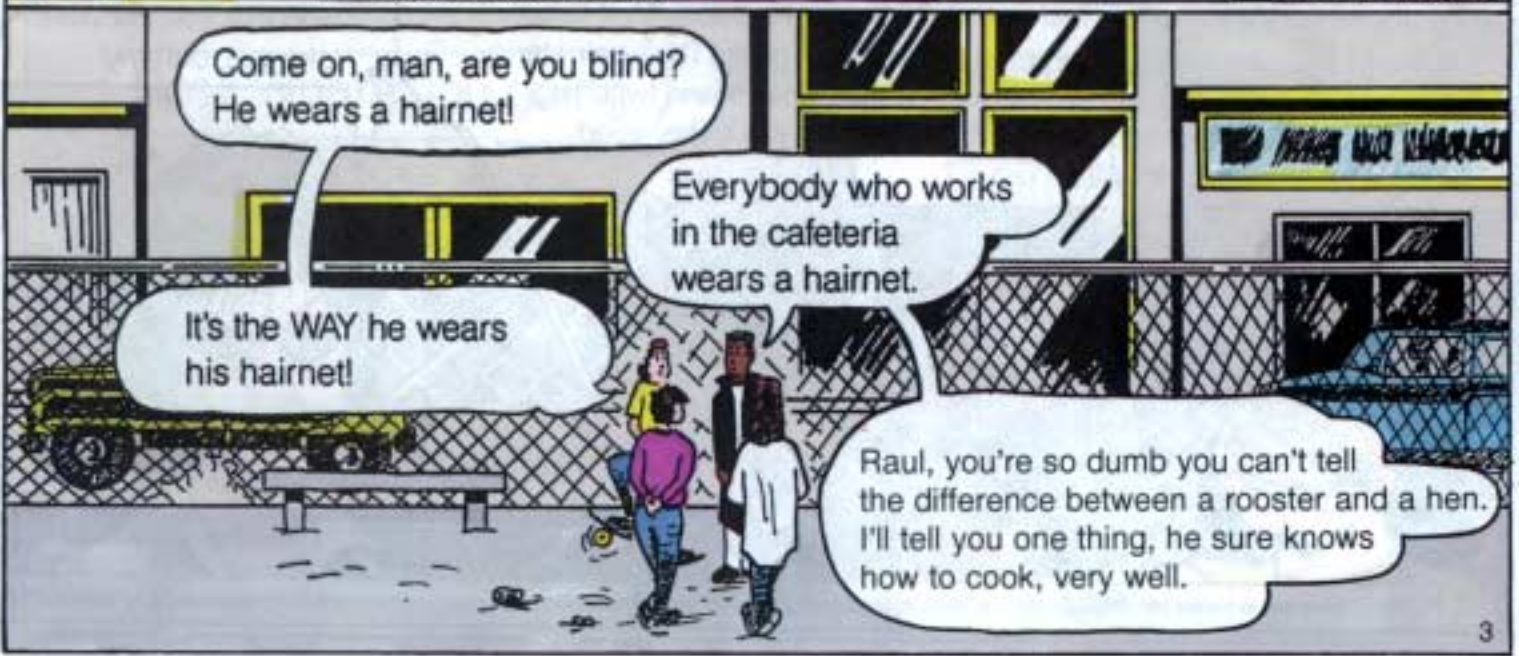


Whoooooo?

Come on, man, are you blind? He wears a hairnet!

Everybody who works in the cafeteria wears a hairnet.

It's the **WAY** he wears his hairnet!



Raul, you're so dumb you can't tell the difference between a rooster and a hen. I'll tell you one thing, he sure knows how to cook, very well.

I bet you can get AIDS through food prepared by an infected person!

I'm sure glad I'm a female AIDS is something only men get.

UH, UH, girl. It's our problem too. More and more women are getting infected with HIV and some are spreading it to their babies.*



No you can't!



Say, weren't you supposed to go to the doctor today?

You be careful. Anyways, how are things between you and Raul?

He says he wants to get married.

Forget it! What's he going to do for a living—fry chicken?

I found out he was at the mall last weekend with Suzy.

That creep! I can't stand it when guys get on their macho trips. Héctor and I just go out and have fun.

GAAAA, if I went out on Raul, he'd kill me and the guy!



YEAH! The health clinic. They want to see me about something.



Meanwhile, Raúl shows off how little he knows about HIV and AIDS . . .

Yeah, well, it's easy to tell. I've seen it on the TV. First they start to get real skinny. Then they get pimples all over their body. Their hair starts falling out. Their eyes get crossed. Then their nose starts twitching back and forth like this! Look at their eyes. If they're cross-eyed, it's a sure sign they got AIDS!

Do you know who that sounds like? Like you, dummy!



* Not all babies born to mothers with HIV will get the virus. Treatment for pregnant women with HIV and their newborns can greatly reduce the rate of HIV transmission from mother to child.



On the other side of the barrio,
Savage is thinking ...



Yeah, that's why they call me Savage.
I was once clean.
But then I got hooked on drugs.
I was always getting high. Anyway, I remember
that fool Hector came to talk
some trash to me.

What's happening, hermano?

Shooooot!
Get it, "shoot!"

"I'm serious, man."

"Dead" serious?



SAVAGE,
I gotta ask you a question,
MAAAN.

Have you noticed anything funny
"down there"?

Down where, man?

Down there, man.

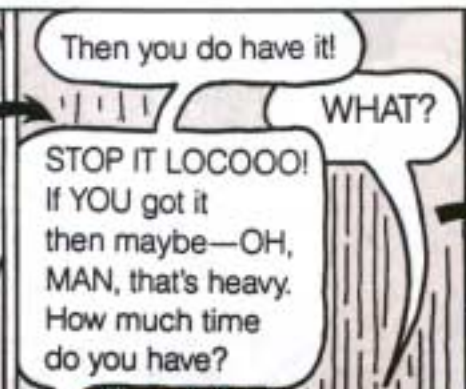
Like in my shoes, man?

No, man, like in your
personal areas, man.

Yeah, maaan,
I notice something down there
in my personal areas, man.
Like I notice that my
feet stink because
I don't change my
SOCKS!



Oh that!
Yeah, man.
I got problems
with my
private parts.
They don't work
none too good.



Then you do have it!

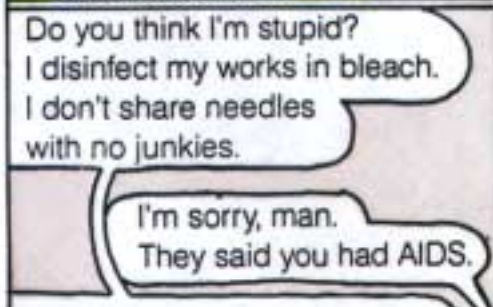
WHAT?

STOP IT LOCOOO!
If YOU got it
then maybe—OH,
MAN, that's heavy.
How much time
do you have?



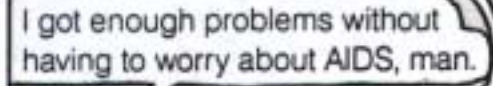
Time?
I don't know.
I ain't got
a watch.

NO,
how much time
before the **AIDS**
gets you?

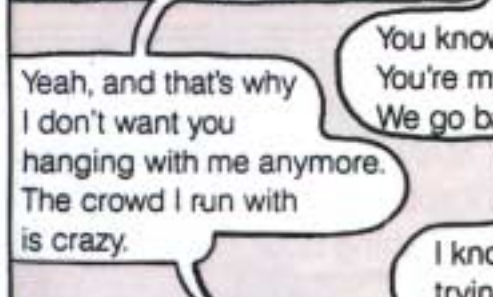


Do you think I'm stupid?
I disinfect my works in bleach.
I don't share needles
with no junkies.

I'm sorry, man.
They said you had AIDS.



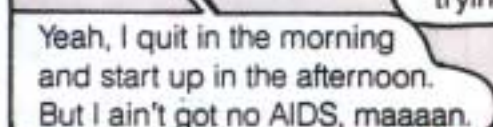
I got enough problems without
having to worry about AIDS, man.



Yeah, and that's why
I don't want you
hanging with me anymore.
The crowd I run with
is crazy.

You know I care about you, homes.
You're my homeboy.
We go back a long time.

I know you're
trying to quit.



Yeah, I quit in the morning
and start up in the afternoon.
But I ain't got no AIDS, maaaaan.

I'm glad. See you later—
I got to get to school.



AIDS?
Whatcha
talking
about, **AIDS?**
?/



Look maaan,
people are saying
you have AIDS
because you share needles
with drug addicts.



You got a class?

No, lunch.
Sometime that's all
I eat all day.



Crazy, huh?
HIV was killing people right
and left and most of us didn't even
know how you got it.

I just lost my appetite.

What's the matter?

There's that guy,
what's his name.

JUAN?
Raul, don't start
anything.

This is ridiculous, man.
They shouldn't even let
him in school—
plus he's handling food.

How gross!

WELL, LATER ON THE ACTION SHIFTED OVER THE CAFETERIA.



Can you imagine that stuff
in your burrito!
HEY MAN, I'm calling you out!
That's some nasty stuff
you're dishing out.



You talking to me?

Yeah, I'm talking
to you. I say
you deserve
what you got!

What I got?



The gay disease!
I think you got a curse
from God and that
people like you got it
from messing around
with sheep!



You are so crass
and distorted as
to be ludicrous!

Hey, speak English, man!
We're in America!



Come on, FIGHT! PUNK!

If you persist in this bellicose action I shall be forced to respond in kind!

RAUL! STOP IT!

Leave him alone. He gets into a fist fight at least once a week. Says it makes him feel like a man.

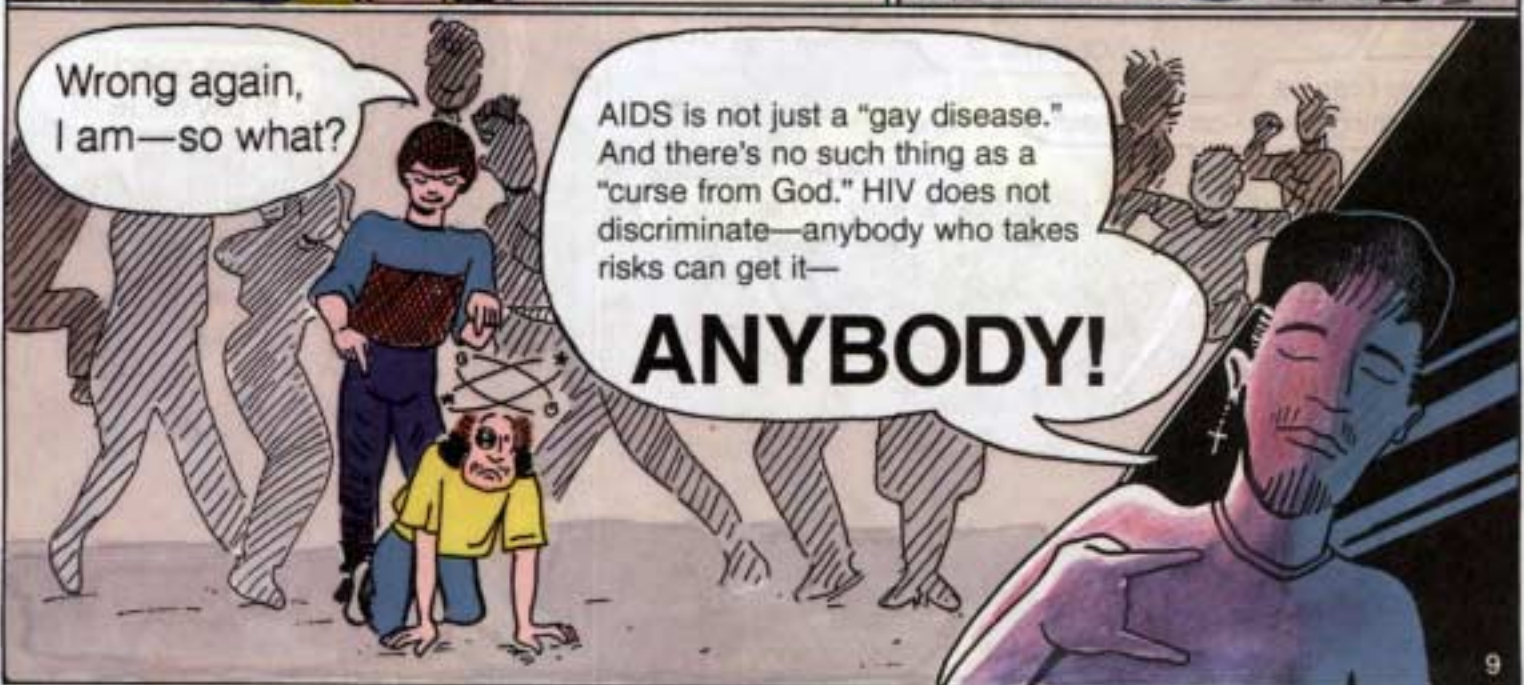


You know, I think Juan is some kind of karate expert.

Gooooood. Maybe Raul will learn SOMETHING!



Okay. You're not a fag after all.



Wrong again, I am—so what?

AIDS is not just a "gay disease." And there's no such thing as a "curse from God." HIV does not discriminate—anybody who takes risks can get it—

ANYBODY!



Another scar for your collection!
When are you going to settle down
and learn not to pick fights with people?

I hope
he don't have AIDS,
I bled all over him!

Well, maybe it's possible to get HIV that way, but it would really have to be blood-to-blood contact, so don't lose any sleep over it. There are no documented cases of people getting HIV from fighting with someone who has the virus.

You're right, I gotta settle down.
We're going to graduate next month.
I gotta get a job!

Yeah,
maybe you can be a brain surgeon or
SOMETHING.

Hey, I can be
anything I want— an astronaut!

Well, you're
already in outer space.

Seriously, though.
Don't you think
it's about time we got
our own apartment?

Who's going
to pay the rent?





Big stereo. TV. Refrig full of cold beer, king-sized water bed. We don't even have to get married—just live together.

WITH NO RESPONSIBILITIES OR COMMITMENTS!

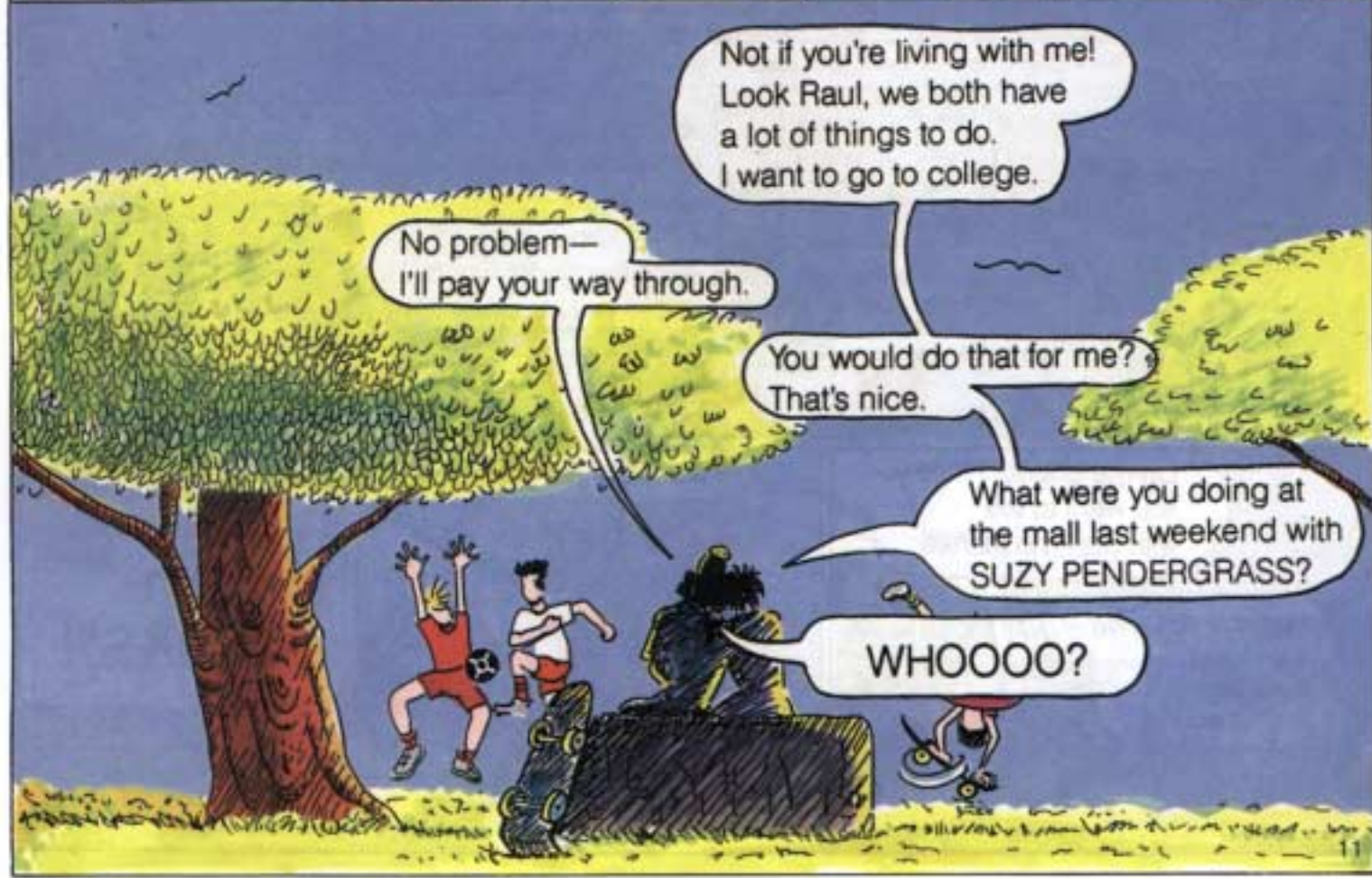
Why do you want to live with me anyway?



Because I love you, I love you a lot.

But don't you want to go out with your friends and "have fun"?

I can still do that.



Not if you're living with me! Look Raul, we both have a lot of things to do. I want to go to college.

No problem—I'll pay your way through.

You would do that for me? That's nice.

What were you doing at the mall last weekend with SUZY PENDERGRASS?

WHOOOO?

SUZY PENDERGRASS!
#@&%*☆\$!



Suzy ...
Suzy ...

The one who wears
tight short skirts
so she can show off
her legs.

Oh, her!



The one who hangs around
the bars on Main Street.



You don't say.

Raul! I have been
itching and feeling
something funny
down there!

Take a bath.



Every time I go to the bathroom
IT BURNS!

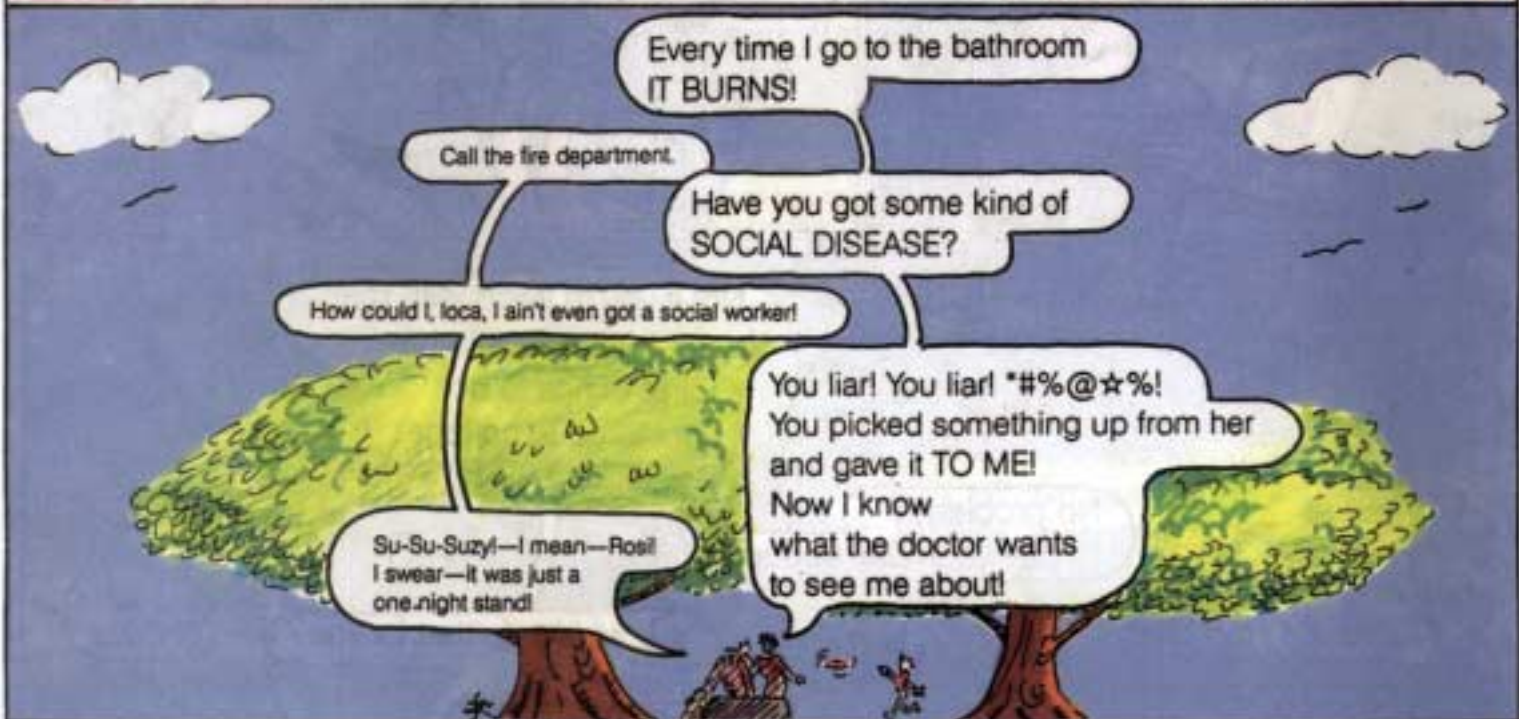
Call the fire department.

Have you got some kind of
SOCIAL DISEASE?

How could I, loca, I ain't even got a social worker!

Su-Su-Suzy!—I mean—Ros!
I swear—it was just a
one night stand!

You liar! You liar! *#%@☆%!
You picked something up from her
and gave it TO ME!
Now I know
what the doctor wants
to see me about!



Let me goooo. I hate you.
You want to live
with me—no thanks.

Hey, how do I know
it ain't you
that's been
fooling around!

YOU DON'T!

Ros!
I swear I'll never

Ouch
☆#@&\$*!

do it again!



THAT'S WHEN THE PLOT BEGAN TO THICKEN, LIKE THEY SAY!



Juan didn't have HIV, the virus that causes AIDS.



But Rosi thought she caught something from Raúl that he got from Susi that she got from John that he got from Nelda.



They both went to the health center and took an HIV antibody test which came out negative.



That's when things started to fall apart for me.

I cooked up a hot shot of junk and **OVERDOSED!**

IS HE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT?



IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD, HE'S IN CRITICAL CONDITION.



HE'S DYING!

COME ON, SAVAGE, YOU CAN MAKE IT!



You really care a lot about Savage don't you, Hector?

DON'T GIVE UP NOW, SAVAGE!



He was my best friend.
We grew up together.

HE WAS MORE THAN
A BROTHER TO ME!

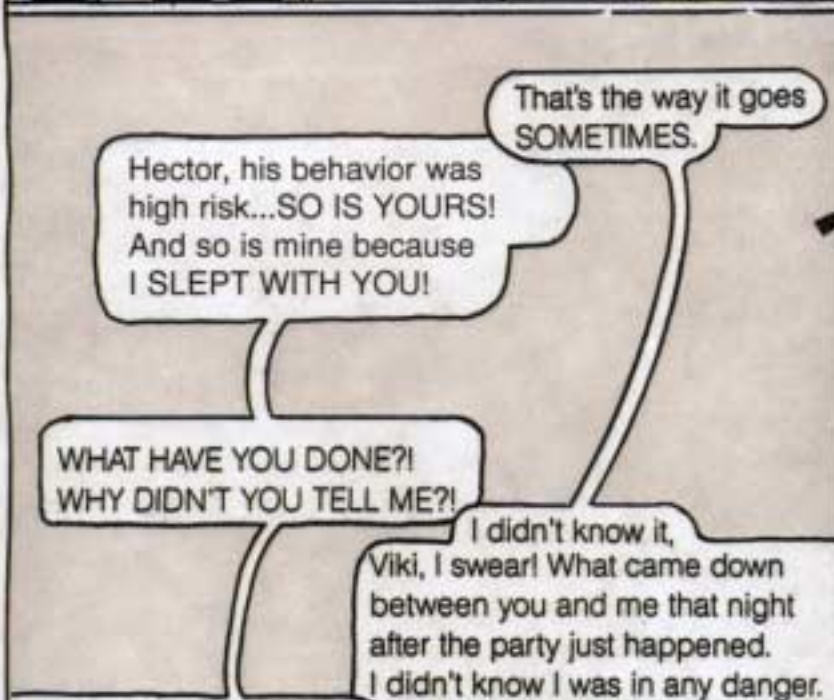
Don't worry ... He must
have been like a brother to you.

WHAT WAS HE?



MY LOVER! But that was
before he got hooked on drugs.
After that he stopped caring
about anything or anybody.

I didn't know.



Hector, his behavior was
high risk...SO IS YOURS!
And so is mine because
I SLEPT WITH YOU!

That's the way it goes
SOMETIMES.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?!

I didn't know it,
Viki, I swear! What came down
between you and me that night
after the party just happened.
I didn't know I was in any danger.



I know, but I didn't do it
on purpose. I'm sorry
I HURT YOU!

YEAH, RIGHT!



THERE'S NO CURE FOR
THIS DISEASE.

DON'T YOU SEE—YOU CAN GET IT
FROM SOMEONE YOU SLEPT WITH
EIGHT YEARS AGO!



Well, later Raul and Rosi stormed into the clinic.

I'm telling you it's over
between us, GOODBYE, ADIOS!

You're crazy,
you need me now
more than ever.



I don't care, I'll make it on my own. I'm serious, I never want to see you again.

But you're going to have my baby! I'm the father!

Don't be so sure!

Don't say that!

CLINIC



A dog, a hamster, a worm, a flea—the lowest life form on earth can be a father!



... Outside Hector and Vicky were discussing the risks...

This ought to teach us all a lesson.

How's that?

Every one of us is at RISK.

As for Savage, drugs did not kill him, however ...

Guess what? I survived the overdose. I even got into a good drug rehabilitation program.



Rosi and Raúl got married and had little Rosi Jr. Raúl drives a truck and Rosi attends night school.



Viki is working as a legal aide for a law firm. Next fall she plans to enroll in law school.



As for Héctor? He went out to California. Said he tried surfing for a while but he kept falling off the board. He lives in Los Angeles where he writes TV scripts for a production company.



Juan is still working at the cafeteria. Only he runs it now.