

An excerpt from WINONA, INC. — The Book

“They howl after my story. Especially Lourdis. She loves young guys. Jailbait young. She’s a freak. Her band is playing at a club called *Palace* on Saturday and she insists that we hop in a cab tonight and head downtown to check the place out. Belle and Desi are chilling now. They whine in protest, wanting to stay put. But Lourdis and I down our bubbly and grab our phones and handbags. We’re ready. Outside *Palace*, a crowd is kept waiting at the velvet rope. Lourdis, being the rock goddess that she is, sashays right up to the doorman. Of course she’s recognized immediately—

*“OHMIGOD—That’s Lourdis!”*

*“Lourdis, the new music is SO boss!”*

*“Lourdis! We love you!”*

She throws up the peace sign. They cheer. Then they boo—and boo loud too—when he bypasses them all to lead us inside. Fickle little bastards.”

