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Querido Pipo

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Querido Pipo,

You don't know me, pero soy tu otra nieta. Funny, how that word "other" has always been such a distinct part of who I am. Anyways, I've heard un poco about you, but Mami doesn't really talk about Cuba or Puerto Rico anymore. Or really about anything, now that I come to think of it. Mima says “que tengo tus ojos”, pero, no one knows where I got my nose. My sister, Rachel- pienso que tu la concoces, she jokes that I was adopted. I'm kind of the black sheep, I guess, but not at the same time.

Pipo, I like to think that we would've been amigazos. I love horses too, ves? Some people just know, ya tu sabes. I'm not afraid of cockroaches like you were, or was it ratones that made you sell that little house en las partes altas? I have been writing down all the small stories I hear about la familia when I go to Florida, but I don't know why. Tal vez we'd have gone for walks in the woods. Maybe you would have told me about the finca. I'd take you to the woods near my house, close to the train tracks. I like to think that we'd have been great friends, abuelito, but I don't know if this is true.

I make messes, you see. I don't go to church or wear nice clothes. I live in a house with boys. Mima doesn't like that at all. She sticks out her bottom lip and says, "ay padre celestial," which is something she would never say around you. She likes to see me as a cocinera, and dreams about opening a restaurant. She tells me I have beautiful eyes, but doesn't want me to get calluses or bruises.

I'm stuck abuelito, I try to love them patiently, but it just saps too much out of me and makes me sad. It makes me question whether it's worth it to stick by them, pero en mi corazon, se que no hay un choice, and eso es algo que tengo que hacer. Hace el fin.

Would we have been friends, abuelito? Or would I have had to silently endure you as well? No se. Quizas, nos vemos algun dia.

besos

Lita