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Querido Pipo

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Layla Farahbakhsh

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