

Gardenia Guel

To know someone is just a figment of your mind. Can you really know someone? I say you can't. I know some of my history. For example, I was born in Laredo, Texas on March 25, 1990. But, how can I tell this is the exact date? I know I am into weird stuff. I love to read horror, adventure, and many books like that. Am I really a person or am I just another figment of my imagination? Anyway, my family is just plain weird, I guess. On my mother's side of the family, we don't get along at all. On my father's side of the family, well, we just don't care who is who. I don't know who all my relatives are and are not. I know some songs in Spanish, but where do they come from? How can I really know myself if I have no proof of it, only in my mind? Nothing else can explain life than my own memories. What do you know about yourself that is true?

¿Abuelita por qué?

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Why have you made my mom's,
aunt's, uncle's, and mi hermano's life miserable?

Am I the only person
who has the guts to stand up to you,
as my brother Federico had once?