Short story by Issac Turrubiate Salinas

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Son las seis de la mañana and I hear the dogs barking. I can see mi grandma, me espera en la mesa with her café at hand. Passing the sala veo toda mi family simply hanging by a single clavo. Simply hanging all their sueños and esperanzas on my shoulders. Reaching the cocina mi grandma tells me to translate the latest JCPenny cupones to her. She smiles and tells me how she wouldn’t manage to vivir una vida en este mundo extraño without mí. Simply diciendo that her survival is on my shoulders. Caminando to the fridge I open it like a new extranjero entering an unknown world. Looking inside I find the eggs next to the tortillas and the salsa next to the casserole. Simply showing that we don’t eat just frijoles and arroz. After cocinando, me siento with mi grandma, “¿Qué dice la rosa de Guadalupe hoy abuela?”. “Dice que nunca debes de olvidar de dónde vienes”, she tells me earnestly. Me levanto and I walk out to the calle. I turn and say adiós to my abuela y camino hasta el bos. Simply pensando where do I originally come from. My sala says I am from Piedras Negras, Cuahila, pero I was born in San Antonio, Texas. I live for my familia’s dreams, mi familia vive por their dreams for me. I speak English y hablo español. Simplemente no soy mexicano y simplemente no soy American.