

Life in Guadalajara

Abuelita

Natalia



Soft hands that smelled of baby powder carressed my face, instantly calming me. I looked up to the coco brown eyes staring right back at me. I looked into the face of an angel. Her dark hair turning gray at the roots, her smile as bright as it was the first day I saw her. I sat in my bed soaking up what would maybe be the last time I saw my grandmother. Tears shimmered in her eyes as we both realized that our lives were about to change. This was the last night she would sing me a song, and put me to bed. As she stood up to leave I grabbed her hand, clinging to the one person who understands me. She sits back down and waits until I fall asleep.

The next morning...

Tears run down my rosy cheeks as I look out the filthy window, while sitting on the squeakiest bus seat imaginable. My eyes blurred as I watched the colorful town I grew up in pull away. My mother stroked my hair, telling me that everything will be okay. I sat in that squeaky seat for roughly a 30 hour drive. My two older siblings sat in front of me playing meaningless games on their phones and texting the friends they would never see again. As I looked out the window, I saw my life changing.

The next day...

My feet stepped off the bus landing on gray pavement in a foreign place called Aurora, Colorado. I looked up to see gray filled skies and a breeze bringing goosebumps to my skin. My family waved down a small yellow car that drove us to a big brown house in a small but growing neighborhood. I walked in the house to find low ceilings and carpeted floors. I looked around trying to find something to remind me of home. But I couldn't. I had to accept that this was my new life.

Seven years later...

I hugged my mom and dad because the day has finally come. I hopped onto the bus, for what would be another 30 hour drive. Luckily, my seat did not squeak. I looked out the window to see my parents crying. My dad held my mother with such compassion. I will miss them, but I am doing what's right for me. In 30 hours, I will be reunited with the person that made me believe in myself. I laid my head back against the seat, and closed my eyes. I am ready for the rest of my life, in Mexico.

I dedicate this vignette to Natalia Munguea, my inspiration for this story.

