

## **Journal 1**

### **The Moths**

My immediate emotions were sympathy, empathy, and pity. To think that one girl was ridiculed and picked out because of her abnormally sized hands is awful. I understand that she stood out and was different, but that does not necessarily mean that her uniqueness is bad; on the other hand because she's so different I felt as if her parents should've been obligated to treat her better, to bring her comfort, and to not force her into things.

Being forced to go to church is a tradition that many rigorously catholic families enforce. At age 12, I was forced to attend catechism every Saturday, and then church the next day. At first I was arrogant because we never went to church before, and it was only because of my age that I had to. Nevertheless, soon enough I made a best friend that I will never forget, and that's what kept me in. She's still my best friend to this day. This girl would cry because she knew she didn't like church, and I don't blame her.

She was also inexpressive of her emotions. Numerous times it was mentioned that she did not kiss her mother or her grandmother, and probably never showed any other sign of love. Because she grew up in such a cold household, she probably never wanted to love, until her grandmother fixed the one thing she could, her hands. I understand how hard it is to have abnormally large hands for a woman, so she must've felt the world jump off her shoulder. After this act is that she loved her grandmother, the only one who silently but surely gave her the attention she needed.

The end of it was full of so much sorrow. For the author to communicate such feelings, she had to have felt it. I would die with my grandmother if she died right in front of me. The description of how she bathed her and cradled her was full of so much emotion that it translated to me and I had the deepest feeling of sadness. It would be terrible if this happened to a young girl like that.

### **Growing**

The entire short story was told in a walk which I found really interesting. I never consciously thought of how much I think about during a simple walk across the school. Naomi was only 14 years old and she felt as if she were an adult. This is the feeling that most teenage girls feel, especially after they've had their first sexual encounter. It's no wonder why her father would want her to be chaperoned. The little walk itself was a little growth moment for her though, not necessarily physically, but a little maturely. I felt that

by the end she realized that deep inside she still had some child in her, especially after being so excited and helping in the baseball game.

What I reflected on the most was the “TU ERES MUJER”. This is ridiculous and unfair. I don’t believe that any women should be rejected for being what she is, a woman. On the other hand, I understand the father wanting to protect her because she is a woman. But men have hormones too and they have to do the inseminating right? Still, it should never be justified to tell that to a woman. Its insulting and unnecessary even when protection is what you want.

## **Birthday**

I felt no compassion. I’m biased because I’m prolife though. It disgusted me and it’s awful to describe such a process. It’s stupid how a friend could recommend such an act as well. The worst part is that she communicated that she did want the abortion, but she delayed her choice because of her guiltiness. I really don’t want to comment, I didn’t like this piece at all.

## **My Lucy Friend Who Smells Like Corn**

The start was confusing. It is a huge run-on sentence and it makes the narrator sound really childish. The grammar is wrong on purpose. The description of the finger getting stuck is very vivid and the narrator shows her idolatry for Lucy. She keeps on describing her as this never-crying, beautiful girl. She even admires her whole family! Her admiration is due to her loneliness and her lack of siblings. She obviously feels like she would lie to have their life that is so much better than sleeping in a fold out chair. As someone who doesn’t have anything, those little things like sharing clothes and sleeping in a bed even with a whole bunch of sisters are luxuries. Her best friend is her escape from her grandma. I could relate because my best friend is the greatest and I admire her so much, and I also feel that we’ll make money and grow old together! 😊

## **So Disappear**

At the beginning, its difficult to identify who the narrator is talking about. Her description of such a deep hatred could be for anything really. My thoughts were white people at first. I felt like she arrived in the U.S and identified them like that. As I read further though, it seemed like she was speaking of her husband’s family. It gets more confusing when she describes her coldness towards her husband, and says how she runs to “them” who I’m still unclear of. It’s not her husband’s family. It’s as if she has this

imaginary group of people who she makes them hate and make these noises, only because she can and it's her escape from her husband.

Its children! It must be her stepchildren. Stepchildren tend to dislike very much their stepmother. Her descriptions of their hate are quite realistic, and she regrets ever having falling in love with their father. The woman describes her weaknesses, and she says she doesn't hate them but she would like to kill them anyways! I'd say its probably because of their neglect. Its hard to understand. The point I'm getting is that she's an angry women stuck inside a room hated by children, in an unhappy marriage.

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