

Alba Delia Hernandez

MUÑECA

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All my dolls are called Muñeca. I wish my name was Muñeca. Muñeca is doll in Spanish. Muñeca is crying on my bureau. Muñeca with the blue eyes is wet with pee pee. Muñeca with the black hair and bangs is crying because she is hungry. Muñeca with no clothes is crying because she wants me to rock her and sing to her. I pick up Muñeca with no clothes and put her in bed with me. I tell her that tomorrow we will go to Knickerbocker Avenue and buy her some clothes.

“I am going to buy you a pink dress with a little white hat and white shoes.”
Muñeca wants pink stockings too.

“You can have anything you want, Muñeca.”
Muñeca wants panties like Muñeca with the blue eyes.

“I will buy you panties too.”
Muñeca cries because she wants the clothes now.

“No, Muñeca. All the stores are closed now. You have to wait until tomorrow.
The stores open at eleven.”

“But tomorrow you’re going to be in school.”
“I won’t go to school, tomorrow, Muñeca.”
“But you’re going to get in trouble.”

“No, I won’t. Nobody’s going to know. Tomorrow, Muñeca, I will buy you your special clothes.”

“I want panties. I want pink panties and pink stockings.”

I hold Muñeca around the neck and choke her. “Stop asking for so much.”

Muñeca is crying. Her face is getting red. There are tears in her eyes.

I let go of her head and hug her. “I’m sorry, Muñeca. Tomorrow, I will buy you new clothes.”