

"Woman Hollering Cries, I hope"
While (C) has interpreted it as (b)khop G - (Weeping Woman)

(C) had translated the sound of H₂O as Eleven
weeping ~~not~~ as voice, power,
retaliation.

(F) ^{from La Grito} is not only advocating independence from men,
but also from American culture of consumerism,
through maintaining cultural heritage. Referring to
She interprets this translation develops from Mexican
history. La Grito was the yell of Mexican
the war of independence from S. America. ^{The war was} instigated
by Hidalgo who ^{subsequently} gave his name to
the Treaty of G-H which constructed the border. ^{What they don't understand about birthdays and what they never}
tell you is that when you're eleven, you're also ten, and nine, and
eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, ^{and one.}
And when you wake up on your eleventh birthday you
expect to feel eleven, but you don't. You open your eyes and every-
thing's just like yesterday, only it's today. And you don't feel eleven
at all. You feel like you're still ten. And you are—underneath the
year that makes you eleven.

Like some days you might say something stupid, and that's the
part of you that's still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to
sit on your mama's lap because you're scared, and that's the part
of you that's five. And maybe one day when you're all grown up
maybe you will need to cry like if you're three, and that's okay.
That's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. Maybe
she's feeling three.

Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the
rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one

inside the other, each year inside the next one. That's how being
eleven years old is.

You don't feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a few days, weeks
even, sometimes even months before you say Eleven when they ask
you. And you don't feel smart eleven, not until you're almost twelve.
That's the way it is.

Only today I wish I didn't have only eleven years rattling inside
me like pennies in a tin Band-Aid box. Today I wish I was one
hundred and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred
and two I'd have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red
sweater on my desk. I would've known how to tell her it wasn't
mine instead of just sitting there with that look on my face and
nothing coming out of my mouth.

"Whose is this?" Mrs. Price says, and she holds the red sweater
up in the air for all the class to see. "Whose? It's been sitting in
the coatroom for a month."

"Not mine," says everybody. "Not me."

"It has to belong to somebody," Mrs. Price keeps saying, but
nobody can remember. It's an ugly sweater with red plastic buttons
and a collar and sleeves all stretched out like you could use it for
a jump rope. It's maybe a thousand years old and even if it belonged
to me I wouldn't say so.

Maybe because I'm skinny, maybe because she doesn't like me,
that stupid Sylvia Saldivar says, "I think it belongs to Rachel." An
ugly sweater like that, all raggedy and old, but Mrs. Price believes
her. Mrs. Price takes the sweater and puts it right on my desk,
but when I open my mouth nothing comes out.

"That's not, I don't, you're not . . . Not mine," I finally say in
a little voice that was maybe me when I was four.

"Of course it's yours," Mrs. Price says. "I remember you wearing
it once." Because she's older and the teacher, she's right and I'm
not.