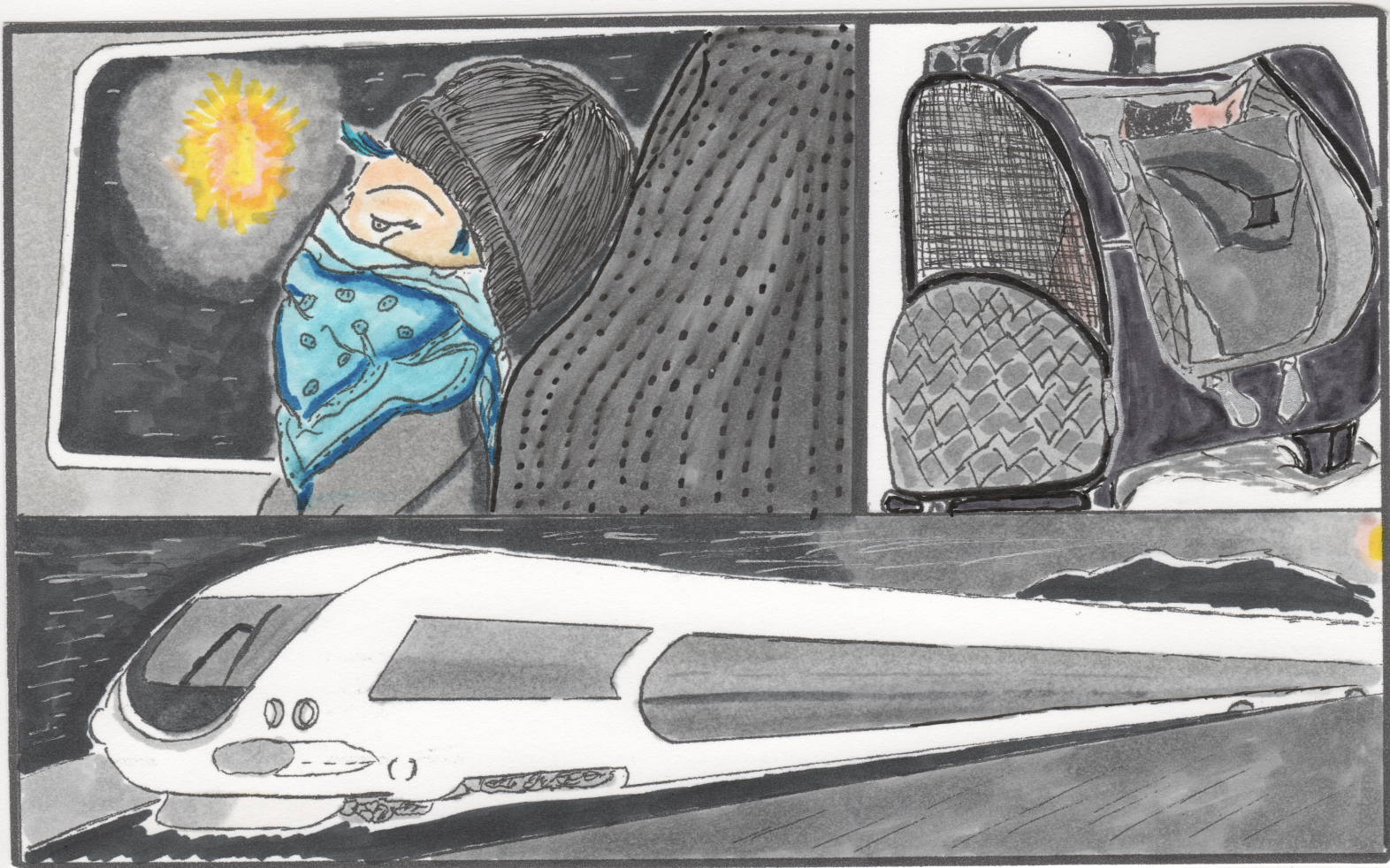


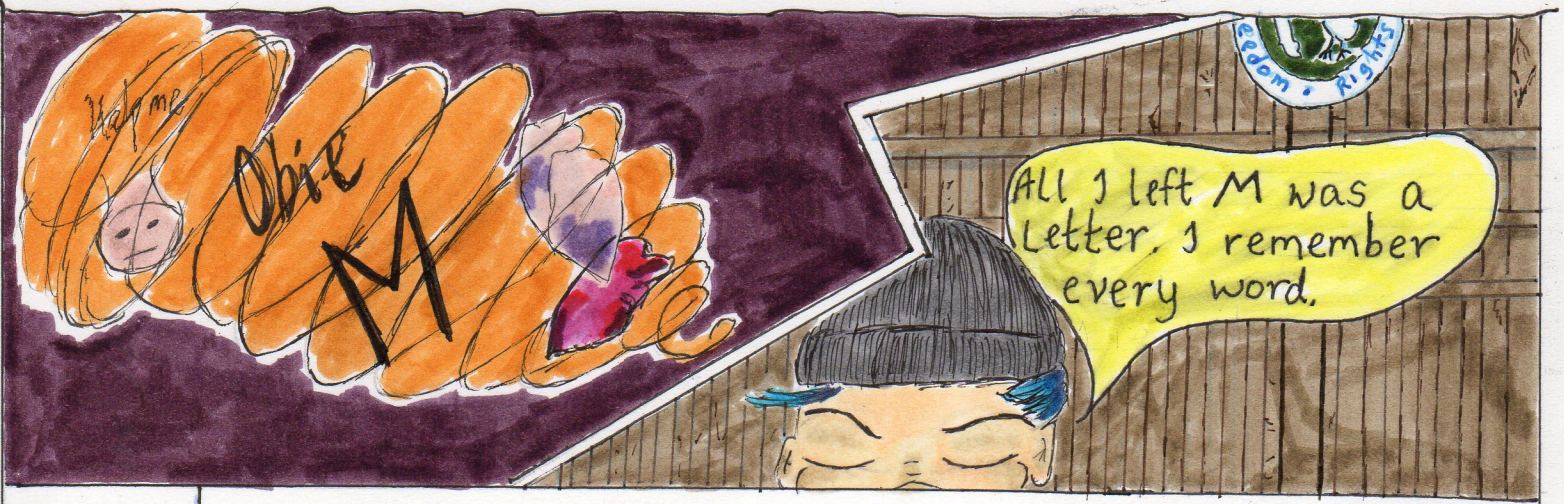
ANIMAL



HEARTS

By: Tina V. Cabrera

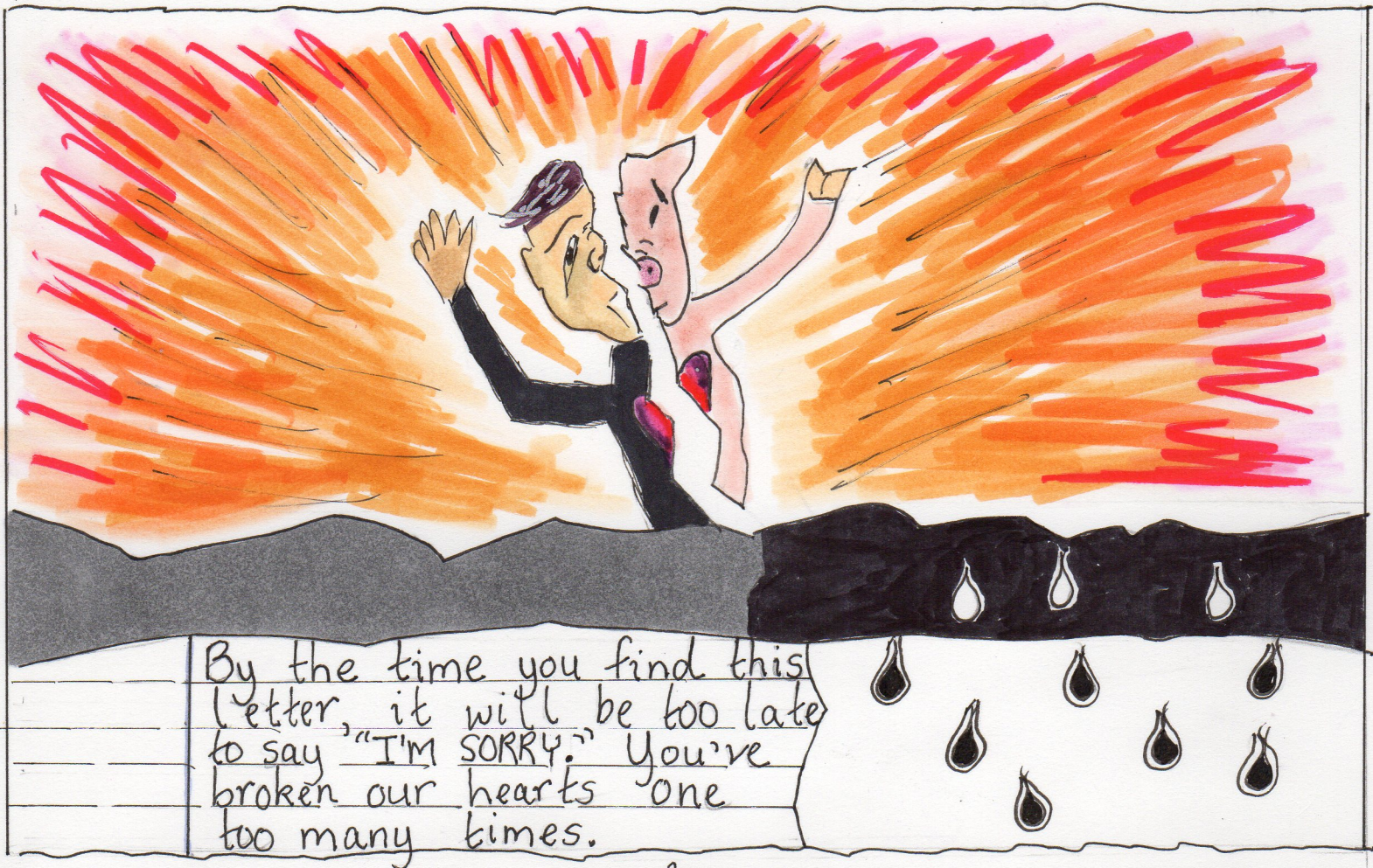




Jan. 29, 2040

Dear M,

2



By the time you find this letter, it will be too late to say "I'M SORRY." You've broken our hearts one too many times.

3

Deep down you know I am justified in running.
That I can look after us both.

I can imagine what you are thinking as you read this letter...

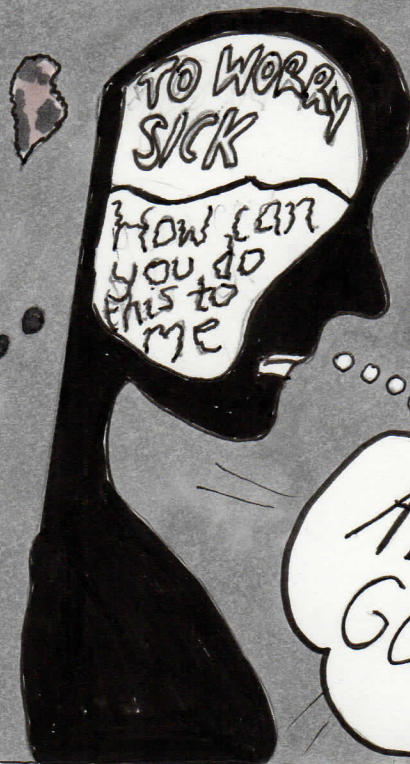
HEALTHY D

Don't worry.

BUT I'M
YOUR **MOTHER**.
IT'S MY JOB TO
WORRY ! AND
YOU'VE GIVEN
ME REASON

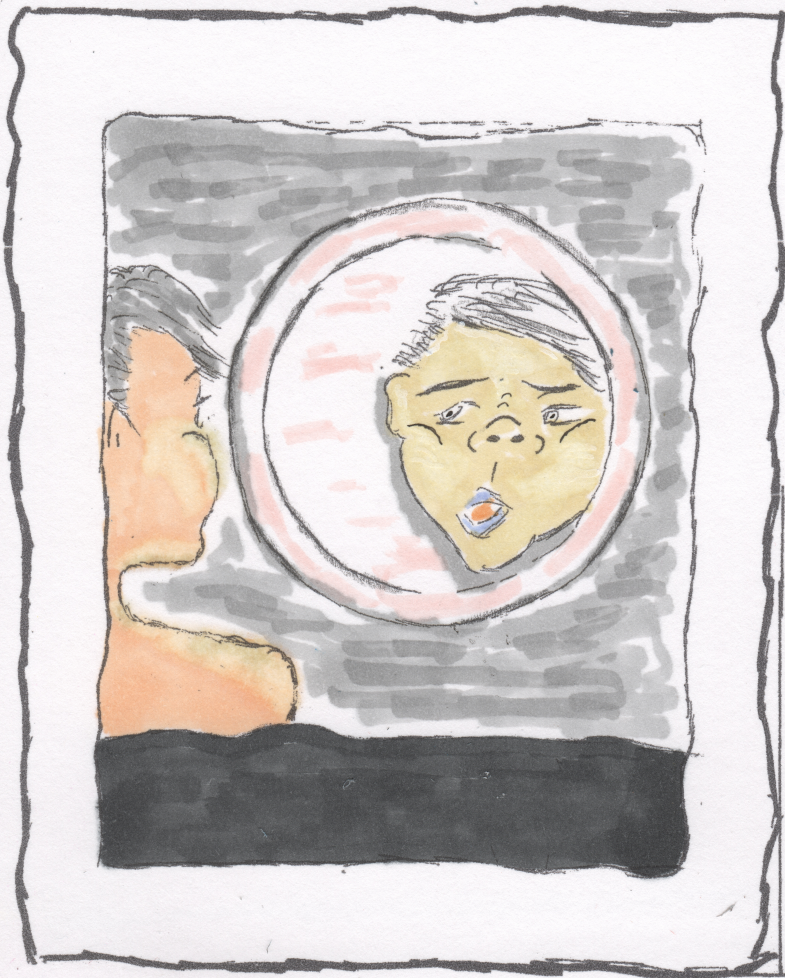


See—already you do what you do
best—**MANIPULATE** !



YOU'RE
ALL I'VE
GOT

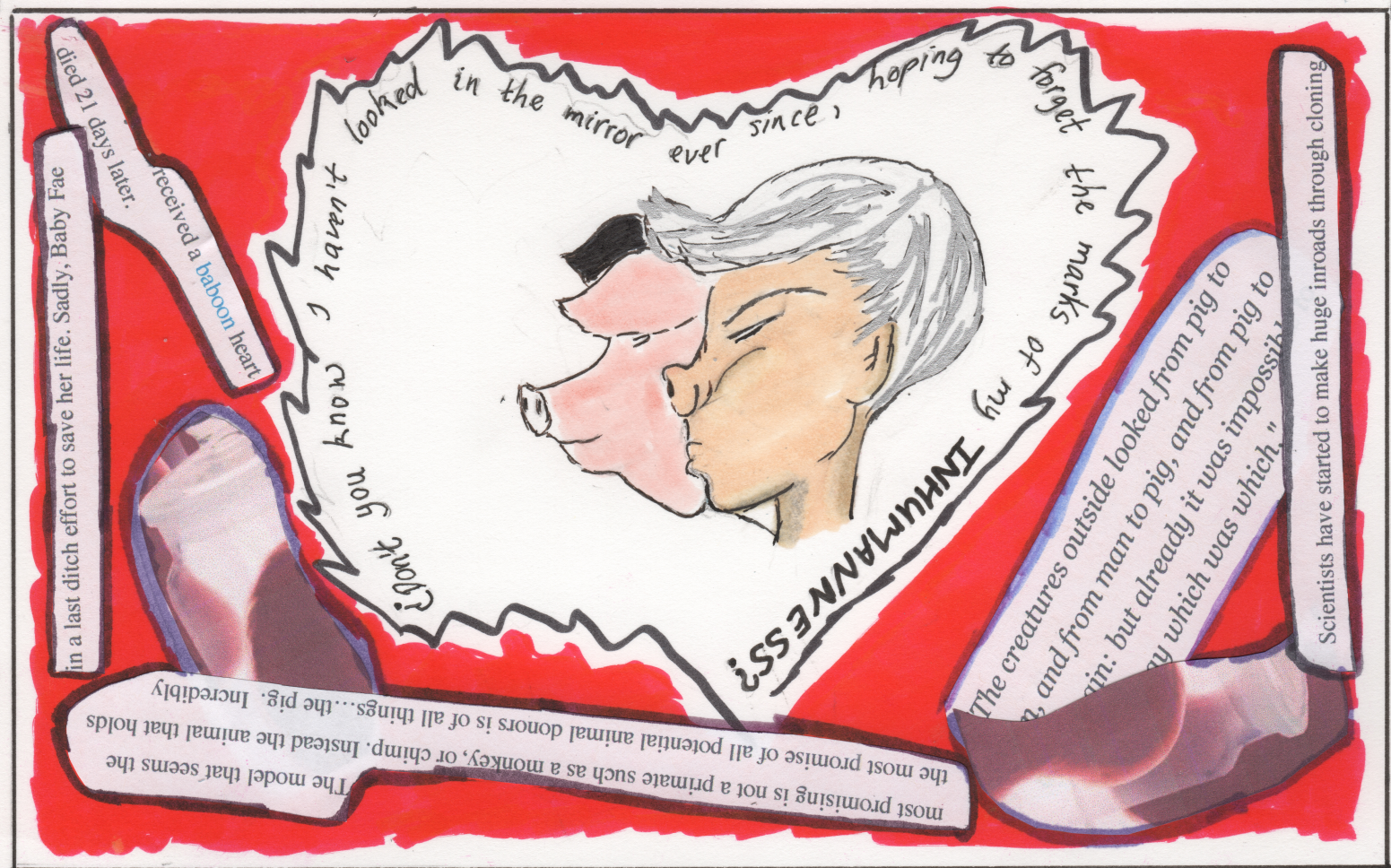
Cast yourself in the best light.
Me in the worst.



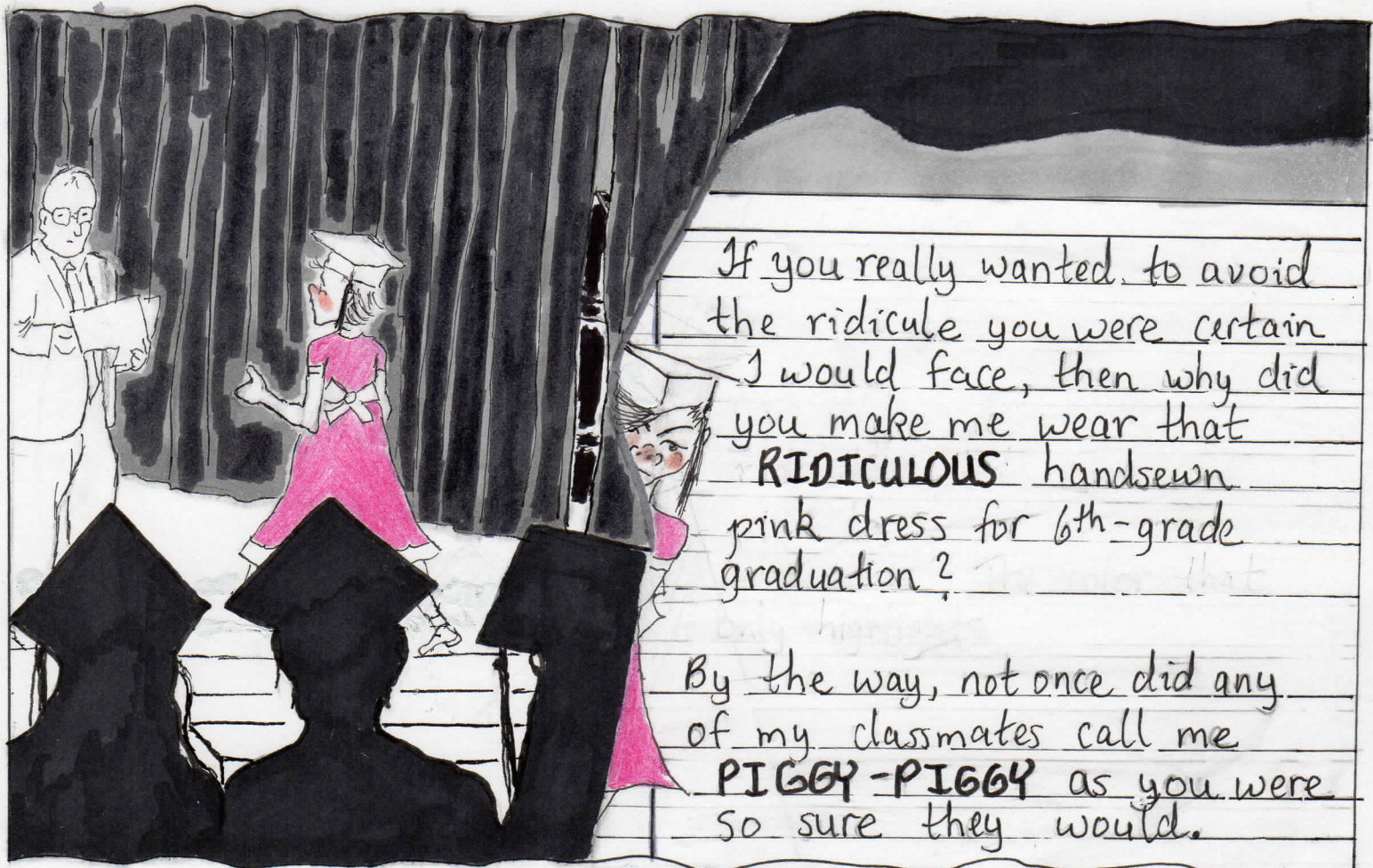
You've made all my decisions for me. First, you insisted I needed a heart transplant. You never said, "By the way baby, you're getting one of an animal kind." You said that in the face of my **TRANSFORMATION**, homeschooling was best.

"LOOK IN THE MIRROR. WHAT DO YOU SEE?"

6



7



If you really wanted to avoid
the ridicule you were certain
I would face, then why did
you make me wear that
RIDICULOUS handsewn
pink dress for 6th-grade
graduation?

By the way, not once did any
of my classmates call me
PIGGY-PIGGY as you were
so sure they would.



Please don't look at me like that. You know,
that face you're making right now.
We had to leave; you forced our hand.
We are so in sync that I know Obie's
feelings and he knows mine.