

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, NORTHRIDGE

Fragmental Freedom

A graduate project submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements

For the degree of Master of Arts English Creative Writing

By

Sophia Apodaca

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The graduate project of Sophia Apodaca is approved:

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## Abstract

### Fragmental Freedom

By

Sophia Apodaca

Master of Arts English

Woman, Mexican, queer. Everything is connected by a thread. There are endless beginnings and ends to a story, to an identity. I have to accept that I only know the beginnings I have lived and the ones I have been told. The ones before I was born. My mother tells me that our story begins differently than hers. Our story begins in 1980-something. When my mother was living in Sonora, Mexico. 20-something years old. Living with her parents. A two bedroom, one bath house. Concrete walls and floors throughout, except for in the bathroom where the floor was made up of broken tile pieces. Pieces construction workers across the street had labeled as trash. After my grandmother mentioned she wanted a bathroom like the one in her favorite telenovela, my mother began to gather the tile. She doesn't know it, but for that moment she was a lesbian.

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I'm listening to Franklin is Lost on my walkman. I memorize each word, each page turn. I promised my mom I would learn on my own. I learned to tie my grandfather's shoes before breakfast. It took me an hour to pull the bunny through the loop. On the concrete front yard of my grandparents' house, I stand with my head between the bars I'm not allowed to cross. Around the corner store a herd of wild balloons carry my mother home.