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The Life of George

George Ramirez was a 45 year old man with grey hair and had a wife and fourteen kids (he had many mistresses back in the day). As he worked at the car shop, he would often have to fix his uniform because his pants kept falling down. He would sometimes daydream at work because he just couldn't believe Trump was president and was scared for himself and his family. As he looked around at the under construction buildings and trees around him, he noticed a child and his mother walk by. He had gotten the feeling that he knew her from somewhere. After staring at her for a solid fifteen seconds, he whispered to himself,

“Ay santo padre. Ella fue mi última amante”.

In the year 2010, George had gotten into an argument with his wife about money.

“You're not making enough money! Adam (the son) and I are starving because we barely have enough to eat!”, she yelled at George

“Cállate, mujer! I'm doing everything I can! Stop complaining!”, he yelled back

After constant yelling and screaming between the two, while Adam was in the bedroom with his small hands over his ears and tears streaming down his face, George finally stormed out of the one bedroom apartment they share with George's tattoo covered nerdy cousin James and slammed the door on the way out. He got into his 1995 Buick Roadmaster Wagon and furiously drove to the nearest bar. He drank his anger away and



ended up cheating on his wife with a woman named Angel Sanchez. The two kept sleeping with each other for months until Angel broke it off and ran away to Russia, where he never saw or spoke to her again. As he snapped out of his flashback, he looked for Angel and the unknown child and found them waiting for the BX15 bus. He watched the family in disbelief and wondered why Angel, after not seeing her for seven years because she wanted to be a wannabe Russian, was back in New York and he took a glance at the child and noticed something odd. The child looked exactly like him....

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