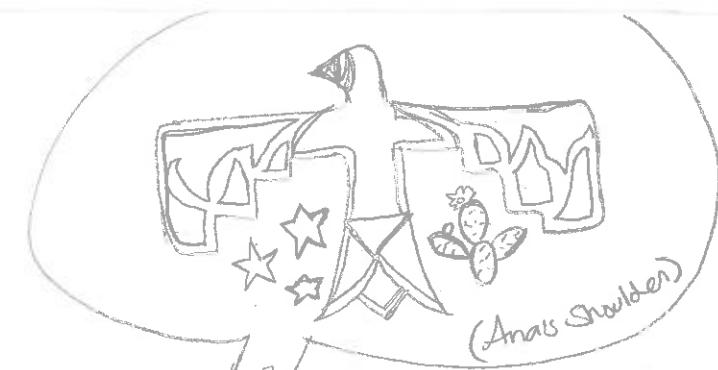


LINCOLN  
HEIGHTS,  
CA



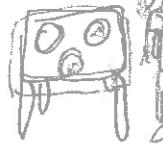
I'm proud to be Latina, specifically Mexican-American. I love and am amazed by my heritage. However, in the past there were times when I was ashamed to embrace some parts of my Latina identity. This tattoo is my personal reminder of the 2 nations & peoples that raised me. They will always be looking over me, right by my side.

3 DAYS LATER . . .



uh oh, that's not good.  
why is my tattoo bumpy?  
and red? . . . Is this  
a rash?

2 hours later



Mami, necesito  
tu ayuda.  
(I need your help)  
Me tatué . . .  
(I tattooed myself)



yo se me infectó.  
Necesito tu ayuda.  
¿Cómo me lo ayudo?

30 long seconds  
later . . .



dejame ver.  
(let me see)

1 min. later

10 min later



¡AGARRASTE QUE!!!??

(you got what?)

¡y que se tatuó!

que se ponga una  
pomada antibiotica.

oiga Ana, ¿quien  
te mandó? Voy  
hablarle a tu abuelita.

(oh Ana, who told you to do that?  
I'm going to call your grandma)



Gracias Mami  
y  
abuelita  
(thank you)

Footnote: Ana is undocumented.