

Dancing with Minguito

by David P. Gontar (November 2015)

One of her earliest memories was of a tall, gaunt *dama* handing her a cup of tea. The flesh was taut, stretched over contorted fingers, and of a nauseating variety of pale hues. In retrospect there was no face, but in succession a grinning *Catrina Calavera*, then a *negrito* woman struggling in a noose, and finally a ravenous crow trying to peck out the girl's eyes. When Teresita was six years old her aunt took her to meet La Chica Vaca, as Señora Villata had become known. [more>>>](#)