

My Wife, the Latina

Written by Greg Mills



This is the closest thing I could find to Greg's wife's ethnicity. My wife, the Latina. She's half Italian, a quarter Maltese, a quarter Mexican and 100% Pachuca.

She tells people she's Latina. Which I guess $\frac{1}{4}$ of her is.

She even has a t-shirt that reads "Latina". Not "1/4 Latina", or "My Dad is 1/2 Mexican and All I Got Was This T-Shirt". Nope, it just says Latina.

Thanks to Sesame Street and reading beer labels, I, Popi ($\frac{1}{2}$ Russian, $\frac{1}{4}$ Norwegian, $\frac{1}{4}$ Czech) speak a little bit more Spanish than she does. Our five year old daughter, who is $\frac{1}{8}$ th Latina, is the best Spanish speaker in the house.

So what's it like, you ask, the Latina lifestyle? One I am so familiar with, living as I do with woman who is $\frac{1}{4}$ of the way to Charo?

Well, here's what I've learned about *la vida Latina*, based on the one I live with.

*Latinas don't like salsa or onions on their burritos.

* Latinas don't speak Spanish. Latinas speak Italian.

*Latinas are capable of listening to Matthew Sweet's "Girlfriend" over and over and over.

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*Latinas have a thing for inexpensive vases, many that look exactly the same. ¿Is is a whisper from across the ages, a imprinted memory of the no-nonsense utility of dwellers of the *pueblo*?

*At 37, she has expressed interest in having a [*quinceañera*](#). Who am I to say no? That would be like putting a bridle on a unicorn, or insisting a chimp wear diapers!

*Is it her hot and spicy Latina blood that makes her make scrambled eggs for dinner? Is it the secret to making those gif animation really pop?

*My Latina raise the spectre of the entire family -- husband (or *el marido*)included -- going to live with their parents WAY TOO MAS for this Popi's comfort. This marido would rather eat a bum's toenails than live in Danville, not because of the Latina population there, but because of the douchebag population there.

* If my Latina is any indicator of a broader Latina trend (or *Tendencia de Latina*), Latinas often wake their maridos from sleep to go write notes for them. Usually something cryptic, like "pancakes" or "call". Curiously, los maridos are never asked to write "marzipan skulls" which seems more in line with the Latina Culture. Or *La Cultura De Latina*

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*Latinas are an inherently carefree, devil-may-care bunch. Tomorrow may never come, so why bother filling the goddamn gas tank, even though El Marido has to catch *un aeroplano* to *Los Angeles* (or, Los Angeles) in the morning.

So these are the lessons I have learned from my Latina bride. But can one ever truly understand the Latina soul, *el alma de Latina*? Can one ever know the wind?