

Back in Ecuador, my family was very religious. Everything they talked about was about God or the Devil. There were so many TV shows we never got to watch because they were "from the Devil," but that never stopped us from having a good time together.

A few years ago when we came to America, my parents stayed in NYC while my sister and I went to live at our aunt's house. It was far, usually a 3-5 hours trip, depending on traffic. But we would call each other often. Almost every day they would call us and we would talk about how our days went. I used to send them pictures of everything I was doing, sometimes they would do the same.

Since I didn't know English, I was put in an ESL class. The teacher there told me I should start reading books since books help you learn. But I didn't know anything about books, in Ecuador, we only read textbooks. So, I went to the library with my cousin and a friend to find a book. We were looking around in different sections. Then, I found this section of colorful books. They called my attention. I chose the most colorful one and opened it. There were a lot of drawings inside. I asked my friend what it was and she told me it was a "manga," a Japanese book supposed to be read from right to left. Since it had lots of drawings I thought I could do it. I can see the drawings, right? I might not understand the words but I can understand the

actions. I took the book, took a picture of the book, and sent it to my parents. Neither of them replied. I thought it was odd but I decided to wait until they call to tell them about the book again.

When they called us, we talked, normally. I kept on trying to tell them about the book, again and again, but they kept on ignoring me. I was getting really frustrated, so I spoke loudly and said: "I'm trying to let you know, I have found a book and I'm reading it. I don't understand anything from it but I'm reading a book, in English". My mom didn't say anything but my dad said: "Well, you can't read it". I was confused, but before I could say anything he said, "It's Naruto. Naruto is from the Devil". I did what a good daughter would do and put the book away... I chose another one, also a ~~comic~~ manga, but they didn't have to know that.

Soon later I discovered that thing called "anime" and started watching it after school in secret. My sister realized and joined me. It became our "sisters' time". It was like a safe cave for us. It was the only time we were not in this new world with new people, a new school and a new language; we were just in this amazing fantasy world.

A year later, we came to NYC. We were finally together but things didn't feel the same. We were 4 strangers living in the same house. I didn't like that feeling.

I continued watching anime with my sister but in secret. When my parents were home, I would try to be

with them and do things with them. If my mom was cooking, I would go with her and help her or just talk to her, tell her how my day has been. My dad has a thing for Face book videos, he is always watching them. Sometimes I would just sit next to him and watch them with him. Most of them were about sports, I know nothing about sports but it was fun sitting to him and laugh at things I really didn't get. There was this particular day I was in the kitchen with my mom talking when I heard fighting sounds. I went to the living room to check on what my dad was doing and he was watching a facebook video. When I asked what it was, he said "Oh, it's Dragon Ball. I found the episodes on Facebook." I asked right away, "How come you are watching Dragon Ball if it's from the Devil?" He laughed and said "no, it's not from the Devil. I used to watch it all the time". I called my mom and asked her if she knew any of that and her expression was the one of a child who has just found her favorite old toy, she said proudly "Ohh, Dragon Ball... How I remember the old days when in college I would cut classes just to watch Dragon Ball, Landy Landy, and Heidi". I was completely shocked and upset. But then I realized this was finally the door I needed to finally reconnect with my parents.

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Naruto though). In the beginning, my dad would just look at us and walk away, with time he started asking questions. When I was watching Attack on Titans, my ~~mom~~ ~~friend~~ ~~was~~ ~~there~~ ~~with~~ ~~me~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~mom~~ joined me, when we were rewatching Attack on Titans, my dad joined us. It became a tradition. Every Friday or Saturday that my dad doesn't work, we would sit down and watch anime together.

Now, when I think about how things were back in Ecuador, when we came to America, when we arrived in NYC, and now, I realize how even though it is not the same, we have gained that connection again. Anime and manga have been what reunited my family.

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In the next few weeks, my YouTube history was so full of **many** videos explaining why Naruto, anime, and manga were from the Devil and why no one should watch nor read them because for some reason they would end up being possessed by the Devil.

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