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This classic novel about the struggle of Texas Mexicans to preserve their property, culture and identity in the face of Anglo-American migration to and domination of the Rio Grande Valley is available for the first time in Spanish. Born in the early twentieth century, George Washington Gómez is named after the American rebel and hero because his parents are sure that their son will be a great man too. George, or Gualínto as he is called, grows up in turbulent times. His family has lived for generations in what has become Texas. I was born here. My father was born here and so was my grandfather and his father before him. And then they come, they come and take it, steal it and call it theirs, his uncle Feliciano rages. Texas Mexicans attempt to take back their land from Gringos and rinches-the brutal Texas Rangers-fall. Gualínto's father, who never participated in the inciting violence, is murdered in cold blood, and Feliciano makes a deathbed promise to raise his nephew without hatred. Young Gualínto becomes of age in a world where Mexicans are treated as second-class citizens. Teachers can beat and beat them with impunity, and most of his Mexican-American friends drop out of school at a young age. But the Gómez family insists that he continue his education, which they know he will need to do great things for his people. And so his school years create a terrible conflict within him: Gualínto alternately hates and admires Gringo, loves and despises the Mexican. Written in the 1930s but not published until 1990, George Washington Gómez has become mandatory reading for anyone interested in Mexican-American literature, culture and history. An absorbing, heartbreaking story told with sensitivity and wisdom. . . . this book deserves a broad readership not only for its artistry but also for its subject. —Beaumont Enterprise Paredes conjures up childhood with more sympathy than anyone else since Dickens.... an excellent book. —Austin American Statesman Narrated in the traditional realism of the book era, this groundbreaking text is a photograph of the past, a look at the state of things and actions of the border states of the American Union. With a simplicity that avoids melodrama, Américo Paredes draws for us a dusty Texas where horses are replaced by Ford T's, ranchers for oilmen, and the old, Western shot-outs for order and some laws. Paredes could see the necessity and importance of the act of building a personality, a pride ... whether we are George Washington Gómez or Obama Pérez, identity is what counts, the name is the least of it. —HOLA CULTURA: DC's Cultural Hub In the 1930s, Américo Paredes, the famous folklorist, wrote a novel set on the background of Texas Mexicans' struggle to preserve their property, culture and in the face of Anglo-American migration and the growing dominance over the Rio Grande Valley. Episodes of guerrilla warfare, land gripping schools, racism, jingoism and abuse by the Texas Rangers make this an adventure novel as well as one of reflection on the creation of modern-day Texas. George Washington Gómez is a true precursor to the modern Chicano novel. An absorbing, heartbreaking story told with sensitivity and wisdom. . . . this book deserves a broad readership not only for its artistry but also for its subject. —Beaumont Enterprise Paredes conjures up childhood with more sympathy than anyone else since Dickens.... an excellent book. —Austin American Statesman Narrated in the traditional realism of the book era, this groundbreaking text is a photograph of the past, a look at the state of things and actions of the border states of the American Union. With a simplicity that avoids melodrama, Américo Paredes draws for us a dusty Texas where horses are replaced by Ford T's, ranchers for oilmen, and the old, Western shot-outs for order and some laws. Paredes could see the necessity and importance of the act of building a personality, a pride ... if we are George Washington Gómez or Obama Pérez, identity is what counts, the name is the least of it. —HOLA CULTURA: DC's cultural knot AMÉRICO PAREDES (1915-1999), the famous chicanofolklorist who died at the age of 84, is widely considered to have been at the forefront of the movement that saw the birth of chicano/a literary and cultural studies as an academic discipline in the 1970s and 1980s. He was a professor emeritus at the University of Texas at Austin. He is the author of several groundbreaking works, including with a gun in hand: A Border Ballad and Its Hero (University of Texas Press, 1970), the novel George Washington Gómez (Arte Público Press, 1990) and two poetry collections, Cantos de adolescencia / Songs of Youth (Arte Público Press, 2007) and Between World Twos (Arte Público Press, 1990). The original (and now well worn) copy that my mother gave me I remember the time I brought Américo Paredes' novel George Washington Gómez in my AP English classroom; my teacher looked at the cover, frowned and asked: Okay ... what is this? It was my senior year, and my fifty-year-old-something Anglo teacher, who saw himself as liberal and identified as a feminist, had asked the class to choose a book of significant value and importance—that's the exact phrase—and then write an essay as our last essay of the year. Almost all the books my classmates chose were the ones that the teacher himself had suggested. And almost all were inevitably written by dead white men or women of the 19th century. Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, Mark Twain, Herman Melville, the Brontë sisters. George Washington Gómez had been published in 1990; teacher had never heard of Américo Paredes. She read the title aloud, and my classmates, who were waiting to meet her about aspiring writers of significant value and importance, laughed out loud. She smiled and asked me, His name is Américo, right? Then, before I could answer, one of my classmates cried: George Washington Gómez? Are you real? My teacher silenced him, but didn't lose the smile from her face. The next day she told me that she could not approve the book on the grounds that: (1) it was too young a publication; (2) the author seemed to be too smaller for a work of significant value and importance, (3) she had not read anything at all by this author (and reminded me that she was quite well read to be again!); and finally, (4) she couldn't get over the absurdity of the title. My teacher suggested first and then gave me the book Night by Elie Wiesel to me because she:(1) she knew I was Jewish; 2) there had been an incident recently at school with a guest speaker and myself; (3) she had read Night (which she was pretty well read, remember); and finally, (4) I was obviously trying to rebel, because of reason (2), and reporting on Night was a better way to do it, because this was a time-tested work that was significant and important. But I've already read Night in Hebrew School, I protested. Yes, she said brightly, now you can read it in English. That's not what I meant at all, I thought, but fell silent. To I was the only student who did not choose her or her own book, but I was probably the only student who figured out the real reason she had rejected Américo Paredes's George Washington Gómez. She rejected it because deep down she had to keep apart two different names she could not imagine coexisting in one person. Because the title of such a book sounded like a joke. Because it would distract the class from works of significant value and importance. Because although she knew I came from a Jewish father and a Mexican mother, and even though I had begun writing my first personal essays about mixing and negotiating a paternal Orthodox Judaism family and a maternal Mexican Catholic one, and even though she had encouraged these essays, when we were past the rhetoric of multiculturalism and acceptance, it was a matter of either/or. This meant either George Washington or George Gómez. This meant that when it came to AP exams and college, I either chose works of significant value and importance and succeeded, or I didn't. And since I had made the wrong choice, she took it upon herself to choose for me. To my teacher wiped her eyes but not the smile from her face as she said, albeit gently, that something like George Washington Gómez would not be a choice at the AP exam, and therefore, to no real help to me in long term, even if she was touched, really moved, that I had tried something like this without, of course, explaining what it self meant by it. * * * Miss Cornelia made it a point to call Gualínto 'Mr. George Washington Gómez.' ... he knew Miss Cornelia was mocking him, and he came to hate his name, as did the real George Washington who was supposed to be the father of his country (137). George Washington Gómez, Américo Paredes My mother gave me the book. She wanted me to see a part of myself, the Mexican part of myself, in this book. Her maiden name is Gómez. I have an uncle named George Gómez. I have a cousin named George Gómez. The former has no middle name, and the latter is certainly not Washington. When she first gave me this book, I literally saw my family in its title. That was entirely my mother's intention. That was Esperanza Gómez's intention. Américo Paredes was not taught in my predominantly Latino high school in San Antonio; Latino literature—in the words of my AP English teacher who taught mostly Anglo kids in this predominantly Latino high school—while colorful and rich wasn't canon material and being college material I needed to know canon material. In addition to Hemingway, Faulkner and Fitzgerald, I needed courses in Latin, Calculus, and at least one course in the trifacts of Bio/ Physics/Chem II. The Spanish language and Mexican folklore, my mother and I were told, would get me nowhere. Esperanza Gómez ruffled her feathers on this, but she did it privately. When she attended PTA meetings, my mother smiled politely when my teachers, almost all of whom identified themselves as liberal and feminist, would mispronounce her name; call me Espie, she would smile, trying to make them feel more comfortable. Likewise, my mother taught me to be accommodating: not speak Hebrew or Spanish in class or in the corridors; smile; do not show too much skin; smile; do not discuss religion; if they ask what your parents are doing, do not lie without trying to change the subject; smile; smile, so you can come to college and be free. Freedom, for Esperanza Gómez, was to come to college, and from there she thought you could do whatever you wanted. This is what she wanted for me. I was rebellious, but I acted out only when I was outside the school grounds; at school, I did I found out. Everyone went to plan until one day a guest speaker came into my AP Economics class. He was a non-descriptive, heavyset man who spoke in a heavy Texas drawl; I remember him wearing a sports jacket, a blue denim shirt and tie, dark jeans and cowboy boots, and operating from a small town outside San Antonio. He continued and continued on cattle and corn and pork futures; my classmates and I were about to fall asleep until this phrase suddenly rang out his mouth: Jew them down. Suddenly we were all and everyone in the class gasped in amazement, turned to look at me, including my teacher. I stared at guest speakers who put my head to the side; he never broke from what sounded like a very rehearsed speech, but I could tell he was sizing me, slowly figuring out that I was really Jewish. I remember the look of A-HA in his eyes, and the big, buttery smile that came across his moon-shaped face. He even winked at me, causing my classmates to gasp again. After the guest left, the teacher continued with our lesson as if nothing had happened. I sat there, refused to take notes, and became more and more angry. When I confronted him after class, my teacher told me not to be so sensitive. In other words, smile. I didn't do that. I went to one of the vice principals, and explained the whole story to him. He waited for me to finish, and then asked: how many of you are this? I looked around, confused. No, I mean, how many Jews are here at my school? I shrugged and replied: I think there are a couple of them. A couple, he said. Of what? Almost 4,000 students? I shrugged and said, I guess so. And do you think they'd have a problem here? Do you want me to call them in now, or do you want to speak for them too? I was now very sorry that I would come to see him. I had no idea where he was going with this. I looked down at the ground. We sat there for a while. He sighed loudly several times. Then he asked if my mom was home. No, I said, she's at work. Where? He asked. I said she works at another school. He asked for the name, and when I told him, he wrinkled his nose. He called the school, and while he was waiting for the line, he asked me if she liked working there. There was no time to answer because then he made me sit outside when she got on the line. I waited outside his office until my mother arrived, even though I had a test in another class. I opened a book to study until the vice principal came out of his office and asked me to put it away. It came to me that I, and not guest speakers, was in trouble. When Mom arrived, he turned it around us and asked: What's what Mr. So-and-so said a racial slur? I've heard it many times. It's just a saying. No, I think this is something else, he informed us. Now your daughter missed her Calculus exam. Because of this. Well, I think she wasn't ready to take it. Maybe she's looking for an excuse. My daughter is doing very well at school, my mother said, she would never— We're past it now, aren't we? He cut her off. My mother shifted uncomfortably, and nodded, as if to agree with another question he hadn't asked. She pushed me and I nodded too. I was told to think about what was really important. I liked my lessons, didn't I? Wanted to stay in my classes, didn't I? I wasn't a troublemaker, was I? I think it is she went home today for today, he said, as if I wasn't even there. In fact, he had been talking as if I wasn't there since I was coming back to his office. So I was sent home. And it was as if both my mother and I were sent home. I didn't tell her about the previous conversation I had had with him, for fear that she would hit out at me. When we got home, my mom looked angry and I thought she was going to punish me. Instead, she took a deep breath, and asked me to make sure I could do up the test I had missed. Smile, of course, she said, when you ask to do so. I promised her I'd do it. Stay off his radar was the best advice my mother could offer me about the deputy principal. She didn't smile herself. She went back to work. I studied and did my chores. When she came home a little later than usual, I was sure I was in trouble. That's when she gave me a bag. Inside was a book, George Washington Gómez. She told me that she had ordered it a while ago from a bookstore, and today she had finally remembered to pick it up. Have you read it? I asked. My mother looked at me, my lips parted. Her eyes are watering a little. No, she replied, but I was told of what it's all about. What's this all about? Something I should have written, if... About what? My mother just nodded. She nodded as if to agree with another question I should have asked a long time ago. * * * He hadn't heard the line anywhere? In his mind he went over the list of poets for senior English. No, not Longfellow, not Poe, not Whitman. He was almost certain the lines were his. But why write poetry? (207) Gualínto on writing love poems The visibility of a title like George Washington Gómez is a challenge to national historical memory. Américo Paredes links an American national icon and ultimate paternal figure with Mexican/Mexican-American heritage, reworking the existing abstraction of an established American heroism. In the novel, Paredes's version of America begins accessible to Latino with the death of a nation (Mexico), and a prophecy that the U.S.-Mexican border will determine, or rather share, the ever-changing, ever-confused young George Washington Gómez, whom the reader first meets as Gualínto. This is his childhood nickname. That intimate, most personal name he first recognizes, puts a place for him at home and then in the world at large. Like most teenagers discovering for the first time an important voice for their culture otherwise marginalized in mainstream literature, I wanted to read the author as the protagonist. But Paredes distances himself from Gualínto in several ways: Gualínto is absent from the beginning, still a promise inside his mother's womb; Paredes' use by a third person creates a separate outline for main character; his text mixes novel, biography, history, folklore and and their mix combines reality with fiction, allowing Paredes to create a world, and to edit and criticize historical events. The reader is brought into more personal detail about Paredes' own childhood as he writes folksaninger in the text, more relaxed and mysterious than his investigation of the disturbing story of the Texas Rangers. With folksa folksamori, he captures or creates myths, and with the Rangers, dispels the myth of their supposed heroic, superhuman ability to justice, which I was taught in my Texas History class, a mandatory class for graduation. Gualínto's late father Gumersindo—a tragic, sacrificial figure who had been optimistic about the Americanization of his people—becomes a combination of facts and legend for his son. Coming from the interior of Mexico, he is taken in by such talk of love between all men and all are brothers (aka the American dream) while his Border Mexican counterparts knew that there was no fraternity of men (19) and that South Texas is still Gringo country (25), bringing hostile territory to someone who is not Anglo. In an attempt to guarantee a flourishing life for his son, Gumersindo's death must be hidden and obscured; his uncle, whom Gualínto first admires and respects as a parent, has a radical opposition to the violent takeover of the country, but must bear the burden of keeping the secret that Gumersindo was murdered by the Texas Rangers. Gualínto enters the American dream under the illusions of patriarchal foundations: the same world presented to him as a gift also murdered his father, and it would deny him revenge until the last. His father's death serves as a warning that assimilation in this world of justice leads to the destruction of the Indian side of the Mexican conscience, both fatally (for Gumersindo) and spiritually (for Gualínto). There is a moment in the novel when Gualínto falls ill and submits to a state of pure spirit, and physically leaves outside the church and organized religion of dominant culture, and in a more ancient, natural world. As his name Gualínto becomes a religious incantation, repeated by curandera (healer) Doña Simonita, his bed, a ship-like cloud, accelerates him into an ethereal being, and he circle[s] the room—once, twice. Third time he floated out the window (99). The younger Gualínto is carried off, experiencing an out-of-body transcendence that brings him closer to his home culture, his indigenous culture, but like the disease itself, this is a temporary pass. When he starts school, Gualínto enters a so-called integrated system where social/racial divisions still exist, register late for classes and are placed in the low class first. He is intelligent and diligent, but comes from a Hispanic name that will remain so, causing him to hate Gringo for a moment with an unforgiving admire his literature, music, material goods next. Loving the Mexican with a blind ferocity, then almost despises him for his slow progress in the world (150). Gualínto expresses this self-division as he fights his way into the banana trees, embodying both bandido (Mexican rebel) and rinche (Texas Ranger). When he enters high school, he defends Mexicans in Miss Barton's class when a classmate claims that all Mexicans are natural bandits, with a few exceptions like Gualínto himself. While he takes this as an insult, he still strives to do well in the American system by striving to become valedictorians. He wants to gain acceptance by his classmates all the time proving them wrong in the system itself that makes him anxious in the first place. Gualínto had to penetrate the system from the bottom, and he did it young, by reciting (in a less guarded way) a speech by the first president, George Washington, his namesake, his burden. He will eventually reject the idea of a Mexican as an ancestral founder of the country, and reflects that one cannot consider himself both Mexican and a competent member of the Gringo-centric community. First, he rebels against Gringo, and stands on the threshold of adulthood as a separatist: at the Senior Party, he finds that Mexicans are excluded from the very places they supposedly embody as the restaurant La Casa. His refusal to be identified and therefore, wrong, as anything but Mexican shows a devotion to his family and heritage that one wavered when he was ashamed of his house. [is] no palace (157). When he rejects his year-old lover María Elena's explanation to the bouncer that his bright skin qualifies him for classification as Spanish, he reveals the imperialist nature of the real world, one that Miss Barton cannot moderate or deal with, as events outside the classroom ideology defy the notion that everyone is equal in the eyes of democratic America. It seems Gualínto is successful in building an independent life for himself, but assimilation is a tricky beast: the more he succeeds, the more he becomes tangled and part of the dominant culture. We see this when he first tries to write a love poem for María Elena: You who destroyed the flowers of my mother / You who filled my declining years / With memories and aching. First, he is overcome with the power of his own words before succumbing to doubt: was he just parroting existing (and European/Anglo) poets like Longfellow and Poe? Where was Gualínto in this language? Could it ever be his own? Can he make it his own? Without a language his own to express his longing, how could he express his other feelings? How could he express his true self? And is that the more Gualínto or George Washington? The battle of these two I never rest, and reaches its sin when Gualínto accidentally kills his uncle Lupe—unknown and self-defense)—as the school rewards him with a medal, remarking that he captured a dangerous criminal so that justice would be done (273). That's when he learns about the truth about his father's murder at the hands of the Texas Rangers, while he simultaneously graduates high school where he is reminded that his Anglo ancestors fought against and erased Mexican cruelty and tyranny from this just country (274). In the end, he can not unite these two i, and decides what is important is not to find his own voice, but survival and stability. He doesn't want to fight for identity, for his people, for a pure idea. He goes to college, passes the bar exam, legally changes his name to George G. Gómez and then marries an Anglo-a Texas Ranger daughter, that is—only to then commit the ultimate betrayal at the end of the book: spying on his Mexican-American, radicalized community of comrades in favor of border security. By completely leaving the gualínto side of himself, he no longer considers fulfilling his fate as a revisionist Mexican-American George Washington. When he insults his old, idealistic friends, George G. Gómez is seen by his community as a traitor and sellout, and although he is successful, he cannot, cannot, maintain his legacy. He is a legalized bandido who has been metabolized into the existing social hierarchy. Very isolated in his own body and the body of the Mexican-American, Paredes leaves the reader with the premonition that George will always fear that he will never quite get the Mexican out of himself (283). In addition, his marriage to a Texas Ranger daughter leaves him displaced in battle under banana trees, no longer both rinche or bandido, but one completely without individuality. His name, in the end, mocks him. * * * These were his people, the real people he belonged with. He was going back. Tomorrow night he was going back. He never did. (247) —Gualínto as he left his old lifestyle behind me was shaken when I read George Washington Gómez; it contains parallel secrets and untaught stories of my own Gómez family, as it does for thousands of Chicanos and Chicanas along the border and in the United States. It also showed something about my mother I had never wanted to admit. For all her smiling and Espie business, I had always seen her as my father had, a stubborn, take-no-prisoners, won't-with-no-B.S. type of warrior woman. I didn't want to admit that deep down, I understood that she had been silenced and oppressed, quite deliberately, because there were times she had done what she did to survive. That she ate crow so her daughter could succeed. That she knew that I myself would have to sacrifice, adapt and constantly borders with the dominant culture at large. That she thought this would end when I got to college, but I came across much of the same thought about works of significant value and importance that I wrote about here, and invited other Cantomundo poets to participate in the discussion. I discussed this book—not in academia, with my so-called liberal, feminist teacher and advanced-level cohort—but with my mother. Because when I told her that my teacher had rejected the book, Esperanza Gómez bristled and said I could do both: write an essay at night, which I had already read anyway, and then I could discuss George Washington Gómez with her. I moaned. But that's twice as much work. Nothing wrong with hard work, she snubs after a long day working two jobs: one at a school and another at a department store. She sat down to wet her feet in a small bathtub that I had filled with Epsom salts. On nights like this, my father would still be at work, and my mother would be too tired to eat. I would try to entice her to a PB & J, the only thing I could do without setting the smoke detector off. Nothing at all wrong with it, my mom went on, pushing the plate away. Look at me. You want to be like me, working for so little? While these healthy kids are jabbering away at the phones, ignoring the changing rooms all day so they're treated when we close? I'm the reason we do quota every month, and then they go and scan my bag. When my mother said this, I'd feel her shame. But they don't say it, see? They don't. What don't they say? I'd ask, even if I knew what my mother wanted more than anything. My lovely mother who would be awake in the next five hours. During the day she worked with ESL children in a school full of troubled children passing through a metal detector before the first period. Children are prohibited from reopening their lockers until lunchtime. Children, my mother would say, that deserves more, even the boy who threw a chair across the room in frustration last week as he struggled with irregular verbs, because he told my mother he didn't want to sound like a Mexican anymore. I pushed the plate back to her mother's chest. Mom, what aren't they doing? My mother looked straight ahead at nothing. Her lips barely parted, she sighed, They never say sorry. They never apologize for having to doubt me. Are you nice? Read It. Chapter by chapter. That's all I want. So I did. I read to her every night I could when she got home. Through each chapter we talked and argued; for the most part, her own memories of the boundary were too fresh, the nerves too raw to touch. My mother cried in front of me, which she rarely did. If he were home, my father would listen in, but did not join these discussions; which was also rare. By the time we finished the novel, my mother and I were closer, and my senior year was over. I had been accepted to NYU on several scholarships. New York City and college were both now a reality. Unlike Gualínto, I promised my mother that I would not turn my back on my Mexican heritage, or forget about his family, the family that loved my Jewish father and had always accepted him, even when my mother had converted to his religion. She had stopped telling me to smile, and yet I managed to stay away from longer problems. Then, a few days before I went to college, my mom and I were sitting in a bookstore café when we saw my former AP English teacher. She actually saw us first. She stared at us, like not thinking we were there. Then she approached us. She smiled broadly at us. We smiled back. Why not? I was free. Your daughter dragged you in here, didn't she? asked my teacher. No, I come here a lot. Mom said. Oh, now it's just fine,' my teacher said, as I patting my mom on the back. I looked at my teacher now, through the eyes of Gualínto-George-Washington-Gomez. My teacher who believed herself so liberal and feminist couldn't see how she spoke to my mother. So, are you still going to New York? asked my teacher. Yes, I smiled, surprised that she would ask it, but not surprised either. Then, out of nowhere, my teacher said: Oh, you're going to hate it! I was there once. I hated it. Five months was enough for me. The people are rude and winters cold and everything is so expensive. They'll eat you alive! I didn't think you'd actually leave. Do you have a spare school? Nothing wrong with having a backup school. My mother and I were staring at her. We stared at her smart, grey bob and her bright blue eyes and her trademark loose linen pants and t-shirt that read in floral scripts: Indulge your imagination in all sorts of flight. I remember my teacher wore this shirt on the first day of class, removing her corduroy blazer so that we students could read the quote more clearly. She asked us to explain what we thought it meant, and one by one offered students ideas that one should follow her dreams or dare, as she pronounced cliché but well-meaning. I remember not uttering a word, thinking how empty and was such a phrase. Now I could now see my mother read it attentively, and then look up at my former teacher who looked nervous as our silence My mom turned around to look at me and I could see that she bit back a smile and her shoulders shook slightly and suddenly both of us burst out laughing. All these years of meticulous-prepared decency and courtesy walked out the door in less than five minutes. We laughed and laughed and couldn't stop. None of us can remember how my former teacher reacted to this or when she let our table exactly, or how many people were in the café that day, that day we were neither traitor nor extolled, that day perhaps lost among days of greater significant value and importance, the small moment of time when my mother appeared as Esperanza Gómez in public . both for me and to the world, that moment we were both in cahoots and unobtrusively free. Or

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