



# JACLR

*Journal of Artistic  
Creation & Literary  
Research*

*JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research* is a bi-annual, peer-reviewed, full-text, and open-access Graduate Student Journal of the Universidad Complutense Madrid that publishes interdisciplinary research on literary studies, critical theory, applied linguistics and semiotics, and educational issues. The journal also publishes original contributions in artistic creation in order to promote these works.

---

**Volume 3 Issue 1 (July 2015)**

**María Redondo Márquez  
"Perfect Imperfection"**

---

#### **Recommended Citation**

Redondo Márquez, María. "Perfect Imperfection." *JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research* 3.1 (2015)

<<https://www.ucm.es/siim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research>>

©Universidad Complutense de Madrid, Spain

---

#### **Perfect Imperfection**

I did not wish to live. That was the only thought that had been crossing my mind for the last few weeks. I could not stand it anymore, I had had enough. However, it was not so easy to suddenly disappear. I had to come up with the best way to do it. Meanwhile, that feeling of loneliness was killing me. Why had those stupid humans created me? Did I ask them to bring me to life? I had the impression I was like a puppet, and someone was having fun playing with my destiny. I was just an insignificant being among others. Being able to feel was the worst thing that could have possibly ever happened to me. What I still did not know was that something that would change my life forever was about to happen.

\*

Obviously, I don't remember anything until the moment I was turned on. Barely had I been switched on when some light started invading me, making me feel a great deal of satisfaction. It was proof I was alive. That was probably what surprised me the most in that particular moment, but in hindsight, the most astonishing thing was my ability to feel satisfaction, because I was not supposed to feel anything.

My first days in the factory were absolutely monotonous. One human after another would check if everything was in the right place, if our memory storage capacity worked properly... just some routine procedures. But the moment I had been expecting for so long

finally arrived. I was going to be moved to a house where I would perform the task I had been created for.

I was transferred to a huge house in the outskirts of the city. I was supposed to help with the cleaning, and do occasional babysitting. I was happy with the idea; I was out there, in the real world, starting a new life which I thought would be full of new emotions and sensations.

I had been working in the house for a month when I first met him. As soon as I saw him I felt goose bumps, even though I did not have skin, and my entire body shook. I did not understand what was happening. How was I supposed to know? Nobody had ever explained to me that I could have emotions, that I could feel things... I was so naïve ... It was not until some months later that I realized how different I was from everyone else. In some way, I felt special. I thought I was on the top of the world, that humans would accept me as one of them, that I would lead a normal life. How wrong I was! I was actually damned to failure, to a life full of unhappiness and confusion.

But by that moment, I was extremely overwhelmed by that feeling that was invading me, which caused in me new and pleasant sensations. I did not become aware I was completely in love until some time after; because love appears suddenly, you do not even realize it is there until you can't think about anything else but him, his face, his robotic but special voice, his willingness to help. Everything starts making sense, life starts making sense. When you are in love, life is not that scary anymore. Your mind makes space for all the good thoughts, you see *la vie en rose*. Rules disappear, everything seems possible, you feel immortal, even if you are the most fragile person in that moment. He becomes the center of your world, and you are just that little being orbiting around him, your perception of gravity changes, it all comes down to him. Just thinking about him your heart beats quicker, sometimes it even seems it is going to explode. Love makes you give the best of yourself, because you are not able to love unless you love yourself first. Loving is missing his kisses and caresses without ever

having had the privilege to receive them. The most insignificant thing becomes big by his side. That was love, real love.

However, love can also be the most destructive force you can encounter if it is unrequited. It is dangerous. You have to be ready to lose everything, and only if you are lucky you can win it all if you try your best. It can make you feel like the most miserable person in the world, and unfortunately, that was my case.

It was in that very afternoon when I could finally see reality. I had already noticed I was different from the rest, but I did not know just to what extent I was "special". I knew things were as easy as I wanted them to be, but it was so frustrating... having feelings and not being able to express them was one of the worst parts. Not being able to smile, cry ... I just had to keep my feelings to myself, I couldn't share them with anyone. The other robots would not understand me, and humans would probably see me as a threat. But, undoubtedly, what made me the most miserable person ever was realizing he would never love me.

\*

I go out on the balcony. The wind embraces my metallic body, arousing a sensation of freedom. But he keeps invading my thoughts, and that feeling soon vanishes. Please, get out of my head. This time it was for real, I could not stand it anymore. I thought love would be that only thing that could save me, but it was the cause of my desire to die, I was doomed to loneliness. There was nothing to do, when a dream fades, even reality loses its beauty. Some people say that the most wonderful love stories are those we have not had time to experience, which seemed stupid to me. And so I learned that death was not the bad part of life, the bad part was not having done everything you could have possibly done to be happy.

I jump over the iron fence, willing to literally plunge blindly into the unknown, into that huge space, visualizing my immediate future, that comes down to metal pieces

scattered all over the floor. I close my eyes, ready to disappear forever, when I suddenly hear something.

"Hey! What are you doing up there? Don't! You will regret it," cries hysterically a robotic voice.

As soon as I hear that, I have a revelation. I was no longer alone.

I did not wish to die.

**Bioprofile of the author:** María Redondo Márquez was born in Madrid and has lived in Leganés ever since. She is currently studying the English studies' degree at the Complutense University. From an early age, she showed a high interest in reading and writing. She won some writing contests in her highschool and a local writing contest in Leganés. Next year, she will go to France on Erasmus and she is planning to become an English teacher in the future.

**Contact:** <marire01@ucm.es>