

The title and psychological narrative of the piece find their origins in a visit I made to Spain during spring break of last year. There I ran into some young Mexican girls, whose polish, poise and perfect English were clearly only possible through the possession of staggering wealth in an otherwise poverty-stricken country. As a citizen of a relatively egalitarian nation, I was at once intrigued and horrified by these living, breathing social anachronisms; I wondered how they could justify to themselves their egregiously affluent lives when faced (albeit infrequently) with the realities of their society. One of them, the most extroverted of the bunch, seemed at least to be aware of this moral quandary, as she described herself and her friends as 'strawberry girls', a term in Spanish for young ladies whose aversion to hard work and responsibility is matched only by their love for parental credit cards. This piece is an attempt to illustrate her spiritual journey, from a life of mindless hedonism, to one of guilt-ridden hedonism.