

Hi, my name is Victor. I am 33 and I don't really live anywhere. But I can tell you where I used to live – not in the glitzy city of Cancun which attracts thousands of American tourists every year, but in a remote mountain village, hardly touched by the rest of my westernized country.

I grew up on a farm where I worked my ass off every day 'cause I didn't go to school. We grew all sorts of fruits and vegetables but our main crop was sugar cane. When I was thirteen, I'd have to get my three little brothers out of bed at four-thirty in the morning. We'd eat a scanty breakfast of *arepas* and weak but extremely sweet coffee, and then head out to the fields for a twelve hour work day in the intense heat. When we came home at around six-thirty, we had a small dinner and go to sleep. My family was really poor as you can probably tell but my childhood is only made up of good memories. Basically my life was sort of a non-stop work cycle but maybe that's why I'm such a successful migrant worker (ha, ha – how could anybody be successful with this type of crappy work?).

Anyways, when I was nineteen I met a girl who was real pretty and attractive and we sort of fell in love, I guess. We got married pretty soon after that and we were really happy together. Since my dad and brothers weren't making it at our farm, I continued to work there for a few years. Now we have three kids who are nine, five, and three – really cute.

But then the worst thing happened, I got in a huge fight with my dad and he ended up not allowing me to work on his farm anymore. After two months

without work, I realized that there was no way I'd be able to support my family off of no money. So me and Juanita, my wife, decided that I would go to the USA, earn a living, and eventually bring her and the kids up. All my life I had dreamed of America – where a job was easy to get and you could make a good living. Of course I was sad to leave my wife and kids but I was also happy to finally get to the land of my dreams.

Through a network of friends, I found out that I could get to the US free if I was willing to travel across the deserts in a truck packed full with thirty other people, none of whom I knew. Sure – whatever – I don't have any money anyways plus, what could go wrong?

Two weeks later we were on our way. For three weeks I was trapped in a truck with thirty people I didn't know, no bathroom, no space, no nothing. It was hell! Luckily we never got caught by the US Border Patrol – although there were some close calls, and we safely arrived in the enormous city of Phoenix, Arizona. The first few weeks and months were really difficult for me. I missed Juanita and the kids like crazy and I was stuck in a foreign country, unable to speak English with no connections to anybody. I was finally able to get a job as a migrant worker and it has been easier since then since most of my co-workers speak Spanish. Now I travel from coast to coast working horrific hours with horrible pay. How am I ever going to earn enough to get the rest of my family up here? I would not wish my illegal trip through the deserts on anyone, especially not my own wife and kids. Hell, it's gonna take years before I'll have enough to bring

Limo
February 22

English 11:3
Tale

my wife and kids up here. What'll they be like then?? Life sucks as a migrant
worker.....