

# The life of a Mexican Refugee

People in the family:

Papa:

Mama:

Older Brother: Miguel

Middle Brother (main character): Manuel

Younger Brother: Marcus

Crash! Boom! Screams! My mom grabs a suitcase and her bag. My brother picks up Marcus. We run.

"Manuel. Manuel. Manuel!!!"

I wake up in relief at seeing my older brother.

"Your turn." He hands me a bucket. I get up and roll my eyes as I drag myself outside. After we left our house because of dad, I had the same dream every other day. I get to the water pump, and fill the bucket with fresh water for cooking and drinking. My older brother and I take turns doing it, and today is my day. I heave it to the tent. I got to sleep for another half hour, because we wake up early to get the water.

After some time, we are all awake. My mom turns on the stove and starts making breakfast.

Luckily, my mom got a suitcase with a bunch of things we needed incase we left because dad got mad and violent every month. Dad would drink in the beginning of every month, and it was the new year, so he had a lot more. He would come back home drunk, pick fights and get violent.

While my mom makes breakfast, my little brother watches his cartoons.

"We are going on a trip, Charlie. Can you guess where?" The mom says in the cartoon.

"America!!!" says the son.

After a while, the cartoon character gets there. Everyone welcomes him. That makes me wish I was that cartoon character, who would be welcomed with smiles to a land of opportunities.

"Come, come," my mom calls, "I made breakfast." We come to the table.

"Boiled eggs again, Mama?" says Marcus as he pushes his plate away.

"At Least we have something, be thankful." My mom replies.

After breakfast, My mom tidies up, with Marcus beside her. Miguel looks for a way to get money, and I try studying with a few books we managed to get. As I flip through the pages, I think about back home, my family, and my room. I think about all of the luxuries we used to have that I would take for granted. I think of the good times.

"AGHHHH" I say, as I hit the mosquito trying to suck my blood. These little vampires are everywhere. I also think of the clean air I would inhale, the aroma of Mama's tamales filling up the air. But I won't get anything by wishing, and those things are long gone. I slap myself, forcing myself to pay attention to my book. But the memories are still in the back of my mind.

After about 2 hours of studying, I play with my friends and neighbors. We play ball and have fun until it gets dark and we all go home. As usual, we come to the table, Miguel says had no luck, we eat our dinner, and go to bed. I am a little hungry since we didn't have lunch, but I am getting used to it. I go to bed, hearing the crumpling hay underneath me. I close my eyes as I slap away mosquitoes. And I slowly, slowly, close my eyes, and go to sleep