

## YOLANDA'S MONOLOGUE

There I was, waiting for the coyote to give us the order to run and jump over the fence.  
And there he was, telling the skinny women to gather together in a group.  
In that moment I knew he was going to leave me behind.

“Just wait here, it’ll be easier for you at night.”

What bullshit!

What, because I’m chubby I can’t run? Nor jump?

I know myself, if they can do it, so can I.

“Run!! Run!” he calls out.

And like a bullet, I throw myself in with the skinny women.

And I stay begin falling behind, little by little.

But I reached the border fence, and I climbed it, and I jumped over it.

I crossed the fence, alone, and my feet touched American soil.

I was drunk with emotion and excitement,

I froze. I looked for the other women, and I found myself completely alone.

I started walking forward.

And slowly I began noticing my dirty, Mexican clothing.

I noticed the people who were different.

And chills ran up and down my body in this new country.

Then a man on a bike rode up to me.

“You just crossed the border, right?”

I stayed frozen.

My first day in the north, and I already got caught.

“Take my bag, the people don’t ask questions if it looks like you’re coming from work.”

I didn’t doubt him for a second. I followed his instructions, my head laying low and walking forward with him.

An eternity passed, and I just stared at my feet walking forward.

The bike chain clicking at my side.

And we stopped suddenly, I raised my head, I was right in front of the store that offered asylum.

I cried, I turned to thank him, but... he was gone.

Not a single trace left behind.

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I went on. I reunited with the women.

Safe.

It was my guardian angel.

I made it to the north, thanks to my guardian angel.

I swear it....

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I swear it...

## ANTONIO'S MONOLOGUE

My mother often told me of the monarch butterflies that migrate from Morelia to the north. Morelia is named the city of Monarchs because of the swarm of butterflies that live in the city during winter. But they never stay, they're destined to migrate north, to survive. This is what she told me when my father left.

It was destiny to seek change, a border wouldn't stop destiny. I told the woman who reminds me of my mother the real reason I travel. I was right. She saw right through me.

I told her about us, and how I loved a man, and I cried. It was as if I was telling my own mother. I made a mistake in hiding who I was with my mother.

I didn't give her the opportunity to hold me, and cry for me, and love me.

I made the decision for myself that she would hate me, knowing she isn't capable of that.

But I knew my dad was capable of hate and I decided to beat him to it. And I grew to hate him first.

The hate didn't sink in immediately

In fact, I grew up admiring him.

He was the bravest person I knew, he crossed oceans, borders, risked his life for his family! For me! He was doing it for me!

At least in the beginning, he was going to get us out.

How do I hate someone that changed their life for me?

How did my father begin hating someone he changed his entire life for?

Maybe because I carried his name.

I was his mirror image.

He was going to give me to opportunity to be everything he couldn't be.

And when he realized I was becoming everything a man "shouldn't be" he abandoned us. When my mother died, I decided to find my father to confess. Or maybe to fight him, I'm not sure which one quite yet.