

I came with the Caravan of 2018, walking from Honduras to Mexico. We received threats from *Mara*. They were asking us for the war tax. My plans were to arrive in Mexico City but some people tried to sell me to a person from Sinaloa. I wanted to slip away from these men but they continued to follow the Caravan. Not just me, they were following all the girls that were traveling alone. All the girls had to hide and never sleep too long. If we leave our countries, it is to get away from or distance ourselves, avoid violence, and have peace and tranquility. I was crying then because of the same stuff, no? There was danger in Honduras and now it was becoming dangerous here in Mexico. I remember it was a Thursday night, we would wait for the connection to charge our phones to communicate with our families. I made a decision as I knew there was no way to keep hiding from these men so I escaped from the area to give myself to the Federal Police to be sent back to Honduras. They took all my information, a photo of me, my identification, and even my bags were in the backseat of the car when the human rights group *Pueblos sin Fronteras* arrived. They told the police that I wasn't leaving because I wanted to but because of fear of sex trafficking. It was as if the sun beamed straight into my heart when they stepped between the police and me. I want to finish my education. I like journalism. I want to study journalism. One day I hope to be able to help somebody else, somebody else who is not as lucky as I have been.