

There are a lot of people from where I lived that have suffered a lot. Some have been killed, some even by machete. Some days we walked the entire day. Some days people would help us to pay for the bus and one day when we were far from the road they robbed us of everything, they stole everything and we had to come begging for food for the baby. They would do whatever they wanted to us because sometimes we were worth nothing down that road. They stole everything, everything we had they stole. And they locked us in a small booth and they even put a knife on my stomach. Then sleeping in the wilderness for one month. In giant patches of grass, hiding. One month of enduring hunger, enduring the sun, and sometimes no water. Yes, my baby came scratched on the face, when we came here he was hurt. We even had to pass a place full of thorny plants, and I had thorns in my feet, in my hands. We had to run because there was what you might call a hitman on the way. It takes a lot to throw ourselves like this into the world to see what would happen the way we have had to because there's no other choice. When one leaves like this, racing; no, this road isn't easy. But through work and with each new day and people helping, I can begin to forget a bit of the past, of what we lived. We'll see how we go and one day have something to hold onto.