

Lesly Flores, 16 years old

My Mother's Journey to America

As she said her last goodbyes and took one last look at her kids, she wandered off into the darkness. Her journey now begins without looking back. It was not easy for my mother to travel from her home country, Honduras, to the U.S., especially because it was a very long journey. She traveled with 20 other people, and on the first day they left, they only took a backpack with 3 different outfits of clothes. At first, they all traveled in a car, which passed by several cities. As my mother looked out the window, she realized how much she would miss her beautiful home country. Next, she had to canoe across a river from Guatemala to the Mexican border. Everyone had to squish together in order to fit in. It was a dangerous ride, but eventually they made it. When arriving at the Mexican border, they only ate 1 lunch a day and had to sleep on the ground for many days. My mother started to wonder if this journey was really worth it, but remembered that she had to stay strong for her family and the American Dream was what she wanted. During the night, she crossed a swamp where it led to her losing her toenails. When they finally reached the end, they went towards a country house where they were welcomed and allowed to remain for two nights. Those two nights while my mother slept in a bed had gone by so quickly, but she felt very rested and grateful. They then continued their journey by car to a city named Tampico, where they boarded a small boat and sailed across to Carmen Island. Her boat experience was not a good one because she came across very angry waves, but when it felt like forever, they arrived at the dock. Then they traveled in a car once again to another location before setting off on a two-day hike through the desert. Only a gallon of water and a can of corn were provided. They eventually made it through the desert and got into a car that picked them up and drove them to the U.S. They endured a very long voyage during which they suffered in many different ways, but thanks to God, they all survived. This is why my mother is my biggest inspiration, because it took courage to go through what she did in order to come to the U.S. and live the American dream.