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## A Journey To A New Life

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# A Journey to a New Life

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Stephanie Brito

I remember the story as if it was told yesterday. It was summer, we were sitting outside in our backyard listening to old Spanish music. The fresh air was hitting our faces, the sun was setting, and the sky was clear and blue. After the sun went down the only light source we had was the shining moon and the stars. My sister asked my parents to tell us the story of how they came to the United States. My father was the first to tell his story. He said he came to the United States for the first time when he was eighteen, but that wasn't the time he came to stay. My parents' and my sister's journey to stay in the United States didn't start until 1990. They overcame many obstacles to achieve their main goal: the American Dream.

My dad came to the United States by himself in July of 1990 in order to have a stable job and a home ready for my mom and sister after their arrival later that year. My father's brothers had told him to go up North to find better job opportunities, better paying jobs. He flew in from México, Distrito Federal to Tijuana where one of his brothers was waiting for him at the airport. He was left at a nearby hotel where one of his cousins was supposed to pick him up.

His cousin was a coyote and smuggled people into the United States for a living. This time, however, he did not bother to show up and instead sent someone else to pick my father up from the hotel. They took a taxi to the border. The taxi driver told them to get out of the car as quick as possible and run to the gated area because if they stood there it would be easier to get caught. A woman picked them up. She guided them and they walked from midnight until six in the morning in order to reach their destination: San Diego.

They later got to a house and stayed there from Sunday to Wednesday evening. My dad, along with three other people, got picked up and were taken to the train station. They were to take a train from San Diego to San Juan Capistrano. After going through so many obstacles, he reached Santa Ana, where he was going to get picked up by one of his brothers who lived nearby. He said it took him at least one month to find a stable job in order to earn enough money to pay for both my mom's and sister's arrival. It was 10 p.m. when my father finished his story. All we could hear was his silence.

My mother began telling her story. Her journey continued four months after my father's story left off. My mom and sister flew out of México D.F. to Tijuana in the morning. The same uncle who picked my dad up picked both my mom and sister up at the airport. They got to Tijuana and my uncle took them both to eat breakfast. After they finished they went on their way to find the man who was going to help them cross the border. He said they couldn't cross that day because there were a lot of people patrolling the border so instead they went to go buy blankets. That same night, the man took both of them to a hotel to spend the night in order to wake up early and be ready to cross.

He returned the next day to pick them up and left them at the house of the coyote. This coyote helped them across and left them in a McDonald's. At the restaurant they met with the person who was going to take them to meet my dad and uncle. Finally, they were reunited as a family, together, trying to achieve the "American Dream" they had all worked so hard for. After my mom told her story the silence was interrupted by her sobbing. My mom's sobbing and the crickets.