The worst experience. Part 3.

On the third day, the ten of us that remained, we were trying to survive.

We got to a freeway.

Yeah, we got there and one of my companions, who was from El Salvador…

That guy, he knew how to speak English.

We waited until nightfall…

…and in the distance we could see the light of a gas station.

And luckily…

…the ten of us were able to put together thirty-two dollars.

And with that we bought food. Wheat bread, soda…

…and ham. I don’t remember. But after eight days of not eating…

…that was enough to get us all excited.

On the way back, we started to eat and I remember that eating the sandwiches…

…the sandwich I made for myself was…

…well, it was something that…

…I remember that everyone, we were all eating together, that from the excitement…

…I don’t know, I imagine…

…we were so excited that we didn’t notice…

…that we were in the suburbs, and there were some houses and everything.

And I think that it was in that moment when my companion…

…went to get food, that the Border Patrol followed him.

Because he got back, and we had just started to eat.

We heard the sounds of someone walking and suddenly they turned the lights on.

And they got us. There were like ten Border Patrol trucks.

They told us to get up. “Get up!”

And I remember we told them: “Don’t be mean.”

“Let us eat.” And yeah…

…they let us eat. The Border Patrol wasn’t mean to us.

They gave us water. They checked that…

…the women—there were three women: my wife…

…and two other girls, who were okay healthwise.

They asked if anybody needed medical help.

I think we were there like fifteen minutes. I don’t remember exactly.

They took us to different places because we were three Mexicans:

My wife, another guy and me. We were the Mexicans of the group.

The rest were from El Salvador.

Or from Honduras.

If we look at that period of time…

…when we were lost in the desert,

Where there was just my companions, the desert, the solitude…

…God was always with us during that time.

And we became really good friends. We were like brothers in that moment.

The guy decided to leave. And I remember we shared information…

Really quickly, because we wanted to know what happened to each other later.

And in that moment…

…well, that was the first time I was living through that.

We nearly died along the way. There were moments when…

…we were walking, and we could only take one step. And another step.

And we’d faint and collapse.

And when we take up again, we’d find a little bit more…

…a little bit more strength again.

And we’d keep walking. And that was how we survived.

After the Border Patrol took us, we were detained for like two days.

Yeah, we were detained in Texas for two days.

They took us out and deported us.

When they deported us, it wasn’t complicated, because…

…they sent the two of us together.

This was the first time I tried to cross.

Yeah, it was the first time I tried to cross. It was…

…one of the roughest experiences, because I almost lost my life.

But I survived, even though for our families, we were already dead.