Moving to the US was one of the hardest challenges I have ever faced. Being raised as a person who would spend his days at home with his grandma a little brother, being sent away changed everything. One day I was going to school and meeting with all the people from the classroom and going back home to be with my family all day until nightfall and repeat the cycle. The beautiful cycle of a childhood that can only be remembered now. From that I became acquittance with the only friend I knew would never leave my back, loneliness! Even though I was sent with my uncle and aunt to live with them, they would spend most of the time out of home and when they would be back, I would not see them. At school, the story was not so different. I was afraid of communicating with people, because I was either too shy or did not have the words in the language to speak.

The distance from my parents’ home was close to 1-2 hours and an international bridge away from where I lived with my uncles. The distance might not of being as much as others could have experienced. I was able to visit my father’s house almost every weekend but did not mean that it was enough to help me feel better.

My language skills were bad as a non-English speaker. I tried to learn as much words and phrases as possible in the least amount of time. Up to the point that I decided to write a little “diary” to keep track of some of my days, and here I will give an exert from them. An exert of a little youngster who was trying his best to communicate in a language he did not understand. In a place where he did not feel belonging. In a world that did not seem right to him, but he had to try…

*“August 31, 2009.*

*So... I don’t are sure how start but this is the begin… All history begin when I accept go to Usa for learn English, in the start that seems like a good idea buy my first day… that dream broke. All here its so weird and different than Mexico, but I try… all person (or the mostly) scar me… I don’t know any about anybody… I miss my house, my parents… my family, my life… I wish that this year run away and I learn enough English for come back, but I swear me… I will learn the English got a good job and a excellent life, this is like a little diary, I’m not sure that I will write all days because the time and works are so hard… but I’m not happy… I’m not sad… only I’m… like me..., I wish a better but the dreams sometimes are impossible, I’ll try…. My calcifications in Mexico was excellent… but only was… here I’m don’t sure… all things that I believe…. Was only a thousand of lies… I have 1 week here and I don’t feel bad, but happy too… still I have a new “friends” or something else… here I’m not sure that I’m doing but I try… do my best effort, and I’m not lying, I’ll come my promise true…”*

I remember becoming 14 years old about a week or so after I moved to the US. I planned to have a little get-together with my friends from Mexico for my birthday, in the plaza where we all got together before. I invited 10 or so friends. I was excited to see my friends because I had 3 months or so without seeing them. However, the day came, and only one friend showed up, and arrived 1 hour or so late.