

2 American Frontiers

What kinds of walls exist in the United States?

1 The history of the border ?

- A. Look at the still. Compare both sides. In your opinion, why did they build the wall?
- B. Watch the video and take notes about: historical events, the border, divisions.
- C. What is the position of American presidents on the subject?
- D. Explain how things have evolved since 2001. *More families are trying to cross the border...*

HELP!

- boundary
- conflict zone
- draw a border
- natural border

VIDEO N°02



2 It's a long road to the "Land of Milk and Honey" 📄

- A. Read the text and turn to **Worksheet n°01** for help.

- B. How does the narrator feel? Justify your answer.
- C. Sum up the text in your own words.

Back then, all we wanted was the simplest things: to eat good food, to sleep at night, to smile, to laugh, to be well. We felt it was our right, as much as it was anyone's, to have those things. Of course, when I think about it now, I see

that I was naive. I was blinded by the swell of hope and the promise of possibility. I assumed that everything that would go wrong in our lives already had.

Thirty hours after crossing the border, we arrived, the three of us in the backseat of a red pickup truck that smelled of cigarette smoke and gasoline.

"Wake up," I whispered, nudging Maribel as the driver turned into a parking lot.

"Hmmm?"

"We're here, *hija*."

"Where?" Maribel asked.

"Delaware."

She blinked at me in the dark.

Arturo was sitting on the other side of us. "Is she okay?" he asked.

"Don't worry," I said. "She's fine."

It was just after sunset and darkness bled in from the outer reaches of the sky. A few minutes earlier, we'd been on a busy

road, driving through four-way intersections, past strip malls and fast-food restaurants, but as we neared the apartment building, all of that had given way. The last thing I saw before we turned onto the long gravel lane that led to the parking lot was an abandoned auto body shop, its hand-painted sign on the ground, propped up against the gray stucco facade. [...] Arturo climbed out first, straightened his cowboy hat, and surveyed the building. Two stories, made of cinder blocks and cement, an outdoor walkway that ran the length of the second floor with metal staircases at either end, pieces of broken Styrofoam in the grass, a chain-link fence along the perimeter of the lot, cracks in the asphalt. I had expected it to be nicer. Something with white shutters and red bricks, something with manicured shrubs and flower boxes in the windows. The way American houses looked in movies. This was the only option Arturo's new job had given us, though, and I told myself we were lucky to have it.

1 daughter (Spanish)

The Book of Unknown Americans,
Cristina Henríquez, 2014

