

During a weekend in the summer of 2007 I was invited to go to the park with a friend. We went walking along the street to get to the park. We were talking about what was happening in our lives and when we got there we started playing around. we played soccer and run and played other things. We played everything and during one of those games my friend fell but she didn't get hurt so we just started laughing and went back home.

The day I told my friend that I was leaving to the United States she got really sad because she said that I was her only friend. Well, when I was leaving everyone was crying because everyone said that I was such a good girl that loved school and that I was always playful. And when I got on the truck to leave it was so sad for me because when I saw my grandma crying she was saying "porque me quitan todo lo que mas amo en esta vida." So everytime I remember these times I remember her words and it always makes me really sad. I ask myself "porque me tuvo que venir si ella fue lo mejor que e tenido en la vida?"

When I got to the United States and saw my neighbors, I thought that everyone was going to be the same as the kids in Honduras, that we would be able to play in the streets without any danger. I remember one day that I went outside to play with my siblings, my mom came out and told us not to play outside. I asked her why and she said we couldn't be outside because our neighbors always carry guns. When my mom told me this I didn't care so I still went out everyday to play.

One day I went outside to play ball and a big group of people in my neighbor's house came out to have a dog fight. Because one of the people who wanted to win didn't win, they took out their guns and started shooting up in the air and so I quickly ran inside. Since then I never played outside again. In Honduras, it wasn't the same. In Honduras we could play without worrying, there was no danger of people watching you or worry because they are going to kill you. In other words, there was no problem going out, there were times we went out to play until like 10 or 12 at night and nothing would happen to us. These were good innocent games and what bothers me the most is that here you can't go out anywhere because we have this fear within us. Another thing that I don't like is that here in the US you barely celebrate independence day. In Honduras we have parades with drums, music, women and young people dancing, parade kings and queens on decorated cars going through the whole neighborhood and here you just stay indoors all the time. This is what I think is the difference between the US and Honduras.