

Difference

It was a normal Sunday in 2010 in Gularahada, Mexico. Me and my cousin were playing with a pack of dogs and the church bells ringing. His name was Pichichi. My uncle and my dad had just come working at the farm. He came with some of his cousins too. They brought a whole bunch of bananas. We lived in a big two story house that was made by my grandparents in the eighties. There lived, my mom, my dad my grandma, MY grandpa and some of my aunts and uncles. We were making tortillas and carne asada on my grandmas make-shift comal or grill she made out of wood and scrap metal.

The next day I went to go buy food with my uncle at the market. When we came back we made soup and corn. Then all of the sudden my mom and my dad said we were moving to America. My dad said because he could find better work there. And my mom wanted a better life and have kids there. We lived there before but then my mom and my dad decided to go back and then leave four years later. I did not really care because I was only four.

We only had a week until we had to leave for our plane. I spent that week doing what any other little kid would do. But when we were ready to leave I said goodbye to my relatives and left in the car. We drove for three hours taking only 3 pit stops. But when we arrived there, I was excited to get on a plane for the first time in my life. When they called our flight we quickly walked to the entrance of the plane and then got on. At first I did not understand the man. But then a lady said the same thing in Spanish. We buckled our seat belts and headed for Salt Lake City, Utah. There we settled in a four story house with a big yard. It had a lot of good view. There it snowed a lot which I was not adjusted to.

A month later I got a tricycle for Christmas. It was yellow and red. One day I was riding on it when it turned on the ice. I facepalmed into the snow got up and started eating it. The snow was light and fluffy. My mom recorded this too. But we still made the same good food we ate in Mexico. A couple months later my brother was born. When he was born had some fat cheeks. My mom told me that when he was sleeping in his crib I slapped him in the face. Ever since we have not had a great relationship. But anyway that's how we got here. We have had a good life.

The end