

anxiously. Soon they will be shoved into a packed jail cell, then deported. As they mill about, a rumor starts going around: a train headed north is leaving at ten a.m.

I *can't* miss it, Enrique says to himself. Urgently, he looks around. How can he escape? Walls surround the patio, and *migra* agents are standing nearby.

Enrique sees an old bicycle leaning against the wall. Now he watches *la migra* carefully. For a moment they look distracted; he climbs on top of the bicycle. Other migrants hoist him higher. He grabs a water pipe and pulls himself over the wall and onto the roof of an adjoining house. He jumps, and the soles of his feet smack onto the ground. His head pounds; it is still swollen from being battered.

But he is free.

Before *la migra* can notice, Enrique runs back toward the cemetery to hide until ten a.m. At the first rumble of the departing train, the cemetery comes to life as dozens of migrants, children among them, appear from behind the bushes, trees, and tombs where they have been hiding.

On this day, March 26, 2000, Enrique is among them.

Two days ago he was battered in Las Anonas; yesterday he was shuttled back to Guatemala on the deportation bus. Now he and the other migrants run on trails between the graves and dash headlong down a hill. A sewage canal, twenty feet wide, separates them from the train rails. They cross the canal on seven stones, jumping from one to another over a nauseating stream of black water. They gather on the other side, shaking the dampness from their feet. Now they are only yards from the rails.