

like Enrique's overturned with a load of sand, burying three migrants alive. In another spot, six hoppers tumbled over. The cars' rusty remains lie scattered, upside down, next to the tracks.

Enrique was once on a train that derailed. His car lurched so violently that he briefly thought of jumping off to save himself. Enrique rarely lets himself admit to being afraid, but he is scared that his car might tip. He holds on with both hands.

In spite of his fear, Enrique is struck by the magic of the train—its power and speed, and, above all, its ability to take him to his mother. To Enrique, it is *El Caballo de Hierro*, The Iron Horse.

Other migrants believe the train has a noble purpose. Sometimes the train tops are packed with migrants, all facing north, toward a new land. *El Tren Peregrino*, they call it. The Pilgrim's Train.

The train picks up speed. It passes a brown river that smells of sewage. A dark form emerges ahead. Migrants at the front of the train call back a warning over the train's deafening din. They sound an alarm, migrant to migrant, car to car. "*¡Rama!*" the migrants yell. "Branch!" The train is hurtling toward a thick canopy of tree branches.

Enrique and the other riders sway in unison, ducking the same branches—left, then right. One moment of carelessness—a glance down at a watch, a look toward the back of the train at the wrong moment—and the branches will hurl them into the air.