

ahead to tell agents where migrants are hidden and how many are on each train.

Enrique scrambles to his feet and races along the top of the train, soaring across the four-foot gaps between cars. As he runs, three agents run alongside him on the ground, pelting him with rocks and sticks. Stones clang against the metal.

“¡Alto! ¡Alto! Stop! Stop!” the agents holler.

There is no ladder all the way to the top. The only way agents can reach him is to straddle their legs across two adjoining boxcars, using the horizontal ridges on the ends of the car to inch higher. Maybe they won't come up after him.

“¡Bájate! Get down!” they shout. They curse him.

“No! I'm not coming down!” he shouts back.

The agents summon reinforcements. One starts to climb, shimmying up the side of the boxcar.

Enrique flees from car to car, more than twenty cars in all, struggling to keep his footing each time he leaps from a hopper to a fuel tanker, which is lower and has a rounded top. He is running out of train to stand on. He will have to jump off and go around the La Arrocera checkpoint on foot, alone. It may be suicidal, but he has no choice. More stones fly through the air. They miss him and bounce off the train with a *ping*. Enrique scurries down a ladder and sprints into the bushes.

As Enrique runs, he hears what he thinks are gunshots behind him. Mexican immigration agents are prohibited from carrying firearms. According to a retired agent, however, most ignore the rule and carry pistols anyway. Workers at a local