

migrant shelter tell of migrants who have been hit by bullets. Others tell of torture. Enrique once met a man whose chest was scarred with cigarette burns. The man told him that a *migra* agent at La Arrocerá branded him.

In the brush, though, Enrique worries less about agents than about what awaits him in the woods. Swarms of bandits, some carrying Uzis, some on drugs, patrol this three-mile dirt path he will have to use to go around La Arrocerá. Whereas gangsters rule on the train tops, bandits stay in isolated areas like this. Human rights activists and some police agencies say these bandits commit some of the worst atrocities—rapes and torture. They split what they steal from their victims with the police, who allow them to operate freely.

Migrants hide their money in case they are caught by robbers. Some stitch it into the seams of their pants. Others put a bit in their shoes, a bit in their shirts, or a few coins in their mouths. Still others tuck money into their underwear. Others hollow out mangoes, drop their pesos inside, then pretend to be eating the fruit.

Enrique figures he doesn't have enough money to bother hiding it. He knows bandits catch on to these hiding places, anyway: they split open waistbands, collars, and cuffs looking for money. Local residents see groups of migrants walking down dirt roads naked, stripped of everything, just as Enrique had been, back in Las Anonas.

Migrants who fight back are beaten—or worse. The bandits warn: If you say anything to the authorities, we will find you and kill you.