

and vines. One bandit fishes in the river or cuts grass with a machete, like a fieldworker, and whistles to the others to set a trap.

Enrique dashes across the bridge and keeps his pace. If there are bandits in the distance, he does not notice them. Mountains stand to his right. The ground is so wet that farmers grow rice between their rows of corn. He can feel humidity rising from the loamy earth. It saps his energy, but he runs on.

Finally, he stops, doubled over, panting.

He is not sure why, but he has survived La Arrocera. Maybe it was his extra caution; maybe it was that he never stopped running; maybe it was his decision to hide atop the boxcar instead of jumping off immediately, which meant that bandits targeted migrants ahead of him.

He is desperate for water. He spots a house.

The people inside are not likely to give him any. The people of Chiapas are fed up with Central American migrants. Central Americans are poorer than Mexicans, and here they are seen as backward and ignorant. People think they bring disease, prostitution, and crime and take away jobs. They tell of a man from Chiapas who sold chickens in a market and was kind to outsiders. He gave three Salvadorans a place to sleep, and work slaughtering and plucking birds. The Salvadorans robbed and killed him.

Migrants like Enrique are called "stinking undocumented." They are cursed, taunted. Dogs are set upon them. Barefoot children throw rocks at them. Some use slingshots and shout, "Go to work!" and "Get out! Get out!"