

this far means conquering the toughest part of the journey. As one migrant put it, "When I get to this point, I begin to sing hallelujah."

Enrique greets the dawn without incident. The stars recede. The sky lightens behind the mountains to the east, and mist rises off the fields on both sides of the tracks. Men trot by on burros with tin milk containers strapped to their saddles, starting their morning deliveries.

He puts Chiapas behind him. He still has far to go, but he has faced this beast of a state eight times now, and he has lived through it. It is an achievement, and he is proud of it.

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Many migrants who first set out on the train with Enrique have been caught and deported. Others have fared worse; they are left broken by Chiapas. As Enrique slowly recovers from his beating, he hears horror stories from other migrants of riders who are mutilated by the train itself.

The Red Cross estimates that every other day in Chiapas alone, a migrant riding the freight trains loses an arm, leg, hand, or foot. This estimate does not include people who die instantly. One police chief keeps snapshots of the dead in a black book. He keeps the book handy, hoping someone will identify the bodies. No one ever comes to look.

A young Honduran seventeen-year-old, Carlos Roberto Díaz Osorto, lies in bed number 1 of the trauma unit at Hospital Civil in southern Mexico. Four days before he was