

Mama was smart, sensible mostly.

I'm so exhausted. This week was long, I felt like it should have ended days ago.

What did I do to deserve this one week?

Nothing.

Then why did it happen?

Let me rewind.

Maybe I'll understand a little better.

It was because of the fight.

If Lana and I had decided to make up like Mama said we should maybe this wouldn't have happened.

She knew we wouldn't, we never do.

We always fight.

Not like normal sisters.

We fight.

I remember one time when me and Lana, *Lana and I* as Mama would tell me to say, began to yell at each other when we were in the fancy plaza with all of the stores from Los Estados Unidos. I still remember the reason. She wanted to throw her coin into the fountain first but I had already thrown my penny in. For some reason she just started screaming at me that I stole her wish or something like that. It was really dumb. Mama got so mad at us afterwards we didn't fight for two whole days.

Oh what I would give right now for Mama's disapproving face looking at me telling me, "¿Niña, como puedes decir eso?" or "Estoy tratando de enseñarte como hablar en inglés." "*Girl, how could you say that?*" or "*I'm trying to teach you how to speak English.*" To see her say anything really.

Great, now I can't stop thinking about the "move".

Of course we had to leave right before secundaria. Mama said it was so we wouldn't get attached to any friends. We already were attached to our friends, our friends from primaria.

Now I won't be able to call Alejandra, or Lucia. Mama says it's too expensive in Los Estados Unidos.

Mama said after the move we could find Papa. She knew that she was saying a lie. It was the only thing I held on to as we went through the river and sat in the musty truck, waiting for the border officials to let us pass. Little did I know she was hoping for it to be true too.

It really, truly all started with that fight. I got so mad I went to Lucia's house and didn't tell anyone. Mama got so scared. I didn't think she would react like that.

We were only fighting because Lana told Renata that I liked her brother Mateo. It's not that I don't like him. It's just that we were really good friends and I didn't want to ruin the friendship that we already had. Besides I didn't even tell Lana. That means that she was snooping in my journal again.

The last time she did that I didn't talk to her for five days. I only talked to her because she stole my new chiffon top and I couldn't just let her get away with that. Sometimes I think that I could just, just... I don't know. I just can't stand her sometimes. You know?

Anyways, that time I saw Mama in the Principal's office telling her something. I wish I knew what it was. All I saw was that the Principal and Mama hugged after they talked. I thought maybe we had heard some bad news about Papa, but Mama never mentioned her talk and I never saw her even remotely near the school afterwards.

But after *this* fight I would catch Mama staring at a picture of Papa or once I saw her talking to the photo. I tried to eavesdrop but all I heard was, "Tengo miedo por las niñas. No se que hacer." *"I'm scared for the girls. I don't know what to do."*

Then one day she just told us to pack our bags with anything we would ever need. We were leaving Cananea. I've lived in Cananea all my life, but Mama comes from an even smaller town down south.

I love Cananea because it has such a rich history. The revolución started in my small little town. Now it's only a small mining town that gets a fair amount of tourism.

After Papa left, Mama would cook amazing meals for the miners for only 20 pesos a meal. It was very hard and Papa was supposed to send us money to help. Only, his letters never came. Mama said it was because he was saving up, but I knew better. Why would he be saving up for a year and a half? If Papa had gotten to Los Estados Unidos then he would have sent us money as soon as he got it, right?

I don't know. I should be going to sleep.

But I can't stop thinking about the wetness and the darkness and the mustiness.

We had to cross the Santa Cruz river twice to get to Nogales, our crossing point. By the time we got there our clothes had dried on our backs. They felt stiff and starchy. If we were in Cananea buying clothes Mama would have never let us get these ones. Even if everyone was wearing them.

Mama was smart, sensible mostly. She knew what would be best for us. Like the time she had to convince us that soft clothes are better, even if they are out of style. I don't know why but me and Lana wanted all the clothes that the miners' kids got to wear. Mama forced us to get good comfy clothes and we felt like outsiders.

That was normal. Ever since Papa left, all the kids have treated us like outsiders. That is, except for Alejandra, Lucia, and Mateo. They were the only people that helped me get up after he left. I trusted them more than anyone, except Mama.

We had to leave them behind with our old lives, our old house, and our old memories. That was the hardest. I didn't mind leaving the dusty street where all you could ever strive to be was a miner or a miner's wife. I didn't mind leaving the teachers who wished they could be anywhere else. I didn't mind walking away from the alienation of the other children. I didn't mind leaving the creaky house with all of its leaks and sounds.

I did mind leaving my friends though. Now I have to start all over, in a new town, a new school, with new kids. As soon as we crossed over Mama had to find us a place to live for the time being. She talked to a lot of people and I eventually found myself on a bed at a stranger's house on the side of Nogales that is in Arizona.

That's it. We're all caught up.

Mama's been asking around for Papa, though I don't think she'll find him.

I guess I should probably get to sleep.

Sweet dreams Rosa, sweet dreams.