

## Marzipan

Every Friday back at home in San Luis Potosí my home town my mother would surprise me with a small rose marzipan candy since we were poor this was the highlight of my week . No it was my birthday and a Friday but there was no marzipan candy and the only one singing was me after all I was her in Texas and my mother was still home in San Luis Potosí

That night I thought of how my mother and I argued about me coming here she said I would have more opportunities things that she never got in here life but I couldn't bring myself to leave her yet I'm here why

Ma used to sing me song whenever pa died and brother when ever we thought there was nothing left she sang her voice like an angels

Shhhh

Shhhh little one I'm here

When you know not worse know that I'm here

And know that there's better in this dark abyssssssss

All I want now is that song

The 300 dollars that town mom 6 months to Dave's down to 250 that's supposed to last me till I can get a job but it doesn't look like I'll be getting one soon

"Need any help" said the attendant

"Um...." I didn't know who to reply I've only practiced English for 3 weeks so I just said no but that wasn't true I didn't know where the bread was but I guess I could use leftover tortillas the ones from weeks ago with the mold the ones that I tell with me I could bring myself to do that so I asked for "el pan, bread tried to tremble in English

"Oh you're looking for bread aisle sevSiete" later that night I ate a Peanut butter sandwich

I'm lucky I found a job it doesn't pay much but but I just put people's food in bag. I was surprised of how much food these places have at one place I use to have to milk a cow for half an hour to get the milk that's lined up like soldiers on cold metal shelves

"How's your day " A lady who I was bagging up her groceries up " bueno" I told her in a cheerful tone I was in such a good mood because I had just been informed of a group for immigrants like

me."Ma'am sorry but could you speak English I don't know what ever language your talking also this is America let's speak what everyone else is honey ok", I didn't understand her but I could tell she was annoyed I said "what " then she walked off with her bags saying "better" I didn't let it bother me because of course to me it just sounded like foreign nonsense.

I could walk to the church that the immigrants group meeting is since it was so close I was lucky because then I didn't have to pay for a bus far as i walk into the room the meeting held in I see people of all colors and races I sat next to a woman who said she came here from North Korea with he r2 children to escape the oppression we had these cool interpreters so we could communicate I was so interested in her story at the next meeting I sat next to her since she was there as well being with somebody who was also new here looking for a better life I befriended her and took a page from her book being that she had 2 children with her

A few meetings later I had to talk about my struggles and success in my immigration adventure. So I stood up there and talked I said

Hi my names Maria and in 16 I came here form Poor town in Mexico by myself with 300 dollars which I'm sure compared to some of y'all is nothing heh but I always wondered when I came here if I would be. Excepted if people would judge me and um in my job heh a lady came up to me criticizing that I didn't know English at the time but I was so curious about what she said I remembered her words and learned the language when I found out she was being rude I didn't know what to do my mother told me it would be like this and I know this isn't bad but for something that I can't control something that I was born with grow up with my launge my race doesn't diffin me I can learn and I did I can adapt and I did I adapted more than that lady ever did because I'm an immigrant I worked hard to ... survive no , to live not just survive

The day after I spoke I came to my friend the mothers home as I walked in I saw 2 children sit at the table that I soon was myself my friend who's name was kim in English she had made a delicious tea that I slowly drank while we were silently drinking her tea she grabbed my hand and told me that when she crossed the border of North Korea her husband had to stay behind but he had planned on going he got caught and as her and her kids we out of harm's way the watch as the love of her life was shot down like the creek of a wood floor during a silent night the drop of a rock in a still pond a car ona flat road. I looked up to see what I thought was

saddens but was grateful ness she said that she was grateful that the man she loved sacrificed Himself so that his family could live

5 years later I still visit Kim and her kids who are growing like beanstalks and theve taken quite a liking to me I was happy in a life in Texas which was also a life without my mother the reason I still come to Kim's is to comfort myself to be around someone that also lost the love of their life to somebody else ,my dad and brothers,while in Mexico they toke a bad job from a bad man they had to sights drugs and their daughter/ sister across the border.they were caught but not me sometimes I wish I was caught so maybe I didn't have to live with the sadness that I live with and living without them.

Pound

Knock

Tap on the door

Open the door

A force swept me off my feet

A faint"hola"

Then the words

Shhhh

Shhhh little one I'm here

When you know not worse know that I'm here

And know that there's better in this daabysssssss

With the voice of an angle ,ma