

Jorge B Rodriguez

Ms. Karella Castaneda

English Composition I

March 23, 2018

### My First Trip to The United State

My first trip to the United State was an unforgettable story. An experience that made me learn something about me. In 2001, I was in Cuba. I working in the accounting area as the main accountant of a photography and food store, the currency of money was the cuc, the named of currency at that time was convertible pesos. I was preparing my trip to the United States, across Mexico. My friends Guillermo and Elena invited to me with an invitation letter for I can travel to Mexico with a permitted visa for three-month. It is here when my trip begins.

First of all, I want to tell you how the process of the trip in Cuban work, it was my first time that I left the country, so I was very happy, as every Cuban had to get the visa through immigration which had to be approved by that institution to be able to leave. The lines were endless for a whole day to be attended and afterwards I was given the visa approval. In my work I had to leave everything organized and I had an audit before leaving and the result was satisfactory, it was that I requested my resignation at work to be able to travel because it was a problem at that moment to go anywhere and be in a job. They didn't allow to do it. I also sold my apartment that I had in the Vedado, Havana, for seven thousand dollars for finance my trip. My Mexican friends, I met them at a business fair here in Havana, we made a good relationship and I went with them to my house, we shared several things together, we went to different places and that was why they invited me to Mexico and they gave me the invitation letter. They were already waiting for me in Mexico,

and they explained to me that when I arrived at the airport, he was waiting for me with a sign that said my name, so I would not get lost.

The great day of travel arrived, there in the airport was my friend Arturo, a wonderful person who helped me a lot and was in good times and bad always giving support, he was a graduate in economics and he was the manager of food store and photography department. My daughter's brother was also with me, his name is Andrés, at that time he was only about 11 years old, he was small, he was always with me, my daughter is called Indira, she was not at the airport because she was very small and she had two years. I said goodbye to my family and all my friends closest to me. At the airport immigrations made the corresponding review process and once everything was checked. We went to the departure area of the plane. (Fig.1, Photo #1,2,3,4,5,6) (Google 1,2) (Wikipedia 1,2)

On the afternoon of June 15, 2001. I remember it was around 3:00 pm, when we entered the takeoff area. The plane finally took off as at 3:30 p.m. heading to Mexico. I was very excited and full of mixed feelings. For the first time, I left my land and I had many uncertainties because I did not know what I was going to find. The trip on the plane was two hours and forty-five minutes. On the plane I met two people from Mexican entrepreneurs who were very friendly with me and we talked the whole trip. They told me about their business in Mexico and we stayed to see one of those days that I was going to be there.

Later, we arrived in Mexican lands. The plane when it was flying over the airport began to move several times strongly, and that scared me a little but nothing happened. After the friends explained to me that it was for the mountains and that they were around the airport due to the pressures sometimes happened.

Fortunately, the plane makes landfall and I see that all the people begin to applaud as if in gratitude for having arrived without any delay. Once inside, an immigration officer begins to check my passport and my documents and the customs declaration. In the immigration review there were no problem and I went to the exit where my friend Guillermo was with a sign that it said my name "JORGE B RODRIGUEZ", There I turn to him and we embrace. I imagined how I was, a scared little animal looking to all sides and amazed by everything. (Fig.1, Photo #7) (Wikipedia 3)

Once in Mexico, my friend takes me to his house in a small light green car, it was a BW model. I looked at everything, it was my first time in a foreign country in the city many cars and movements are seen everywhere, too much congestion. The transfer from the airport to my friend's house was forty-five minutes. Until we got to his house, his wife Elena, was received to me, super cute, happy that I arrived. I started telling her how the trip was. In the house was Elena's mother, an elderly lady very quiet but mischievous. I say naughty because the lady made me a joke. She asks to me when I wanted to eat and she offers me beef with rice and salad, or if I wanted tacos and I quickly answered to her. I want meat since from where I come that there is not and she looks at me and smiles. I was stunned by the trip and I do not realize the joke that the lady was preparing me, so she took a red sauce and another green one and she puts it next to the plate next to the meat and the salad, there was also white rice. I began to eat was hungry from hunger and the meat looked great, when suddenly I taste my first bite and that thing started to bite hard and the lady was curly and curly. I had placed in the sauce a very strong spicy that only the Mexicans people eat and I was not used to it, I got up running and started to get fresh in my mouth and drink water desperately, that was an event that I will never forget and the Grandmother enjoying and laughing and laughing, until I spend little time. I asked the grandmother what she had done to her and the grandmother said all about it, son that's a habanero Chile sauce, one of the hottest here and the

world, grandmother Rosa tells me all funny. After having lived my first test of Mexican customs and it was an incredible experience and having finished my meal because I didn't stop eating that steak was a large savannah and I was very hungry old, as we Cubans say. After that event my friends Guillermo and Elena call me to take me to know the city of the D.F that was where I was at that moment. I go with them and they took me to a museum where there were many things about the history of Mexico and other articles of the War.

Another thing that caught my attention were some uniformed policemen who were everywhere with a different uniform to the policemen of my country with long, automatic weapons that's what it looked like, after that place we went to walk through the center of the city where I met the Mexican culture. The people every three meters had a stand where you could see the Tacos al Pastor. They are influenced by the cuisine of the Ottoman Empire, and they mix pork meat in a spin, with corn tortillas, pineapple, onion, cilantro, and a dose of lemon and spicy sauce.

There were also the Enchiladas, the tortillas folded and stuffed, vanadas of some sauce, could replace the center of the Mexican flag. The popular ones are the Swiss (which have nothing European), the red ones, the green ones (and the best if they are gratinated).

Another dish that I really liked was Guacamoles and not to think about guacamoles is to have no sense of fun. It is usually eaten with tortilla chips or nachos. All this I'm explaining because I was finding out about the subject, to have a general culture of Mexican food.

Other dishes that I saw in those places of point of sale were, the tamales wrapped in banana leaf very different from those of my country Cuba, also the Chilaquiles for a breakfast says that it raises a dead, they are made with pieces of fried corn tortilla , red or green sauce, cream of milk, onion, bank cheese, and optionally shredded eggs or chickens, the tortillas three milks, they say the queen of the Mexican desserts, the esquites to anyone who has visited Mexico, they have

touched the posts street vendors that sell glasses of corn grains, fallen with mayonnaise, cheese, lemon, chile and sauce.

Stuffed chiles, not all are spicy, made with cheese, meat, chicken, tuna, fish, seafood covered in sauce, gratins or weathered. The poblano mole, the tostadas, which are made with fried corn tortillas and, above all, the ingredients you want: seafood, ground beef, chicken, guacamole, and many more. The mince, the tortilla soup, the quesadillas, the pozole, the refried beans, the drowned cakes, the guacamoles, the impossible cake, the afrijoladas, dipped in bean sauce to suck your fingers. More dishes are the tlacoyos, the pork carnitas, tacos gobernador, and the huarache, a long corn tortilla, filled with beans and covered with a piece of meat or with eggs on both sides. For breakfast, my grandmother made me some divorced eggs that were delicious, like forgetting so much the starry eggs: one covered in red sauce and the other in green sauce, of course I was very careful not to get used to it in any way.

Once there in Mexico, I got to know many places and a lot of the culture of that country. Another thing that Mrs. Elena took me was to a place where many people met and it was to dance Mexican music, and I really liked the interesting thing was to know the culture and the new experiences lived at that time. Now I had to change my activity because my goal was to reach the United States. During this time my friends contacted a man who lived in Tamaulipas a state of the United States of Mexico. Its capital is city Victoria and its most populated city, Reynosa. It is located in the northeast region of the country is Mr. Francisco was in charge of leaving me at the border located in Matamoros and across the city of Brownsville, TX. The official name is Heroics Matamoros, it is a municipality and a city in the state of Tamaulipas, Mexico. It is the second most populated of Tamaulipas. It is located south of the mouth of the Rio Grande, bordering the border city of Brownsville, Texas. (Fig.2, Photo #8,9) (Google 6)

In Mexico City I was around a week. My friends prepared me the whole connection. Time to go, I said goodbye to them and thanked them for everything they did for me. Then I took a truck to the city of Tamaulipas. The way out was around 1:30 p.m. It was a two-day trip more less and I would be arriving in the morning of the next day where two girls that Mr. Francisco had sent to pick me up would be waiting for me. The crossing was very interesting, the beautiful landscapes, with many mountains around the road, on both sides it looked very dangerous, since the road was very narrow. The other thing that had to be alert was the reviews of the immigration officers. At certain points they make revisions to find illegal people traveling to the border. In my case I had all my documents in rules because my passport had a visa for three months in Mexico and when the truck made its stop and the officers checked I had no problems. Although I was a little worried in case they asked me a question about why I was traveling to Tamaulipas. I was going to tell them, but I was prepared and I was traveling to visit a friend. The trip was a long way, although I slept a lot at night and in the day looking at the whole landscape and the beautiful nature all around. (KPBS 5,6)

On the morning of June 30, 2001, it was a Saturday I arrived in the state of Tamaulipas, where two women were waiting for me with a sign that said my name. They received me very affectionate and they explained to me that they would take me to Mr. Francisco's house. They had a four-door sports car the model was a Mustang looked pretty new. Mr. Francisco, in my opinion, was dedicated to bringing some known people and by recommendation to a point near the border in the city of Matamoros, where the border bridge was located. He charged as one thousand dollars for taking people to that place. He charged me eight hundred dollars because he was very close to my friends of D.F. He was a professor at the University of mathematics, is what I remember more or less. At the house of Mr. Francisco, I was received for him and then he showed to me the room

it was a double berth and there were three people in the place, a Cuban woman who had traveled on the same plane that me, Cuba to Mexico. I know her there, her name is Marta, she didn't talk and was mysterious. She looked very uncertain and worried, but that was normal, she was making a risky trip because crossing to the United States across the border was not easy being relaxed. He gave us something to eat, I remember it was a bread with meat and tomato and soda. At dawn we had to leave for the bridge, we had to get up at 3a.m., to leave for Matamoros. The same two women who don't remember their names, were the ones who would take us to the bridge. That trip to the bridge was not very easy because you had to go through three checkpoints. They checked us and could detain us if they found something suspicious. But I was still with the same theory, I'm going to visit a friend in Matamoros in case they asked me something and my passport was in order and the visa was up to date. Supposedly there would be no problems. It was time to leave that early morning it was dark full of lightning and raining a lot. I think that was very positive because we went through all the checkpoints and none of us stopped, since the officers were inside and the water didn't let them check or they just didn't want to waste their time. It seemed to me that the time we left was a good strategy because they were asleep and the bad weather did not allow the guards to stop us. That was positive and it favored us a lot.

We arrived in Matamoros very early, the two girls arrived at a park called the Olympic Park, very close to the bridge. The Matamoros and Brownsville Bridge (MEX) - Ord Bridge, Express Bridge (USA). A concrete bridge with four lanes for cars (two ways and two coming), and a metal bridge for exclusive rail use. The Brownsville-Matamoros International Bridge is one of three international bridges that cross the border between the United States and Mexico, between the city of Brownsville (Texas). This International Bridge links the Matamoros-Brownsville metropolitan area. It is the fourth largest metropolitan area on the US-Mexico border. Upon my arrival in the city of Matamoros I remember that the city was full of advertisements and posters were in elections and a day was missing for July 4, the day that the independence of the United States of America is celebrated. Day that marks the signing of the declaration of independence in 1776, in which the country proclaimed its formal separation from the British Empire. We are already in the Olimpo Park. The women give us some coins to pay the toll and so we can cross over to the other side. Marta who was with me looked at me as scared and we got out of the car, you had practically nothing because according to Mr. Francisco us could not take any luggage, therefore only our clothes on and so we went straight to the Bridge, many mixed feelings, cravings for freedom. Once crossing the bridge that seemed like a movie we looked at each other and we looked forward to people crossing the world as if agitated, it was too much emotion and with many ideas in the head. I want to explain that Marta and I agreed to say in the bridge administration office that we were a couple so we could make the process easier. Well, that's what I believed. Today I realize that it didn't help. When we arrived at the part where the immigration officers were, I remember that I approached one. A big fat man, with a mustache, with a broad-brimmed hat and a very straight and straight star, with his gun to one side, very impressive was all that moment. Finally, I approached him and told him that I was Cuban and my girlfriend was also. That

we are there to ask for political asylum. He answered me and told me here we don't give political asylum. So, go back where you came from. Did the world shut up and all the dreams collapsed in a moment and she looked at me and all scared tells me and now what do we do? I answered quietly talk with another officer inside and ask who can attend or process to enter American land that is important. (Fig.3, Photo #10,11,12) (Google 8,9,10) (Wikipedia 9,10)

Once inside after a long wait they call me another officer and tells me what your name is and what I was doing here. I begin to explain. My name is Jorge B Rodriguez, I'm from Cuban just like my girlfriend we are here because we want to ask for political asylum. He very different from the other seems to want to help me and he tells me, go to another side and they are there to pass it in and be able to process them. After a long wait. It was already about 6:00 p.m., we call the officer and they give us double hamburger with chips and coke. Once we finished eating Marta and I began to process separately. In that time more Cubans came from Spain, like four boys and also began to process them. After two hours, I was taken to a room with a fence and there were two boys who had arrived from Spain. (Fig.4, Photo #13,14,15,16,17,18,19) (Google 9) (Traver on The Border 8,9)

Everything seemed to indicate that something was not right. It was already 11:30 p.m. at night, July 3, 2001. When suddenly another officer enters and begins to say that it was necessary to go. When it was already 12:05 a.m. and in July 4, 2001. We were transferred in a truck type bus where they transfer to the prisoners, to Marta I didn't return it to see because it wasn't transferred in the bus where I was. After a time of travel, we arrived at the detention center. PORT ISABEL, - Hidden in the middle of three hundred sixteen acres of land in the middle of nowhere, this is a place where hundreds of people await the day their lives change forever.

The Port Isabel Detention Center is a place where people with pending immigration status are held while the documentation process is resolved. This process can usually take several months. The field that was once a naval base and academy of the Border Patrol, has been a detention center since the sixties. I really couldn't believe what was happening to me. I kept calm and complying with all the orders and the truth was an unforgettable experience. It was a place like a prison, but it is different. In the processing center, detainees are interviewed, information is gathered about them, and they are prepared for entry into the complex. In total, the center has the capacity to house eight hundred fifty detainees in four dormitories, designated according to the military alphabet as alpha unit and beta unit, etc.

Of these, only one hundred six can be women, a similar proportion to the number of immigrants detained in the United States: eight men for every woman, officials said. The detainees wear uniforms of different colors according to their legal situation. A navy-blue uniform means they do not have a criminal history, an orange one a criminal story doesn't violent, and a red one that have a violent criminal history. Those in white uniforms are confident enough to do several jobs around the center. Detainees in blue and orange, red, but never blue, orange and red can mix, "so that they don't fall into a kind of predatory situation", detainees are also separated by sex since they cannot be mixed and those who require it They had them in isolation. "Behind the glass door of the alpha unit area, there were about fifty women, cots had been placed almost together in the middle of the room, in the back there was a long white bathroom curtain, and the noises from showers and toilets could be heard. Most of the inmates speak "Spanglish", which is the dominant language in the center. (Photo #20,21,22,23,24,25,26,27, 28) (Google 10,11) (EINH 10,11)

Detainees have a mandatory daily hour, in which they can play basketball, lift weights, jog, walk or play ping pong. The rest of the time is meticulously governed by a signature regime for entry and exit. With a pass the detainees can go to the library, cut their hair in the barbershop, go to religious services or see a doctor. In a medical center run by the federal Public Health Agency, Public Health Services (PHS), detainees can see a dentist, doctor or even a psychologist. The center even prides itself on having its own pharmacy that includes prosthetic parts. There is an anti-tuberculosis isolation unit (TIF) with capacity for up to seven people. Those who suffer from tuberculosis are isolated during the duration of their treatment. (Fig.5, Photo #29,30,31,32,33) (Google 12) (City of Houston Government Center 11,12)

Every detainee in the center receives a medical checkup with x-rays to detect tuberculosis and prevent infection, officials said. At dinner time, the detainees march in a single line to the dining room, where the detainees in white uniforms serve the food. They also help with the cleaning of the dishes. A specialist in dietetics prepares the menu. The cafeteria serves between 2 thousand seven hundred and two thousand eight hundred daily servings, according to the center's officers. I saw my friend Marta a couple of times from a distance because they don't let us be close. She was detained in the women's area. As time passed, they made me a general medical check, and about fifteen days later I received the news that I could leave. A week before I contacted two childhood friends one is called Felo and the other Manuel. Felo lived in the city of Mesa, Arizona and Manuel lived in Las Vegas. With them I spoke so that they would put me as a relative and so the center would give me the Paroled Humanitarian and allow me to leave there. I spent 15 days that seemed like an eternity. Marta was also taken out the same day, the husband picked her up and the others left for different directions, two went to California and three to Miami and I left for Las Vegas. My friends gave me a ticket to travel by plane. I was happy and I thinking that the

nightmare I was in had ended. Marta's husband took me to the airport in Brownsville, (Texas). Since I was there I said goodbye to them, they went to Miami and I went to Houston, to continue my trip to Las Vegas. While at the Houston airport, immigration officials asked me for documentation to check if everything was in order. I was afraid that everything frightened me and after being locked up for fifteen days, all this was a very big impact and the truth was not easy, as well as adding to that I was in a new country for me where everything was too fast and everything was the same as when a baby starts to walk and take his first steps. Take my plane to Las Vegas and finally reach my first destination. I already felt a little different breathing an air of freedom. When I arrived at the Las Vegas airport everything impressed me, it was a very strong change, giant television screens, and propaganda everywhere. My friends were waiting for me and it was very joyful to see them and we embraced and everything started again. They taught me a lot of things and Manuel put an old cart on me, but it was working and I took it to Mesa, AZ. There I used it for the entire time I was in that city. Arriving from one developed country to another, the most developed in the world, was a great change. (Fig.6, Photo #34,35,36) (Google 12,13)

When I was in Las Vegas, I began to complete all my paperwork to leave for the city of Mesa, AZ. Felo was waiting for me, he was the one who lived in Arizona. I was like two weeks living in Las Vegas, I knew many places, especially the casinos and many other places. Very nice everything. But my way was still. After two weeks, I leave for the city of Mesa. The trip was made by road, known as the Great Canon del Colorado, a colorful and steep gorge excavated by the Colorado River in northern Arizona, United States. It is located for the most part within the Grand Canyon National Park, one of the first natural parks in the United States. It was declared a World Heritage Site in 1979 by UNESCO. (Photo #37,38,39,40,41,42,43,44,45) (Viator.com 12,13)

I also got to know the Hoover Dam outside of Las Vegas when it was headed for the city of Mesa. Very beautiful place, beautiful landscape, too impressive the beauties that I could meet and take advantage of the opportunity that life was offering me. After a five-hour trip we finally arrived in the city of Mesa, with my car. It was a Nissan, blue. Upon arrival in the city, I met Felo's wife and daughters. Lovely girls Archy, Jasica, and Jenny. The city of Mesa is located in the county of Maricopa in the state of Arizona. It's like the third most populous city after Phoenix and Tucson. It is located next to the river Gila, a tributary of the Colorado. (Fig.7, Photo #46,47,48)

In the city of Mesa, AZ. I was living about four months. I worked at a company Asplum for the power line and earned eighteen dollar an hour, about two months after living at my friend Felo's house, I became independent and paid for my apartment and all my essential expenses such as rent, insurance, car, my food, clothes, and my personal tastes. I started a new stage in my life from scratch. I studied English on my own all afternoon I went to the library to study and little by little I started to grow and I also started helping my family in Cuba, as I studied computer programming, here as a short time I was going to fix computers of the person I knew and I already had my own clients, as well as I was saving to pay all my immigration procedures since that was good costs, the legal status was very important to have it well to be able to achieve better jobs and economic independence and freedom. (Photo #49,50,51,52) (Google 13)

On December 20, 2001, after spending about four months living in the city of Mesa, AZ. I decide to go to the city of Miami and prepare my trip, I said goodbye to my friends and take a bus belonging to the company Greyhound. I started my trip to the city of the sun. In Miami I had several friends and my brother who had arrived from Cuba had not been long. He won the visa lottery and the luck that accompanied him could come to the land of freedom in a plane without risk. I'm very happy for him because his dream came true. Also, in Miami I have two cousins who

already knew about my entire journey and everything I had lived in no time either. I told him I was going there. I took my Bus and started the trip to Miami, it was about thirty-five hours, that was more or less a day and a half. (Fig.8, Photo #53,54,55)

It was a pleasant experience of adventurers, I knew many places and I could appreciate the places and the beautiful landscapes of the states and cities where I passed. Learning from Miami is considered a global city of importance in finance, commerce, media, entertainment, arts and international trade. It is the headquarters of numerous central offices of companies, banks and television studios. It is also an international center of popular entertainment in television, music, fashion, film and performing arts. The port of Miami is considered the port that houses the largest volume of cruise ships in the world and is also the headquarters of several cruise line companies. In addition, the city has the largest concentration of international banks in the entire United States of America. That was one of the things because I made the decision to go live in Miami. Furthermore, I had my family, my brother and cousins and many friends who also knew from Cuba. I arrived in Miami, my brother and his friend of hers were waiting for me in the terminal and one of my cousins gave me his house for a short time, quickly I could organize myself looking for a rent and I started to live independently, I was paid my rent and my personal expenses. Fix my legal situation like five years of living in Miami. It was very difficult for me to obtain the green card after seeing several lawyers who took my case and none of them resulted. But in the end, I found one who could solve my case and I got the green card. A few months later I became a citizen of the United States of America. (Fig.9, Photo #56,57,58) (Google 14) (City of Miami Skyline 14,15)

Finally, I feel very proud of having arrived in this wonderful country and the one that cost me many efforts to reach and each one of the experiences that I lived on that trip, served and made me stronger and that is why I say that I learned many things about myself. For example, the courage to face the unknown, resist, tenacity, passion in what I wanted to achieve, not give up my desires and not surrender to obstacles. What was my teaching? "We can all achieve our dreams." The difficulties helped me to value what I now have and I can say that I'm free man and I'm in the United States, the richest, most powerful and influential country on Earth. Therefore, my trip wasn't in vain and all these things that happened, were the motivation to get to this place to complete my dream and be what I'm now.

I studying at Florida National University, "Business Administration in Art". All this experience is what makes me learn things about me. That is why today I continue to enrich my knowledge, to be a better person every day and value everything that comes to me and thus be able to develop everything I have learned.

## Works Cited

1. *City of Houston Government Center*. n.d. 14 April 2018. <<http://www.houstontx.gov/>>.
2. *City of Miami Skyline*. n.d. 14 April 2018. <<http://www.miamigov.com/home/>>.
3. *ELNH*. n.d. April 2018. <[http://www.elnuevoheraldo.com/el\\_valle/un-d-a-en-la-vida-del-centro-de-detenedos/article\\_7177088d-f710-5ff8-aece-f36203c2bc76.html](http://www.elnuevoheraldo.com/el_valle/un-d-a-en-la-vida-del-centro-de-detenedos/article_7177088d-f710-5ff8-aece-f36203c2bc76.html)>.
4. *Google*. n.d. April 2018. <<https://www.google.com/maps/@21.3342062,-86.6973069,5.32z?hl=en>>.
5. *KPBS*. n.d. April 2018. <<http://www.kpbs.org/photos/galleries/2012/jun/18/san-fernando-tamaulipas-mexico/>>.
6. *Traver on The Border*. n.d. 14 April 2018. <<https://www.nytimes.com/2018/02/07/travel/brownsville-matamoros-border.html>>.
7. *Viator.com*. n.d. 14 April 2018. <<https://www.viator.com/tours/Las-Vegas/Grand-Canyon-and-Hoover-Dam-Day-Trip-from-Las-Vegas-with-Optional-Skywalk/d684-3951WESTDLX>>.
8. *Wikipedia*. n.d. April 2018. <<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Havana>>.
9. *Wikipedia*. n.d. April 2018. <[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mexico\\_City](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mexico_City)>.
10. *Wikipedia*. 10 April 2018. Wikimedia Foundation. 14 April 2018. <[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Matamoros,\\_Tamaulipas](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Matamoros,_Tamaulipas)>.

Figure #1

4/10/2018

Havana, Cuba to D.F., Mexico - Google Maps

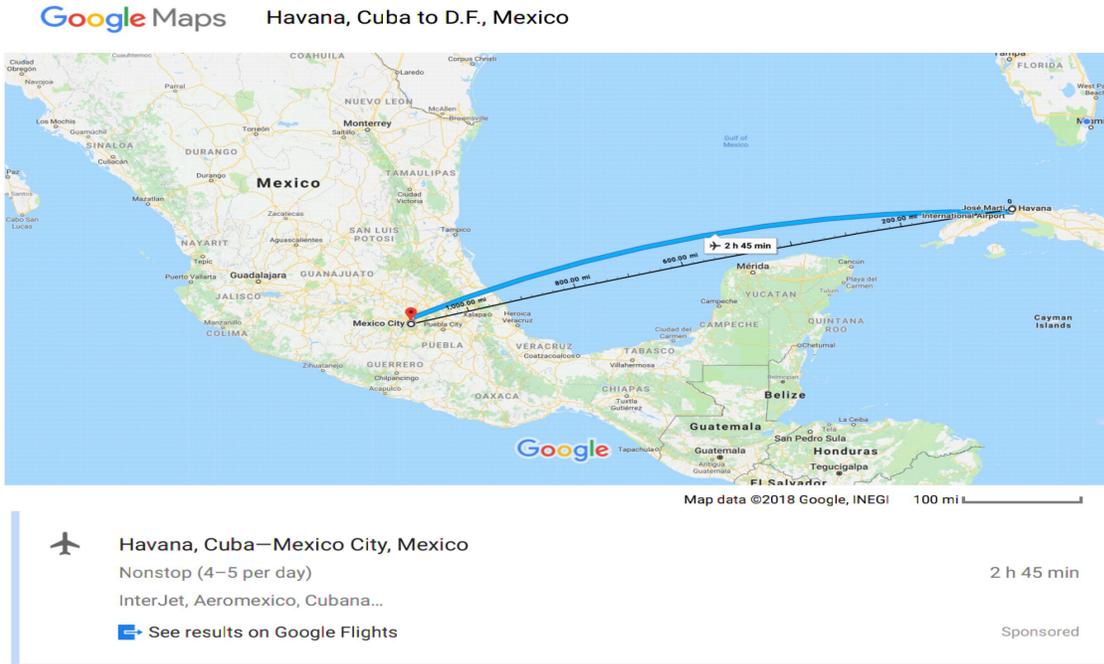


Figure #2

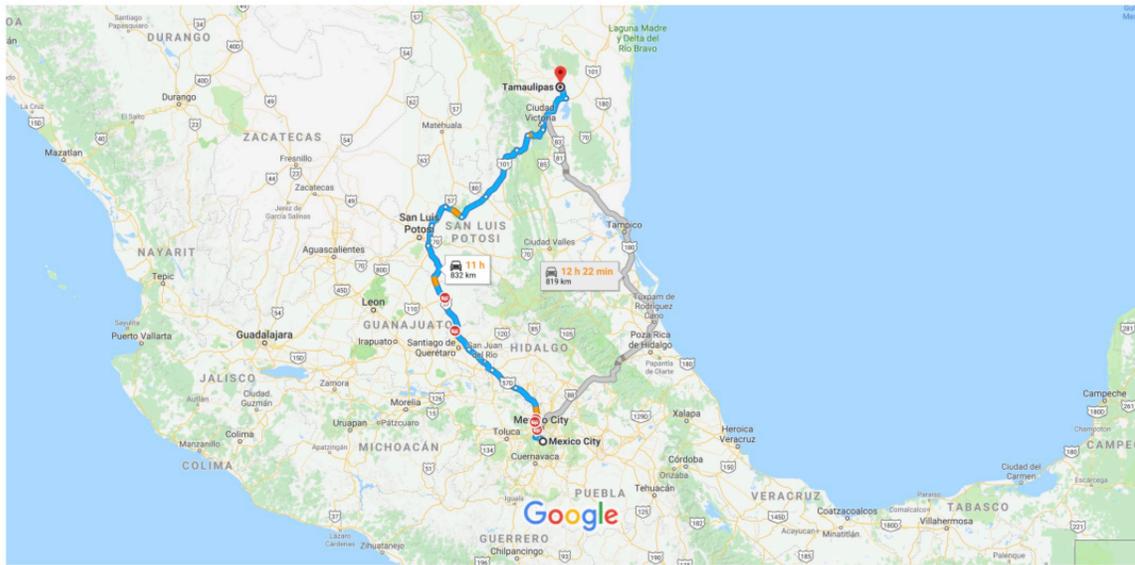
4/12/2018

D.F., Mexico to Tamaulipas, Mexico - Google Maps

Google Maps

D.F., Mexico to Tamaulipas, Mexico

Drive 832 km, 11 h



Map data ©2018 Google, INEGI 50 mi



via Paseo de la República/México 57 N

11 h

Fastest route, despite the usual traffic

832 km

⚠ This route has tolls.



via México 132D

12 h 22 min

Some traffic, as usual

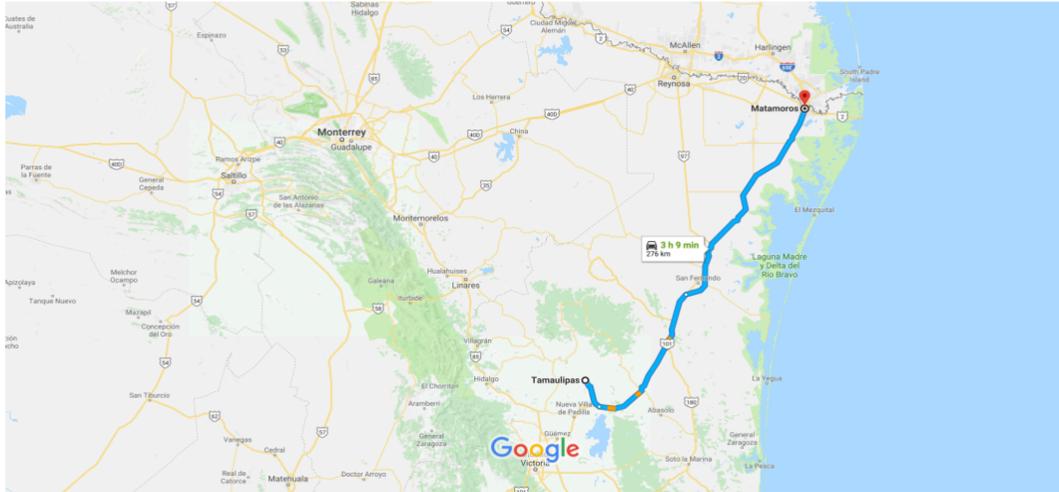
819 km

Figure #3

4/12/2018

Tamaulipas, Mexico to Matamoros, Tamaulipas, Mexico - Google Maps

Google Maps Tamaulipas, Mexico to Matamoros, Tamaulipas, Mexico Drive 276 km, 3 h 9 min



Map data ©2018 Google, INEGI 20 mi



via México 101

Fastest route, the usual traffic

3 h 9 min

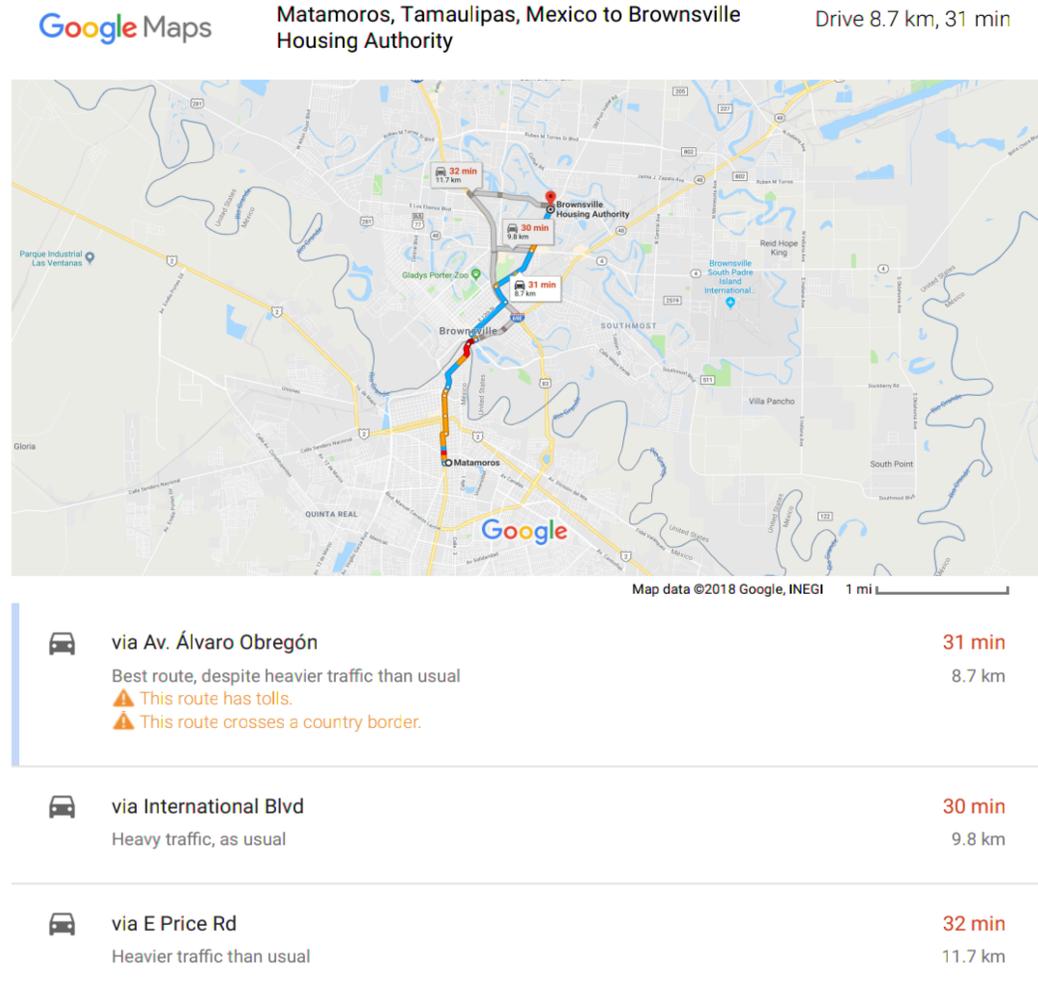
276 km

<https://www.google.com/maps/dir/Tamaulipas,+Mexico/Matamoros,+Tamaulipas,+Mexico/@25.055067,-99.1339815,8.46z/data=!4m14!4m13!1m5!1m1!1s0x867953aedb1e2459:0x>

Figure #4

4/12/2018

Matamoros, Tamaulipas, Mexico to Brownsville Housing Authority - Google Maps



<https://www.google.com/maps/dir/Matamoros,+Tamaulipas,+Mexico/Brownsville+Housing+Authority,+Old+Port+Isabel+Road,+Brownsville,+Texas/@25.9024965,-97.4820097,13z>

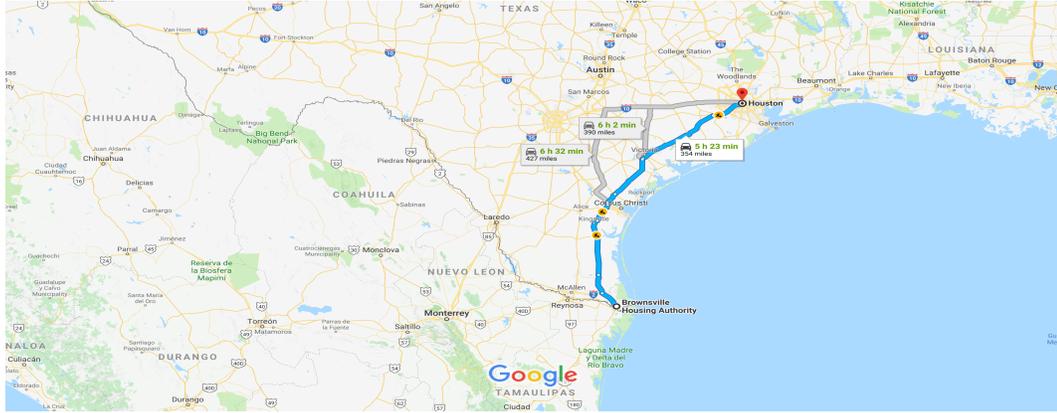
Figure #5

4/12/2018

Brownsville Housing Authority to Houston, TX - Google Maps



Brownsville Housing Authority to Houston, TX Drive 354 miles, 5 h 23 min



Map data ©2018 Google, INEGI 50 mi



via US-77 N and US-59 N  
Fastest route, the usual traffic

5 h 23 min  
354 miles



via US-77 N

6 h 2 min  
390 miles



via I-10 E

6 h 32 min  
427 miles

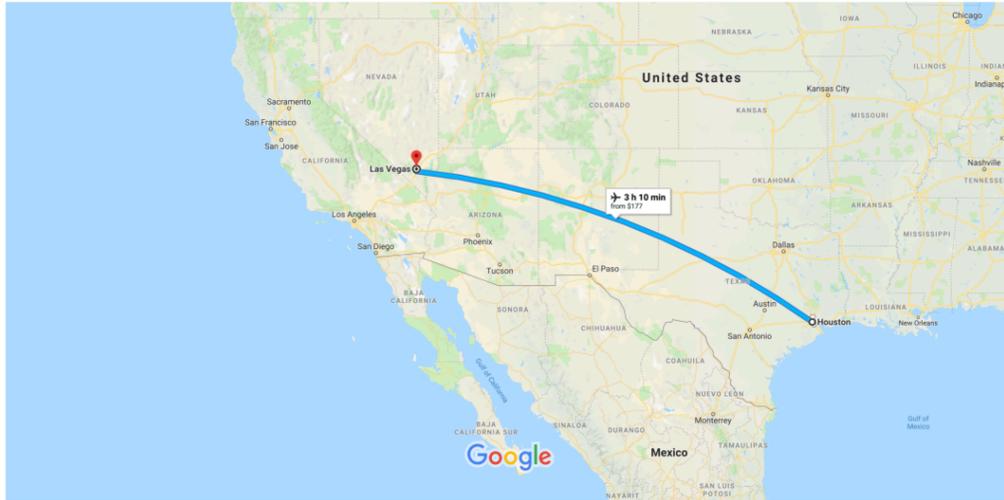
<https://www.google.com/maps/dir/Brownsville+Housing+Authority,+Old+Port+Isabel+Road,+Brownsville,+Texas/Houston,+TX/@27.8414821,-98.8604162,7z/data=!3m1!4b1!4m1!4>

Figure #6

4/12/2018

Houston, TX to Las Vegas, Nevada - Google Maps

Google Maps Houston, TX to Las Vegas, Nevada



Map data ©2018 Google, INEGI 200 mi

	<b>Houston, TX—Las Vegas, NV</b>	
	Nonstop (13–14 per day)	3 h 10 min
	Connecting	4 h 10 min+
	Round trip price, Apr 28 – May 2	from \$177
	United, Spirit, Delta...	
	<a href="#">See results on Google Flights</a>	Sponsored

Figure #7

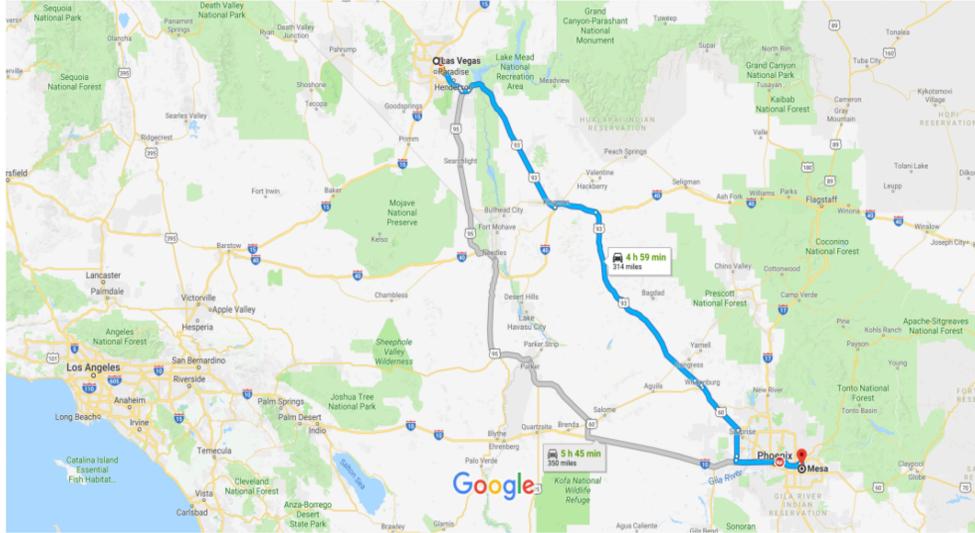
4/12/2018

Las Vegas, Nevada to Mesa, AZ - Google Maps



Las Vegas, Nevada to Mesa, AZ

Drive 314 miles, 4 h 59 min



Map data ©2018 Google, INEGI 20 mi



via US-93 S

Fastest route, the usual traffic

4 h 59 min

314 miles



via I-10 E

5 h 45 min

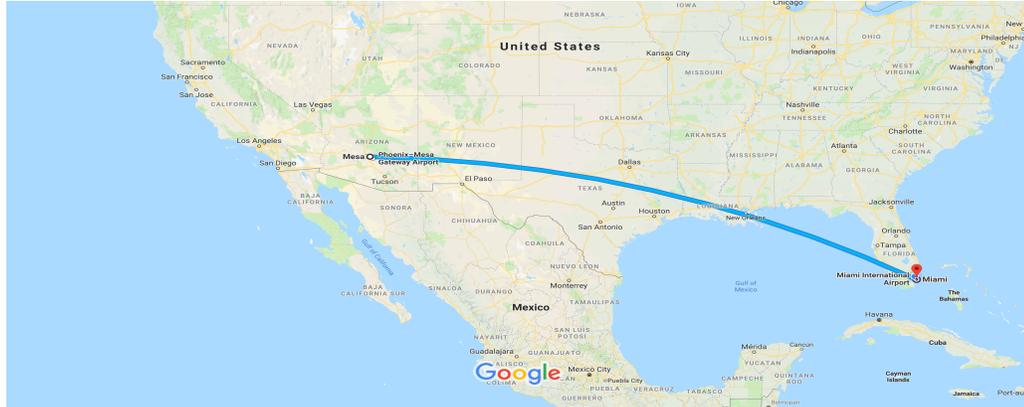
350 miles

Figure #8

4/12/2018

Mesa, AZ to Miami, FL - Google Maps

Google Maps Mesa, AZ to Miami, FL



Phoenix, AZ—Miami, FL

Nonstop (3 per day)

Connecting

Round trip price, Apr 29 – May 3

United, American, Delta...

[See results on Google Flights](#)

4 h 15 min

5 h 50 min+

from \$337

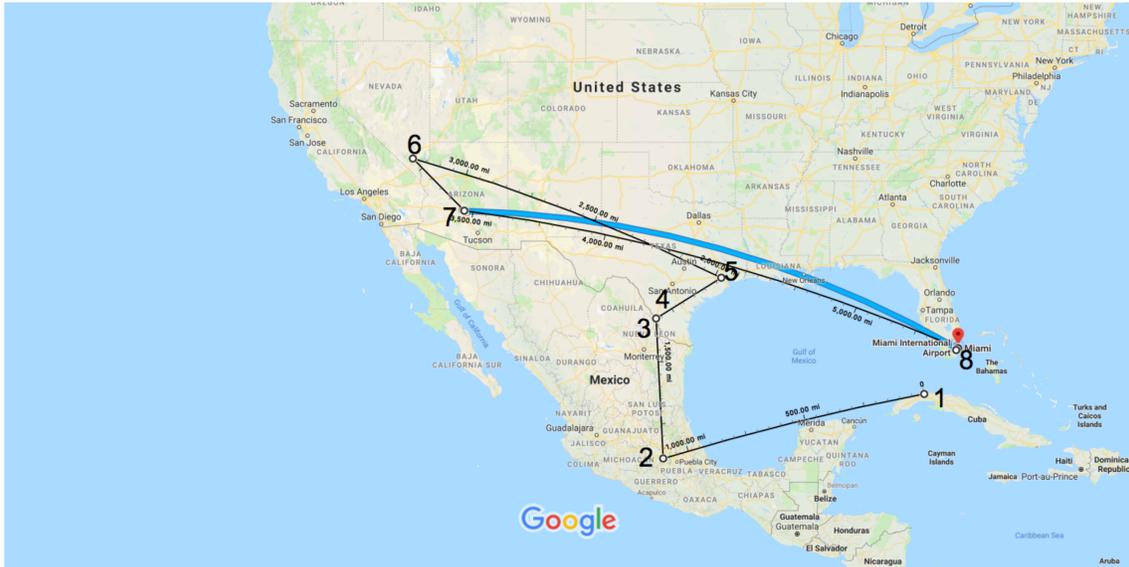
Sponsored

Figure #9

4/9/2018

Mesa, Arizona to Miami, FL - Google Maps

Google Maps Mesa, Arizona to Miami, FL



✈ Phoenix, AZ—Miami, FL

Nonstop (3 per day)	4 h 15 min
Connecting	5 h 50 min+
Round trip price, Apr 25 – 29	from \$393
American, Frontier, United...	
<a href="#">See results on Google Flights</a>	Sponsored

Measure distance  
Total distance: 5,443.47 mi (8,760.42 km)

Places that were visited, on the Trip to the United States

- |                         |              |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Havana, Cuba         | 7. Mesa, Az  |
| 2. D.F. Mexico          | 8. Miami, FL |
| 3. Tamaulipas, Mexico   |              |
| 4. Brownsville, (Texas) |              |
| 5. Houston, (Texas)     |              |
| 6. Las Vegas, Nevadas   |              |

Photography #1 - Havana, Cuba –



Photography # 2 - Vedado, Havana, Cuba – Calle 23.



Photography #3 – Havana, Cuba – Airport, Jose Marti -



Photography #4 – Havana, Cuba – Airport – Jose Marti



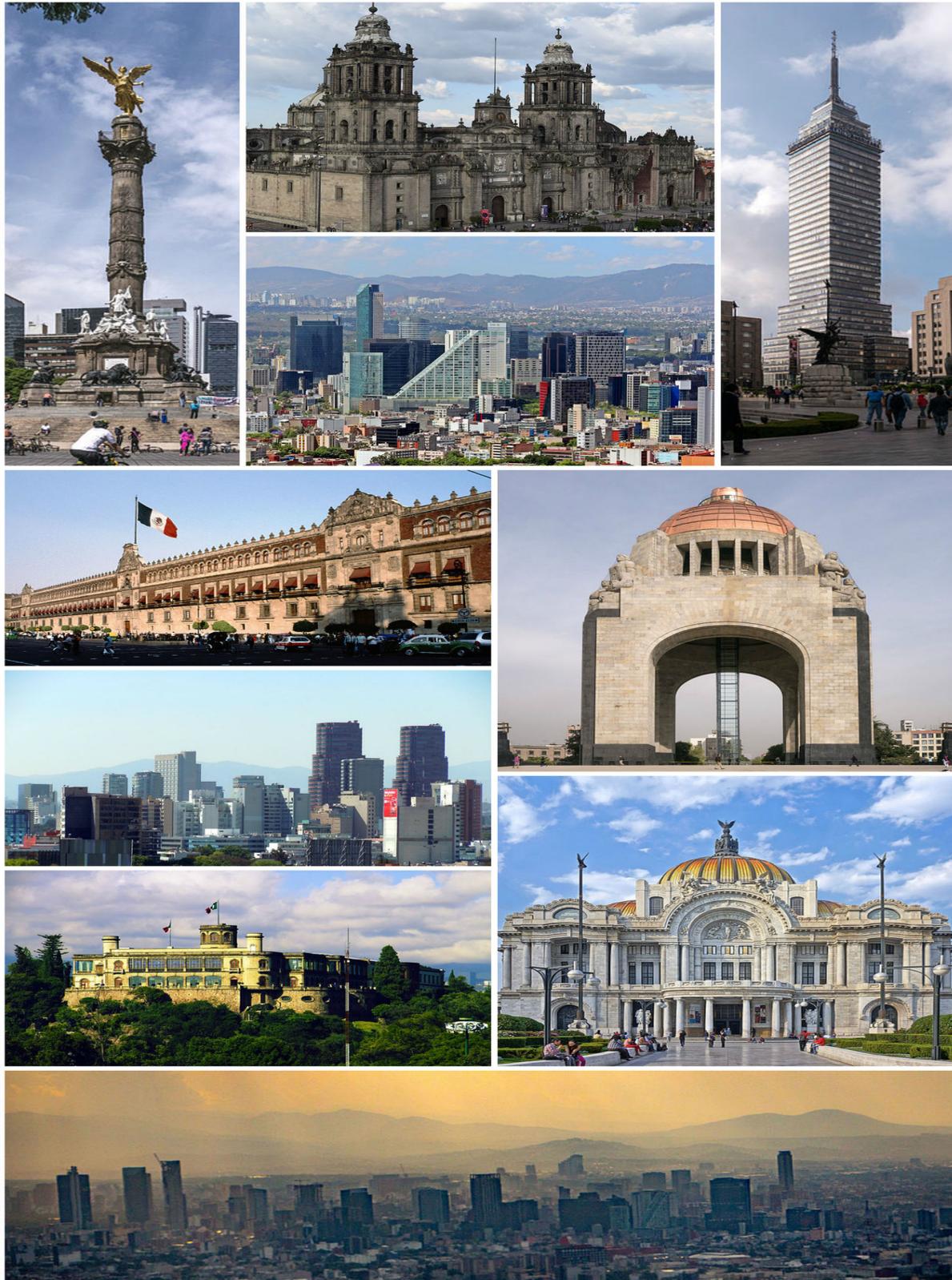
Photography #5 Havana – Airport – Jose Marti – Trip to Mexico



Photography #6 – Havana, Cuba – Airport – Trip to Mexico



Photography #7 - D.F MEXICO



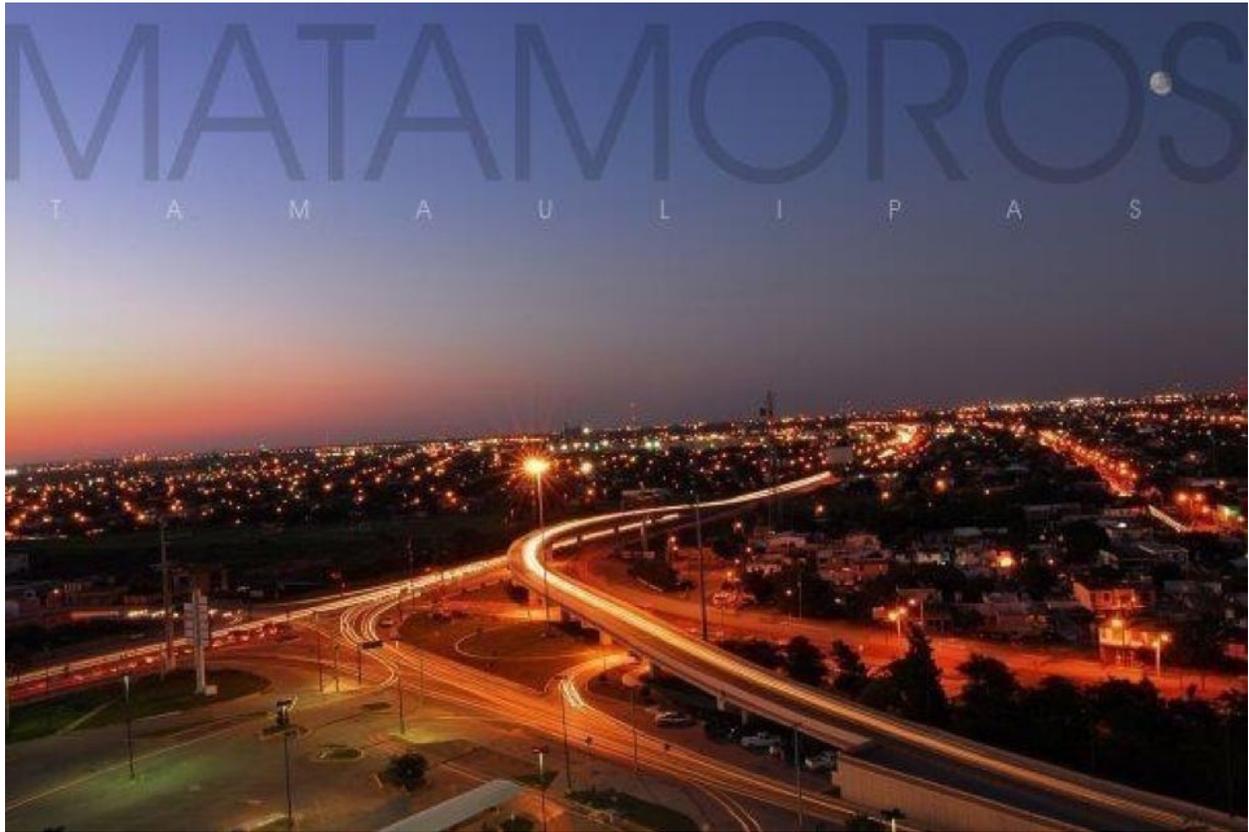
Photography #8 –City of Tamaulipas, Mexico



Photography #9 – Tamaulipas Park, Mexico



Photography #10 – City of Matamoros, Mexico



Photography #11 – City of Matamoros, Mexico.



Photography #12 – Matamoros, Olimpo Park, Mexico



Photography #13 – Matamoros, Mexico – Brownsville, Texas



Photography #14 – Border Patrol in Brownsville, TX



Photography #15 Matamoros, Bridge, Mexico – Pedestrian Crossing to Brownsville, (Texas)



Photography #16 Matamoros, Bridge, Mexico – People Crossing to Brownsville, (Texas)



Photography #17 – Matamoras, Bridge and Brownsville, Texas.



Photography #18 Brownsville, Administration and processing office.



Photography #19 - Brownsville, Administration and processing office.



Photography #20 – Brownsville Port Isabel Detention Center.



Photography #21 - Brownsville, Texas Port Isabel Detention Center.



Photography #22 - Port Isabel Detention Center.



Photography #23 - Port Isabel Detention Center, Detainees' Rooms



Photography #24 - Port Isabel Detention Center, Detainees



Photography #25 Port Isabel Detention Center, Detainees Beds



Photography #26 - Place of the Detainees do exercises.



Photography #27 - Port Isabel Detention Center.



Photography #28 – City of Brownsville, Texas



Photography #29 – City of Houston, (Texas)



Photography #30 Airport of Houston, Texas



Photography #31 – Airport of Houston, Texas



Photography #32 Continental Airlines, Houston, (Texas).



Photography #33 – Airport of Houston, Texas - Terminal



Photography #34 – Airport of Las Vegas. Terminal



Photography #35 – Airport of Las Vegas, Nevada.



Photography #36 – Airport, Las Vegas, Nevada Baggage Claim Area.



Photography #37 – Las Vegas, Nevada.



Photography #38 – Las Vegas, Nevada – Hotel Venetian.



Photography #39 – Las Vegas, Hotel Venetian Casino Poker Area.



Photography #40 – Las Vegas, Nevada – Hotel Palazzo.



Photography #41 – Las Vegas - Casino Poker Area.



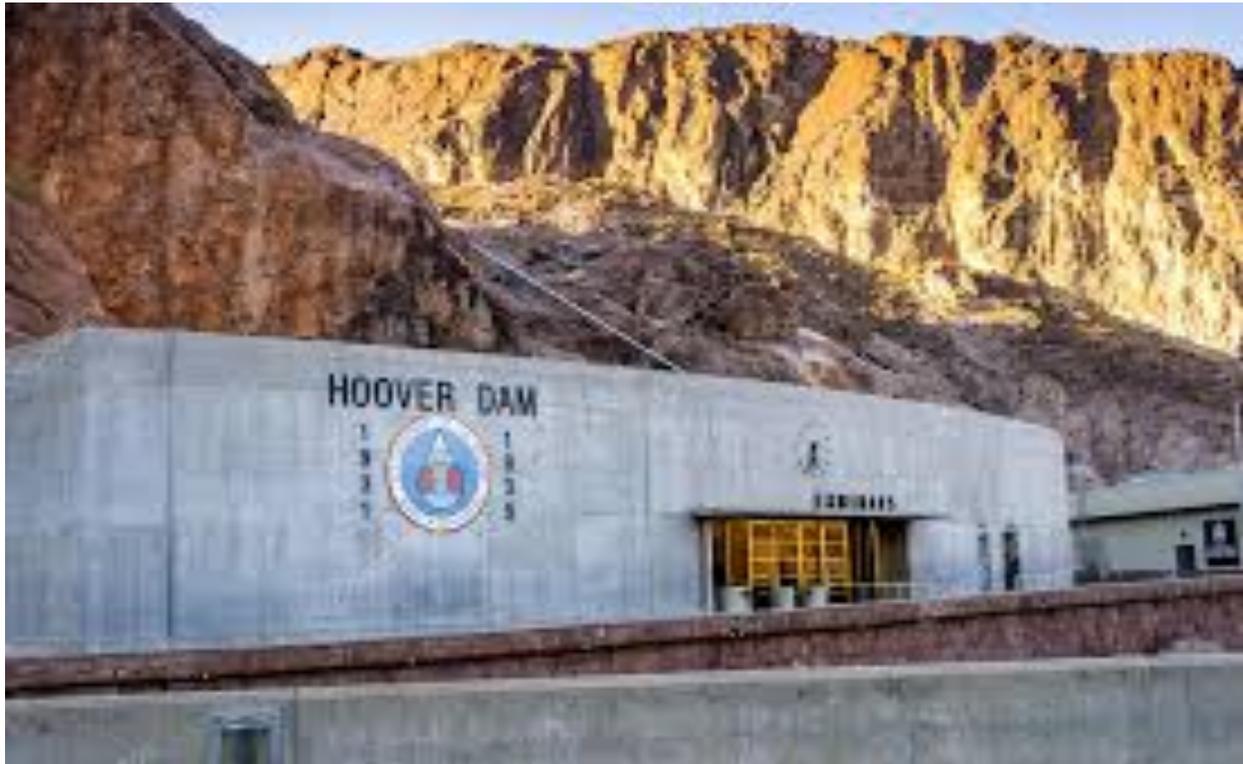
Photography #42 – The Grand Canon of Colorado, AZ



Photography #43 - The Grand Canon of Colorado, AZ - Panoramic View



Photography #44 – Las Vegas, Nevada - Dam Hoover.



Photography #45 - Dam Hoover - Panoramic View.



Photography #46 – City of Mesa, AZ



Photography #47 – City of Mesa, Public Library.



Photography #48 – City of Mesa, Public Library – “Red Mountain Branch”



Photography #49 – City of Mesa, AZ – Company Asplundh Power Line.



Photography #50 – City of Mesa, AZ – Company Asplundh Power Line. Workers



Photography #51 – City of Mesa, AZ - Truck of the Company Asplundh.



Photography #52 Mesa, AZ – River Gila.



Photography #53 Mesa, AZ – The Greyhound Bus. Trip to Miami.



Photography #54 - Arrival at the City of Miami Terminal of Greyhound.



Photography #55 - Arrival at the City of Miami Terminal of Greyhound



Photography #56 – City of Miami, Florida. Miami Beach Bridge.



Photography #57 - Building and Restaurant - Miami Beach.



Photography #58 - Bridge of the Miami Beach. End.

