

## **Leaving Honduras**

**Waltter Teruel**

I have two brothers, one younger and one older. After my older brother graduated from high school, he came to New York. He didn't like it, however, and he returned to Honduras. Now it was my turn and this was something that I wanted to do.

My parents didn't say anything about my decision or try to make me change my mind.

The last day that I spent in Honduras was a very nice day. I was very nervous, however, because I had never before flown in a plane. Whenever I used to travel to another country, I would go there by car or by bus.

In moving from Honduras to the United States, I was very happy and I was very sad at the same time. I was happy to think that maybe I could make my dreams come true, and I was very sad because I was going to miss my parents and my friends.

My parents made me a going-away party in my house with my friends. So many people came to the going-away party - my university classmates, my high school classmates, my neighbors, and my parents' family. I had a good time but I also had a problem. My ex-girlfriend still loved me and she became very sad over my leaving. Nevertheless, I didn't do anything, and I couldn't do anything, because I didn't love her. I told her, "I have another girl and I'm going to see her." But we had a nice talk. We didn't fight and nobody cried. Now she's a good friend.

I also drank that last night. Of course, the next day I didn't feel very well and got slightly sick during the flight.

I had a lot of friends in Honduras. I still miss everybody there and I still miss Honduras. However, after that night, I saw my new future in the United States.

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