|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **When can I go back? - Olin P.** | | |
| 1878, Male |  | 2018, Female |
| I am Wang Li of China |  | I am Maria Lopez of Mexico |
| The boat sliced through the ravaging waves on the way to America. |  | The car I came in jumped as it furiously hit rocks on the dirt road. |
|  | I miss my family. When can I go back? |  |
| Escape economic chaos, aiming for a better life. |  | Sustainable job, escape gun violence. |
|  | I crave my people. |  |
| One year at Angel Island and I barely was allowed entrance. |  | I entered America legally through the border city of Calexico. |
|  | “There is always that one stupid mistake that changes everything,” Anonymous  Regret. |  |
| The Chinese Exclusion Act kept my head on a swivel. |  | The semi-white, prosperous town of Santa Barbara did not treat me well, but I had no other choice. |
|  | It's as if my friends are rocks. |  |
| The only people I know are my neighbors on Grant Avenue. |  | I have only made friends that are of the opposite race, not speaking each other’s tongues, we met when I was cleaning their houses. |
|  | I have to make money. |  |
| I need money for food, and I have a cold. |  | The annoying taxes that I pay will be my downfall. I work for minimum wage. |
|  | I need a job. |  |
| I miss my home country and culture. | When can I go back? | I miss the family I left behind. |