Don’t Mess with Mexico

 *What a beautiful day* I think to myself as my family and I drive the streets of Mexico. The sun shining in the distance through the polluted air that fills the sky of Mexico City. As we are on our way to visit monarch butterflies in Sierra Chincua, I knew it was going to be a long day; a three hour car ride and I haven’t eaten.My stomach grumbled as the clock struck four, but we arrive at a small town for dinner. For when we arrive at m y aunts house I needed to be quick: run inside, hair, make-up, change; I am planning on attending a party and did not want to be late. After several stops, we finally arrive at the house.

 It is 8:30pm, dark and humid outside. My uncle is ready to drop my mom and I off and leave. But wait; the door looks broken. I am half out of the car ready to run into the house but the garage door is not opening properly. It starts to open and I see a figure; I think its my aunt so I continue to get out of the car. The figure is tall and slim and it is not my aunt. Not knowing who it is, I jump back into the car and slam the door. A man wearing a blue nursing mask around his mouth, a big baggy black sweater, hunched over with his hands in the pockets and short hair that spiked up just like my brothers. In no hurry at all, the stranger steps forward in a very calm manner, like he has done this before. He stares directly at me looking through the car window for what seemed like forever. He turns to look at a black van that had pulled up behind us and jogged off into the getaway car. The car was gone; it all happened so fast. My mom was scrummaging for her phone and she dials my aunt.

Before the police arrive, my uncle idiotically walks in the house to see if anyone is still there. I refuse to get out of the car until I see the bright blue and red blinding lights beaming off the police car. I hop out of the car and I see the door leading to the garage. Little wooden splinters filled the front step that led to the broken door. Slowly, I walk into the house. Pillows on the floor, closets open, paintings and sculptures missing. The house was bare. I walk into the guest room where I have been staying and I have never seen a messier room in my life. I’ll admit, I am not the tidiest teenager, but my room looks as if there has been a tornado. The window is wide open and the closet empty. My aunt has three safes in the house; one was in my room. The steel safe, smashed and emptied, along with the other two that were hidden in the house. Clothes thrown left, right and centre; our suitcases were gone but my clothes filled the room with not a spot on the floor to step. My first immediate thought is my laptop, then suitcases and of course, all our money we have for the trip. It is all gone. I walk out of my room and try to comfort my aunt who is screaming. When she walked up to her room I swear I thought she saw a dead body. I have never heard someone in so much fear in my life. Her wedding and engagement rings. Gone. They took anything and everything: passports, school ID, birth certificates, wills, cameras, silverware, the list goes on and on. My aunt was puking in the bathroom from complete disgust and the police standing at front of the door. I am scared. I feel my self going through the symptoms of shock: cold, trembling, out of breath. I give my aunt a big hug and tell her we are lucky. I know it was a horrible experience but thankfully no one was home at the time and no one was hurt. I held her in my arms as makeup smeared down her face and her tears piled up on my shoulder. I go into my room one last time and pick my wrinkly cloths off the floor and place them in a black garbage beg to take to my grandpas place. I barely slept at night, maybe two hours. It was truly disturbing to know strangers were rummaging through our belongings for approximately three hours.

 When we first arrived at the beginning of the week my aunt told me to give her my passport to put in the safe; I did not feel the need to do that so I told her I would just throw mine and my moms under my mattress. What luck. I don’t know what I would have done if I was stuck in Mexico City for at least another week.

 I just needed time. A minute to understand and reflect on what just happened. At first I was confused; *Why us?* *Out of all the houses, why did this happen to us? S*till trying to wrap my head around the situation; I realize there has to be more to the story. The maid had been acting odd the day before and two days before the alarm system wires were cut. We couldn’t know for sure but the maid was the only person that knew every single person was going to be out of the house at the time. The next day my aunt speaks with her maid, not verbally accusing her of anything but fires her with a deep suspicion that she had something to do with the incident.

 A few days later I’m on an airplane back to Canada; I have never been happier to be home. Although I am still a bit shaken up, I feel at peace with the whole situation now that I know more details to the robbery. I begin to reflect on my life, who I am and the person I want to be. It is so disappointing to see what humanity has come to. I decide to look at it as a donation to the country; clearly the robbers needed our stuff more than we did and after all its only stuff. You can’t put a price on family and thankfully no one was hurt. With this terrifying experience I learned that memories as well as family is more important than money. Despite the stress, fear, and chaos my family went through that night, I am thankful for all the love and support we had for each other and thank God we had house insurance!