



Ivan was living in Mexico with his mother and brother, when he first saw his cousin drawing cartoons. Right away, he said to himself, "I want to draw like that."

That year, he spent all of his time drawing. Ivan had discovered his passion: Art. Those around him saw it, too. His friends would say, "Ivan, draw me something!"



Later that year, a big change happened in his life. Ivan and his brother left Mexico to go and live with their father in the United States.

The two boys had not seen their father in three years, and they did not want to leave their mother. Still, she felt they would have more opportunities in the United States. Ivan's heart felt sad about leaving her.

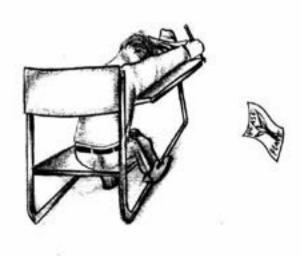


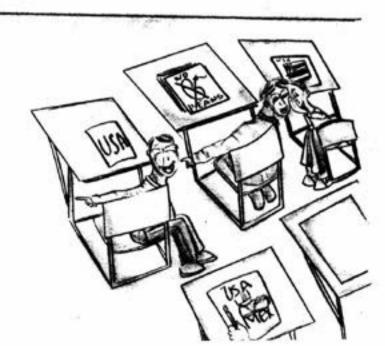
Living in the United States with his father and older brother, Ivan still felt alone, far from his mother and the friends he grew up with. When he felt sad, he found comfort in the one thing that always lifted his spirit: his art.

"Puedes desahogarte," he said to himself. "You can let your feelings out."

And he did, by drawing pictures of his mother, of his friends, of everything he missed about his Mexican home land. More than anything, he missed his mother's love, *el amor de la madre*.

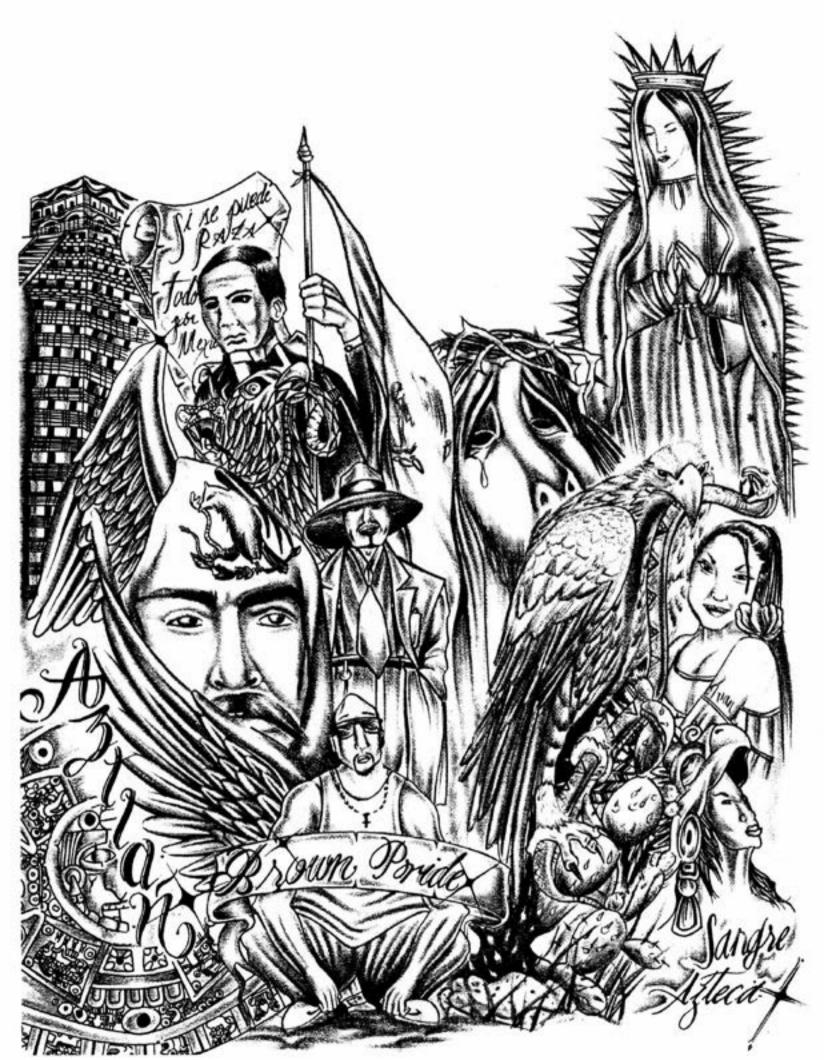






Ivan saw that, while there were opportunities in the United States, there were also obstacles. Many Americans acted like they were better than him. They seemed to believe their own culture was better than his Mexican roots.

Sometimes, when he really missed his friends and his mother, he felt they were right, that maybe he *was* less than the people around him.



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Again, it was making art that made him strong. He drew pictures dedicated to all his people who felt lost and hopeless in America. The pictures seemed to say, "Échale ganas! Don't listen to them! Go for what you want in life! Échale ganas!"

He drew and drew until he imagined a new story in his mind, not the negative one he'd heard about Mexicans in the United States.

It was a positive story about how Mexicans had come to this strange country because of a dream.

They came because they cared for their children, and their mothers and fathers, and wanted the best for them.



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# He drew a woman with a child in her arms and sent it to his mother, so that she would know how much he appreciated her gift, the gift of life, the gift of her love. His mother cried from happiness when she received his drawing.



The years have passed, and Ivan has drawn many pictures, and now America is not so strange to him any more. His English is better, and so is his art. Ivan dreams of becoming a professional artist. His father supports his dream with cries of "Eche ganas!" ("Go for it!")

Ivan also dreams of reuniting with his mother and sharing his future with her. Until then, he draws the world that he would like to live in, the world that is already alive in his heart.

THE END

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