

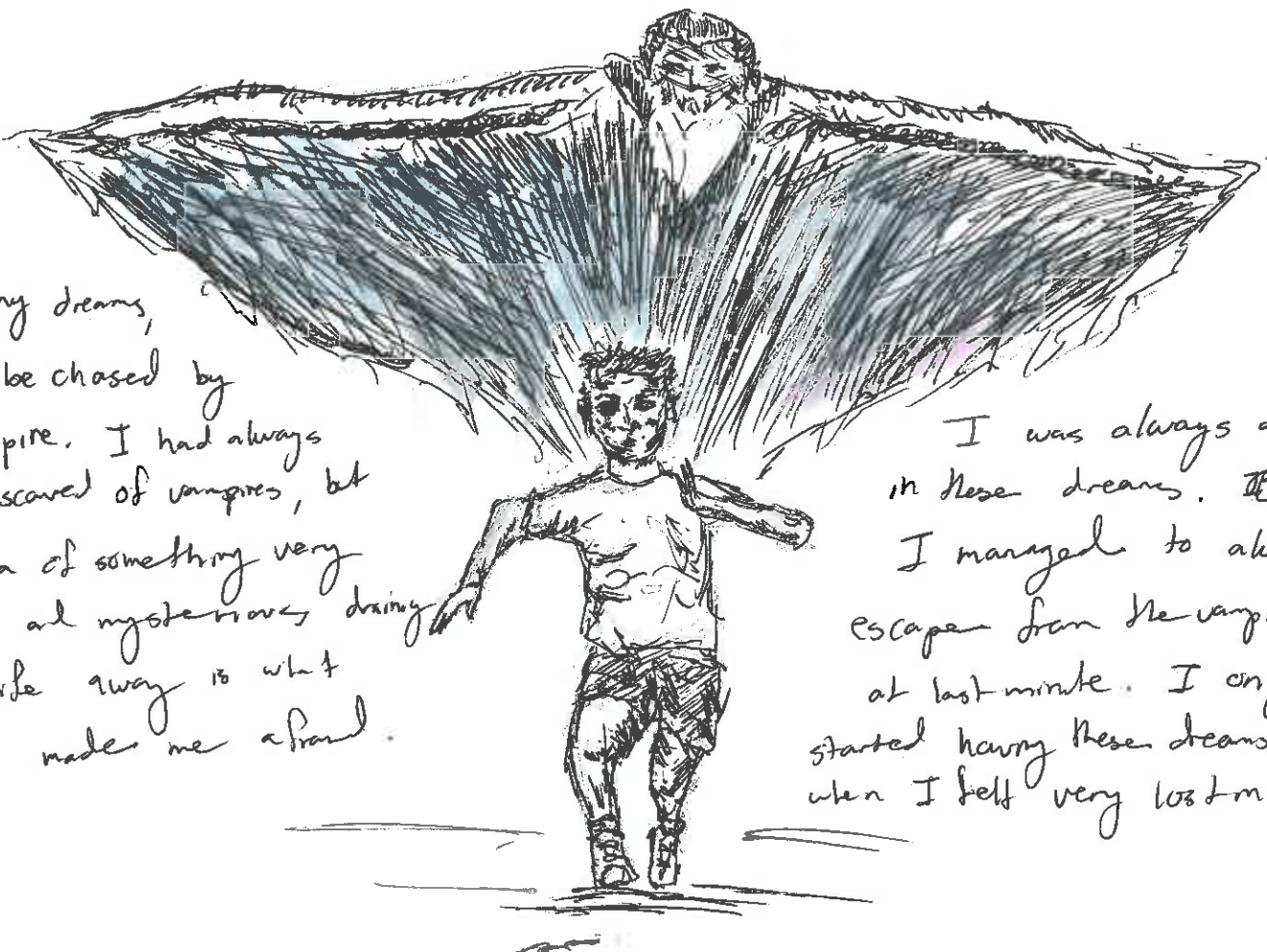


During the first several months after I had arrived in the US in 2005, I lived with my mom and her boyfriend in a single room in Los Angeles.

They would sleep in the single bed, and I'd sleep on the floor, on a lot of blankets.

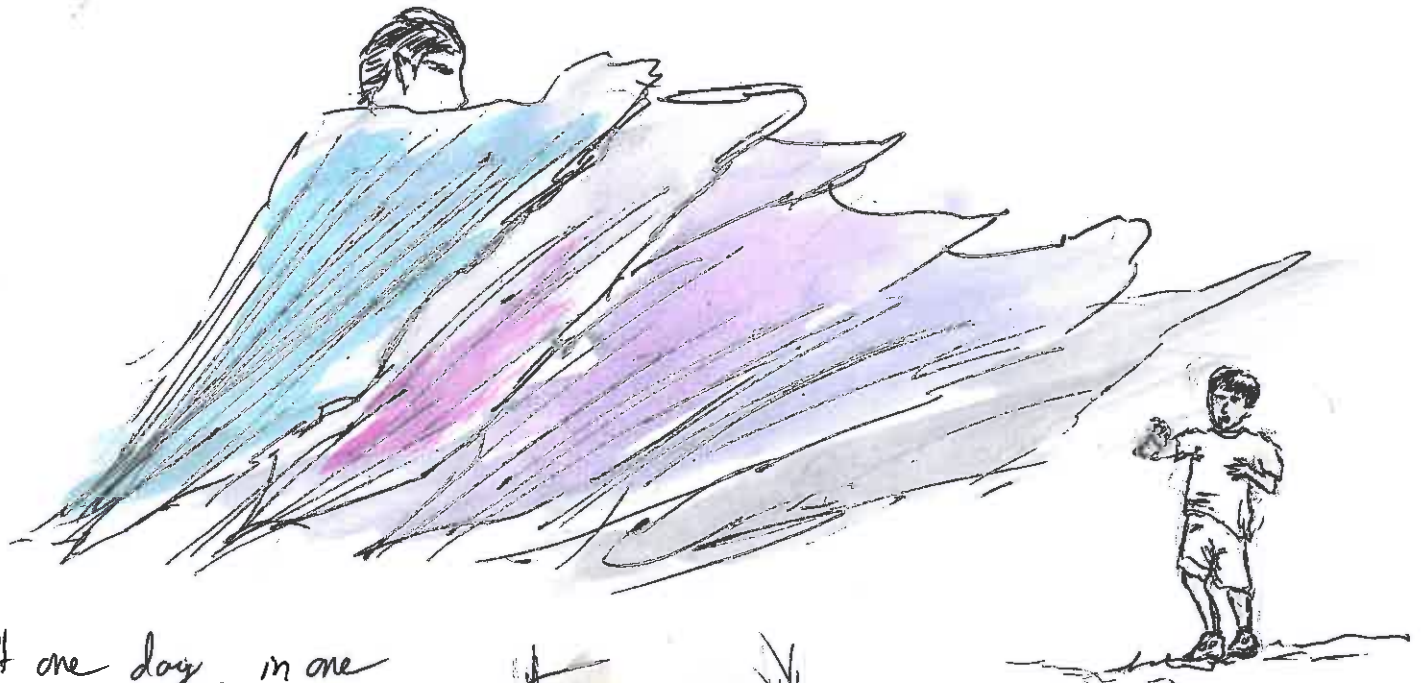


I knew no English and was having a very hard time at school. I didn't know why I was in this country and I missed living with my grandfather in Mexico. My homesickness and fear would manifest in daily nightmares.



In my dreams, I'd be chased by a vampire. I had always been scared of vampires, but the idea of something very strange and mysterious driving my life away is what really made me afraid.

I was always alone in these dreams. But I managed to always escape from the vampire at last minute. I only started having these dreams when I felt very lost in the US.



But one day, in one dream, I didn't run fast enough and the vampire caught up to me. I tried to pull away but the vampire bit me on my arm.

The pain in the dream was so intense I woke up. I forgot it was a dream and actually believed I would either die or become a vampire myself.



¡El vampiro!

¡Me mordió!

I immediately woke up my mom,  
crying and yelling for help before I'd  
fade away.

My mom stood up, put  
her hand on me.

"Did you pray  
already?"

"Let me put some  
Vaporo on it, that  
will get rid of  
the vampire's poison"

Once "healed"  
I told her how  
much I missed  
everything and how  
I was afraid I'd  
never lose my inability  
to speak English.

She picked me up  
and reminded me that I  
was a smart kid and that  
everybody back in México  
was cheering me on to learn  
and protect me from vampires  
as well..



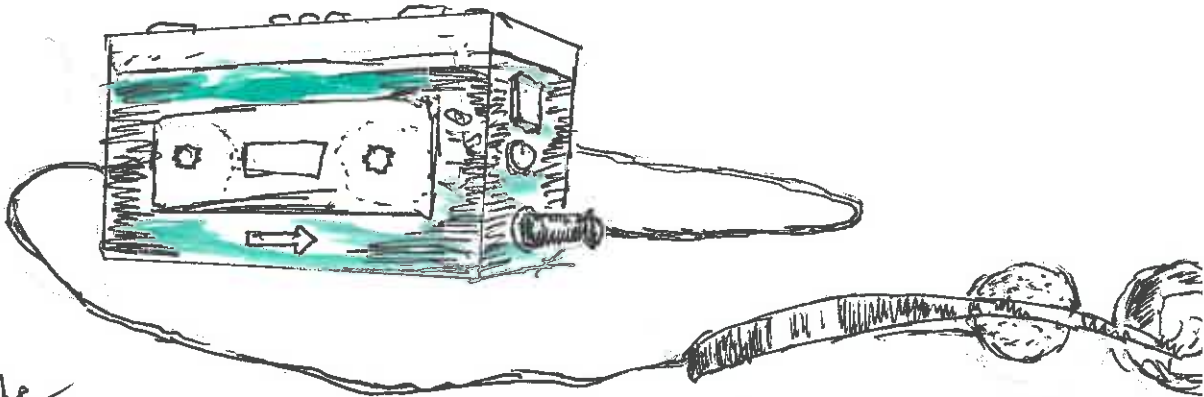
My mom then got an idea. The "Ingles Sin Barreras" recordings that she had bought for us weren't helping me. But she remembered an idea I had.

She wanted me to be excited and



have fun learning English. When I was much smaller, I had seen a Goodfellow cartoon about listening to recordings while you sleep,

to help you learn on your subconscious level.



So she got me my own little Walkman from the

stea market. After that, I didn't dream of vampires anymore. But I kept tor up every night as I stalked, argued and say in my sleep, all in English - while slowly learning them when awake.



Hey you! what you looking at!