

The Other Side Of The Border

Honestly When I moved to Mexico In 2005, after spending a couple of years living in the Dominican Republic I had no intention of writing a book about my life there. The thought of maybe writing something fictional had crossed my mind but nothing more than that.

A couple of weeks after Hurricane Wilma in the fall of 2005 I returned to Cancun to find the city a mess to say the least. Almost every structure in the Hotel Zone and many in the central part of town had suffered some damage, some so extensive they had to be torn down and rebuilt. Many people had to relocate to other cities because there was no work and I like many was left trying to find an apartment with so many being unlivable. I must say I was and continue to be quite impressed with how fast they were able to rebuild the city after the hurricane. I quickly learned the way business was done there, you pay your rent the money goes in the owners pocket and some to pay taxes but none is set aside for repairs be they minor or major. Owner after owner was trying to rent apartments still with hurricane damage asking you to pay for the repairs and then deduct them from your rent. Being a typical American I ran scared.

Not long after I was invited to a party in the home of a lovely French woman named Emma. This party like many others given by foreigners to Mexico was International. As the night wore on and people started to leave there were about 10 of us left sitting out on her patio. Two guys from France, one from Honduras, an Italian guy, one from Peru, two from Mexico city one from Cancun and two from Guadalajara

Emma and I were in the kitchen for some time while the others talked outside. When we finally joined them my night went down hill fast. The first comment I heard as I bent the corner was all Americans are fat and lazy. “Here we go.” I thought.

I have been known to be many things but unpatriotic or scared of conflict has never been among them. I spent the next two years learning what it’s like to be an American living in Mexico, after the Tequila shots and parties end. Here’s the real story.

COMING TO BOOKSTORES FALL 2009

Copyright © 2005 by Lawrence Hubbard

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form by any means without the prior written consent of the Publisher, with the exception of brief quotes used in reviews.