

MIGUEL REMEMBERS WHEN THE MONARCH BUTTERFLIES WOULD MIGRATE THROUGH JUÁREZ...

...HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF THEM STIRRING THE AIR WITH THEIR WINGS.

THEY WOULD CLING TO HIS GREENHOUSE WINDOWS AND THE SUNLIGHT WOULD FILTER THROUGH THEM, LIKE STAINED GLASS.

AND IT SEEMED LIKE HEAVEN WAS ALL AROUND HIM.

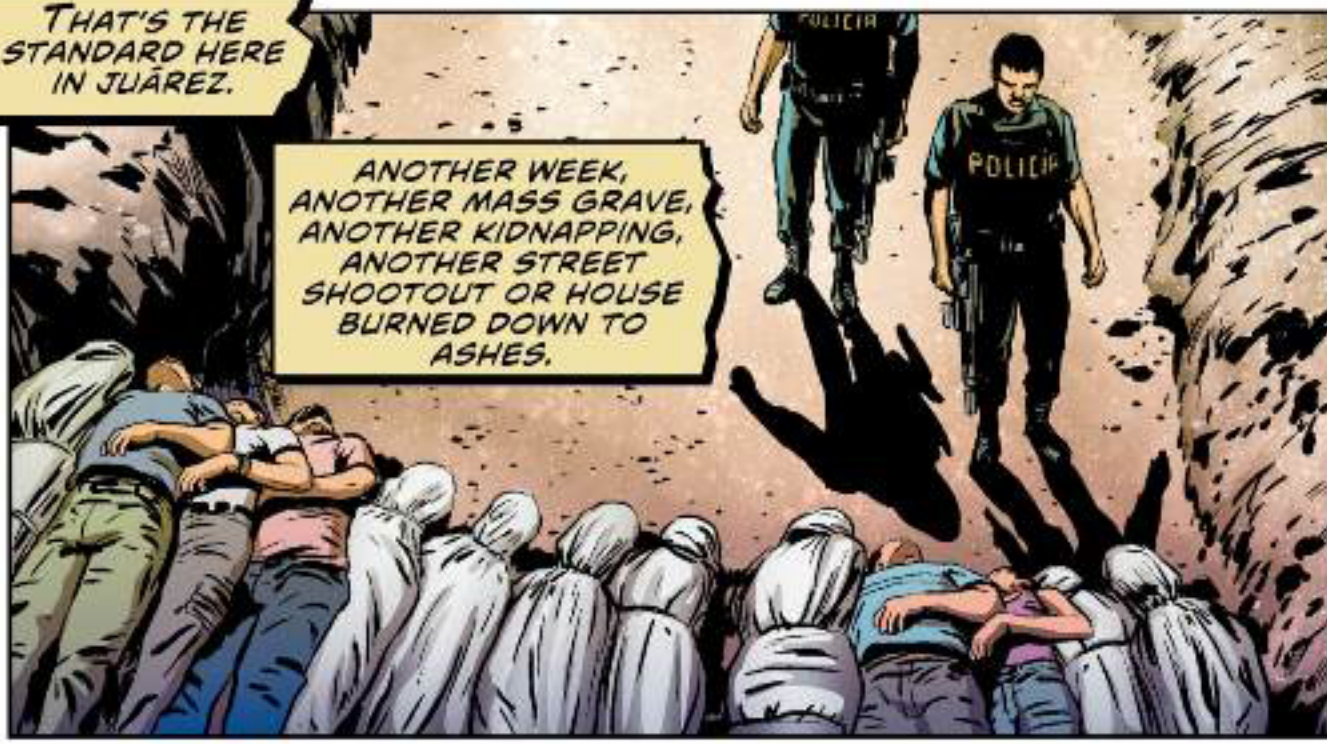


A HEAVEN THAT HAS GIVEN WAY TO HELL.

FIVE DECAPITATED BODIES WERE DISCOVERED IN THE PLAZA DE ARMAS THIS MORNING.



THAT'S THE STANDARD HERE IN JUÁREZ.



ANOTHER WEEK, ANOTHER MASS GRAVE, ANOTHER KIDNAPPING, ANOTHER STREET SHOOTOUT OR HOUSE BURNED DOWN TO ASHES.

THE BUTTERFLIES DON'T COME TO JUÁREZ ANYMORE.



THEY'VE BEEN REPLACED BY MOTHS.



A PLAGUE OF MOTHS THAT EAT THE PETALS OF MIGUEL'S MARIGOLDS, POINSETTIAS.



THEIR SHADOWS LIKE RIPPLING BLACK WATER.



A MONTH AGO, HE PUT HIS DAUGHTER SOFIA ON A BUS.

TO GO LIVE WITH HER COUSINS, TO GET HER AWAY FROM THIS DEAD ZONE.



BEFORE SHE BECAME ANOTHER CASUALTY.



BUT EVEN THAT COULDN'T SAVE HER.



¡DIOS MIO!

SKELETON DANCE



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PEOPLE BLAME THE TROUBLE IN JUÁREZ ON DRUGS...

¡QUÉ DEMONIOS!

BUT BEHIND THE DRUGS, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE AT WORK.





THE SKELETONS MADE EVERYONE LIE DOWN ON THE PAVEMENT BEFORE THE BUS.



ALL BUT ONE.



SHE COULD LIE DOWN WITH THEM, OR SHE COULD DRIVE.

TO ESCAPE, DEATH SHE HAD TO MOVE TOWARD IT.

VROOOOM



SHE HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE.

THE SKELETONS TOOK HER.

POR FAVOR, CATALINA...



...SAVE MY DAUGHTER. SAVE OUR FAMILY. SAVE JUÁREZ.