**Module 2 Precis Group Discussions**

The author of the story: The Hammon and the Beans" Amrico Pardes narrated his childhood experience when he was growing up in a small town in Texas just a block away from the Fort Jones in his grandfather's house. The parade ground was near their town, and so their daily routine and activities were regulated, but the sound of cannons and rings. When children read about stories of the American Revolution at school, they would gather at fences and cheer at the flag-lowering ceremony at the end of the day. And sometimes when they heard elders talk about border tensions, they would shout at the soldiers. Every evening, after the flag lowering, a young girl Chonita, whose mother cleaned at his house, would stroll down to the fort Jones and see the officers eating and talking and at night, the cooks in a mess would give her something to eat. One evening a boy invited the narrator to hear Chonita's speech. Many children were gathered and were waiting for her to make her speech, and then she hollered, "Give me the hammon and the beans!" Chonita would go atop the fence every evening and yelled this sentence. One day the boy fell ill, and when he recovered, he found that Chonita was gone. He often thought about her in the next few years and tried to think about that little speech she made. Until one day, he learned about her death when a doctor came to tell his father about it. The doctor seemed angry and said it didn't matter how she died, but those soldiers were inhumane. Then they talked about radicalism but did not come to any conclusion. Then he went to his room, thought through it all, and cried.

In this story, a young boy has encountered with the first incident of death in his life. He had seen that young girl make her speeches every day, and he also tried to interpret the meaning, but he couldn't. This girl was struggling to learn English and her brothers were so proud of her, but other children made mean jokes to her. It is kind of sad that she and her Mexican people had to strive hard to find opportunities that American people had. They were kept off the Fort by a fence and those poor people thought of themselves as slaves because they were immigrants and the government didn't care much abitur them. It makes us all think that why do we not immigrants as an equal human being? Why do we think they shouldn't get equal rights and opportunities as us? If we are not willing to treat them as our equals, why do we even take the responsibility of immigrants in the first place? It makes me feel so hurt to think about them and the extra miles they have to go to ask for what should already be theirs by right.