

Shifting demographics

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Maggie was the classic very conservative girl. Not exactly alt-right, she didn't have the confidence to defend such extremist views, but she still hated anything "woke", liberal and vague socialist. More than anything, she hated immigrants, especially Mexicans. They were invading the U.S., she claimed, and the government wasn't doing enough to prevent that.

She recently began protesting against the narrative pushed by liberal media, joining public manifestations and so on. She initially found it too "civil rightsy", but later she realised it was a great way to make her voice be heard. Sometimes, she would argue with people with different ideas or make friends among like-minded people.

Once, she joined a particularly conservative manifestation, where not too many people showed up. As the mic was available for anybody who wanted to express their opinions, she mustered the courage and walked to the stage, where she made her point clear, especially about immigration. She was a bit nervous at the beginning but she really enjoyed expressing her opinion loud. This was a free country, after all, fuck the media - she thought.

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"Could we ask you some questions?" - a group of hispanic people looking like activists asked her. "Shit" - she thought - "Here comes trouble." "We have noticed you have something against current immigration policies , could you be more specific?"

"I... I think America is for Americans!"

"You know America is a continent, right?"

"I mean, the United States! We Americans were here before! I get that people want to enter our country, it's the greatest country on Earth, but we can't let them enter in massive numbers, they would change what we are!"

The activists nodded to each other, to signify that they were not mistaken about the girl's opinions. They were actually a team working for a Mexican TV program which had devised a very controversial social experiment. Their goal was to find a conservative, all-American girl with a hard stance against immigration and see how she would behave in a very different context. They offered her a drink to thank her for her participation to the fake survey, then they waited for the tranquilliser to take effect, and they gently carried her away with them as soon as she stopped being able to make any resistance.

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When Maggie regained conscience, she was inexplicably holding on to a fence. The first thing she noticed is that her hands seemed unnaturally tanned. With a glance she also noticed that her light hair had inexplicably turned brown too. Still confused, she realised that a policeman was walking towards her. Scared, she asked him what was the problem. "Stay away from the fence, young lady!" - he replied. "Why? What is this?" - she asked, wondering why this policeman was targeting her. "Don't play dumb with me, I'm a border patrol and this is the US-Mexico border!". "Wait, what?" - said the girl, shocked. "But I'm American, here is my passport... What?" - the document stated "Julieta Martinez, nacionalidad Mexicana". The pictured showed an attractive, hispanic woman around her age. "This is not me, I..." Caught by a terrifying doubt, she grabbed her phone and checked herself on the camera. A pretty exotic face with brown doe eyes stared back at her. In that moment she recalled the people who had drugged her at the manifestation. "Oh my God, they did this to me! They turned me into a Mexican girl!". The guard laughed at her and commented "Nice one, I still hadn't heard that one!" - and walked away.

Meanwhile, the troupe was secretly following every move of hers.

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Still shocked, Julieta found some keys in her pocket, the key holder having an address written on it. She also had a wallet with an indecipherable amount of money, in Mexican currency. She called a taxi and got to the address she found, not knowing where else to go. Maybe she'd finally meet the people who did this to her.

It was a small, dirty apartment in a town near the US border. Nobody was there, and she couldn't find any other messages for her. For some reason these people didn't seem to want to get in touch with her anymore. They simply took away her identity and life, that was it. She found a good collection of clothes and makeup and a fridge stuffed with Mexican food. After having cried her sorrows out and stuffed her stomach with great Mexican food, she made a plan. She had to enter the US at all costs, and that border guard was her only hope.

Julieta came back the following day with a different outfit and began shamelessly flirting with the border guard. The guy was not used to such attractive women trying to sneak into the US, so the advances of the Latina girl sorted some effects. They settled that if the girl would have sex with the man twice a week for one month, he would turn a blind eye on her and let her sneak in.

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After the humiliating experience of selling her own body in exchange for entering what she felt like was her own country, she managed to cross the border on a night and to spend her last money on a bus to San Antonio, Texas. As incredible as it sounded, she was so happy of having made it back to the States. The treatment she received was very different, however. Her status as a poor Mexican girl was apparent and she could tell by the looks she was getting that people didn't really like her. Especially white people. Well, she used to be one of them so she could understand how they felt.

Anyway, she still had a long way to go to her home state of Ohio. To support herself as an illegal immigrant, she had to use her exotic charm to get around. She would ask for a lift to lorry drivers in such a slutty way, it was clear she was offering sex in exchange for a lift.

At first it was tough but eventually being a slut became second nature to her. When she finally made it out of Texas, she was a completely different person. Gone was the stuck-up conservative American girl she used to be. Being a feisty Mexican girl was her only option, she found out.

The TV show couldn't but conclude that regardless of our opinions and ideals, external circumstances are really what shapes us into who we are.