

Giselle O.
Based on a true story

The shadow of October

I worked hard to support my very poor family. We were a family of 13. Yah I know pretty dramatic but it is true. I loved each and every one of my siblings. I lived in a city called Chilanga Morazán and in Chilanga there was a place called “Piedra parade” (standing rock), it belonged to Chilanga. I lived in El Salvador. I worked in the fields every day, growing fruits and vegetables for me and my family to eat. My siblings worked beside me as well. We had very little food each day but it was enough to keep us alive. I didn’t go to school and I never played games and I never had dolls or any toys for that matter. I NEVER played because I was out on the fields chopping sugar canes and grinding rice and corn. We had chickens and cows and 1 to 2 horses. When we were lucky we would get to eat chicken on the weekends. It tasted delicious and I savored every bite. Then right after that we would go back to work. I still have a burn from the hot rays of the sun that burned me till I cried (which was hardly ever). 5 men always came to our house asking to buy our land because we had easy access to the water. Back then water was a little harder to get to. They begged my papa for the land but my papa denied every time. He would not let the land go. It was our home and we loved it. Then it all happened so fast. The year 1950, October 14 at 1:00pm. The 5 men came to our house. They were drunk, very drunk. They entered the home and took my most prized positions... my parents. By took I mean took their lives. They carried on them a machete (a heavy and big knife) and a pistol. My father was sleeping. BOOM the door opened so hard, He awoke and stood by the edge of the bed as the bandits grabbed the machete and that was it. He was gone they had cut him brutally. My mom was at the door, BANG BANG. They had shot my mama twice. I Starred frightened. Shivers went down my spine. I was breathing hard. I could see them lying on the floor, dead and cold. The 5 men walked out the room with a smirk on their faces, as if they were proud of what they had done. One of the men hit me hard with the flat side of the machete. I could feel my head trembling inside and it was vibrating. I froze. I was scared and with nothing to do, I didn’t know what to do. My parents were gone I could see dark red blood slithering across the floor like a snake. “Corre” (run), there was a voice familiar to my mamas. I ran and ran and ran until I had found a bush to hide in. I froze, I was crying. “Mamaa... papaa”. I hid for a while. I was afraid to go back inside the tiny house where my parents would be....dead. I peeked outside the bush to see if the men were gone. They weren’t outside. I ran to the house but stopped when I approached the door of the small house. I tip toed inside. There they were. Dead and frozen on the floor. I had tears in my eyes. Then I started to weep. My tears dropped to my mouth, I could taste the saltiness. There was blood everywhere. “No llores hija” (don’t cry daughter) someone whispered in my ear. I sniffled and said “papa” I could recognize that soft and sweet voice from anywhere. “Si papa” (yes father) I uttered gently.

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Years past and no one did anything about what had happened in 1950, which killed me even more inside, justice was never really common in that time . I was 18 when it happened. I worked harder and harder to make my parents proud. I vowed I would keep on working till my last days. I wouldn't get revenge. I know my mama and papa would not want that. I knew that revenge would not make you feel better but only worse. After people buried my parents I ran away. Not forever, just for a couple of hours. I ran to a high valley or hill. I just wanted to be free, just for a moment. I came back hoping to start fresh. I worked in a domestic job which is basically a house wife/servant. I no longer worked on the fields. If those bandits wouldn't have killed my mama and papa that day maybe they would have seen me have my kids, maybe they would have been there to support me like they did when they were on Earth , maybe I would have been able to hug them tight one more time, but I cant. I know I will never ever forget what happened October 14, 1950. I know that it will follow me to my last days. I was the only one to witness what had happened that day. I miss you mama and papa. I know you loved me so very much and I loved you the same way. You are and forever will be in my heart, I know I will see you some day, but for now I am safe where I am, happy, and braver. Te amo (I love you).

The story was based on my loving Great grandmother who is still with us to this day, she is currently 83 years old. Thank you grandma for letting me write about this event, I know it was hard but just know your family loves you very much.

968 words.