

The Overture

By Daniel V. and Daniel G.

My room reeked of the scent of cigars. My sister, still asleep lay next to me. Every inch of my body screamed for mercy after what had happened the last few days. I couldn't see much. Slowly I lifted my hand to wipe my eyes. As I rubbed my eyes my vision began to return to me and everything was clear. The disgusting abandoned house we had to squat in. As soon as I moved, my sister began to stir. "Julia, you awake," I said, pulling her long, black hair away from her eyes. She remained quiet. I saw this opportunity to get up and took it. I sat on the end of my bed for a moment and sluggishly picked myself up and walked over to the bathroom. It had been an eventful night.

We had been on the run for quite a while from our former boss. His name was Manuel Vasquez the overseer of many Cuban sweat shops. He was a tyrant and a killer who ruled with an iron fist. If some of the children misbehaved or tried to escape he would do terrible things to them. I remember a day when a friend of mine named Carlos, became ill.

He was working in the assembly line and threw up on the floor. Manuel saw this and became enraged. He struck Carlos in his face and pulled him into a room called "Human resources". There Manuel would torture us in unimaginable ways. The silhouette of Mr. Vasquez and Carlos were seen through the filthy glass. The other workers and I saw Vasquez yelling at Carlos who couldn't stand up straight. "So you don't feel well, huh? I got something to ease your pain insolent boy," Manuel said

as he turned from Carlos and pulled something out of his pocket. I ran up the stairs toward “Human resources” to get a better look. “What are you doing?” said Julia following curiously behind me. I ignored her and continued watching as Manuel pulled out a round object. I had no idea what it was until I heard a clicking sound. I got just as nervous as Carlos probably was.

Time itself slowed down even though I wanted it to end. My heart sank. Manuel quickly pulled out a roll of duct tape and rolled it around Carlos’s head just before he ran for the door and knocked me off my feet yelling “Move!” Carlos stood and wobbled for a second. “Miguel, what is that thing in Carlos’s mouth?” Julia asked with horror. It was an armed frag grenade.

I couldn’t bring myself to think of what happened next. I pull my head up and look into the mirror at the coward that stood in front of me. I stood there, shaking at the thought of the sickening sound of Carlo’s death. But I knew that it was over now. The dark shroud that was ruining my life was finally lifted when Manuel was found dead. At last I would begin the overture of my life. Every time I think of that time in my life I hear “Over the rainbow” in the back of my head.