



COMO OLAS EN EL MAR

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My name is Javier, I'm 9 years old, my hair is afro, short and jet, I have a blue cap that I wear every day because my older brother Coby gave it to me a year ago, my eyes are black and my skin is brown, usually people told me that I was a very happy and confident boy, I played football with my friends when I left school. Until one day the unexpected happened in my village.





I used to live in a beautiful place, surrounded by mountains and water, I could feel the sand under my feet and the wind caressing my cheeks, in the daytime the sun illuminated a landscape that looked like a living painting, something unreal. This place was so different from all the others, and the houses were built over the sea. Together my beautiful land; to get to this paradise you first had to travel by sea and then take the river, that's where my family and I came from.

My mother Flor, a woman with short black afro hair like mine, with brown eyes in which you could see the immensity of the sea, my father Rubén, a big man, "the black cholo" they called him in the village, and my brother Coby, a cheerful, optimistic young man with lots of dreams. He wanted to be an architect, to build houses and buildings; my brother looked like me, my mother said we were the same, like two peas in a pod, but my brother was much older, he was 17 years old and I aspired to be like him when I grew up.



One day I was at home, I was taking off my school uniform, my dad was fishing, that was his job; my mum was washing clothes in the river, it was sunny and she said it was the perfect time to wash. Coby came running, he had a worried face, he came desperately asking for my parents, I told him where they were and he told me to hide that he was coming with mum and dad; I thought it was a game and I hid believing that he, mum and dad would come to look for me and play with me.





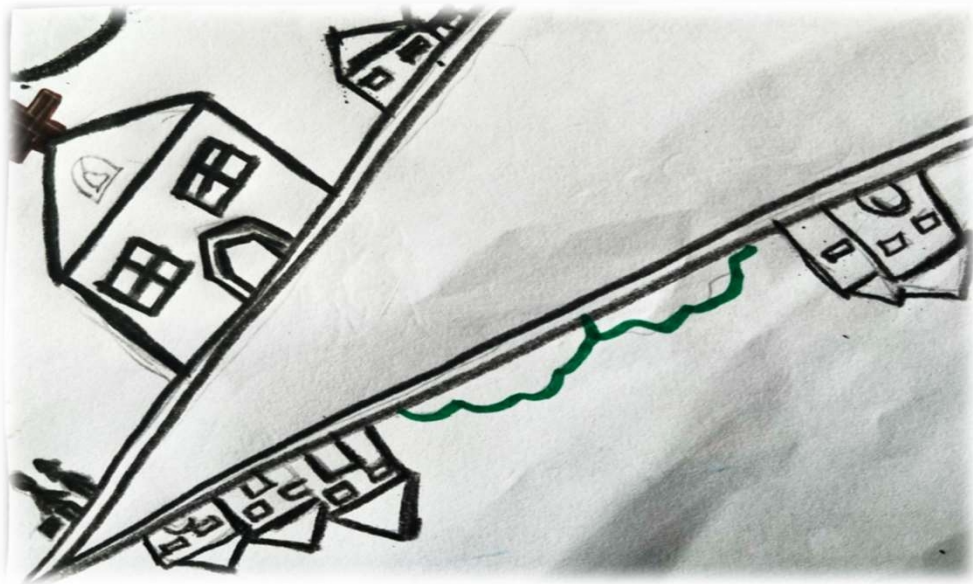
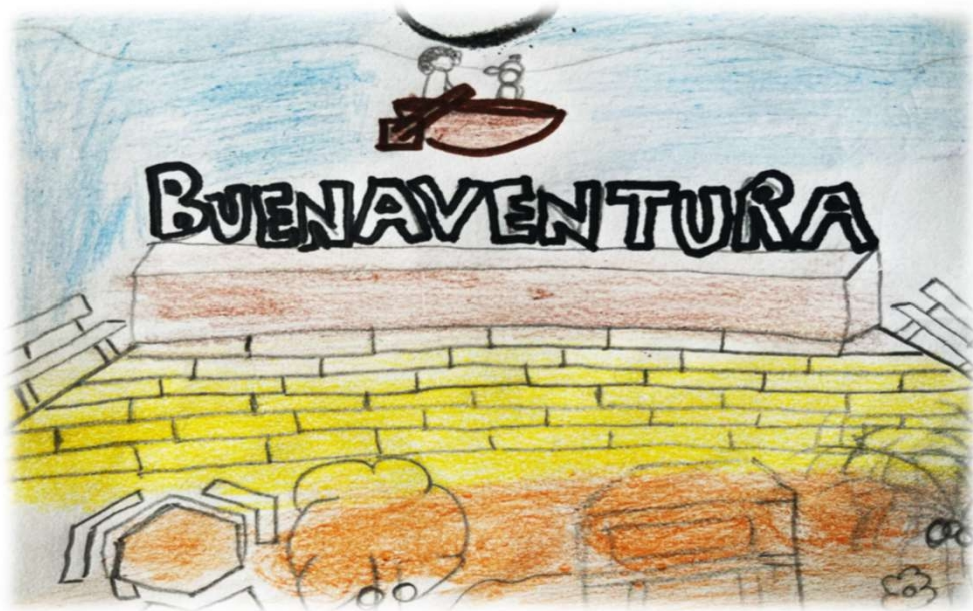
While I was hiding, I heard people running and shouting, there were also several thunderous noises, when half an hour later my mother arrived in desperation, she grabbed a suitcase and packed everyone's clothes, in the immensity of the sea of her eyes there was something I didn't know and I think they called it desperation.

He quickly grabbed my hand and we headed towards a Canoe, I didn't know what was happening, at a moment we saw my brother and my dad approaching; They came running, looking scared as if they were going to get hit, when we heard two thunderous bangs, then we felt a stunned silence, I saw them fall to the ground, while my mother screamed and cried inconsolably, in a moment she recovered her strength and carried me to get into the canoe, I wanted to go to where my brother and my father were, but she did not let me, and we went down the river until we reached the sea.



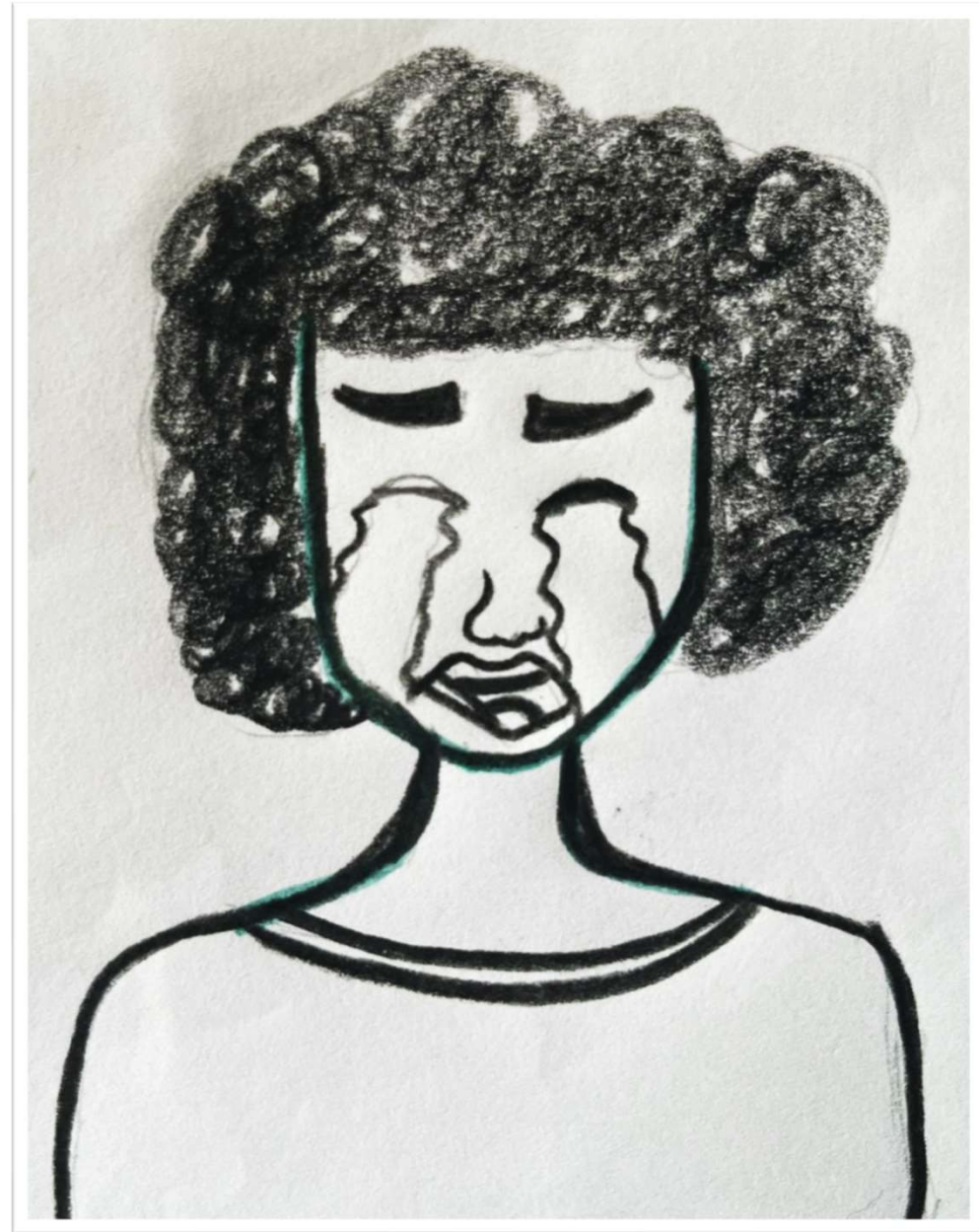


And just like waves at sea, my mother and I found ourselves adrift in the vastness of an unknown and heartbreaking world, where we were hungry and cold.



Somehow we arrived at a place by sea, called Buenaventura, here we settled with mum, it was very difficult because we didn't know anyone, at one point we arrived at a church because my mum was a great believer and somehow she felt that this could help, there we met a lady called Maria, who was just as much a believer as my mum, so she offered us to stay in a room in her house; every night I saw my mum crying and I still didn't understand what had happened to my brother and my dad, I was still waiting for them and I was also waiting for the moment to return to my home. people.

One day my mum got a job in a family home, every time she arrived I saw her very sad and tired, I could no longer see light in her eyes, sometimes it was difficult to find something to eat, but mum tried very hard to make us go to sleep hungry.



One day I asked her about what happened and with water in her eyes she replied that illegal armed groups had forced their way into the community and disturbed the peace, I asked her if we would see my brother and my father again and she answered me crying that my father and my brother would always be with me in my heart and that they would take care of me from heaven, that now I had to be an intelligent and strong boy to go on and be a professional.

I know there are many more like my story, I send a hug and strength to all the people who have gone through the same thing.





AUTHORS

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