

My Body is Here, But My Soul is Beyond There

by Guadalupe Ortiz Telica

I was 8 years old; 'April 19, 2018' was a sunny day. I was returning home from school with my sister walking along that cobblestone road that we knew so well. I got ready to watch television and channel 12 was broadcasting live. It seemed strange to me to see people jumping over walls while others dispersed throughout the street, so I asked the girl who was taking care of us:

"Why are these people running from the police?" I asked innocently.

"A crisis has happened in the country, you are still small so you won't understand much about this," she replied.

I felt that everything was advancing around me while I didn't know what to do, my body was there from what I mostly remember, but at the same time I didn't feel it, it's like my soul was floating while I see what was happening;

Everything comes and goes but in my memory there will always be those mornings or 5am in which I woke up with my family and we were willing to help those in the neighborhood and ourselves, or also those nights in which the riot police or police shot or threw bombs while my mother helped heal the wounded, I remember going with my sister and her to a woman's house to make food for the



others, there were pots and pots full of food since there were many injured people and people who had not eaten in all day for being on the front lines safeguarding our lives.

I thought it was something that could change, something that could be solved in a few months, or that the bad government would go away or change and that way we wouldn't suffer. My little self saw the way my parents were so brave, because despite everything we were going through, they never let me down and didn't leave my sister and me alone.

My mother is a teacher, of high courage, seriousness and security, with every unjust action she acted, actions that affected many people, that is why my sister and I have the reasoning, not as adults but as young people who seek the rights of people and their freedom.

I remember when the students got together, or those boys who helped us, different people, teachers, cleaning workers or grocery store workers, mothers, older people, wanted to raise their voices for their freedom, the freedom that was not allowed to them until today. , with their scarves, flags, barricades and weapons, they marched for the government that did not want to find a solution. If they did not do it, what would the future hold? Why should others suffer for the past?

I will never forget that Saturday, March 9, 2019, it will not be like a flash that comes and goes. I remember that

morning when I asked my sister to borrow that pink blouse with a little dog on the front, a little big but comfortable for me, with those blue pants and my sneakers, my sister was ready and we prepared to grab our instrument called 'Lira '.

The school was close by so we knew the route by heart and we went there alone, in the band there were many boys and girls, of different ages, some played the drum, the girls the lyre, among them was my friend, that atmosphere It was my favorite since it was like getting away from everything else that was going on.

They told us to go inside the house that something had happened and that was when my intuition said that something bad happened and so it did, my two aunts were nervous and since my dad worked In that house it seemed strange to me not to see him.

That's when my aunt was sobbing and said to my sister and me:

"The riot police caught your dad and blamed him for something he didn't do. You have to stay here to be safe, with the things you have right now because the police also stole all the valuable things you have in the house."

I thought about my mother, where was she? Could I go to her crying and ask her what had happened? She had always been with me, but not this time, this time she couldn't hug me saying that everything would be okay.

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I will never forget those who gave their lives for their country, those who did not care about their physical health in order to save their beloved nation, and although to this day that Dictatorship has not gone away, I hope that one day the soul of those people can see that our Nicaragua will go towards freedom and will be unleashed, I will not forget my city, Masaya, the cradle of folklore and those moments that will not be erased from my memory and I will count on every opportunity I have for everything that happened and the power of words can completely change your life because if I was able to finally tell it and have someone listen to it then other people will too, and it will be worth it, since it is important to know all that happened, to know deeply the whole of it all.