

XXV  
Encuentro  
Literario





## OCTAVO

### BLOWN AWAY BY THE WIND

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On one of those gray, quiet days on the beach of a sea that no one remembered anymore. A woman wiped her tears while looking at the sky, hoping for a wishing star that would grant her what she longed for.

A month before war started she had gone to an art convention. She passed rows of paintings without giving them a second look but she stopped in the last row, there was a painting of a flower blown away by the wind. She thought that it was special, it resembled humans, so frail, could be blown away by anything stronger than them. While she contemplated the painting someone said, "Its real name is Kaze ni fukaremasu ". She turned around, a young man was standing next to her. "It means blown by the wind", he concluded, then she asked, "How do you know that?". "I painted it", he replied. "Really?", she shouted. "Yes", he laughed. They continued to talk about art and the painting.

After a week had gone by they were already good friends, the type that went out together every day, spoke on the phone for hours until they fell asleep.

One day they were walking on the beach when they saw a big commotion because war had started." I hate war and people in it", she said, he nodded, "I think people are born for greater things than war". They continued to walk, discussing why war was not good. It was dark before they realized it, finally he added, "I need to tell you something very important" . After that they decided to meet the next day at eight o'clock.



The next day she arrived but he was not there, she waited for hours, she was getting angry, but not at him but at herself because she couldn't find reasons that explained why she couldn't get angry at him. After a while she found only one reason: she fell in love with him. She stood up and ran as fast as she could, she didn't care if he hadn't come, and she wanted to tell him how much she liked him.



She stopped to catch her breath near the tent that was giving out the equipment for the people that were going to war. She looked at it curiously but suddenly all her body became stiff. There he was receiving the equipment. "No!", she cried, he saw her but she had started to run again. When she got home she fell down and started to cry, she couldn't believe it. How could she fall in love with someone that lied to her?

The next few days she didn't go out of her house, she was scared that she would meet him but everyday he knocked at her door telling her how sorry he was.

One day before he had gone to war she decided to go out of her house. She walked near the art convention center, she went in and searched for the painting. She was thinking why she fell in love with him, was it the painting? "No", she mumbled, it was him, the moments they spent together, he taught her so much. The painting was not there anymore, scared of what had happened she went to the office to ask about it. The director had the painting and a letter that was for her. She took it and started to read. "I am sorry that you misunderstood but I was forced to go to the battle field. I don't like it but I think I understand why people go to war because they have someone dear that they want to protect.



I will not fight, I will help in the camp as a medical assistant. You know I also think people fight because they are too proud to realize how much they are hurting others; But just like there is you and me on the other side of the battle field there is a boy just like me and in his hometown a girl just like you so that's why I don't want to fight. I don't want to be like the flower that was blown away. Please wait for me; I have something to tell you.

P.S the painting is yours so even when I am not there you have something that reminds you of me, please be happy for both of us and enjoy your life".

Goodbye".

In the morning she went to the train station, there he was standing in the middle of the crowd. She took a long breath and called out to him. He ran to where she was. "I am sorry", they both said and they hugged tightly like if that was the last time. She was going to say something but he stopped her and added, "Tell me when I come back". "Yes", she replied, tears started to flow, he cleaned her face with his hand and whispered in her ear, "Goodbye my love". Then he walked straight to the wagon, when he was about to go in she shouted, "I will wait for you". He waved at her with a smiling face.

The woman started to cry again. She hadn't heard any news about him, she wrote a letter everyday and put it in a little box. She was scared that if she sent it he may not reply or that something worse happened.

She continued to wait until the sea had washed away all the memories of those happy days.