

XXV
Encuentro
Literario





NOVENO

HELPHUG

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My name is Tila. I was born in Kusco, a small place in Sudan, in 1966.

It was 1978 and it was day seven of the month seven. I was 12 years old when it happened. The sky was beautiful and the moon was perfect for a romantic date, but in that moment a shooting star started coming nearer and nearer to my house. I was alone because my mom was with my little baby brother at the supermarket and my father had died 3 years earlier.

I was looking at the shooting star and the last thing I remember was that I woke up in a hospital and I didn't understand why my mother was crying. I was so confused. I asked my mother what was happening but she couldn't talk because of all the emotions she was feeling. But finally 5 minutes later she said: "Tila we lost our house". I immediately remembered the star that was closing in on me and I asked: "mom, it was the shooting star, No!" it wasn't a star it was a big rock that left us and 20 more families homeless. The world was collapsing and I realized that I was the only solution my family had to succeed.



My family was not a rich one nor a poor one but my mother had to work hard to pay for my school and the government helped us with the services because my mom is alone. My grades were good but I knew that I had to stop studying because my mother couldn't work if she cares for a baby.

I was in the hospital because when the rock fell on my house it made an explosion that was the one that burns houses and many people but I was lucky because I only got burned on my hands. I had to sleep two days there but it was good news because we didn't have anywhere to sleep.

Fortunately the government opened the local coliseum so the homeless people could sleep there and two days later we went, I was very scared, the baby didn't understand what was happening and my mother showed herself positive and relaxed, but inside I knew that she was most concerned. While we were sleeping in the coliseum the government was supposed to rebuild the houses and to make donations of food, cloths, blankets, and money but the results were not very fast.

Before all this happened I loved to watch a program called "The Big Helphug". In this program, people were compensated because they are good people or helpful.



One day my brother got sick at the coliseum and I can remember how hard my Mother was working to save me and the baby. But the baby was deteriorating. The conditions in the coliseum were terrible, the food was bad and rotten, the people had infections in their wounds.



One day I woke up and my brother wasn't there he went to a better place, he died. The people were sad but my mother worse, so I had the idea of calling the people of "The Big helpug" and I invited them to the coliseum. two days later they were there and they were shocked because of the bad conditions there. They promised that they were going to help everyone there, and that was true. Six months later it was ready; a little town near the previous one. That town was name "Tila", like me!

Everybody was happy, my mother was proud of me and that was my biggest reward.