



# ENCUENTRO LITERARIO XXVIII

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

**COLEGIO MARYMOUNT**

COMITÉ CULTURAL MARYMOUNT

CON LA COLABORACIÓN DE:  
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El Departamento De Francés

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DÉCIMO A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

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## THE MIGHTY ONE

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*"And in the darkest of the nights, the stars rose to remind us that what the young boy had done, had not been in vain, The choir of the lions and tigers reminded us not to forget that his actions did not remain silent, the dancing of the trees brought us back to our ancestors and reminded us where we came from. The voices of mother nature echoed all around the world and the melody of her song filled the heart of every human being in the whole wide world"*

There's a sort of magic behind every move the earth makes, behind every breath our trees take, there's a secret hidden inside every flower that blossoms everyday... but listen, here's where the truth lies, only some of us, throughout our lives, will find the key to this whole new world that's hidden just at the end of every corner of every street and that is also found in the deepest edges of our minds. Only this key, this one and only tool will lead us to a whole new dimension, will take us to a brand new world. But the journey that we have to make to get to it might sometimes not seem worthy for some people. But for him, it totally was. He knew what he wanted and he was chasing the exact thing for which he had always fought for.

The place was Africa, beginning of the century. The time was here and now, the name of the boy. It doesn't really change his story but it does determine a great part of his life. Sometimes we take names for granted, we think they're just a couple of letters put together to sound right but they are way more than that. They give us identity, they're a window that opens up into our culture and may bring us forward to our future, they link us with our past and represent who we are in the present. Jelani, the mighty one, was the third of ten children, a boy with skin as dark as the night, water eyes, strong arms, brave in heart. He spoke the language of the lions; he knew the secrets of nature. Jelani was an extraordinary young boy whose destiny was yet to be discovered.



Jelani's father had passed away a couple of months before. Sick and with no more than a portion of rice a day, he had starved to death. They were a poor family who lived in harsh conditions, but in the heart of this family something amazing grew without them knowing.

The dark-skinned boy hid a secret that nobody knew; he had a special ability, beyond the unbelievable, far from the usual; Jelani could speak with nature, he sang the song of the trees and the anthem of the rivers, he was different from everyone else but this gift, sometimes gave him more pain than power. Every night, Jelani had to hear the sorrow of the jungle begging for its right to live; he heard the echo of the roaring of the animals who cried for their offspring who had been taken by those awful creatures with arrows in hand and stones in their pockets, for their sons who had been killed just for *pleasure*.

A group of white-skinned, as he called them, had migrated to Jelani's country and were killing all sorts of native animals to take them to their countries and were getting richer at the expense of the lives of these African creatures. The whispers of the earth hurt Jelani as nothing else did, he knew this had to stop and knew that it was up to him to make a change before it was too late.

The white-skinned were strong, possessed arms and weapons, but Jelani had the most powerful armament that men can bear; he had words in his favor, he could speak to the tigers and the trees, to the humans and the rivers, he understood the words of the sunrise and the messages brought by the breeze.

It's not about how it happened, but about what happened, is not about describing every single move he made or about narrating every single word he said, but about learning from the brave actions of this brave, blue-eyed and dark-skinned boy.



The white-skinned had decided to fell every single tree in the region to sell them and gain money; Jelani could not let this people end with the lives of his siblings and did everything that he could to save them. It was during the darkest of the nights that the stars rose to honor the actions of this boy the choir of the lions and tigers sang a song to flatter the life of Jelani and the dancing of the trees brought us back to our ancestors and reminded us where we came from. The voices of Mother Nature echoed to thank this young boy for giving his life to save the earth and to remind the rest of the human race that actions such as the one of this brave, dark-skinned boy cannot be forgotten and must be praise worthy.