



XXVII
Encuentro
Literario

COLEGIO MARYMOUNT

**CORPORACIÓN COMITÉ CULTURAL
MARYMOUNT**

CON LA COLABORACIÓN DE:
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE LENGUA CASTELLANA
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE INGLÉS
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE FRANCÉS

**XXVII ENCUENTRO LITERARIO
TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

**STORY TELLING CONTEST
3TH - 11TH GRADE**

**FRANCÉS
DÉCIMO A UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

2012





Karina Lopera Uribe (11°A)

THE WAR PHOTOGRAPHER

There he goes, the war photographer.

With his body upright and his head low.

He walks fast, though he's not really sure he has arrived yet. Behind him walks his shadow and a couple shadows more.

He's never safe, whatsoever. Memories assault him quite often: in every passenger's face, a known look. The look of a person he left dying. I'll see you soon, I'll see you soon...

It isn't his job, is it really? Saving lives? That's for governments and pacifists and revolutionaries. He's just an artist and his job is to immortalize facts that may seem to other too inhuman to be real. He's there for the photographs. That's what he tells himself every bedtime, when everything's quiet and he finally meets with his inner monster. No blasts, no gunshots, no crying, just thoughts. Thoughts may condemn you too, he knows. I'm no superhero, I don't have superpowers, just got my camera.

There he goes, the war photographer. Once again, all by himself. Too ashamed to commit, too afraid for what he's seen. Making a daily effort to recover faith in humanity, maybe faith in himself, too.

There he goes, the war photographer.



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With empty eyes, staring absent-minded to his memories coming back to life in every corner, while he glances randomly the real life around him.

He's hanging by a simple moment, living for one only reason he finds hard to understand. And for the tiniest moment, it's all not true, so he waits for redemption. But from whom, if he's quit believing in any god? Maybe from the mother of that abducted girl he let go, or from the little boy that was left alone after his brothers were taken to war. But neither the mom, the girl, nor the boy understand: he couldn't do anything about it. He was just one and they were thousands... with guns. He's just got his camera. Could they forgive? Why would they, he said to himself, if I can't even forgive myself.

There he goes, taciturn, the war photographer.

And behind him his shadow and a thousand shadows more, slowly taking over his steps into his own oblivion.