
VERY SHORT STORIES: The Fear, the Anguish, the Pain

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Waking up one day having lost everything during the night could be a terrible nightmare for anyone. Now it's the harsh reality of many people.

A horrible, deafening noise, as if a huge monster approached, ready to devour everything: that felt the people who met in its path the tornado from the evening of January 27th in several neighborhoods of Havana.

First it was fear: many people had already gone to bed, others shared talks with their relatives after dinner, some were in the streets, heading home after a Sunday visit... and suddenly, without warning, the disaster.

Roofs and walls that could not withstand the pounding of wind, wire poles and trees lying on the floor, vortex of stones and debris.

Then, the anguish of the darkness. The heavy and moist calm. The never-ending drizzle. Until finally, the relief of keeping one's integrity (those who could). How many stay awake until dawn?

In the morning, with the first lights, astonishment and pain. There are people who only a few days back were happy, or at least tried to be happy: now they lost almost everything. They stand amid what used to be their house and take a look around: only debris.

Start over. For us, those who escape unscathed have all the spirit, the drive, the optimism, the strength to begin again. But us (many of us) we don't know, we can't get to understand.

We just need respect the suffering and stretch a helping hand.