

Ermithe Celestin

Intro to creative writing

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### By the river

Behind the coco tree, two boys stood up and while I passed by I looked at them as there was something about them that was pretty usual to me. They were there; hold each other's hands right across the "canal" that I can likely call a small river. Speechless, they were staring at it like they were trying to have a direct communication with nature from a silent contact with the water which symbolizes life in that little town. The only thing they shared was their body connection, their hands' contact. The water was flowing nicely with a sweet sleepy sound mixing with the songs of the birds. Within the dirty rocks I could see that the place hasn't been taking care of for a long period of times. Either they or I could not disturb the sanctuary peace of mind that the place offered during a hot summer day.

It was two o'clock on a Tuesday morning, time were most of the children are supposed to be in school at that time, but those two kids were there looking at the water flowing softly on the dirty rocks of this strange river, standing by the tree and thinking about who knows "life, food, health, death, beauty, nature, or maybe school". What else could they think of at this moment? I watched them for fifteen minutes and later got immersed into their fantasy, trying to get an answer myself to my own questions that could be meaningless for them on that special moment of silence and imagination; answer that I may never get from neither them nor myself, maybe from the gradient angel that was guiding them.

I did not have to ask them what was they thinking at that time, I could see or imagine it myself, I wanted to know what was possibly happening in their little mind. They were deeply lost in their thought to point that they could not hear my foot steps on the piles of dry leaves that the trees left behind after the warm wind of spring. What were they really thinking at that time? I wanted to approach them, but I hesitated because I did not want to disturb that bridge of connection between them and their spirit. Thinking about spirit, maybe they were two angels that were there for me to challenge my faith with God. With this thought, I started to get a little deeper with the idea that I was dreaming and that I was still in my head and digesting those five Heinekens that I had the other night at my sister's house during her twenty fifth birthday. That night was the first time that my sister and I talked about our father after seven years; we reminder each other that we were the largest family in the town were we grew up. At that time, my father was very popular and powerful because of his lands, his agriculture and his money. He told me at that time that he had likely eighteen kids and the "last one" was two months old. When my father told me about that last kid I was kind of did not believe him, because I knew he was exaggerating, but what could I do or say about that? I was like iced in my body to hear that my own father was a maniac, a man whose only reason was his money, and his only moral was his power that was constructed upon his money.

As I looked at the kids, I felt this sensation of connection between them and myself, I felt like they were a part, an important part of me. As a mother knows her children needs and feels their anxiety, I felt like something was about to happen. I could not exactly describe what it was but this rapid heartbeat, this strange movement of my gut was telling me something. At the same moment that I was trying to approach them, I heard something. Someone was coming, there was a lady calling their name. "Sam! Henry!" She yelled, "Where are you? It has been almost three hours since I have been looking for you, don't you

know that you have to go get water from the fountain? There is none in the house.” As she was walking toward their little hiding place, I likely hid myself to see what she intended to do them. It seemed that Sam and Henry did not want her to see them, they was trying to hide under the bushes created by the huge trees. Unfortunately for them, she knew the place better than they did, as soon as she got close to them she grabbed Sam by the hand with the strength of an elephant to a little mouse. The poor little boy started to cry, stating that he did not want to go back to the house. But Henry was smart enough to stay there, hidden under the bushes while the lady kept looking for him. When she was at the point of finding him, like a fast speed train, he just ran as far as he could without thinking of where he was going and what could be waiting for him there. Even though the lady looked for him, she could not find him anywhere.

After ten minutes of search, the lady gave up, she could not find him; before she went home she screamed loudly “Make sure you do not come back at my house, because if you do, I will kill you, because you know the consequences of your actions!”, “ You will learn the hard way!” she added with a thunder-storming voice that correlated her with her statements. As the night were coming, I felt guilt inside of me, I could not see myself turning my back to those abused kids. I felt a type of warm blood circulating to my veins like those children were my own, like we shared the same blood; I felt their pain the same as I could for my own kids, my own brothers. That burning sensation of pain that was happening in my mind pushes me to step up for them and help them.

I decided to start searching for Henry everywhere I could think of, under the bridge where it was very dark and humid, in the old church, a place where it seems that God Stopped visiting and abandoned for the ghost spirits of the city. I went to the park where usually all

kids would find a safe place to stay. There, he was sitting and crying, hoping that a miracle could happen, wishing for God's Mercy. At that moment of sadness anything could happen, but not all dreams could come true. I exaggerated a little bit, that was the perfect moment for a miracle, the perfect recipe for salvation. I approached him and sat next to him like two strangers, like we never saw each other before. I began by asking him some question about the reason of his cries and why he was there by himself at that time. I did not answer any of my interrogations, he would either looked at me with a questionable eyes and bended his head. I did not want to force him to answer me, I just offered to help him getting back home if he was lost. But those last words brought him to the reality, who was I to say that to him? What could he been thinking? He did not seem to like the idea of going back at his place. The only one concern that he had was how to get his brother back. As I was invading his silent world, I tried to get closer to him, I took his little chin and asked him to look at me in the eyes, reassured him that I will do everything that I can to help him get his brother back. That rapid and powerful eye contact created a bonding between us that seemed to be present long before we ever met.

Again, I felt that strange sensation that made me rethink of what my sister told me the other day about my father; he had four more kids during the past seven years that any of us known yet. I sensed some galloping heartbeats and my veins started to collapse. I could not be possible, that could not be happening to me. I knew that something was going on, but I was afraid of accepting it as the truth, I could not imagine that this boy could be my little brother that my father told me about long ago. I recalled that time when he said " I have eighteen children, but I have two of them that I never got a chance to know because their mother died in a car accident while she was going to visit her family in Gonaives ( one of the town of my country), the kids was with her, they were rescued by someone but no one ever

have a news of what they became.” I could not doubt the possibility that they are my two lost brothers, I totally iced, and the heat that was coming from our connection melted me away. I was locked in the situation, there was no way out, the kid looked exactly like my father, his eyes were bright as a plan moon in the dark night, the shape of his face reminded me of myself when I was little, people used to use that “stupid” metaphor , “ you are exactly the spit of your father”,( that I hated ) to compare me with my dad. I did not want to be his daughter anyway, he was too attached with his money ( and those women) that he never had a little time for us.

The only one way to confirm that Henry and Sam were my brothers was to either bring them to father or ask them myself about their past or anything they know about themselves and that lady. I held my breath for about ten second and repeat the exercise a few time in order to get enough air into my lungs and ask him about his family.

Henry was very happy to talk to me, but when I heard that his last name was the same as my father’s, I sank into my seat and cried of happiness. Everything became calmed between us, all tension was down and there was no need to talk more. I took him in my arm, hugged him and kissed him on the cheeks and thanked God for that special moment that I had to share with my little brother. We went home together and waited for a beautiful morning to come so we could go get Sam and shared our happiness.

That was the most wonderful moment of my entire life! I found my two brothers who were lost seven years ago!