

THE ULTIMATE DREAM...

“And Roberto retrieves the ball, but there’s only 5 seconds left...4...3. Is he going to do it? Is he going to do it?.....” screamed the reporter over the microphone. The tension and the pressure was almost too much to bear. The reporter begins screaming again. Excitedly and overcome with happiness he exclaimed “GOAAALL! He does it again . Oh he does it again. He scores a miraculous goal. Sweeping our heart at the very moment”. There was a crescendo of screams after the goal was scored . I could feel a sudden sentiment of happiness and accomplishment. The sweat, literally pouring into my top, soaking it. The crowd began cheering my name “Roberto Roberto”, my mouth muscles began activating as I turned around in circles to present to the crowd my winning smile. I opened my eyes... just another dream. My eyes met the partially permeable rusty roof made from scrap metal which bought forth small rays of light. The toes clenching noise of rats scurrying along the pipes. The laughter of kids as they indulged themselves in the joy evoking game of football. I threw the filthy itchy covers across the room,

flung on the worn out tattered shoes my dad made for me when I was six and blazed out of the door with only one thing in mind... football. Once outside I noticed my mum. Trying hard to remove the stubborn dirt stains from my t-shirt and I saw an opportunity to play football and sneak stealthily past her. From the distance I could see my friends struggling, with faces of confusion which was encouraged by the opposing team so I ran towards the ball and everything began to move in slow motion I tackled the holder of the ball and kicked it to Fernandez (my best friend). I began to stride then race to my position near the goal. Fernandez passed the ball to me and I stopped it with my foot I could feel the power I had as I saw the opposing team in awe I smiled removed my foot off the ball as a symbol of the initiation of the perfect goal I echoed to myself the chants of the crowd from my dream "RO-BERTO RO-BERTO" then there was the familiar intense pain of someone grabbing my ear. "Ouch Ouch Ouch!" I said in agony as I was dragged away from the ball. Fernandez began to wave "Bye Bye Roberto, hello Roberto's mum." I turned around and faced my mother and regretted what I had done because of the look on my mother's face brought feeling of guilt and regret. My mother then let go and screamed pointing in the direction of my house indicating that it was time to go even though I had just arrived. I bowed my head put my hands in my pockets and began the walk of shame. I regretted sneaking past my Mother, I should have known better and I think I must apologise to her when we get home and...a truck screeched by filled with soldiers they jumped out aggressively and began grabbing any kid they could. Also whilst ordering any kids on the premises into the car. Then I heard Fernandez screaming and running towards me but his screams were silenced by the movement of the bullet going through his head and there was silence. Mother pushed me forward and mouthed "Run run into the house RUN". I ran past the neighbouring favelas and into my

house shocked that it happened again. I crawled into the closet. First Father now Fernandez. "I did it I did it". I sat there sobbing silently "I killed Fernandez, stupid stupid." I hit myself on my head. Then kept still and quiet the loud footsteps of the soldiers shook the closet violently so I just sat there until I heard the graceful delicate footsteps of my mother. "You can come out now Roberto" she whispered I ran frantically towards her and buried my head in her dress. I allowed her to hold me tightly and we sat there in silence and remembering those innocent people that died. The young kids who lost their futures and innocence and of the people who lost the people that they love.

In the morning the sun was radiant it shone brightly in the sky illuminating the whole area but that couldn't enlighten us of our sorrows or erase that happened yesterday. The shouts of Fernandez recurred in my mind and the rats had stopped scurrying and even they began to mourn the loss of the dead boy. To take my mind away I began imagining. I left the house and went to the football pitch. The skull which we used as a ball had now become a ball, the blood pool the only remnants of Fernandez had transformed into Fernandez. The surrounding houses became a football pitch holding everyone and Fernandez ran towards me. We held each other in a deep manly hug and the crowd began muttering "Roberto Roberto!" The chants increased as I went towards the ball until they began screaming for me then I heard someone scream "We love you Roberto" I turned to see my Father waving and my Mum crying on his shoulders with pride. "Were proud of you son" they stated again. I placed my foot on the ball and players were summoned all around me. The game begins now. Then for some reason my thoughts changed and I began to think what's the point of living if I will never be able to play without fear of being taken away, what's the point of never seeing Fernandez and Father again, what's the point if I

will never be a Footballer well, there is no point the same events just repeat there is a force a force I can't overcome telling me to just be a child soldier there are only two options be a soldier and get killed through war or die, they both lead to the same thing. One is just quicker than the other so I take the obvious route... Death. Then I remembered what Dad told me when I was young "Peace is a dream around you, it's fun to think about and pleasant to imagine but it's in your mind son, it's not true and it will never be true, it could be true somewhere else but not here, no no not around here."