Forced

"Get out!” he said.  
 “Why are you making us do this?” Tommy asked with frustration while the Venezuelan authorities were forcing us out of the house. Annoyance. Frustration. Those were the feelings running through my head while these ignorants pushed me away from what is mine. Everything we’ve worked for just slips in a split of a second. How is it possible I don’t have place to crash for the night? Will we eat? That was all I could think of in the minute I lost everything.   
 It was June 2015 and it all happened so suddenly and unexpectedly. One day I was coming home from school with my little brother Tomas when I saw a lot of concerned and alerted neighbors running through the streets. Immediately, I hold Tommy close to me and hurry to get home safely. After a few houses, we finally got home and I asked mom what was happening.              
 Her only answer was, “They’ve got something against us, but promise me you won’t worry. Your dad and I will find a solution,” I was confused. I didn’t get it. What was happening?  I was having a perfect day. In school I was doing very well, in fact the principal told me I was going to get a scholarship and all my friends were really nice to me.  Now my mother was upset and I didn´t know why.  
 A few days passed and things were back to normal. No problems, just a bakery full of hungry clients waiting for their goods to be made. After a long day in the bakery, we went home but it didn't look the same. It had a big X on the front door. As if it was a ton of medical waste. The place I once called home was full of garbage and scrap.The delicious Hallacas my mom had cooked were all over the floor. The house my parents built with a lot of sacrifice over the years was for them just another piece of concrete. The Venezuelan authorities had marked it to eventually demolish it.  Once we entered the house my mother started cleaning some of the huge mess for us to at least sleep through the night in peace.  
 The next day, a policeman knocked on the door harshly.  
 “Who is it?” my mom asks while hurrying to open the door since she was still rescuing the few things we had left.  
 “Open the damn door!” he yelled, “ I have and order from the president and I will force this door if necessary.”  
 After a minute or so my dad answers the door and a bunch of policemen were waiting. The one talking was about 5 feet tall, in his early 30’s and I can say a light brown skin tone. He had a very powerful voice that made my blood freeze each time he opened his mouth. At the beginning he started asking regular questions such as our names and why did we lived in that zone on Venezuela.  
 But eventually, he asked, “are you Colombian?”  
 “Yes, we are.” my dad said slowly, without thinking it twice. In that moment all the rest of policemen started pushing my family towards the door. I ran into my room without them noticing and got my mint green polka-dot bowl. That bowl meant everything to me. It had been in my life since I could remember. I learned how to make bread and bake cookies in that bowl.  Then, I started putting any item I could find in my way to the living room.  In the end, 2 toy cars my brother left on the floor, one portrait of our family in Pico Bolivar, 2 packs of Oreo cookies, one blanket and a pair of new clothes. When I finally got to the living room one of those guys was pushing my mother and all I could see her do was cry. My dad was already out with Tommy and they were yelling my name.  
 “Where is Rosa?!” my dad said.  
 “Rosa! Rosa! Rosa!” Tommy yelled.  
 “I am here,” I said.  The policeman didn’t suspect anything, or that’s what I thought.  I believe they didn’t even notice. The bowl was hidden in the neighbor's backyard and after they left I was going to tell my parents.   
About an hour passed and finally we were on our own. My mom was still trembling and my brother had not said a word.   
 To break the very awkward silence I said, “I have some of our things.”  
 “What the hell are you talking about?” my mom replied.  
 “Um, I kind of went back home and got us some things for the trip,” I said. “I got us some goodies and some memories that we are probably not going to get back,” they all sat quietly for a moment and then started hugging me. Sincerely I still don't understand why they got so emotional about it but I believe it’s fine.   
 Later that night we went back to my neighbor's backyard and got my bowl. We knew a long day was about to start. The next day we started walking towards the frontier between Venezuela and Colombia and we didn’t have anything except the things inside the bowl. Hunger and thirst started rising up and my feet hurt.  I believe we had walked 8 hours straight without saying a word. After we finally got to the frontier my dad told a policeman;  
 “Can we please get in? We have just been forced out of our home. We are all Colombians in a very huge need!”  
 “Yes, you do.” The young man stated. We continued walking towards the Colombian territory and after about five minutes we were almost in the middle of nowhere. Personally, I couldn’t hear a soul.  You couldn’t see a single bird in the sky or a single ant in the floor.  As if it was the end for us.   
Later that day we were walking with exhaustion, when my dad stated:  
 “Let’s rest.”  
 “Yes! Yes! Thank you dear God!” Tommy exclaimed. After that reaction all I could do was laugh. We all did. That’s what we needed. A little laugh, a bit of hope was all we were looking for. That little smile had turned an awful day into a good day. A day I was spending with the people I love the most and the people who I believed loved me. In that split second, hunger and thirst didn’t seem to be a problem anymore.   
 A few days passed and the only thing that entered our mouths were little berries my mom had found the second day we entered my beloved country. We were totally on our own when we noticed a lot of noise. Something similar to the day I had seen my neighbors back in San Cristobal, where I lived for a very long time. I gave one step ahead and I could see a bunch of people running and screaming as if they had seen the devil.  After they saw us they started to settle and my mom asked a pregnant woman:  
 “What is happening?”  
 “Who are you?”  The pregnant woman said with exhaustion  
 “I'm Margot… who are you?” Mom said calmly.  
 “I’m Isabel and this are all my neighbors,” the woman stated, “ Since we are native from here, the Venezuelan officials just pushed us out of our homes.”  
 “Wow, I thought we were the only ones in this situation!” I exclaimed.  
 A few more days passed and we were all living together.  Isabel and her neighbors helped us with the food recollecting and we kept our area clean by chopping wood and by completing similar tasks. It was about September 2015 when we all saw a car coming to our spot.

It was a Toyota Publica and I could see the cop who helped us enter. He told us he had food in the back and that the government had decided to help us. Basically, they had arranged some shelters for us and other groups of people that were arriving. We walked all the way to the shelters and they did seem comfortable.

At least they had bathrooms and a proper kitchen, which meant proper food.  My dad and Tommy talked to the cop and they agreed on helping us for one more month until we contacted some family members. Believe me that month was pretty great. I tasted a variety of food I had never tasted in my whole life and I enjoyed the little things such as meeting new people and a new culture.  
 After the month passed, we called my Abuela and started a new journey to Cucuta where we would meet. All I could think of was the new adventure I was going to face and meeting my Abuela again.  I wanted to think that life in Colombia would be better than life in Venezuela. I wanted to have education and lots of friends. My cousins would be waiting for me and Abuela would tell us stories. We would all laugh as a family, again.

The End