

Inequality

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The sour ocean of sorrow pushed me into that grim, windowless freight train. I could feel every trace of hope vanish as the wagon's shadow swallowed up my trembling body inch by inch. For some of us, this was the end; for others, the beginning of something ten times worse than death. Nobody screamed. There were only tears of resignation coming out of hundreds of lifeless eyes. The briny taste of sadness invaded all the sealed mouths in the wagon – a sadness so devastating that it drowned all words.

The last thing I saw before the door was closed was the ominous smirk of a blond giant who knew in detail what dreadful things the future held for us. The artificial superiority of those like him gave them the gift of not experiencing anything close to guilt. They had the incredible capacity of watching our suffering while taking their children to school on a Tuesday morning, without questioning. I have never understood it: How could they not feel our pain? How could they think we deserved it for being what we are? In their minds, we would never be their equals, and that was it.

I felt in my womb the gentle movement of the son I would never meet, and the dim silhouettes around me started to look blurry. I knew I just had one month left to feel him, to protect him, to tell him that his existence filled me with joy. Only one month before his birth allowed them to take him away from me – if they were kind enough not to kill us before that. It was known that the pregnant ones bore the brunt of it all.

Unfortunately, I knew exactly where the train was taking us. A merciless place where we would be deprived of our liberty, our dreams, our identity and our dignity. Each of us would be assigned a number as soon as we arrived, and our names would become just a faint echo of the life we once had. The strong, the younger ones would be subjected to forced labour; the old and ill, labelled as “useless”, would be instantly killed and thrown away as garbage; some of us would be used for experiments and some for a wicked kind of entertainment, but we were all sentenced to death.

A warm tear of despair rolled down my cheek. Would they ever understand that we are the same? We feel pain just like them, and joy, and sadness, and anger. We love with all our hearts, get paralyzed by fear, smile genuinely when a melody touches our soul, and bleed when we get cut, just like them. We are not numbers: we are sons, daughters, mothers, fathers, friends. Living beings. But while they watch their children grow, we wait as they decide if ours will be killed or enslaved for life. If this happened to them, it would be called holocaust; but as we are cows, they call it meat industry.

Suddenly, the train came to a halt, and I heard an orchestra of galloping hearts playing their last symphony. We had arrived.

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