

XXV
Encuentro
Literario





NOVENO

HELLO HELLO, HELLO GOODBYE

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"Hello goodbye, a life left behind. I'm tired of black and white; I want dreams colored in yellow, purple and green. I want sweet not bitter. I deserve right not wrong. I deserve death to follow my path to heaven. I'm gone for good. Don't expect me back because my place in the sky is reserved next to the brightest star." The letter was on the table. Nothing moved. There's no wind, no guilt, no blame, no regret; just a woman hanging from a rope. She'd been someone before.

BANG! A gunshot. Nothing was heard after. A few minutes later a woman sobbed in pain. She seemed to be loaded with sorrow, happy sorrow. She was relieved. "It was a good day for the murder" she thought. She'd been doubtful whether to do it or not. She wasn't considering it as a crime even though she saw how the blood stained the carpet. She's lucid and proud of what she'd done. She's the girl who'd soon take her life away.

She was worried. She cooked dinner for her husband and kept the gun hidden inside her pocket, waiting for the right moment to do what she had longed to do for so long. Fifteen years of pressure, violence and abuse had been enough to let her see she needed to take revenge. It was just a matter of time, only wait for the victim to be distracted so that she could kill him.



She was writing the letter, and at the moment of writing “hello, goodbye” she thought about the vows she made on the day of her wedding. She said: “hello hello, hello to the new me. I promise this day is a day of change, a day to be happy forever”. Nothing had been like that since she wore that white dress. Nothing ended up being like she pictured it. She had killed her husband, the man she was supposed to be with until death tore them apart.



She thought about running away, escaping and never remembering seeing her dead husband down on the floor with deep hollow eyes staring at her. She pictured herself running away for days and nights, running away from her past. Something was stopping her; something was pulling her back, back to the beginning, back to the fact she killed her husband, her only love. Independently of all he had done, she loved him and he had been her only and true love until death tore them apart, until murder tore them apart, until she tore them apart. She then tried to convince herself she wasn't sick, she wasn't crazy. She had done right, right?

Deep black dense regret filled her mind and soul. She knew her husband hadn't done all those terrible things to her; he was just keeping her from a breakdown. Why had she done what she had just done? She knew she was ill and that her husband was only protecting her.



She just wanted an excuse to get rid of him. What she had done was just an effect of one of her temporary insanities. She regrets what she's done. How will she manage to live the rest of her life sick and on her own? It was unbearable to think of it. She needed him to keep on; she needed him to get through. She needed him, she needed her husband!



She knew it would be easier to rest in peace and meet him. Or go to the underworld instead of living reality without him by her side to take care of her. She made her choice. She left the letter on the table. If she was doing it, it was without guilt, blame, or regret. She knew it was the best.

"Hello goodbye", she read while she put the rope around her neck, the rope that would lead her to death. She knew what she was about to do was okay, she then felt happy. She knew God would forgive her, she had done right. While she choked she tried to say her last words..."hello goodbye, goodbye to this life; hello hello, hello new me. This is a day of change, a day to be happy from now on to the rest of eternity".