

A borderland job

When you move to crisis areas, trying to describe the troubled places of the world, you already know what you will be facing. At the beginning, you don't know how to proceed in this galaxy made of unknown people and places. There are different cultures (different maybe light years from yours) to be interpreted, with the aim of describing them as best as you can. Marisol lived in a crisis area. That was her homeland, and she knew every single corner of it. Marisol was a fearless person, she didn't care of her impairment, because she wanted to take on her job. She wanted to investigate, and she wanted to do it there, where drug cartels business is weight in gold. She did it first of all because she wanted respectable people at her home. Accordingly to one of the classical rules of that kind of job, the journalist is a "watchdog" of the power. Here is intended as someone who keep a close watch over the community, trying to avoid its destruction made by abuse, and letting to a democratic system to live properly. Marisol, like all the reporters who "comb the street" of the news, extended this idea not only towards the ones who fulfill more or less elective political charges; she extended it even to every person involved in social actions (therefore, even to the organized crime who operates inside the community). She wanted to testify that in her borderland area, Nuevo Laredo, there was some deep rottenness, which badly smelled of drugs, guns, and human beings traffic. She exposed it every time. When you decide to report this kind of things, well, when that occurs, it happens to feel yourself lonely. And you find yourself in an ocean of silence, where even a simple commendation for you job would help to hear a rain tear falling in the sea. I imagine her standing in front of the indifference wall, together with the ones who could have faced this silent majority of underworld. They were those drug traffickers, who felt themselves as the masters of the world, to kill her, take off her clothes, and decapitate her, exposing her body in front of the city. That body had been exposed in front of the respectable people, who were unable to move themselves in front of a wall of silence.