



ANDY MULLIGAN

Trash

Part 3

1.

My name is Olivia Weston, I am the type of woman they would call a 'temporary housewife' in a Missionary school in Behal, and I know a part of a story. A boy and his father named Julliard asked me to write it carefully down. I am twenty two years old and after university I took the time to travel the world. I came to the city with the intention to stay there for a few days, to get some energy from all the trips I take and to then fly elsewhere, visit my friends, and even surf and swim the oceans for a month. However I visited the landfill in Behal and my plans started to slowly change. Yes I still surfed and swam, when I had holidays, but I decided that being at the beach for a week is enough too, I started feeling useless and restless. Behal left a big scar on me and I couldn't stop thinking about it. I went there to give sponsorship money from my parents who had a friend working there. My father works in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and he was the one who paid for my flight ticket (and a bit more) in hope that I will learn something. That is when I joined the water purification project on which they were working on, where I also joined the first aid team as children would get cuts and stung which would get easily infected – that is when I got the title of 'temporary housewife', 'mother' which means that you accept to work during the day shift if possible, and this is where I fell in love.

I fell in love with the eyes that were watching me and the constant smiles. I truly believe that charity work is the best thing ever, and I don't know how did I never thought of it before. For the first time people tell you you are doing something helpful. The kids from Behala are wonderful, and when you look at them on the landfill, your heart just breaks. Come and visit the country, look at the touristic attractions, but also come to Behala and look at the mountains made of trash and see how kids dig through them in hopes of finding something. It truly does change your life. I knew a boy called Jun, a small boy who they named Rat. Jun didn't want to call me Olivia, for him it was always 'sister' which them turned into 'mother' quite soon. Me a soft hearted person would have cried for a lost cat back in England, but Jun is all I could have thought about, I kept giving him food and money. I still don't know how children survive in these kinds of conditions. In school there is a special room for kids to go to if it becomes too hard for them, they can rest under the ventilator and there is even a fridge. It became a habit for Jun to visit me and try to decorate everything there, and it became a habit for me to give him everything I can, that's

why it was a nice surprise when he introduced me to his two friends, but at that time, I had no idea what I was getting myself into. They asked if we can talk, and I assumed it was about what happened last night. Father Julliard was napping and I didn't want to bother him –he was up all night trying to figure out what happened to Raphael and I still think he was upset at the time. The police were not helpful, and of course, the kid shows up walking in Behal as the sun was rising. I wasn't there but I heard all about it – and I saw how hard he was beaten. His aunt was hugging him and didn't want to let him go. Supposedly the whole neighborhood came to see him. Father Julliard says that the people here are just like that, once one of them is hurt, they all feel the pain too.

Pulling his hair back and smiling towards me, I was able to see the terrible bruises. I couldn't help think about how someone, an adult can even hit a child. He noticed me staring so he stood behind his friend. Gardo – a shaved kid, he placed his hand carefully before he turned to me. Jun said "I don't know what to do mother, we have a big problem. You know Gard, right?"

Gardo sat down looking at his knees, I noticed that he tried to put on some clean clothes, he looked washed, and his t shirt was clean. He tried to smile but he simply looked nervous, I figured out he wanted to ask me for money, and I got the courage to say no. One of Father Julliard's rules is never to give money as a gift, yes of course, we all gave a few bucks here and there, but I just felt that Gardo was going to ask for a larger amount of money. That is when I went in shock and felt ashamed, he said "my grandfather ended up in prison, I want to visit him."

I told him: "I'm really sorry, in which prison is he in?"

He told me his name, but because I didn't know a lot about the prisons here, it didn't mean a lot to me. I asked myself why did even ask that question.

"Why is he in prison?" I said.

Gardo looked away, and the boy with the bruises – Raphael – placed his arm on my shoulder and said something in their language. I realized they talked about something personal, but now, there is no way back – it was a logic question after all.

"They say he has beaten someone" Jun saying quietly, "but that is not true, it's all because of corruption, there are people that want his house."

I notice that Gardo started to cry, he wiped his tears and said "they are trying to throw him out of his house! They charged him with indictment, paid the police, and they just threw him in prison, and now they have his house". He wipes the tears again and Raphael hugs



him harder and said something again – something encouraging I assume. That is when he told me “Gardo has to go visit him, sister.” His mouth was swollen and he talked funny. “Can you help us get there?”

I took a sip of water, and Jun refilled my glass. I slowly noticed I was right, this could be the moment he asks for money. They need money for the bus tickets or to put someone for sure, again I was surprised when Gardo said “We need you to come with us sister, please.”

“Me? ”

They nodded.

“You want me to visit your grandfather?”

Gardo nods

“How, why do I need to visit him?” I was totally out of myself.

“We need to tell him some information, the police was asking about him. That’s why they beat up my friend and maybe it’s me they come for next!” he said.

“it’s a complicated situation sister, grandfather needs to know what is happening, and we need some information too, to help him, or he will lose the house.” Jun said.

“What about your family - your mother...”

Gardo shook his head, “I don’t have a mother. ”

“Your grandfather for sure has sons and for sure there are visiting hours. I am not exactly sure how I can help, that’s the problem. I said.

Gardo said: “you don’t understand.”

“You are right, I don’t understand.”

“The prisons here, you only get one visit per month, and in that month he will lose the house, and a house here is everything. The moment you lose your house, you have nothing, and you, you are a social worker.” Said Jun.

“You take your passport, sign and they just let you in. ” he said.



I kept quiet. We finally got to the bottom of thing. He said something I didn't hear and he placed his head in his hands, he put his hand on mine and said, "please, this is very important, and no one else can help."

"You are the only foreigner we know, and prisons here, they do what they want." Raphael said.

"Just tell them you are a social worker, just say you want to see him for half an hour, they might make you wait, okay? They might at first say no, but in the end just sit there, you never know, right?" Jun said.

Gardo looks at me with tears still in his eyes.

Jun said "you are the best, the best mother we ever had, the only reason I am asking you for this is because we might lose our house."

"The beat me because they thinking I have some papers of theirs, but I don't." Raphael said. "Mother, please."

Thus, she was in a taxi, heading towards Colva prison,

It's the stupidity and fact that three small boys can in a moment break my heart, and at the same time, flatters me and lie. I only took Gardo with me, but firstly we went to the store to buy him some new clothes. As I mentioned he dressed up, but the short pants and shirt were so damaged from the dust that was holding on to him for moths. I will never forget the looks they gave me when I entered the store with him, and I also very well remember how long it took for him choose something. I even told the taxi driver to wait for us thinking it would only take five minutes. Unfortunately, it wasn't like that, Gardo didn't want to hurry up and he was the most cautious buyer I ever saw. He wanted jeans, and yet they are the most expensive. I wasn't able to afford western prices for something I knew was most probably made here in this city; however, I was able to convince him to buy the cheaper ones. He then wanted a basketball dress, and I thought that that was totally wrong, totally not the impression we wanted to leave. I took him over to the other part of the store with shirts, and he disliked them all. At this point I have become nervous so we came to a compromise together. We chose a t- shirt for which he insisted had to be big, and something more formal with a collar to put over the t shirt. He tried it all and we went to pay for it, at least I though we are, but we entered in the shoe section where he saw some sneakers. Again, the price scared me, but when I thought to myself, that a nice dressed up boy walking bear feet is not convincing. We chose a mid-price pair of shoes and when we came to the counter, I paid it by credit card. The gift in all this was, I have never seen a happier boy, and I must admit a handsome one. I came out from the dressing

room, and he was not the same boy from the landfill of Bahal! He was much more, he was full of self-confidence and was laughing all the time, he even walked differently. I could not resist kissing him, which led the shopkeeper to laugh. We came to the taxi driver and chocked when I saw the taxi meter, but we needed to carry on.

3 extra parts that are related to the 2nd reading activity:

1. Third part, first chapter.

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2. Second part.

In the prison cell there was nothing but a bench which was made from concrete. The policeman addressed me a few times, asking about who I was. After some time, a man in a light grey suit came in and looked at me. He asked for my name, and when I told my name, my voice changed. "Six, we will use six." He said... They placed a glass of water next to me and I spilt it while trying to take it. I started crying again and I wanted to go to the toilet. A tired man waited while someone was cleaning up the water.

"All you have to do is take us back to your house, give us the bag where ever you placed it and we will give you money as we said, and everyone will be happy." I was able to look at him. "I swear to God sir, I did not find the bag. I only found money, eleven thousand pesos, and that is it".

"You found money?"

"Yes, sir."

"So you lied, you did find something then?"

"Yes, sir, I did"

"Where did you find it, when?"

"At the escalator on Thursday afternoon." I didn't want for them to know where I was so I lied. The problem is that even your own lies can lead you to a dead end. The man in the grey suit wrote down everything.

"Who were you with, who saw you?"

"No one sir, I was alone."

"Your lying." said the police man and throws me to the side. I am not sure with what he hit me, but he did. The chair fell over and on my cheek I got a cut. I fell pretty hard and my wrist was under my body. I saw him standing above me and I thought how he will start hitting me and so I screamed, "no, no, no" as I tried to get under the table. Together with the man in the suit they picked me up, held me by my hair and arm, and placed me on the chair again, but someone was still holding me by my hair.

3. Third part

The old man closed his eyes and took a smoke, "it pleases me" he said, "even just thinking about it, do you think the police men just sit here being all nice and say "sir, tell us again, how did your servant walk out of the house with six million dollars?" He laughed for a long period and quite loud, so did Raphael laugh too, as I did. "six million dollars" the man finally said it. "he got up and took them through these doors, do you just know how he did it?" We both shook our heads laughing even harder. It felt good just looking at the old man thinking about it. "Everyone here knows" he said, "but the newspapers don't – they don't know the whole story. It was a young man whom they trusted."

"What did we do?" I asked, I felt how tight Raphael was holding on to me, as all the stories fit perfectly, we knew that we were closer to what we were fighting for. "they said he did it with a refrigerator."

"What, what did he do with the refrigerator, you said six million dollars, what?" I said. "that's what the guards said and the maid, his name is written on the newspapers, but they don't want to say what he did, nor why they killed him." The man spat on the grass. "Well he was a servant here, I don't know how long, but for a long time. We talked, smokes together, he was a good man, I heard that they told him to buy a refrigerator a while back."

The man was dying; a person needs a refrigerator for all that food! So, he bought one and the delivery people brought it. The guy told them to take the old one with them; it's just a piece of garbage for the senator. The delivery people don't have anything against it, they will sell it in parts if needed, and so they took the refrigerator with the golden ticket inside. They talked with the guard, laughed, and the camera all videotaped it, that's what they said - the fridge rapped up in sheets and tied with string is now on the truck, not leaving anywhere. Giving two thousand pesos to deliver it where ever they want, of course which is a nice amount of money not to accept it. They delivered the fridge never to be seen again.