

It happened last Sunday, when you'd gone out alone to buy some practice papers from the bookshop in front of the school. Frightened by the sight of armed soldiers, who seemed to have materialized out of nowhere, you took a side alley leading down to the riverside. A couple were walking opposite you, the man wearing a suit and holding a Bible and hymn book, and the woman in a navy-blue dress. Something about the way they were talking made you think they must be newlyweds. A thin scream rang out several times from the top of the road, and three soldiers carrying guns and clubs raced down over the hilltop, surrounding the young couple. They looked to have been pursuing someone, and to have turned down this alley by mistake.

"What's the matter? We're just on our way to church..."

Before the man in the suit had finished speaking, you saw a person's arm—what? Something you wouldn't have thought it capable of. Too much to process—what you saw happen to that hand, that back, that leg. A human being. "Help me!" the man shouted, his voice ragged. They kept on clubbing him until his twitching feet finally grew still. The woman stood there and screamed when she should have just backed off; you saw them grab her by the hair, but you don't know what happened after that. You were too busy crawling, trembling, into the next street, a street where a sight even further from your experience was unfolding.