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THE PHOTOGRAPH

It was 1961, one of those summer days which I recall with nostalgia, at that time I was about eight. I don't know whether the Fate had prepared that occurrence or not, but it happened. I was playing with my favourite plane in my grandparent's garden (where I used to spent innumerable hours) when it dropped out of sight, without hesitation I went on the trail of it to recover my toy. To my amazement the storage room (where my naughty plaything was hidden) was opened and I took the chance to explore the room. There were loads of antiques from battered furniture to crumbled books, after a while I realized that the plane was between two boxes, one of them was slightly opened and I uncovered it. In the interior there was an ancient photograph, it was taken somewhere in the garden and there were three women sitting on a bench as well as a young man wearing a uniform reclined on a tree. It was that man who leaded my eagerness to find out more about him, I had the gut feeling that he was staring at me. I was sure my grandmother would know further information about the photograph. Consequently, I searched her and at the time I was giving her the photograph I asked:

- Granny, who are those in the photograph?
- Don't you recognize me? Of course not, I am too young here... this was our first photograph, it was around 1919. Yes, that spring was unforgettable since the war had finished... Mother wanted to immortalize my siblings and me...
- So, the young man is your brother, isn't he? And I guess he was a soldier in that war...
- How do you know he fight in the war? I've never talked you about him. Besides, he was dead when the photo was taken.
- No, he is right here...- At the instant I pointed the place where I saw him a moment ago I realized he wasn't there.

Alerion