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During the darkest days in Guatemala, some years after the CICIG was expelled from the country and the Public Ministry, the Government, the Courts of Justice, and the Congress got corrupted by antidemocratic actors. Justice was just an old memory of good times. Judges, prosecutors, journalists were silenced with exile, prison, and threats. Civil society was divided based on a supposed ideology war between leftists and rightists. The middle class ceased to exist. The country began a fall into the abyss that ended in corruption and impunity.

The destruction of the rule of law created a sense of despair among the people. This grim feeling was made worse by the perception that the wealthy were the only ones who had access to justice. The rich did not need to follow the law. They had the means to buy their own justice. They could buy the police. They could buy the prosecutors. Maybe try to narrate and describe a little more) They could buy the judges. They could buy the Congress. They could buy the Presidency. The middle class and the poor could only watch how the powerful did as they pleased. People started to notice that the wealthy used the country as if it were their private property. (Here I felt like this idea had already been communicated in the previous lines) They could buy elections, they could change the Constitution, they could choose the President, they could steal the nation’s resources, they could buy the courts, and they could even buy the journalists and the media. They liked to present the country as the cradle of investments, even decided to present to the world as the "astonishing and unstoppable" country. But it was all a lie.

The country was not an investment paradise. It was a paradise for criminals. The country was not unstoppable. The country was a country of organised crime. The country was not astonishing. The country was a country of corruption. People were tired of being lied to.

The people were tired of being ignored. They were tired of being taken for fools. They were tired of being robbed. They were tired of being cheated. They were tired of being abused. They were tired of being neglected. They were tired of being humiliated. They were tired of being insulted. They were tired of being used. They were tired of being treated as slaves. They were tired of being treated like animals.

In those times, a young figure emerged on the Guatemalan stage. A man inspired by the words of martyrs, martyrs who sacrificed their lives fighting for justice decades ago trying to topple dictatorships and achieve democracy. He wasn't a populist, he wasn't a Bukele, he was just a man who wanted to help his country. He had grown up in the streets of the capital, in a suburb near the municipal landfill "Álvaro Arzú Irigoyen '' in Guatemala City, one of the most violent neighborhoods in the capital.

He had not had an easy life. At the age of seven, he had witnessed how his father was shot to death in front of him. At the age of eleven, he had to work to help his family. At the age of sixteen, he had to drop out of school to work. He had never had the opportunity to go to university. He had never had the opportunity to travel. He had never had the opportunity to live a life of luxury. He had never had the opportunity to know what it was like to have money.

But he was a man of the people. He was a man of the street. He was a man of the barrio (Maybe here you should put the word “barrio” inside quotation marks). He was a man of the suburb. He was a man of the ghetto. He was a man of the township. He was a man of the slum. However, at the age of nineteen, he was sentenced to ten years in prison for a crime he did not commit. He was innocent. He was framed. He was a victim of the system. He was in the wrong place. He was at the wrong time. He was in the wrong country. But he did not give up. He did not give in. He did not give out.

In prison, he educated himself. He learned to read and write. He learned about the law. He learned about history. He learned about politics. He learned about economics. He learned about sociology. He learned about psychology. He learned about philosophy. He learned about ANARCHISM. He became an anarchist.

When he was released from prison, he started the second Guatemalan Revolution, almost 70 years later than the first one. He started a new war against dictatorships and injustice. He started a new war against inequality and poverty. He started a new war against crime and impunity. He started a new war against corruption and fraud. He started a new war against the rich and the powerful.

Write a story based in Guatemala with a man as protagonist, which is traveling in a public bus, after leaving jail, and thinking about the injustice in the country given this introduction:

During the darkest days in Guatemala, some years after the CICIG was expelled from the country, the Public Ministry, the Government, the Courts of Justice, and the Congress got corrupted by antidemocratic actors. Justice was just an old memory of good times. Civil society was divided in a war of the right and left wings promoted by the regime of the president Alejandro Giammattei.

Story:

The bus was full of people and the air was stuffy. I was thinking about how life had changed so much in the last few years. I had just been released from prison, after being unjustly accused of a crime I didn't commit. I was innocent, but in this country, that didn't seem to matter anymore. The justice system was corrupt and rigged, and I had lost everything because of it.

As a man who grew up in the streets of Guatemala City, in a suburb near the municipal landfill, I was used to seeing injustice everywhere. I remember when I was a kid, there was a big fire in the landfill and all of the kids in my neighborhood had to help put it out. It was one of the most harrowing experiences of my life. The landfill was our only source of income, and when it burned, we had nothing. My father have left us when I was younger, so it was up to my mother to provide for us. She did the best she could, but it was hard.

I had always been a rebellious person, and I quickly realized that the only way to survive in this world was to fight back. I joined a gang when I was thirteen, and quickly rose through the ranks. I was good at what I did, and I was respected by my peers. The first time I killed someone, I was only fifteen. I remember feeling nothing as I watched the life drain from his eyes, he was a taxi driver who had not paid the extortion. I was just doing what I was told, but it didn't make me feel any better.

I looked around at the other passengers on the bus and saw the same tired, defeated expressions on their faces. We were all just trying to survive in a country that had become a nightmare. I wondered if things would ever get better, or if we were all just doomed to suffer under this corrupt regime forever.

When I was in jail, I used to read the newspaper every day, hoping for some news of change. But it never came. The country was slipping further and further into darkness, and there seemed to be no hope. I had given up on ever seeing justice done in Guatemala, some years ago I had some hope when an international commission called CICIG came to help clean up the government, even the president Otto Perez Molina went to jail, in fact, he was in the same prison where I was. I remember to read about massive protests in the streets, people were hopeful that finally, change was coming. But it didn't last long, the CICIG was expelled from the country some years after by a comedian who became president, and things went back to the way they were, or even worse.

I sighed and leaned back in my seat as the bus lumbered on. I didn't know where I was going, but I didn't have anything to go back to. An old lady has gotten on the bus and is asking for money, she looks so tired and defeated. I used to give money to beggars all the time when I was younger, but now I just don't have anything to give. I wish I could help her, but I can't even help myself.

Life is ironically and I remember when a warden, the national police chief, and a government minister decided to kill some gang members in the prison, they opened the doors and let us out to what we thought it was a massive riot, but it was a massacre, they started to shoot at us and a lot of people died, I was one of the lucky ones who survived.