

al mover su mirada arriba hacia la máscara en la ventanilla central.

—Bueno, creo que al menos no se les pasó por la mente que iba a acabar enterrado. Cuando tenía doce años mi abuela solía decir que los recuerdos son como el carbón encendido, si intentas mantenerlos en la mente vas a resultar herida—la turista se levanta, regresa la pluma a su moño.

—Al ir a la escuela y trabajar por largo tiempo me pongo a pensar qué va a ser de mí en mi vejez, será que después de tener una carrera voy a sentir que nunca di nada de mí, que nunca me di completamente al mundo—dice el estudiante.

—Tal vez no es bueno pensar en el destino y aprovechar el presente—dice la turista.

Y fue en este lugar donde los mayas dejaron sus ofrendas y súplicas a los dioses para que pudiesen volver a la vida después de la muerte, donde la turista y el estudiante dejaron sus inseguridades y sueños del futuro. Pasaron todo el verano juntos, caminando por las calles de Copán y cuando el sol se escondió, ella abordó un avión. Prometieron escribirse, pero la distancia y el tiempo ahogaron esos anhelos.

Ese encuentro tal vez fue coincidencia. Tal vez fue profecía.

O tal vez fue como Ozymandias.

Ángel Martínez wrote this article for his Spanish 304 class during the spring of 2023

Sobre *El olvido que seremos*

by Albert Cantoria

In 2006, Colombian author Héctor Abad Faciolince published a memoir titled *El Olvido que Seremos*, which directly translates to “The Oblivion We Shall Be”. The novel recounts his childhood and early adulthood experiences with his father, Héctor Abad Gómez, a renowned university professor, doctor, and later human rights leader who advocated for public health and human rights in a country plagued with mass vice and government-sanctioned murders. In 1987, Gómez would ultimately fall victim to one of many brutal killings perpetrated by politically radical paramilitary groups. Despite violence unfortunately occurring on an almost

regular basis at that point in time in Colombia, Gómez’s death still came as a shock to the population due to his status as a champion for equal human rights. While I never got the chance to read Faciolince’s novel, I watched the film adoption during Towson’s Hispanic Heritage Month Film Festival, which was first released in 2020 in Colombia under the same name as the original novel, then to the wider international audience, including the United States, under the name “Memories of My Father”. Up until that point, I never got the chance to learn about Colombia’s history and its social and political climate, I had only heard claims that Colombia was among the most dangerous countries in the world, for reasons that I had never explored in the past. After watching the movie, besides the need for tissues, I was left with multiple questions, such as who was involved in Gómez’s death, and the current situation in Colombia today.

The movie gave viewers insight into the various disparities and types of disrepairs that exist within Colombian society, as shown early in the film when Dr. Gómez traveled through an impoverished neighborhood and directed the distribution of vaccines and medication. It gave me a variety of first impressions, such as the kind of person Dr. Gómez was, the economic state of the vast majority of the population, and the implied inequity from the government. In one of the major points of rising tension in the story, Gómez grieves the death of one of his daughters, ultimately the catalyst that would push Gómez to form political activist groups using his status as a professor and doctor of medicine, leading to his branding as a “Marxist” and other far-left terms by political opponents that not only sought to discredit him but also harm him and his family. Not only did I think that this story was told very well on film, but I couldn’t help but draw connections to stories of my family growing up in the Philippines, wherein they were victims of McCarthy-style persecution due to completely unfounded suspicions placed upon them by authorities.

El Olvido que Seremos showed me yet another instance wherein innocent people simply living out their lives or trying to do good for others fall into harm’s way due to

baseless accusations and beliefs. While it’s a very unfortunate global connection, government-sanctioned persecution is something that continues up to this day, even happening right here in Baltimore in redlined communities being purposefully impoverished of resources and support from the local government. The only thing that we can do is hope that we progress towards a better future for everyone on the planet, something that we as academics are capable of achieving if we have the will to do so.

Albert Cantoria wrote this article for his Spanish 102 class during the Fall of 2023

JAPANESE / 日本語



Darran Byrd and Onosereme Inyinbor learned how to practice ORIGAMI SUMO or 紙相撲 for their Japanese 311 class during the Spring of 2023. They fight with paper-made sumo wrestlers!