

## FLOTSAM

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He lies on his side as if his spine has turned to jelly, as if he cannot feel the cold, as if he will never rise. But of course this is true. He will never rise again.

*Click.*

Did he feel fear? Did he cry as the waves took him under? Did he see his mother and brother die before he did? Did he feel his father's desperate fingernails digging into his arm as the powerful ocean took him under? Did he scream as the currents dragged him away into darkness, or did he float down gently in exhaustion, in resignation?

*Click.*

It's as if I can't breathe, but I pretend nothing's wrong. I'm disgusted, but I feel a desperate need to report ... to show the world things they would rather ignore, to face the hard truth. The world needs to be given a rude awakening, a hard slap in the face. Isn't it my duty as a compassionate citizen, not as a photo journalist, to show the violence? As if alight with passion, I refuse to let this slide, I won't forget. I demand people stop, take notice.

*Click.*

Maybe that's what helps me fight the bile in my throat, the trembling in my knees. To a degree I can desensitise, but this is too much. I'm filled with a vigilante rage and an unbroken steely determination. I want someone to ask me what I'm doing so I can scream, *I'm doing what's right*. My heavy camera is like a block of concrete in my hands, and it feels as powerful as a weapon.

*Click.*

The waves roll in and break across his back, sending his hair floating through the shallow water in lazy whirls. He could be sleeping. The sludge-like sand beneath him is pulled slowly from under his body, and he sinks ever so slightly every time, as if the ocean is calling him back, as if nature wants him safe from civilisation, free from the world and its people.

*Click.*

I get a shot of him and the ocean. The vast scene shows how tiny he is. He's barely more than three-feet tall.

*Click.*