

**Journalist:** (into a tape recorder) “A mortar shell. Just hit the marketplace not five minutes ago. People running away from the destruction. Sounds of wailing and screaming mixed with bursts of gunfire. Not sure where the snipers are hiding. Bits of shrapnel lodged in vehicles. An old man, maybe 70, tending to his wife. Her leg seems twisted around. Both have gaping wounds. A young woman lay dead in the grass. An older woman, possible her mother, is holding her. Weeping. There’s blood on the pavement, forming in slick pools. The air smells of dust, destruction and death.” (turns tape recorder off).

I don’t belong here. I never have. Who am I? What gives me the right to come here and intrude on people’s suffering? To observe, report, and leave. The difference between me and the people of Bosnia is that I can leave anytime I want. I can just say the word and I will be on a plane back home.

Maybe I should have done more. I’ve intruded on their lives, listened to them, recorded their stories. But I have to leave. Leave them to their lives. Some to their lives without their husbands, wives, sons, daughters, parents or friends. Some to their lives without a place to call home. Some to their lives with no one and nothing at all.

I got too involved. They always say, don’t get emotionally involved. Remain objective.

Dwell on it too much and you might stop and never start again.

Don’t look back.

Don’t look down.

Don’t look inward.

(turns tape recorder back on) “An earsplitting, whistling shell. Another explosion, closer this time...”