

Video from Cairo

by Piotr Kowalczyk

Adam Labbe watched the news from Egypt, when he heard a loud rumble from outside. Without thinking, he quickly ran to the window.

Speeding ambulance crashed into an old van, carrying a cage of birds. A cloud of white doves rose into the air.

Then came a new message: “we need you in Cairo, immediately, a matter of life and death!”

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The view from the tenth floor of Ramses Hilton hotel was depressing. A restless crowd undulated between the wrecks of tanks and armored cars.

JOURNALIST: Hey! I'm dying here, and you admire the views?

Journalist, bald guy in his thirties was lying on the sofa with a bottle of beer in his hand and a piece of bandage wrapped around his feet. He was excited, he had a face like a dying war veteran.

JOURNALIST: What, you support this asshole, the one by mistake once called the “cameraman”? Except that this asshole wants to ruin my career and decided not to send to the station this last reportage, in which I miraculously escaped death.

Bald guy looked at the cameraman, huddled in a chair by the window.

CAMERAMAN: Not true. It's not my phone and I do not know how to upload videos from it.

ADAM: Declare everything as it was. Detail after detail.

In the morning, when they wanted to get on Tahrir Square, a police patrol stopped them. They took them to the yard full of scrap and confiscated all the equipment. Only the private phone, belonging to the journalist was rescued.

They fled when police were busy checking the following journalists.

JOURNALIST: And then the cops started to chase us and shot me in the leg.

CAMERAMAN: Not true. You went to the wreck of the car and cut yourself there.

Journalist, angry, gave Adam the phone and told to watch a movie.

ADAM: But there is nothing here, except that you stick to the leg and scream that you are surrounded by Egyptian militants, and that perhaps the last time the world sees your face... And besides, it's your phone. You can send a movie without anyone's help.

CAMERAMAN: He is at odds with the technology.

The crowd calmed down outside, the sun began to peek through the window and illuminated the cameraman's face. Adam began to check the phone's functions. Soon found an explanation — an option for data transmission has not been activated.

He was about to ask a journalist about the details of his account, but reflected.

ADAM: I'm afraid that I will not be able to help.

JOURNALIST: I'm dying!

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A crowd of onlookers gathered around the ambulance and van. On the windowsill was a pigeon, had a blood-stained wings.

ADAM: I think you need help.

