



*Contos de amor ou amizade (?)*

*Short stories of friendship (?)*





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## *Contos de amor ou amizade (?)*

*Short stories of friendship (?)*



Universidade La Salle | Editora Unilasalle  
Canoas, 2020





Um olhar mesmo indecifrável,  
carrega um dicionário inteiro  
e ainda sim se faz inefável.

É confidente do silêncio  
cúmplice do afeto,  
abrevia ou escancara  
em um insólito dialeto.

Noites em claro  
em busca da verdade,  
aqueles olhares enigmáticos  
eram de amor ou amizade?

O silêncio não tem pressa  
então entendo só depois:  
o que nos fez pensar  
que não poderia ser os dois?

*Gabriela Rodrigues Vicente*

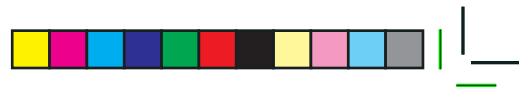




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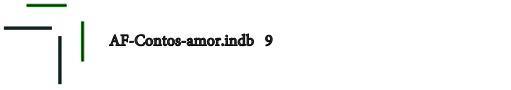


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## APRESENTAÇÃO

### Sobre o amor, a amizade e outros sentidos do ser

Nós, seres humanos, amamos. Somos orientados ao amor. Desejamos do fundo do nosso ser amar e sermos amados. Esse é nosso fado e nossa condição de existência. Amor e amizade não são apenas sentimentos, mas condições de ser, elementos constitutivos de nossa existência, possibilidade de sermos em plenitude humanos.

Embora a palavra amor esteja um tanto desgastada por seu uso corriqueiro, dado seu emprego, de forma ampla, ela ainda carrega em seu significado e em sua concretude factual sonhos e sentidos do ser humano. Amor é um termo utilizado largamente em expressões como: eu amo escrever – que denota amar realizar alguma atividade; eu amo meu cachorro – amar algo; eu amo minha mãe, meu irmão e meu amigo – amar alguém. Todos os modos de amar, referidos, implicam uma aproximação válida ao conceito de amor. Entretanto, é no terceiro sentido, o de um relacionamento interpessoal, que a noção de amor mais impacta nossa vida e o modo como existimos.

Diferentemente da língua portuguesa, a língua e a tradição cultural grega possuíam, no mínimo, três conceitos para se referir àquilo que atualmente definimos por amor interpessoal: *Eros*, *Agape* e *Philia*.

*Eros* significava o amor apaixonado, um desejo tipicamente sexual por algo ou alguém. Paradoxalmente, Platão, no Banquete, reconhece *Eros* como um desejo, mas também como uma busca existencial da beleza e do bem. Amor apaixonado pelo outro mas também por um ideal que completa a existência, dando-lhe sentido. *Agape* consistia num amor espontâneo, desmotivado e incompreensível. *Agape* denota algo que se dá sem esperar nada em troca. É tipicamente o amor de uma mãe para o filho, ou o amor de Deus para as pessoas, na versão cristã do termo. *Philia*, por sua vez, significava um tipo de consideração afetuosa pelo outro, a amizade. Era também o amor pelo conhecimento, no caso da ‘filosofia’. Vemos, portanto, que o amor mantém estreita relação com amizade, beleza ideal e sentido da vida.





Discorrer sobre o amor e a amizade, a presença ou a ausência deles, no formato de contos, tarefa levada a cabo pelos acadêmicos da Universidade La Salle, por meio do livro de contos que vos chega às mãos, consiste, acima de tudo, em uma ode ao amor e uma verdadeira obra de arte. Trata-se de um exercício existencial, criativo e poético que implica as próprias razões, os sentidos e estados de ser de cada um dos autores.

Paulo Freire, em suas obras, afirmou várias vezes que escrever é, de algum modo, uma forma de biografar-se, de colocar-se no papel, entender e expressar melhor o próprio eu, criando novos sentidos para si mesmo e para o mundo que nos cerca. Escrever ou biografar-se consiste, nesse sentido, numa espécie de antropologia, uma forma de criação e recriação constante do humano.

As histórias narradas, sentidas, imaginadas, sonhadas e ideadas presentes nesta coletânea são lindas, profundas e impactantes. São um reconhecimento que o amor continua a ser uma das razões de nos mantermos em pé, nossa condição de seres humanos, a razão que nos habilita criar e ressignificar sentidos e experiências enquanto indivíduos e sociedade.

A Comunidade Acadêmica da Universidade La Salle sente orgulho de seus estudantes e educadores envolvidos na escrita e editoração desta coletânea. Parabéns a todos os envolvidos, especialmente pela coragem de sonhar e de escrever. Cada um de vocês é um verdadeiro artista das palavras.

Aos leitores, fica nosso convite a que desfrutem desta obra desde a perspectiva da efetivação dos sonhos e ideais de seus autores. O desafio é de que cada um, no contato com a obra, possa fazer a experiência estética da obra de arte proposta por Schiller, pois “somente pela arte se chega à liberdade”. Boa leitura!

*Ir. Cledes A. Casagrande, PhD*

Vice-Reitor e Pró-Reitor Acadêmico  
Universidade La Salle





## Introdução

Os livros com produções textuais elaboradas por alunos dos Cursos de Letras, Português e Inglês e de Pedagogia, da Universidade La Salle, já se constituem em uma saudável tradição em nossa Universidade.

Constituem-se em uma prática das mais instigantes, pois os alunos passam de leitores a escritores, apresentando à comunidade lassalista, às famílias e também às comunidades de Canoas e de nosso Estado, reflexões de jovens estudantes sobre temas que nos constituem como seres humanos como os deste ano: a Amizade e o Amor. Se essa temática já é da mais alta significação em tempos de “normalidade”, ela se reveste neste ano de pandemia, de significado excepcional para todos nós, pois aponta para a condição de resiliência tanto do corpo docente quanto discente, que dá, com esse trabalho, um notável exemplo de superação.

Muito significativo o título: *Contos de amor ou amizade (?)*, ficando a interrogação sutilmente entre parênteses, apontando para a dificuldade ou talvez a impossibilidade de distinguir um sentimento do outro, já que muitas vezes nossas emoções misturam e embaralham amor e amizade. Saber a resposta para essa questão se torna desimportante sobretudo neste ano pandêmico que tanto exigiu de todos nós.

Exercitar-se na produção de contos é um grande desafio já que essa forma breve é das mais exigentes, pois implica na qualidade da concisão, incluindo em poucas laudas os personagens, o tempo, o espaço e o enredo, tendo que concluir de forma surpreendente. No conto cada palavra conta, cada vírgula e cada ponto está cheio de significado.

O conto, forma literária que exige concisão e brevidade, já foi praticado pelos mais eminentes escritores das mais variadas literaturas: de Flaubert e Poe a Machado de Assis, Monteiro Lobato, passando pelos “nossos” Cyro Martins, Erico Verissimo, Dyonélio Machado e Moacyr Scliar. São inesquecíveis os contos de João Guimarães Rosa, Lygia Fagundes Telles e Clarice Lispector, que foram mestres dessa forma enxuta que tanto agrada aos leitores e que muitas vezes é nossa porta de entrada, enquanto leitores, para a leitura da obra romanesca desses autores. Muitos escritores da Literatura Brasileira mais conhecidos talvez





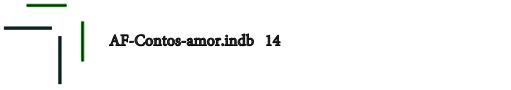
como poetas, romancistas ou cronistas como Carlos Drummond de Andrade, Jorge Amado e Ruben Braga, foram também mestres do conto.

Parabenizo a todos os envolvidos: estudantes, tradutores e ilustradores que, guiados pelos excelentes professores Lúcia Regina Lucas da Rosa, Maria Alejandra Saraiva Pasca, Hilaine Grégis, Eduardo Pereira Machado, Vicente Henrique Brückmann Saldanha e Fabricio Kipper, que deram conta desse desafio de escrever, traduzir do português ao inglês e ilustrar tão lindamente as páginas deste livro. Muito sucesso para essa brilhante iniciativa!

Boa leitura!

*Zilá Bernd*

Professora do PPG Memória Social  
e Bens Culturais da Unilasalle  
Pesquisadora 1<sup>a</sup>/CNPq





## A Itaheb – luz do luar

*Andréia Gama e Laura Alves*

A noite era muito fria e o clarão da luz da lua anunciava o nascimento da pequena Behati em Maputo, capital de Moçambique. Ela era a mais nova de 4 irmãos e foi fruto de um belo romance vivido entre seus pais. Porém, sua vida começou a se transformar logo nos seus primeiros anos de idade. Sua mãe adoeceu gravemente com uma peste que ocorreu na pequena cidade, e quando a menina estava com apenas 7 anos, sua mãe não resistiu e acabou falecendo da tal doença. O pai de Behati logo se viu criando seus 5 filhos sozinho.

Com o passar dos anos, a menina e seus irmãos foram crescendo e o pai apaixonou-se e casou-se novamente com uma mulher chamada Namíbia, que morava perto da casa da família. Namíbia, que sempre consolava o viúvo, conseguiu o que tanto almejava desde que a esposa era viva e se tornou a madrasta de seus filhos. Esse era o começo da juventude sofrida de Behati.

O pai sempre foi preocupado e dedicado aos filhos e mesmo passando por muitas dificuldades financeiras, incentivava os pequenos a irem à escola. Os irmãos mais velhos, entretanto, nunca gostaram muito de estudos, preferiam trabalhos braçais, ajudando o pai nas lidas, mas a caçula Behati adorava aprender coisas novas, principalmente ler, pois quando abria um livro, era capaz de se teletransportar para diferentes mundos, e sempre questionava-se sobre quantos existiam, - será que mais de um? - pensava sempre a menina.

Seu amor por livros a fazia até mesmo recordar-se de sua mãe nas histórias. Porém, sua vida a levou para outro destino. Logo no início de sua juventude, seu pai e sua madrasta, preocupados com sua reputação e querendo livrar-se da jovem, a obrigaram a se casar com um amigo bem mais velho da família. Behati tinha 13 anos. Viveu com esse homem muitos anos e com ele teve 3 filhos. A sociedade na época era muito preconceituosa e a mulher totalmente submissa ao homem. Behati suportou muitas humilhações e trabalhava duro para ajudar o marido e criar os filhos. Muitas vezes foi violentada. Seu marido bebia e quando chegava em casa, ela já sabia o que lhe esperava. Seus filhos acompanhavam o seu sofrimento contínuo.





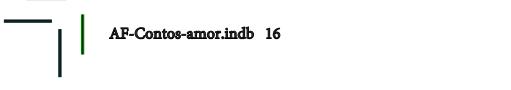
Um certo dia, Behati se esgotou de tanto chorar, saiu sem rumo à procura de um trabalho bem longe de sua casa. No final do dia voltou com o coração cansado e sofrido, mas no fundo, com a esperança de um dia ser capaz de ter uma vida melhor, tanto para ela, quanto para seus filhos. Seu marido bêbado a esperava novamente. Mais uma discussão. Ela não suportava mais aquele homem, não aguentava mais as brigas. Lembrava-se, por um momento, que na sua infância era feliz, quando podia estudar e ler livros na escola. Lembrava-se do carinho de sua mãe com ela e seus irmãos e as lágrimas voltavam a escorrer por seu rosto.

Em uma de suas idas à cidade grande, ela conseguiu um trabalho. Com a ajuda de uma amiga, pôde fugir de casa com os filhos. Escapou de seu casamento, mas não abandonou os filhos. Levou-os consigo. Ficaram hospedados numa pensão conhecida de sua amiga. Behati trabalhava de empregada doméstica na casa de um senhor viúvo e doente. Muito solitário, o senhor tinha na sua casa uma peça, que quase sempre estava com a porta trancada. Ele passava dias inteiros lá dentro. Behati já não podia mais se conter de curiosidade para descobrir a razão pela qual seu patrônio ficava naquela sala durante tanto tempo. Um certo dia, depois que terminou seus afazeres domésticos, ela finalmente conseguiu espiar pela porta que estava entreaberta.

Para a sua surpresa, o que o seu patrônio fazia naquela sala era o que ela sempre amou fazer: Ler. Na sua casa, o viúvo havia construído uma pequena biblioteca cheia de livros encantadores. Behati mal podia conter sua admiração por aquele lugar que ela desconhecia. Ela sentiu-se encantada contemplando tantos livros nas prateleiras.

Sentiu subitamente uma sensação amargurada, ao recordar-se de tudo o que lhe fora tirado. Lembranças de uma infância de pobreza, mas de muito amor de seus pais. Trabalho duro, sofrimento, às vezes, até a fome assombrava a família. A doença e a morte de sua mãe permaneciam vivas em sua memória. Era dolorido relembrar. Relembrar o passado, do novo casamento de seu pai, da sua juventude, de seu casamento forçado, abusivo e fracassado.

Behati se tornou uma mulher forte, guerreira, que lutava e não desanimava com os obstáculos da vida. Mas a tristeza insistia em aparecer com certa frequência em algum momento de cada dia. Ela gostava de quando tinha a oportunidade, espiar dentro da pequena biblioteca e um dia, ao fazer isso, foi surpreendida por seu patrônio. Mas ele não se zangou, muito pelo contrário. Aos poucos foi crescendo uma grande amizade entre os dois. Ele gostava de ter



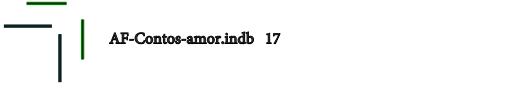


com quem conversar sobre os livros que lia e de saber que Behati era feliz tendo acesso a tantos livros e podia lê-los o quanto quisesse. Sempre que ela acabava o seu serviço, saía às pressas para a pequena biblioteca, escolhia uma leitura e conversava por horas com seu velho amigo. Sim, amigo. Não era apenas um patrão. Ele havia se tornado um amigo também.

Em um dia comum, após ouvir sobre a vida de Behati, seu patrão lhe entregou um bloco de anotações e uma caneta. Disse para ela escrever sempre que quisesse sobre os momentos de sua vida. Uma espécie de diário. Ela hesitou em pegar, pensou que não seria capaz de escrever. Mas ele insistiu e ela acabou aceitando o pequeno presente. Começou a escrever durante todas as noites na pensão, com a ajuda de seus filhos. No começo foi difícil. Escreveu todos os momentos marcantes de sua história, até sobre o nascimento de seus amados filhos. Também escreveu sobre suas humilhações com seu marido e sobre os preconceitos que sofrera por ser mulher negra e pobre.

O tempo foi passando e as páginas do bloco de anotações ganharam vida. A cada conversa com o amigo, a vontade de escrever aumentava e a cada página escrita, surgia o livro de sua vida. Seu patrão e amigo, sugeriu então que publicasse o livro contando a sua história. A história de sua vida. A história de uma mulher forte e que nunca desistiu da sua paixão por livros, dos seus filhos e de uma vida melhor para eles e para ela própria. Behati se sentiu insegura, mas ele disse que poderia ajudá-la.

Conversaram sobre o livro por horas e seu patrão lhe disse que ela precisava pensar em um nome para o livro. Ela pensou por certo período de tempo, e disse que queria que se chamassem: "Itaheb – A luz do luar". Seu patrão não compreendeu em um primeiro momento, e ela lhe disse: É simples, recordo-me de minha mãe sempre ter me dito quando criança, que foi a luz do luar que havia me levado para seus braços em uma noite muito fria. Ela me disse que o nome daquela lua era Behati, por isso decidiu me dar este nome. Em homenagem ao luar daquela noite. De fato, quando paro para recordar, sempre me senti muito iluminada, apesar das dificuldades enfrentadas por minha família, até o dia da morte de minha mãe. A partir do dia de sua morte, senti que minha vida havia começado a destorcer-se e que a lua havia ido embora junto com ela. Por isso, escrevi essas memórias com meu nome de trás para frente, destorcido... pois me senti assim por muito tempo. Vejo agora que a luz voltou a se acender e penso que talvez o senhor tenha sido enviado pela lua Behati a pedido de minha mãe, para me ajudar a renascer. O patrão a fitou por alguns segundos e lhe disse: "Talvez a lua Behati ilumine a todos que ela pense serem merecedores... penso agora que





talvez sua mãe e minha amada esposa tenham se encontrado e decidido juntar forças para iluminar este encontro. Me sinto como um pai, com a filha que nunca tive e sou muito grato por isso". Se abraçaram e ela também via naquele homem um pai. Behati então lhe disse: - Nunca reparou que LUAR é seu nome de trás para frente?

O livro de Behati fora publicado, e o mundo leu e releu sua história. O mundo se emocionou e chorou com ela. Behati conseguiu mudar de vida e se tornou uma mulher conhecida por sua história. Seus filhos estudavam e se tornavam pessoas sábiass e mais felizes a cada dia. E Behati sempre pensava que tudo isso era graças ao seu pai Raul, que lhe fora enviado pelo Luar em um momento de escuridão.

#### ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Jaiara da Silva Quevedo)

##### I - LINGUAGEM

1. Quais foram as três principais conquistas de Behati após escapar do casamento?



##### II – COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. No decorrer do conto, percebemos que "ela não suportava mais aquele homem, não aguentava mais as brigas". Pensando em sua realidade e, de acordo com o texto, o que Behati fez?

##### III – PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. Discuta com seus colegas sobre a paixão de Behati e escreva um novo parágrafo apresentando as principais reflexões a respeito da literatura do texto.





## The Itaheb - The Moonlight

*Andréia Gama and Laura Alves*

*Translated by Guilherme Canabarro e Tailine Mer*

It was a very cold night and the moonlight announced the birth of little Behati in Maputo, Mozambique's capital. She was the youngest of four siblings and fruit of a beautiful relationship her parents had. However, her life started to change right in the first years of her life. Her mother fell seriously ill because of a plague that was raging the small city. In addition, when the girl was seven, her mother did not survive the illness. Behati's father soon saw himself raising his five children alone.

Over the years, the girl and her siblings grew up and their father fell in love again and married a woman called Namibia, who lived close to the family house. Namibia, who always comforted the widower, finally got what she wanted ever since his first wife was alive and she became his children's stepmother. It was the beginning of Behati's painful youth.

Their father has always been concerned and dedicated to his children and even going through many financial difficulties, he encouraged the little ones to go to school. The older brothers, however, never liked studying very much. They preferred manual work, and helped their father in other jobs, but the youngest Behati loved to learn new things, especially reading. When she opened a book, she was able to tele transport to different worlds and she always asked herself how many there were. "Is there another planet?" the girl always thought.

Her love for books would even remind her of her mother in the stories. However, her life took her to another destination. In her early youth, her father and her stepmother, concerned about her reputation and wanting to get rid of the teenager, forced her to marry a friend of the family, much older than her. Behati was 13. She lived with this man for many years and had three children with him. Society at the time was very prejudiced and women were completely submissive to men. Behati endured many humiliations and worked hard to help her husband and raise their children. He frequently raped her. Her husband drank and when he got home, she already knew what to expect. Her children followed her continuous suffering.





One day, Behati was tired of crying. Aimlessly, she was looking for a job far away from her home. At the end of the day, she returned with a tired and suffering heart, but deep down, with the hope that one day she would be able to have a better life, both for herself and for her children. Her drunk husband was waiting for her again. One more argument. She could not stand that man anymore; she could not take the fights anymore. For a moment, she remembered she was happy in her childhood, when she could study and read books at school. She remembered the affection her mother had with her and her brothers and the tears rolled down her face again.

On one of her trips to the big city, she got a job. With the help of a friend, she was able to run away from home with her children. She ran away from her marriage, but did not abandon her children. She took them with her. They stayed in an inn her friend recommended. Behati worked as a house cleaner in the house of a sick and lonely widower. In the lonely man's house, there was a room, always locked, where he spent entire days. Behati could no longer hold back her curiosity and find out why her boss stayed in that room for so long. On a certain day, after she finished the household chores, Behati finally managed to peek through the door that was ajar.

To her surprise, what her boss did in that room was what she always loved doing: reading. In his house, the widower had set up a small library full of lovely books. Behati could hardly contain her admiration for that place she did not know. She was delighted looking at so many books on the shelves.

Suddenly, she felt a bitter sensation, as she remembered everything that had been taken from her. Memories of a childhood of poverty, but of a lot of parents' love. Hard work, suffering, sometimes even hunger haunted the family. Her mother's illness and death remained alive in her memory. It was painful to remember the past, her father's new marriage, her youth, and her forced, abusive and failed marriage.

Behati became a strong, brave woman who fought and was not discouraged with her life's obstacles. However, sadness insisted on emerging with some frequency each day. She liked when she had the opportunity to spy inside the small library and one day, in doing so, her boss surprised her. But he was not angry, quite the opposite. Gradually a great friendship grew between the two. He liked to have someone to talk to about the books he had read and to know that Behati was happy having access to so many books and that she could read as much as he wanted. Whenever she finished her chores, she hurried out to the





small library, chose a book and talked for hours with her old friend. Yes, a friend. He was not just a boss. He had become a friend, too.

On an ordinary day, after hearing about Behati's life, her boss handed her a pad of notes and a pen. He told her to write whenever she wanted about the moments of her life. A kind of diary. She hesitated to take it, because she thought she would not be able to write. However, he insisted and she ended up accepting the small gift. She started writing every night at the inn, with the help of her children. At first, it was difficult. She wrote about all the remarkable moments of her history, even about the birth of her beloved children. She also wrote about her humiliations caused by her husband and the prejudice she had suffered for being a poor black woman.

Time passed and the pages of the notebook came to life. After every conversation with her friend, the desire to write increased and with each page written the book of her life emerged. Her boss and friend then suggested that she should publish the book telling her story. The story of her life. The story of a strong woman who never gave up her passion for books, her children and having a better life for them and for herself. Behati felt unsure, but he said he could help her.

They talked about the book for hours and her boss told her she needed to think about a title for it. She thought for some time, and said she wanted to entitle it "Itaheb: The moonlight". Her boss did not understand at first, but she explained: "it's simple; I remember my mother always told me when I was a child that it was the moonlight that had taken me into her arms on a very cold night. She told me that the name of that moon was Behati. Therefore, she decided I should be named after the moon, in honor of that night's moonlight.

In fact, when I think back, I have always felt very enlightened, despite the difficulties my family faced, until the day my mother died. From that day on, I felt that my life had begun to untwist and that the moon had left with her. That is why I wrote these memories with my name backwards, distorted ... because I felt that way for a long time. I see now that the light came back and maybe you were sent by moon Behati at my mother's request to help me be reborn. Her boss looked at her for a few seconds and said, "Maybe Behati moon enlightens everyone she thinks are worthy ... I think now that maybe your mother and my beloved wife have met and decided to join forces to enlighten this meeting. I feel like a father with a daughter I never had and I am very grateful for that". They hugged. She also saw that man as a father.





Behati's book was published, and the world read and reread her history. The world was touched and wept with her. Behati managed to change her life and became a woman known for her story. Their children studied and became wiser and wiser, happier and happier every day. In addition, Behati always thought that was thanks to her father Raul, who had been sent to her by the moonlight in a moment of darkness.





Ilustração de Caroline Batista







## A Espera do Amor

Bruna Morais Fontella

Gabriel Pasqualotto Gama

Eu não sabia a que horas você viria, mas sabia que logo chegaria. Marcava dia 20, mas eu tinha esperança de que você chegassem antes. Riscava os dias no calendário preso em minha parede, para saber quantos dias haviam se passado. Mal podia esperar para olhá-lo, apreciá-lo, tocá-lo. Meu desejo era tanto que os segundos pareciam horas intermináveis e torturantes, como um relógio que nunca chega à meia-noite. Eu ansiava por você, ansiava pelos nossos momentos juntos e por tudo o que poderíamos fazer, com toda certeza, seríamos uma dupla, um par, um casal, ou o que quer que fosse.

Eu juro que cuidarei de você, como uma serva cuida de seu soberano. O bem mais precioso que poderia existir na vida, afinal, você o é. Você estava distante, mas como eu lhe amava. Certamente posso afirmar que você foi especial para mim e que nunca senti nada igual antes por nada e ninguém. Eu estava apaixonada e não conseguia deixar de olhar suas fotos nem por alguns instantes.

Durante sua viagem da Coreia do Sul para cá, eu só conseguia pensar em você. Nada mais importava. Eu contava os segundos e virava noites para saber quando chegaria, isso desencadeou em mim noites mal dormidas e ansiedade, mas realmente nada mais importava. Tudo o que eu queria era encontrá-lo. Nada mais do que isso. Nada além disso me satisfaria mais do que vê-lo e tê-lo para mim. Minha concentração era completamente sua, assim como meus pensamentos e coração. Eu o pertencia completamente.

Os outros? Pouco me importava, só tinha olhos para você. Meu único bem querer, meu único e perfeito amor. Por que você demora tanto para chegar? Já li livros, fiz cursinhos *online*, ouvi todas as músicas das minhas *playlists* a ponto de saber as letras sem nem precisar ir até a internet. Até costurar aprendi para ver se o tempo passava mais rápido, porém não passou. Nada parecia tornar o tempo mais lento e os tic-tacs do relógio menos torturantes. Nada amenizava meu eterno sofrimento.

Se me perguntassem o que é amor, eu diria que é você e se me perguntassem



o que é perfeição, eu também responderia que é você. Você só não poderia ser o ar que eu respirava, mas não seria menos essencial que esse. Você e o ar ocupavam o mesmo lugar no pódio de importância da minha vida. A você, até Camões dedico!

Só rezo para que chegue bem da viagem, intacto. Sabe que às vezes rolo na cama, sonhando com a gente, com nossos momentos e o que faremos quando finalmente estivermos juntos. Eu o levarei aos meus lugares favoritos e lhe contarei meus maiores segredos, você não será só meu amor, será meu confidente, meu melhor amigo, será meu tudo. Será só meu e eu só sua.

Mesmo que os dias parecessem não passar, eles passaram. Logo do dia 05 passou ao dia 10 e depois ao dia 15. Faltavam apenas cinco dias para lhe ver, para lhe ter. A data de sua chegada da viagem estava se aproximando e junto, estava eu, planejando tudo em casa para sua chegada: o nosso primeiro passeio depois de você chegar seria em um belo restaurante para comemorar, teria que ser digno pelo tempo que havíamos esperado pelo encontro um do outro, teria de ser o melhor restaurante da cidade. Haveria algum lugar melhor para comemorarmos? Alguns lugares mais românticos do que este? Certamente seria o melhor local para passearmos, para nos conhecermos pessoalmente, para eu lhe mostrar as belezas da minha cidade e apresentar também minha família para você. Meu irmão é quem mais quer lhe conhecer e acredito que vocês serão muito parceiros também.

Me recordo muito bem do dia em que lhe conheci através da internet. Depois veio o namoro. Foram meses namorando, até decidirmos de fato que deveríamos nos encontrar. É verdade que muitos não acreditam nessas coisas, alegando que as pessoas podem se decepcionar quando se conhecem apenas virtualmente, mas o meu sentimento era real, eu o amava, desde os primeiros instantes, desde o primeiro dia que lhe conheci, não consigo pensar em nada mais, além de você. Não havia dúvida: sua beleza não enganava, eu havia guardado em minha memória todas as suas fotos. Ah, as fotos. Eu queria milhares de fotos com você, mostrar o meu amor para todos nas redes sociais!

O que mais gosto em você é sua segurança, apesar de termos nos conhecido apenas virtualmente, você é inteligente e eu me sentia encantada. Admito que eu lia os comentários durante o namoro daquelas pessoas elogiando suas fotos nas redes sociais, mas isso não atrapalhou, muito pelo contrário, eu pensava comigo: um dia estaremos juntos e eu confio em você! Os dias foram passando, minha ansiedade permanecia e eu estava mais do que nunca querendo lhe encontrar.





Faltava um dia para você chegar. Um dia!

Havia chegado o grande dia! Já estava tudo preparado para sua chegada. Eu não me sentia tão feliz desde minha graduação na faculdade. Através do aplicativo da companhia aérea, consegui acompanhar seu voo em tempo real. Estava tudo certo até então, eu estava feliz, meu sorriso ia de orelha a orelha, imaginando o momento de nos encontrarmos e sermos felizes, até que recebi uma notificação no meu celular: você havia chegado, mas havia ficado trancado no aeroporto em São Paulo e atrasaria para chegar. Estranhei. O pior de tudo foi nesse meio tempo em que você esteve trancado, estávamos incomunicáveis e eu não tinha notícias suas. O que havia acontecido? Estava tudo certo até então. Suspirei e me joguei no sofá da sala e passei novamente a olhar as redes sociais, procurando uma distração.

Teria você me abandonado? Não, você não faria isso comigo, não é? Você também me ama, afinal. Os dias continuaram passando e você não chegava, além de não receber notícias suas. Meu coração cada vez mais apertado, cada vez mais ansioso. Eu não aguentava mais, mas também não poderia fazer nada. Até que um dia a campainha tocou. Eu corri. Caí em alguns degraus da escada. Tropecei no tapete. Bati o dedo do pé na quina do sofá. Escorreguei perto da porta. Mas finalmente cheguei. Me ergui e ajeitei o cabelo, respirei fundo e abri a porta. Meu coração batia rápido, nervoso, ansioso. Assinei os papéis e finalmente o peguei: meu smartphone Samsung Galaxy! Fechei a porta e corri para dentro, me sentando no sofá e desembrulhando-o. Meus olhos brilharam quando o vi, era tão perfeito quanto as fotos. Só havia um problema: você demorou demais para chegar e não era mais *top* de linha. Você era um qualquer. Então nessa demora de três meses, que na verdade era para ser dois, arranjei outro.

Eu não sabia a que horas você viria, mas sabia que logo chegaria. Marcava dia 20, mas eu tinha esperança de que você chegasse antes. Riscava os dias no calendário preso em minha parede, para saber quantos dias haviam se passado. Mal podia esperar para olhá-lo, apreciá-lo, tocá-lo. Meu desejo era tanto que os segundos pareciam horas intermináveis e torturantes. Como um relógio que nunca chega à meia-noite. Eu ansiava por você, ansiava pelos nossos momentos juntos e por tudo o que poderíamos fazer, com toda certeza seríamos uma dupla, um par, um casal, ou o que quer que fosse...



## ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Jaiara da Silva Quevedo)

### I - LINGUAGEM

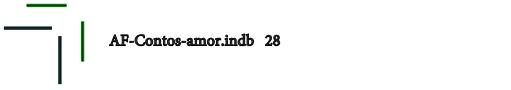
1. Na frase: “Você era ‘um qualquer.” o narrador está se referindo:
  - a) A um namorado (a);
  - b) A alguém sem importância;
  - c) A um celular Samsung Galaxy;

### II – COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. De acordo com o texto, qual foi a reação do narrador ao receber sua encomenda?

### III – PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. Elabore um novo final para essa história, mudando seu desfecho.





## Longing for Love

Bruna Morais Fontella

Gabriel Pasqualotto Gama

*Translated by Fernanda Laux, Franciele Figueiró,  
Francielly Marafon*

I did not know what time you would come, but I knew you would be here soon. It was supposed to be on the 20<sup>th</sup>, but I hoped you were here before that. I crossed out the days on the calendar that was on the wall, just to know how many days had passed by. I could barely wait to see you, to cherish you, to touch you. I had such a strong desire that the seconds seemed like endless torturous hours. Like a clock that never showed midnight. I longed for you, for our moments together, and for everything we could do together. We would definitely be a pair, a couple, or whatever.

I swear I will take care of you as a servant cares for her master. The most precious good that I could have in my life, after all, is you. You were far, but I loved you so much. I can certainly say you were special to me, and that I had never felt like this before. I was in love and I could not help looking at your pictures even for a moment.

During your trip from South Korea, I could only think about you. Nothing else mattered. I would count the seconds and spend sleepless nights to know when you would arrive. That triggered troubled sleep, but nothing else really mattered. All I wanted was to see you. Nothing else. Nothing else would satisfy me more than seeing you and having you with me. My concentration was completely yours as were my thoughts and my heart. I belonged to you completely.

The others? I did not care; I only had eyes for you. My only wish my only and perfect love. Why do you take so long to arrive? I have read books, taken online courses, listened to all the songs on my playlists to the point of knowing the lyrics by heart. I even learned how to sew just to see time go faster, without success. Nothing seemed to make time slower and the ticking of the clock less torturous. Nothing relieved my eternal pain.



If they asked me what love is, I would say it is you and if they asked me what perfection is, I would answer that it is you. You could be anything but the air I breathed, but you would not be less essential than that. You and the air occupied the same place at the important podium of my life. Even Camões I dedicate to you!

I pray that you come back safe from your trip, unharmed. Sometimes I toss and turn in bed, dreaming of us, of our moments, and of what we will do when we are finally together. I will take you to my favorite places and I will tell you my biggest secrets. You will not be just my love; you will be my confidant, my best friend, my everything. You will be only mine and I will be yours.

Even when the days did not seem to pass by, they did. Soon it went from the fifth to the 10th and then to the 15th. There were only 5 days left to see you, to have you. The day of your arrival was close and I started preparing everything for your arrival: our first date would be in a beautiful restaurant to celebrate your arrival. It would be worthy of the time we spent apart. It would be in the best restaurant in town. Was there any better place for us to celebrate? Was there any place more romantic? It was, certainly, the best place to go, to meet each other in person, to show you the beauties of my hometown and to introduce you to my family. My brother is the one who wants to meet you the most. I believe you will be good friends.

I remember very well the day we met on the internet. After that, we started dating. We dated for months until we decided that we should meet each other. The truth is that many people do not believe these things. They say people may be disappointed when they know each other just virtually, but my feelings were real. I have loved you since the first second, since the first day we met. I cannot think about anything else but you. There was no doubt: your beauty did not deceive. I had kept all your photos in my memory. Oh, the photos. I wanted to take thousands of photos with you, to show my love to everyone on social media!

What I like the most is your self-confidence, though we met only virtually. You are so intelligent and that made me feel delighted. I admit that I used to read the comments of people praising your photos on social networks, but it did not mess up our relationship, quite the opposite, it just made me think to myself that one day we would be together and that I trusted in you. The days passed by, but my anxiety did not. I wanted to meet you more than ever. One day was left for your arrival. One day!

The big day had come! It was all set for your arrival. I have not felt so





happy since my graduation from college. On the airline company's application, I was able to track your flight in real time. Until then, everything was OK. I was happy with a big smile, wondering the moment we would meet and be happy, when I was notified on my cell phone that you had arrived, but you were locked up at the airport in São Paulo and would be late to arrive. I found it very odd. The worst of all was the time you were locked up, because we could not communicate and I had no information from you. What had happened? Everything was fine until then. I sighed and threw myself on the sofa in the living room and started checking my social media again, looking for a little distraction.

Have you abandoned me? No, you would not do that to me. Would you dare it? You love me too, after all. The days passed by and besides not knowing about you, you did not arrive. My heart got tighter and tighter, more and more anxious. I could not stand it anymore, but I had nothing to do.

One day the doorbell rang. I ran. I fell down the stairs. I tripped on the carpet. I hit my toe on the corner of the sofa. I slipped near the door. However, I finally reached the door. I stood up and straightened my hair, took a deep breath and opened the door. My heart was nervous, anxious, beating fast. I signed the papers and finally got you - my Samsung Galaxy smartphone! I closed the door and ran inside, sat on the couch and unwrapped the package. My eyes shone when I saw it. As perfect as in the pictures. There was only one problem: you took too long to arrive and were no longer top of line. You were pretty most like anything else. Therefore, in this three-month delay, which was actually supposed to be two, I got another one.

I did not know what time you would come, but I knew you would be here soon. It was supposed to be on the 20<sup>th</sup>, but I hoped you were here before that. I crossed out the days on the calendar that was on the wall, just to know how many days had passed by. I could barely wait to see you, to cherish you, to touch you. I had such a strong desire that the seconds seemed like endless torturous hours. Like a clock that never showed midnight. I longed for you, for our moments together, and for everything we could do together. We would definitely be a pair, a couple, or whatever.



Ilustração de Bibiana Castilhos







– Lembras também do que eu disse naquela vez? Ela requer um momento especial.

– E ainda não achaste esse momento?

Jack então vira-se para Flávia, olhando profundamente em seus olhos, e sorri dizendo:

– Creio que esteja vivendo-o neste exato momento. O nosso momento especial.

Ele então ajoelha-se, retira uma caixinha de veludo preta do bolso e canta:

“[...] Agraciado por esse lindo pôr do sol e pela tua companhia, hoje entendi que meu lugar é contigo. E se você quiser, posso ser o seu abrigo”.

– Flávia, aceita casar comigo?

#### ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Jaiara da Silva Quevedo)

##### I – LINGUAGEM

1. O texto trata das recordações de um casal apaixonado. Quais são as principais lembranças presentes nessa narrativa?

##### II – COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. “[...] Agraciado por esse lindo pôr do sol e pela tua companhia, hoje entendi que meu lugar é contigo. E se você quiser, posso ser o seu abrigo”. Em sua concepção, o que o verso quer dizer? Justifique sua resposta.

##### III – PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. Reescreva a história de Flávia e Jack, de acordo com a sua perspectiva sobre um relacionamento amoroso.





## Tuning the Heart

*Rharhias Orlandi*

*Translated by Emerson Mateus Tavares*

Tapping the pencil anxiously on the table “Think, think, think,” he murmured impatiently.

“Hey Jack, forget it, let’s go for a walk”. “You always go to the beach when you’re like that”, Flávia said.

Although he was reluctant, under pressure by the situation, Jack agreed to go. He lived in a big city, whose gray had never inspired him, unlike the sea breeze and Flávia’s company, his best friend, who had already enjoyed several of his songs. He took his guitar, his old notebook of ideas and his travel companion, and headed to the coast.

Once they got to the beach, they decided to take a walk by the shore. They walked for approximately twenty minutes until they took a short break. Facing the immensity of the sea, watching the beautiful sunset and with their faces frozen by the winter breeze, Flávia asked:

“Why do you like this place so much?”

“Because this is where I first met you, remember? That is where my first song came from”.

Timidly, Flávia remembered the day she met Jack. In addition, now, she embarrassedly started walking again, and said:

“I didn’t know that event had meant so much to you”. At the end of an hour, they returned to Flavia’s childhood home and curl up until dinnertime.

“Dinner is on me, today”, Jack said.

One hour after, he said:

“Dinner is ready”.





Entering the kitchen, Flávia saw a beautiful pasta dish with pesto sauce.

“Jack, you remembered my favorite dish!”

“Of course I did, these are important details to remember when it comes to someone special”.

Flávia shyly smiled with happiness within the embarrassment she felt.

They both had dinner, remembered childhood moments and then went to sleep.

On the next day, Flávia woke up with some guitar notes and Jack’s voice coming from the balcony. With a smile on her face, still sleepy, she remembered how she liked to hear him play.

“Good morning”, she says sleepily.

Surprised and frightened, he replies:

“Good...Good morning! Things are already in the car. I was just waiting for you to wake up”.

“What were you playing? Is it your new song?”

“Yes. Moreover, I believe it is my truest song. However, it requires a special moment.”

“And what would that moment be?”

“Well. Only by living and learning!”, Jack said, firmly.

After a few seconds of silence, it was time to go. There were a few kilometers to travel with thoughts and feelings.

At the end of the journey, the two said ‘goodbye’. A simple farewell, a ‘see you later’, but it sounded like a possible new beginning.

A few years later, Jack and Flávia were together again on that very same beach, but more intimate now.

“Jack, remember when we came here so that you could write that song? You have already written several other beautiful songs, but I have never heard that one.”





“Do you also remember what I said then? It requires a special moment.”

“Haven’t you found this moment yet?”

Jack then turned to Flávia, looked deeply into her eyes, smiled and said:

“I believe I am living this moment right now. Our special moment”.

He then kneeled, took a black velvet box from his pocket and sang:

“[...] blessed by this beautiful sunset and by your company, today I understand that my place is here with you. And if you want, I can be your shelter”.

“Flávia, will you marry me?”



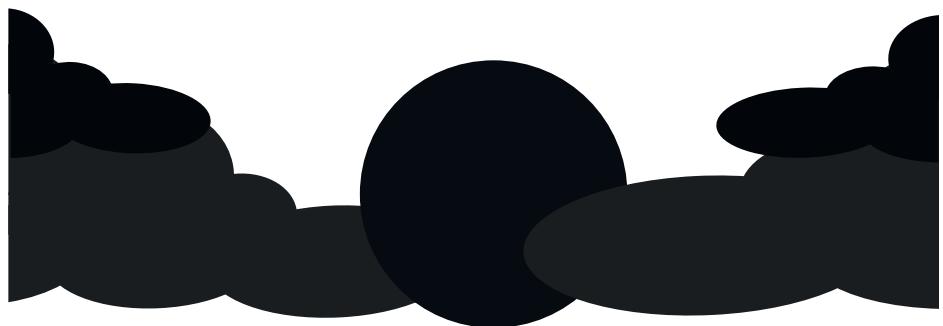


Ilustração de Gislaine de Castro Moreira



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## Amor que vale a pena

*Paula Regina Dobrecosta Freitas*

Eles tinham uma relação incrível. Ela era uma jovem feliz e ele, seu primeiro amor, sempre a acompanhava. Quem os via, dizia: são inseparáveis!

Era junho de 2014, Letícia sentiu sua vida desmoronar: a perda do pai, o emprego mal remunerado, as brigas constantes dentro de casa. Aos poucos, eles se distanciaram e Letícia mal percebeu quando roubaram o brilho dos seus olhos. A vida parecia mais densa, menos colorida, mas ela seguia.

Quando os dois começaram a se reaproximar, Letícia conheceu Vinicius. Vinicius podia facilmente ser descrito como um príncipe dos contos de fadas. Ele a protegia, demonstrava um novo mundo de possibilidades e dava grandes demonstrações de amor. Como daquela vez em que ele a pediu em namoro através de bilhetes espalhados pela casa toda. Cada bilhete revelava um elogio e um desejo de viver grandes momentos. A alegria era tanta que ela não sabia se estava ou não sonhando.

Ao longo do tempo, seu namorado se mostrou um grande protetor. Ele lhe explicava: - Ninguém mais no mundo a amará tanto como eu.

E Letícia achava fofo. Depois, ele pediu para que ela esperasse sempre a companhia dele para sair de casa. Era mais seguro, ele dizia. As amigas não eram confiáveis e nem mesmo a mãe de Letícia queria a felicidade deles. Melhor sair de perto de quem não queria que eles vivessem esse amor. Por último, Vinícius pediu que ela deixasse seu emprego e a faculdade. Letícia não concordou! Ela amava o que fazia! E Vinícius ficou muito irritado com ela.

- Você está sendo egoísta! O que importa mais: nosso amor genuíno ou teu emprego? Eu ganho o suficiente para nós dois. Só quero que você prepare tudo para o nosso casamento. - Disse Vinícius com firmeza e rigidez.

Letícia se sentiu culpada. Ele estava apenas pensando no melhor para os dois e pediu desculpas. Então, ela deixou tudo para trás! Só não abandonou o hábito de ler. Um dia, após já ter terminado suas tarefas de casa, Letícia decidiu ler. Escolheu ler Clarice Lispector e uma frase a tocou profundamente. A frase dizia “O que é verdadeiramente imoral é ter desistido de si mesmo”. Essa frase





despertou dentro dela uma grande reflexão. Lembrou-se dos seus sonhos abandonados, de como era feliz com sua vida antiga e de o quanto era livre. Pensou que não queria aquela proteção da qual ela não solicitou. Ela queria cheirar as flores, sentir a vida, ocupar espaços.

Pensando nessas coisas, Letícia sentiu falta do seu primeiro amor. Aquele amor que a alegrava, que a fazia acreditar na vida e a incentivava a seguir seus sonhos. Aquele amor que a chegada de Vinícius afastou de perto dela. Aquele amor que a fazia sorrir leve, um sorriso sincero, um sorriso de orelha a orelha. Olhou-se no espelho e não se reconheceu. Havia desistido dela mesma. Encarou o espelho novamente e deixou lágrimas rolarem na face. Começou a juntar cada pedaço de seu coração e decidiu ir em busca do seu primeiro e mais verdadeiro amor. Começou a se olhar com mais cuidado. Voltou a se conhecer, a entender seu coração e a valorizar os encontros preciosos que tinha consigo mesma. Letícia, na sua solitude, finalmente, reencontrou o seu primeiro amor: o amor próprio. E desde de então recusou qualquer dominação disfarçada de afeto. Só aceitaria dividir sua vida com alguém que não a privasse do direito de simplesmente “ser”. Afinal, como leu uma vez: “Pés, para que os quero, se tenho asas para voar?” (Frida Kahlo).

## ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Jaiara da Silva Quevedo)

### I - LINGUAGEM

1. Para se referir a Vinícius, o namorado de Letícia, o narrador faz uso recorrente do pronome pessoal “ele”. Substitua no trecho em destaque a palavra ele, por outro termo, mantendo o sentido do texto: (...) “*Ele a protegia, demonstrava um novo mundo de possibilidades e dava grandes demonstrações de amor. Como daquela vez em que ele a pediu em namoro através de bilhetes espalhados pela casa toda*”.

### II – COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. O termo “genuíno” é sinônimo de:
  - a) Intenso
  - b) Verdadeiro
  - c) Puro





### III – PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. Ao iniciar o texto, o narrador fala de um amor misterioso. Um amor que ao longo da narrativa se perde da protagonista, Letícia. O final da história revela então a identidade desse amor, o “amor próprio”. A valorização da identidade do indivíduo é um tema muito debatido na atualidade. Escreva um novo conto abordando outra situação que traga o “amor próprio” como temática.





## Love that is Worth

*Paula Regina Dobre costa Freitas*

*Translated by Aryane Sonneborn Mendes*

They had an incredible relationship. She was a happy young woman and he, her first love, was always by her side. People who saw them used to say they are inseparable!

It was June 2014 when Letícia felt her life was falling apart: she lost her father, had a poorly paid job, and had constant fights at home. Little by little, they drifted apart and Letícia barely noticed when her eyes had lost their gleam. Life seemed denser, less colorful, but she moved on.

As the two of them began to get closer again, Letícia met Vinicius. People could easily describe him as a fairy tale prince. Vinicius protected her, showed her a new world of possibilities and showed a lot of demonstration of love, like the time he asked her to date him by leaving love notes all over the house. Each note revealed a compliment and a desire to live great moments together. It was such a joy that she did not know whether she was dreaming or not.

Over time, her boyfriend proved to be a great protector. He explained to her: "No one else in the world will ever love you as much as I do".

Letícia thought that was cute. Then, he asked her to wait for his company to leave the house. "It was safer", he would say. Her friends were not reliable. Not even Letícia's mother wanted their happiness. It was better to move away from those who did not want them to live that love. Finally, Vinicius asked her to quit her job and college. Letícia did not agree! She loved what she did! And Vinicius got very angry at her.

"You're being selfish! What is more important: our genuine love or your job? I earn enough for both of us. I just want you to prepare everything for our marriage." Vinicius said firmly and inflexibly.

Letícia felt guilty and apologized. In fact, he was just thinking about what was best for both of them. Therefore, she left everything behind! She just did not



give up the habit of reading. One day, after finishing the chores, Leticia decided to read. She chose Clarice Lispector and one sentence touched her deeply. It said, "What is truly immoral is to giving up on yourself." The sentence aroused a great internal reflection. She remembered her abandoned dreams, the happiness of her former life and the freedom she had. She thought she did not want that protection she had not asked for. She wanted to feel the smell of flowers, to feel life, to occupy spaces.

Thinking about that, Leticia missed her first love. The love which made her happy, which made her believe in life and which encouraged her to follow her dreams. The love that Vinicius' arrival had taken away from her. The love that made her have an open smile, a smile from ear to ear.

She looked herself in the mirror and did not recognize herself. She had given up on herself. She looked in the mirror again and let tears roll down her face. She began to put each piece of her heart together and decided to go in search of her first and truest love. She began to look at herself more carefully. She has to know herself again, to understand her heart and to value the precious encounters she had with herself.

In her solitude, Leticia finally rediscovered her first love: self-esteem. In addition, since then, she has refused any dominance disguised as affection. She would only accept to share her life with someone who would not deprive her of the simply right to "be". After all, as she once read, "Feet, what do I want you for when I have wings to fly?" (Frida Kahlo).





Ilustração de Gabriel Dorgan





## Cotidiano em Construção

*Elvin Matheus Estran Pinheiro*

*João Reus Falleiro da Costa*

O dia começou como todos os outros. Chico despertou — foi sacudido por sua amada, sorrindo, às seis da manhã — beijou sua mulher, que estava com frescor de hortelã na boca, como se fosse a última mulher do mundo. No beijo matinal, lembrou do dia anterior, quando a amou como se fosse a última, mas não havia tempo para aquela não ser a última, o café estava na mesa. Beijou e abraçou cada um de seus filhos como se fosse o único, embora tivesse três. Tomou seu café, conversou, riu e, ao perceber que a vida não era somente aquele momento, levantou da mesa, sem o mesmo semblante de poucos segundos atrás.

Sua esposa dizia que era para ele se cuidar; Chico acreditava que era algo que toda mulher dissesse, mas prometia, de todo modo, que assim faria. Com a boca de café, beijava-a novamente. Andou e atravessou a rua com seu passo tímido, rumo a seu cotidiano: o trabalho na construção.

Chico subia aquele terreno íngreme com a facilidade que as máquinas subiam — se disfarçava entre aqueles colossos metálicos; ali, era um deles, não mais o homem, esposo e pai de família. Sua aptidão no trabalho era notória, todos os seus colegas o viam como o mais respeitado dos operários de sua patente, e isso se dava por sua experiência: trabalhava no ramo desde seus treze anos, era eficiente, pelo exercício de sua mente para os afazeres ou por uma predestinação quase divina, e era o melhor no que fazia. Lógica ou mágica, sua incumbência era erguer no patamar, tijolo por tijolo, as quatro paredes sólidas, e assim o servente faria até a hora do intervalo.

Com seus olhos embotados de cimento, comia feijão com arroz como se fosse um príncipe, sua proteína favorita era ovo — ou, pelo menos, era o que dizia para seus filhos, quando eles ofereciam a carne que tinha em casa para seu pai levar na marmita — bebia cachaça em seu cantil, mas Chico jurava de pés juntos que era água tônica. Com o efeito da aguardente, pensava em parar seu trabalho, ter a chance de dizer “não” para seu patrão, mas, ao lembrar da vida para levar, do amor paterno, de sua esposa, o homem se calava, com a boca cheia





de feijão, em resposta às atrocidades que lembrava que já havia escutado de seu chefe, que, por muitas vezes, não lembrava — ou fingia não lembrar — de seu nome.

Em poucos segundos que ainda tinha para descansar, seu Francisco, como era chamado pelos colegas do trabalho, lembrava dos momentos felizes que ainda tinha em sua vida, cada vez mais sufocados pelo trabalho — que aumentava as dores de seu corpo a cada dia, assim como a lista imaginária de quais especialistas da área da saúde o homem deveria consultar quando tivesse tempo para isso — pensava na resposta ingênua e cômica que seu caçula havia dado para a sua esposa e gargalhava sozinho; lembrava que sua primogênita estava tendo problemas com álgebra na escola e simulava quantas horas extras deveria fazer para pagar um professor particular para a moça; lembrava dos primeiros passos de seu filho do meio, quando esse ainda era um bebê, e continha o princípio de emoção que estava por correr pela sua pele retinta. Se levantando para voltar ao serviço, lembrava que deveria agilizar as coisas, pois sua mulher lhe disse ainda de manhã que o esperaria no portão no início da noite, quando Chico costumava chegar em casa, quando o ônibus não estragava no meio do trajeto ou quando o tráfego não estava congestionado.

O dia começou e prosseguia como todos os outros. O dia a dia não soava interessante para o construtor, que era aspirante a escritor. Chico vivia pensando, enquanto erguia os tijolos, em enredos para seus novos contos e novelas, que tentava se afastar ao máximo de sua identidade e vivência ao escrever suas prosas. Tentava tanto essa distância entre a sua identidade física e artística que usava o pseudônimo Ricardo Gamarra, nome que achava que combinava com alguém que ele desejava ser: alguém que é bem sucedido, fazendo o que gosta. Entretanto, por sua origem humilde, Chico nunca teve a oportunidade de estudar além do ensino básico — em sua adolescência, o ensino era tido como ponto de privilégio, muito diferente de hoje em dia. Segundo ele, quando conversa com sua filha, ao perceber que ela desanima com os estudos conta que seus pais o encorajaram a trabalhar, já que o homem era o segundo filho de uma família de oito irmãos, e só seus pais e seu irmão não dariam conta de cuidar das outras crianças da casa, com o salário que recebiam. Talvez o seu Francisco não consiga salvar, apesar de todos os seus esforços, a todos que ele ama com o salário que recebe, mas Ricardo Gamarra poderia, e essa era uma esperança que não fugia de seu peito.

Agilizando o seu serviço, Chico terminou o que lhe foi solicitado para o dia em seu trabalho. O homem, ainda maquinizado, se humanizava a cada



passo que dava em direção à sala onde deixava a sua mochila, que outrora foi de seu filho do meio, mas esse precisou de uma nova e maior para carregar os livros didáticos da escola. Ao pegar as suas coisas, acenou com a cabeça para seu patrão, que o olhou de canto e o ignorou em seguida. Saindo da sala, o operário se despediu de todos os seus colegas que na construção ainda estavam, desceu o caminho do terreno e foi em direção à parada de ônibus. Chico sentou-se no banco da parada, pegou seu cantil e bebeu o restante de sua poção de felicidade, o que tentou parar de consumir por algumas vezes, por pedido de sua família, mas nunca conseguiu se libertar efetivamente do hábito. O ônibus estava por chegar a qualquer momento, e o homem contava os segundos para ver sua família.

O dia começou, prosseguiu e se encaminhava para terminar como todos os outros, mas algo mudou o roteiro de seu Francisco. O ônibus que o homem costumava pegar tinha enguiçado, e o motorista da frota, que também aguardava naquele ponto, recebeu a informação por ligação, e, assim, notificou a todos os que estavam esperando que o próximo coletivo chegaria somente em uma hora. Chico, injuriado pela notícia, fez o cálculo do tempo que levaria a pé até o seu lar, e percebeu que não valeria a pena ficar mais nem um minuto esperando o que o atrasaria. O homem se levantou, cambaleando por causa da bebida recém ingerida, e seguiu seu rumo.

Seu Francisco odiava caminhar por longos trajetos, principalmente naquelas condições em que, por ironia, estava. O dia estava escurecendo; o corpo embriagado. Seus pensamentos se voltavam à vida para levar e a ansiedade em rever sua família. Como de costume, as pessoas atravessavam a rua ao se deparar com Chico indo em direção a elas — o homem colocava em sua cabeça que o medo deveria ser por causa do horário — ele escondia a deceção e seguia a passos largos seu destino.

O longo percurso permitiu que o homem ouvisse seu xará, Chico Buarque, no fone de ouvido, e, instintivamente, dançava somente com o pescoço, enquanto continha os demais músculos de seu corpo para evitar que o vissem dançando. Refletindo na vida, lembrava novamente de sua família, mas, dessa vez, olhando para o céu, sentia saudade de quando ainda era uma criança, do amor materno que sentia enquanto pôde ter. Em seu momento nostálgico, tropeçou no céu que observava e, enfim, percebeu que seu estado não era dos melhores. A melancolia chegou para o acompanhar, esta Chico tentava não dar tempo para sentir, mas a fuga do esperado a fez inevitável.

O dia começou como todos os outros, mas não terminou igual. Desatento,



ansioso, alterado, triste; todas as circunstâncias de um erro trágico, feito pela necessidade de encontrar o carinho daqueles que retribuem a seu amor, fizeram o homem se desesperar e começar a correr para chegar o mais rápido possível ao conforto de sua casa. Correndo, dividindo a sua atenção entre o caminho e os céus, que definhavam o sol daquele dia, o chefe de família tonteou, em uma passarela que atalhava o percurso e despencou de lá.

Flutuando no ar como um pássaro, todos os instantes de sua vida passaram em seus olhos, todas as frustrações se acabaram no chão, juntamente com ele, que caiu como um pacote flácido. O público abria os olhos para checar a veracidade da cena que presenciaram. O homem ainda pôde ver curiosos chegando para o observar.

Sua visão turva não o impossibilitou de enxergar sua família e idealizar o que aconteceria. Ainda não era tão nítido o que havia acontecido, seus pensamentos estavam mais ocupados em pensar como a sua família pagaria o aluguel de sua moradia sem o auxílio dele. Chico não sabia se todos que chegaram onde ele chegou passavam pelos mesmos sentimentos, mas ele sentia que deveria ter mudado seu roteiro muito antes, antes disso acontecer. Talvez negar os abusos de seu chefe, talvez dedicar mais tempo a ele mesmo e a todos que ele amava, talvez não aceitar o tratamento que a sociedade condicionava a todos que pareciam com ele; talvez mudar seu cotidiano monótono impedissem que todas essas coisas acontecessem.

Seu Francisco frustrou-se a ver que o pão que comia e o chão que dormia não lhe foram suficientes. Apesar da certidão de nascimento, ninguém ali, que o olhasse de perto, sabia seu nome. Aparentemente quem o deixava respirar e existir já não estava mais de acordo com a situação pertinente. A cachaça e a fumaça que ingeria não retiraram de Chico a dor daquele momento, embora a sua premissa do hábito fosse não ligar para o que vivia. Toda a sua luta, entre operários e moscas bicheiras, tinha acabado. A paz derradeira, enfim, o redimiu.

Ricardo Gamarra não escreveria uma história como a que aconteceu com Chico, mas isso era tarde para perceber. O cotidiano pode propor reviravoltas literárias, embora haja a contradição etimológica. A construção do dia a dia se dá por enésimos motivos, variando qual seja o sujeito que está empregando as ações; seu Francisco sabia por quem fazia, mas não exatamente o porquê de fazer.

O dia começou como todos os outros, mas não terminou.





## ATIVIDADES ( Elaboradas por Aline Borges da Gama)

### I - LINGUAGEM

1. Nas frases a seguir, substitua as palavras em itálico por termos equivalentes, ou seja, que não altere o sentido da frase. Se necessário, utilize o dicionário.
  - a) Lógica ou mágica, sua *incumbência* era erguer no patamar, tijolo por tijolo, as quatro paredes sólidas, e assim o servente faria até a hora do intervalo.
  - b) Com seus olhos *embotados* de cimento, comia feijão com arroz como se fosse um príncipe, sua proteína favorita era ovo [...]
  - c) Chico, *injuriado* pela notícia, fez o cálculo do tempo que levaria a pé até o seu lar, e percebeu que não valeria a pena ficar mais nem um minuto esperando o que o atrasaria.
  - d) O cotidiano pode propor reviravoltas literárias, embora haja a contradição *etimológica*.



### II - COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. A partir da leitura do texto, responda:

- a) Na sua opinião, por que Ricardo Gamarra não escreveria uma história como a de Chico?
    - b) Explique o trecho: “O cotidiano pode propor reviravoltas literárias, embora haja a contradição etimológica.”

### III - PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. Reescreva um final diferente para Chico, contendo no mínimo 15 linhas.



## Daily Life under Construction

*Elvin Matheu Estran Pinheiro*

*João Reus Falleiro da Costa*

*Translated by Rafael Lissarassa and Thayná Fortes*

The day began like any other day. Chico woke up - and was shaken by his beloved, smiling, at six in the morning. He kissed his wife, who had the freshness of the mint in her mouth, as if she were the last woman in the world. With the morning kiss, he remembered the night before, when he had loved her as if it were the last time, but there was no time for that not to be the last one. Breakfast was on the table. He kissed and hugged his children as if each one were the only one, although he had three. He ate his breakfast, chatted, laughed, and realized that life was not only that moment. He got up from the table without the same aspect from some minutes before.

His wife told him to take care. Chico believed it was something that every woman would say, and promised he would do it at all cost. With coffee breath, he kissed her again. He walked and crossed the street timidly towards his daily life: working in construction.

Chico went up on that steep land as easily as the machines did – he disguised among those metallic giants. There, he was one of them, not the man, the husband or the family man anymore. His ability at work was notorious. All of his coworkers saw him as the most respected among the workers in their position, because of his experience: he had been working in this area since he was thirteen years old. He was efficient to do the tasks either because of his brilliant mind or because of an almost divine predestination. He was the best in what he did. Logic or magic, his mission was to rise up the four solid walls, brick by brick, and he would do that until break time.

With cement dust in his eyes, he ate rice and beans like a prince. His favorite protein was egg. At least, he used to tell his children so when they offered the meat that they had at home for their father to put in this lunchbox. Chico drank sugarcane liquor in his canteen, but swore it was tonic water. With the effect of the spirits, he thought he could stop working and have the courage to



say “no” to his boss. Then, he remembered his life, the paternal love, his wife and closed his mouth full of beans in response to the insults he remembered he had listened from his boss, who many times did not remember – or pretended not to remember – his name.

Francisco, as his coworkers used to call him, used the last minutes left to rest to remember the happy moments he still had in life, which were more and more suffocated by his job. Each day, he could feel the pain in his body more and more intense, and he thought more and more about the imaginary list of doctors he should see when he had the time. He thought about the naive answer his little son had given to his wife and laughed alone. He remembered his oldest daughter was having problems with algebra at school and calculated how many extra hours he had to work in order to pay for a private teacher. He remembered the first steps of his middle son, when he was still a baby and had the refrained from feeling the emotion that was about to run through his dark skin. As Chico got up to go back to work he remembered to rush, for his wife had told him in the morning she would wait for him at the gate in the evening, when he used to arrive home, unless the bus broke down on the way or there was traffic jam.

The day began and continued like the other ones. The daily life was not fun to the builder, who aspired to become a writer. As he lifted bricks, Chico thought about the plots for his new short stories and novels, in which he tried to get away from his physical identity and life experience the most. He craved the distance between his physical and artistic identity so much that he used the alias name of Ricardo Gamarra. He thought this name matched somebody he wanted to be: a well-succeeded person, who did what he or she liked. However, because of his humble background, Chico never had the opportunity to keep studying after high school. In his teens, the school was a privilege, quite different from nowadays. According to him, when noticed his daughter got discouraged to study, he told her his parents always encouraged him to work, since he was the second son in a family of eight children. His parents believed that they and his older brother could not afford to take care of the other children with their income. Despite his efforts to support everybody he loved, perhaps Francisco could not help his family with construction worker’s salary, but Ricardo Gamarra could. Moreover, that was the hope he did not abandon.

Speeding up, Chico finished what he had been asked to do that day. The man, still behaving like a machine, got humanized little by little as he moved towards the room where he left his bag, which had been his middle son’s, who needed a new and bigger one to carry his school textbooks. As he got his things,



he nodded to his boss, who looked with the corner of his eyes and ignored him at that very moment. As he got out of the room, he said goodbye to all his coworkers who were still working at the construction, and went down the piece of land towards the bus stop. Chico sat on the bus stop seat, got his canteen and drank the rest of his happiness portion, which he had tried to quit drinking a couple of times at the request of the family. However, never got rid of the bad habit. The bus would arrive anytime, and the man counted the seconds to see his family.

The day started, continued and was about to finish like any other day, but something changed Francisco's itinerary. The bus the man used to get broke down, and the bus driver, who was waiting there, received a phone call with the news that the next bus would only arrive one hour after. Outraged by the information, Chico calculated how long it would take to arrive at home on foot, and realized it would not be worth staying any minute longer waiting for the next bus, which would slow him down. Stumbling due to the booze he just drank, he got up and went home.

Francisco hated walking long distances, mainly in those conditions he found himself in, ironically. It was getting darker and he was drunk. He thought about his life and the anxiety to see his family. As usual, people crossed the streets when Chico came in their direction. He imagined those people were afraid of the time. He concealed his disappointment and walked his destiny with long strides.

The long itinerary allowed him to listen to his namesake, Chico Buarque, through the headphones, and, instinctively, he danced only with his neck while he controlled the other body muscles so that people would not see him dance. Reflecting on life, he remembered his family again, but this time, looking at the sky, he missed the time when he still was a child, the maternal love he felt when he had it. In his nostalgic moment, he stumbled in the sky he was watching and then, he realized that his state was not one of the best. Melancholy arrived to accompany him; something he tried not to have time to feel, but the escape from what was expected made it inevitable.

The day began like any other, but it did not end the same way. Careless, anxious, disturbed and sad, all the circumstances of a tragic mistake made by the need to find that affection of those who love him back made the man get desperate and start to run to arrive the fastest he could to arrive at the comfort of his house. As he ran, sharing his attention between the path and the sky, which withered away the sun of that day, the head of the family got dizzy on a walkway that cut across the route and fell from there.





Floating in the air like a bird, every single moment of his life flashed before his eyes, all the frustration ended on the floor, together with him, who fell as a flabby package. The audience opened their eyes to check the veracity of the scene that they had witnessed. The man was able to see the curious arriving to see him.

His blurred vision did not prevent him from seeing his family and idealizing what would happen. It still was not so clear what had happened. His thoughts were busier thinking about how his family would pay rent without his help. Chico did not know whether everybody who had been where he was had felt the same feelings, but he felt he should have changed the script of her life long before this happened. He should have denied his boss's abuses, or should have devoted more time to himself and to everyone he loved, he should not have accepted the way society treated anyone that looked like him. He should have prevented those things from happening by changing his daily routine

Francisco got frustrated to see that the bread he ate and the floor where he slept were not enough. Despite the birth certificate, no one who looked at him there closely knew his name. Apparently, the person who let him breathe and exist did not agree with the pertinent situation anymore. The sugarcane liquor and the smoke he inhaled did not remove his pain at that moment, although his premise of his habit was not to care about what he experienced. His entire struggle, among workers and blowflies, was over. The ultimate peace, finally, redeemed him.

Ricardo Gamarra would not write a story such as the one that happened to Chico, but it was too late to realize it. The daily life can offer literary twists, though there is an etymological contradiction. Everyday life is built for umpteenth reasons, depending on who is doing the actions. Francisco knew whom he made efforts for, but not exactly why.

The day began like the other ones, but it did not end.





Ilustração de Gabriel Dorgan



## Domingos de tédio

*Gabriela Rodrigues Vicente*

*João Réus Falleiro da Costa*

*Sariane Boff Dias*

Nenhuma das vezes que passei por perto daquele morro considerei subir, mas neste dia em especial, perguntando-me como remediar um domingo de tédio, considerei. Fazia dias que o bloqueio criativo vinha me visitar, impedindo que eu finalizasse o último romance solicitado pela editora, os prazos estavam se esgotando e eu ainda não tinha um final. Os domingos normalmente eram mais vazios do que aquelas páginas em branco, zombando de mim e o morro verde parecia tão alto, tão longe do mundo real e do preto e branco que invadia meus dias. Subi.



Conforme eu subia, mais bonita a vista parecia e mais confortável eu me sentia, longe de tudo que lembrava os momentos monótonos que costumavam compor minha realidade. Não havia pressa, nem urgência, apenas o prazer em desfrutar do longo caminho ensolarado até o topo. Quem dera tudo na vida fosse assim.



As pessoas costumam me julgar por não apreciar mais meu trabalho, afinal ser escritor em uma das maiores editoras do país tem seu prestígio, mas não me culpo por sentir aflição em contar histórias encomendadas, que não saíram do meu imaginário. Quando decidi ser escritor, por vocação e vontade, dediquei tudo. Após um tempo, descobri que essas coisas nem sempre são o suficiente. No início, as palavras caíam facilmente como a chuva de novembro anunciando o verão. Agora, o tempo era de seca e escassez.

Chegando no alto do morro, encontrei uma presença peculiar sentada embaixo de uma grande árvore repleta de frutas. Por um segundo, considerei ir embora, não pretendia perturbar ninguém ou tomar um lugar que já estava ocupado, foi quando nossos olhos se encontraram e desejei ficar, nem que fosse por poucos minutos. A verdade é que a profundidade daquele olhar me fez perder a noção do espaço-tempo por uns segundos, era de um azul tão claro, semelhante





à chuva que eu tanto precisava. Antes de parecer um lunático encarando aquela menina, improvisei:

“Desculpa atrapalhar, mas essa fruta aí não tá madura”.

A estranha me encarou com olhos curiosos, em silêncio. Então respondeu com o vislumbre de um sorriso, achando engracado o meu óbvio constrangimento:

“E qual o problema? Ela encontra um jeito de ser doce mesmo na sua amargura”. Esticando um gomo para mim, disse: “Prove”.

Lentamente me aproximei e peguei o pedaço da fruta com minha mãos, experimentei. Não era doce, nem amargo, mas um equilíbrio entre as duas coisas. Finalmente me virei e encarei a vista. Era espetacular. Costumava passar correndo por aquelas ruas, tão escravo da rotina que nem chegava a reparar na beleza de tudo aquilo. A menina cortou o silêncio:

“Gosto daqui porque me faz refletir sobre a vida”.

Observei os desenhos ao redor dela, a maioria eram paisagens familiares, pareciam retratos da cidade. Lembrando do seu apontamento, questionei:

“Como assim?”

Não sei se foi minha expressão confusa ou alguma lembrança que surgira em sua cabeça, mas ela riu de um jeito tímido e respondeu:

“Podemos enxergar a cidade com um olhar de fora e finalmente apreciar sua beleza. A vida também é assim, às vezes só enxergamos o pior dela porque estamos imersos nessas situações, mas basta nos afastarmos para vermos a beleza em todo resto. Às vezes só precisamos perdoar a amargura e aproveitar o doce”.

Então ela se levantou, recolhendo seus desenhos e jogando uma fruta doce-amarga para mim. Antes de sair andando como a dona do mundo, virou-se com um sorriso:

“Volte mais cedo no próximo domingo”. E se foi.

A semana passou rapidamente. Voltei e lá estava ela. Desfrutamos de boas conversas, compartilhamos frutas e até o silêncio um do outro. Na semana seguinte, returnei e na próxima, também. Falamos sobre nossos trabalhos e sobre nossas frustrações. Era fácil e eu sentia falta de algo fácil. Às vezes os minutos



pareciam horas e, infelizmente, às vezes as horas é que pareciam minutos. Com o tempo, os dias da semana começaram a passar em um piscar de olhos e o morro não parecia mais difícil de subir, talvez por saber que ela estaria sentada lá esperando por mim.

“Chegou mais cedo hoje”.

“É que pensei que iria chover”. Nunca estava preparado para dar boas respostas e ela achava graça nisso. E por mais que eu tentasse parecer desinteressado, ela se fazia indiscutivelmente interessante. Seus assuntos eram tão distintos que iam de átomos até o calendário do zodíaco. Às vezes, ela era pura subjetividade e, outras vezes, era tão assertiva que até assustava.

Um dia questionei-a sobre os desenhos, apenas pela vontade de ouvi-la articulando cada palavra:

“O que te inspira a desenhar?”

“Depende. Geralmente a inspiração surge dos momentos mais comuns, aqueles que as pessoas geralmente não dão importância, gosto de dar uma visão atenciosa para eles, apesar de não serem meus momentos favoritos”

“Quer eternizar os momentos comuns então?”

“Sim... Um momento como este, por exemplo, não me traz muitas ideias e motivações...” - Respondeu finalizando com um olhar tão intenso que nem pedia complemento, fazia muito isso, essa coisa que as mulheres costumam fazer obliquamente com os olhos.

Sou suspeito em dizer que todas as conversas eram fascinantes, sem exceções. Conforme conversávamos, eu sentia que as palavras nos transportavam para outros lugares, quase como ler um bom livro. No decorrer da semana, me pegava distraído pensando qual seria a viagem do próximo domingo.

“Raul, por acaso você sabia que “pneumoultramicroscopicossilicovulcanoconíótico” é a maior palavra da língua portuguesa? A maior já registrada, pelo menos”.

“Não sabia. O que significa?”. Obviamente eu sabia o significado, só que eu seria um idiota em admitir isso e perder tanto a explicação, como o brilho daqueles olhos contentes em ensinar mais um de seus conhecimentos aleatórios.

“Se refere a uma doença que pode aparecer no pulmão por causa da



inalação de cinzas vulcânicas". - Erguendo a sobrancelha, deu de ombros: - "Se você prestar atenção, consegue deduzir isso apenas analisando a estrutura morfológica dessa palavra!"

Não existia nenhum traço de soberba nas palavras dela, pelo contrário, parecia que sua maior paixão era conhecer o mundo, refletindo e ensinando sobre ele. E eu era grato por ser o ouvinte nessas experiências.

Em certo ponto, os dias úteis se tornaram arrastados e o que me motivava era saber que em toda semana havia um domingo. No entanto, meus dias já não eram fragmentos em preto e branco, em algum momento, um arco-íris fora pintado e como as sete cores, eu tinha sete dias tingidos de tons que pareciam muito com a felicidade.

Nunca paramos nossos encontros. Nos domingos de chuva, éramos protegidos pelos galhos e nos domingos de sol, éramos presenteados com a sombra. Embaixo daquela árvore tínhamos o refúgio de sermos quem éramos, aquilo era um porto seguro em meio ao caos, que nos permitia, inclusive, amar o caos. Eu, que um dia tive dúvida sobre subir, odiava ter que descer aquele morro e voltar somente no outro domingo, meu coração palpitaava me pedindo calma, eu não podia perder aquilo.

Não era amor, era melhor.

O tédio dos domingos tinha acabado e finalmente eu podia voltar pra casa com a inspiração que precisava para aquele fim, dando um ponto final também aos dias de seca.



### ATIVIDADES (elaboradas por Jaiara da Silva Quevedo)

#### 1. LINGUAGEM

1. Ao longo da narrativa, é possível identificar a presença de diferentes recursos linguísticos. Alguns desses recursos tornam o texto mais poético. Sublinhe no texto dois trechos em que foram aplicados recursos linguísticos que tornam o texto mais poético.





## 2. COMPREENSÃO

2. “(...) era um azul tão claro, semelhante à chuva que eu tanto precisava...”  
A partir deste trecho do texto, é possível inferir que o narrador...

- a) Ficou confuso ao se deparar com aquele olhar;
- b) Sofreu um forte abalo, que resultou em um bloqueio criativo;
- c) Ao se deparar com aquele olhar, pensou ter reencontrado sua inspiração.

## 3. PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. “No entanto, meus dias já não eram fragmentos em preto e branco, em algum momento, um arco-íris fora pintado e como as sete cores, eu tinha sete dias tingidos de tons que pareciam muito com a felicidade”.

O texto nos faz refletir sobre fatos e pessoas que motivam o nosso cotidiano. Refletindo sobre essas motivações, comente com seu professor e seus colegas, quais pessoas e/ou fatos motivam o seu dia. Escreva um conto sobre essas motivações, descrevendo-as e analisando-as.





## Dull Sundays

*Gabriela Rodrigues Vicente*

*João Réus Falleiro da Costa*

*Sariane Boff Dias*

*Translated by Letícia Pegoraro Alves and Nicole Fernandes Gross*

None of the times I have been near that hill have I considered going up, but on this particular day, wondering how to remedy a dull Sunday, I considered it. It has been days since the creative block came to visit me, preventing me from concluding the last novel requested by the publisher. The deadlines were running out and I still had no ending. Sundays were usually emptier than those blank pages mocking me and the green hill seemed so high, so far from the real world and the black and white that invaded my days. I climbed.

The more I climbed, the more beautiful the view seemed and the more comfortable I felt, far away from everything that reminded me of the monotonous moments that made up my reality. There was no hurry, no urgency, just the pleasure of enjoying the long sunny path to the top. I wish it were like this in life.

People usually judge me for not appreciating my work a little more. After all, there is a lot of prestige in being a writer in one of the biggest publishers in the country, but I do not blame myself for the suffering I feel when I tell commissioned stories that did not come out of my imagination. When I decided to be a writer, by vocation and will, I dedicated everything to it. After a while, I found out that those things are not always enough. At first, words fell easily as November rain announcing summertime. Now, it was time of droughts and shortages.

As I arrived at the top of the hill, I found a peculiar girl sitting under a large fruit-bearing tree. For a second, I considered leaving. I did not intend to disturb anyone, or take a place which was already been taken. That was when our eyes met and I wanted to stay, even for a few minutes. The truth is that the depth of that look made me lose the notion of time and space for a few seconds. It was of such a clear blue look, similar to the rain I so desperately needed. Before I sounded like a lunatic staring at that girl, I improvised:





“I’m sorry to bother you, but that fruit is not ripe yet.”

The stranger stared at me with curious eyes, silently. Finding it funny my feeling of obvious embarrassment, she answered with the glimmer of a smile:

“And what’s the problem? The fruit finds a way to be sweet even in its bitterness.” Stretching out a section for me, she said, “Try it.”

I slowly approached her and took the section in my hands. I tried. It was neither sweet nor bitter, but a balance between the two. I finally turned around and faced the view. It was spectacular. I used to run on those streets, stuck in a rut that I did not even notice the beauty of it all. The girl cut the silence:

“I like it here because it makes me think about life.”

I observed the drawings around her. Most of them were familiar landscape, which looked like portraits of the city. Remembering her comment, I asked:

‘What do you mean?’

I do not know if it was my confused expression or some memory that popped up into her head, but she laughed in a shy way and answered:

“We can see the city with a look from the outside and finally appreciate its beauty. Life is like that too. Sometimes we only see the worst of it because we are immersed in these situations. We just need to back off to see the beauty in everything else. Sometimes we just have to forgive the bitterness and enjoy the sweetness.”

Then she stood up, collecting her drawings and throwing a bittersweet fruit at me. Before she walked away as if she were the owner of the world, she turned around with a smile:

“Come back here earlier next Sunday.” And she left.

The week passed quickly. On Sunday, I went back and there she was. We greatly enjoyed good talks; we shared fruit and even each other’s silence. The following week, I went back again. In addition, the same I did the following week. We talked about our jobs and frustrations. It was easy and I missed something easy. Sometimes minutes seemed like hours and, unfortunately, hours seemed like minutes. Over time, the weekdays started to pass in a blink of an eye and the hill was not so hard to climb, maybe because I knew she would be sitting there waiting for me.





“You arrived earlier today.”

“I thought it was going to rain.” I was never prepared to give her good answers and she found that funny. No matter how much I tried to look uninterested, she was undoubtedly interesting. Her topics were so different... From atoms to the Zodiac Calendar. Sometimes, she was purely subjective, and other times, she was so assertive that she scared me.

One day I asked her about her drawings, only for the sake of hearing her articulate every word.

“What inspires you to draw?”

“It depends. Normally, inspiration comes from the most common moments, the ones to which people do not pay attention. I like to give them a different perspective, although they are not my favorite moments.”

“So, would you like to eternalize common moments?”

“Yes...In a moment like this, for example, does not bring many ideas and motivation...” she answered with such an intense look that it did not need any complement. She did it a lot. A movement that women used to do with their eyes.

I am a bit partial to say that all the talks were fascinating, with no exceptions. As we talked, I felt that all the words took us to different places, as if we were reading a good book. During the week, I got distracted thinking what the next trip on Sunday would be.

“By the way, Raul, do you know that the longest word in Portuguese is “pneumoultramicroscopicossilicovulcanoconiótico”? The longest word ever registered, at least.”

“I didn’t know that. What does that mean?” I obviously knew the meaning, but I would be a fool to admit it and to lose her clarification, with the glow in her eyes happy to teach another of her random findings.

“It refers to a disease that can appear in the lungs due to inhalation of volcanic ashes.” Raising her eyebrows, she shrugged:

“If you pay attention, you can see it only by analyzing the word morphology!”

There was no trace of arrogance in her words. On the contrary, it seemed





that her passion was to discover the world, reflecting and teaching about it. I was also grateful for hearing these experiences.

At a certain point in time, the weekdays became long and my motivation was to know that there was a Sunday every week. However, my days were not black and white fragments anymore. At a given time, a rainbow had been painted and like the seven colors, I had seven days dyed in shades very similar to happiness.

We never canceled our meetings. On rainy Sundays, the branches would shelter us and on sunny Sundays, we would have the shadow as a gift. Under that tree, we had the shelter of being who we were. It was a safe harbor in the middle of the chaos, which made us love chaos. Once I had been unsure whether to climb it or not and now I hated going down the hill and only coming back the following Sunday. My heart beat asking me to calm down. I could not miss it.

It was not love, it was better than that.

The dull Sundays were over and I could finally go back home with the inspiration I needed to write the ending of my story, putting a stop to the dry days.





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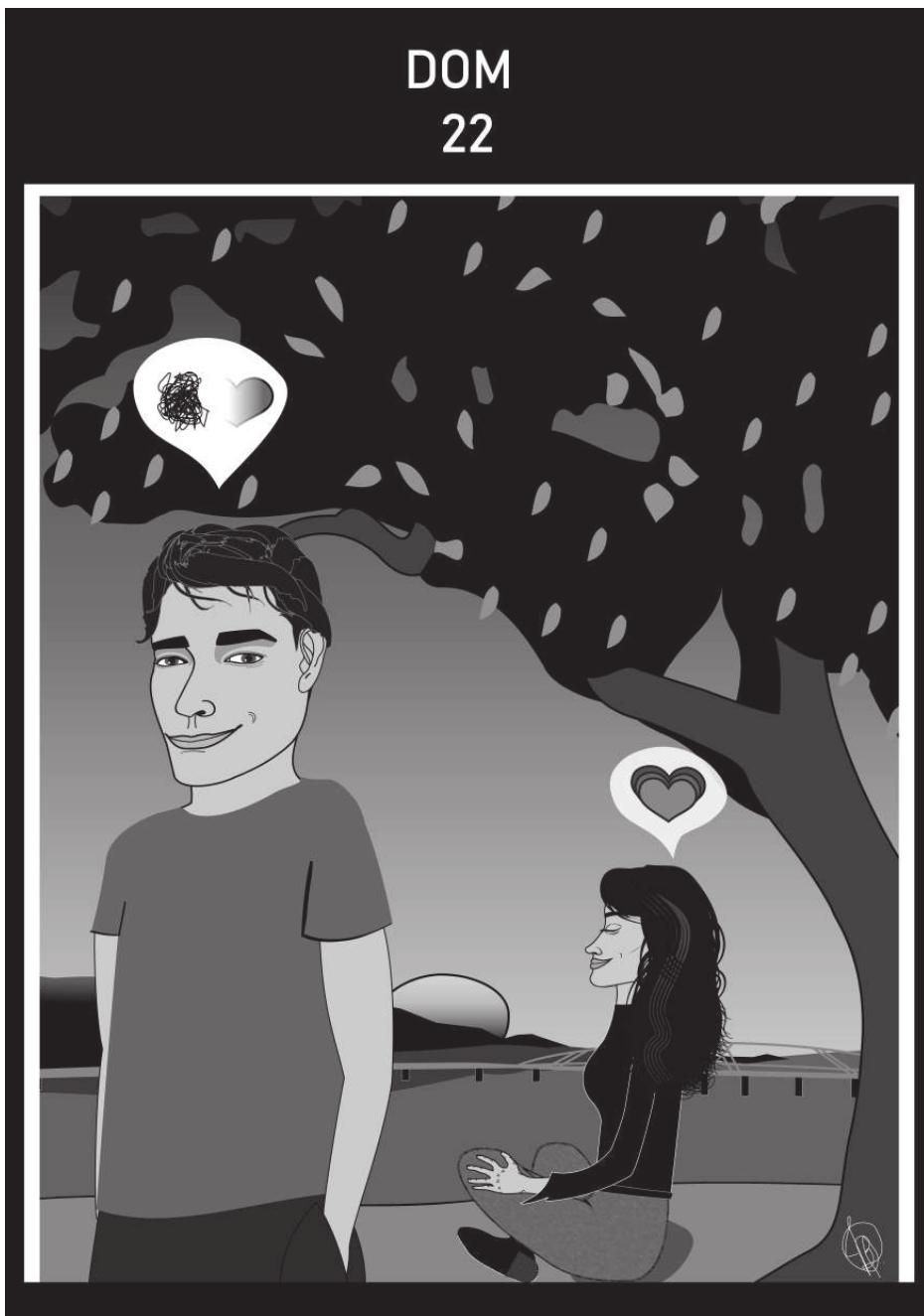


Ilustração de Jordana Borchartt Quevedo





## Elos de Família

*Daniela Calheiro da Conceição Marques*

*Paula Regina Dobre costa Freitas*

O pé de goiaba ficava na parte lateral do casarão, ladeado de roseiras e de três touceiras<sup>1</sup> de espadas de São Jorge. Embaixo da sombra dos seus galhos, dois bancos feitos de concreto, cujo assento e encosto de madeira de demolição convidavam para um descanso, porém somente Arvorinda o frequentava. O motivo era a existência de um ninho das pequenas abelhas jataí,<sup>2</sup> que brotava do interior do buraco do tronco da árvore.

- A velharia não vem para cá, pois são medrosas! Elas têm muito medo de serem atacadas pelas abelhas! - dizia Arvorinda em tom de deboche.

Arvorinda nasceu na Polônia dos anos 1930, em uma pequena aldeia agrícola. De origem pobre, o sustento vinha do cultivo de campos de cevada da propriedade familiar, onde trabalhava junto à mãe, pai e irmão. Na invasão alemã, durante a Segunda Guerra Mundial, a propriedade foi saqueada e a família prisioneira, enviada a Auschwitz.<sup>3</sup> A mãe e o irmão foram separados da família e mortos nas câmaras de gás. Arvorinda e o pai foram poupadados da morte devido aos dotes artísticos que alegravam os oficiais alemães nos eventos festivos dentro do campo: dançavam sapateado. Após seis meses, conseguiram fugir com a ajuda de um alemão, cuja família tinha origem polonesa. Na fuga, se refugiaram no Brasil. Nesta nova etapa de vida, a ela foi dado esse nome pelo pai para que não perdesse laços afetivos com a terra natal. Arvorinda nascerá à sombra de um bicentenário carvalho, das mãos de uma parteira.

No Brasil, logo após Arvorinda engravidar e casar-se aos 17 anos, seu pai veio a falecer, vítima de hanseníase. O maior sonho dele era ver a filha casada, feliz e cercada de filhos e netos. Os filhos vieram, um casal de gêmeos. O marido trabalhava muito em uma mercearia para que nada faltasse à família e assim sempre foi. Eram unidos e felizes. A boa situação financeira da família permitiu que os filhos fossem morar e estudar nos Estados Unidos. A vida era boa e sossegada para o casal. Com o passar do tempo, seu marido adoeceu e tiveram que vender a mercearia para custear o tratamento. Ele veio a falecer e Arvorinda, sentindo-se só,



pois já não tivera mais notícias dos filhos e netos, decidiu então ir morar em um asilo para senhoras, chamado Pensionato Bom Pastor. Lá buscara companhia e momentos alegres junto às novas amigas e talvez voltasse a fazer algo que lhe dava muito prazer no passado: tocar o velho ukulele<sup>4</sup> que herdara do falecido marido, quem havia ensinado Arvorinda a tocar e junto a ela, cantava em dueto.

O pensionato era um bom local para convívio. A propriedade já fora uma chácara no início do século XX. Na entrada principal, um poço artesiano fora desativado e transformado em mesa para jogos de tabuleiros. Mais ao fundo do terreno, estábulos foram modificados em confortáveis salas de jogos e de estar para receber visitantes. No centro do jardim principal, uma réplica de fonte renascentista em cujo tanque nadavam carpas coloridas e tartarugas tigre d'água.<sup>5</sup>

Thalyta era estudante do 5º semestre do curso de Letras e, para cumprir a carga-horária do seu estágio obrigatório semestral, passava três tardes de sábados por mês no pensionato. Seu projeto de estágio consistia em atividades lúdicas junto às moradoras: pintura, artesanato em argila, dança, canto, teatro, jogos de tabuleiro e rodas de leitura. A maioria participava, já outras preferiam permanecer em seus quartos. Arvorinda era bastante ativa e sempre participava. Era a primeira a se colocar à disposição como assistente de Thalyta, e sempre que possível, tocar o seu querido ukulele.

A velha polonesa contava os dias para poder estar novamente junto à estudante e falava isso para suas companheiras do asilo: “faltam três dias para ela nos visitar”, “amanhã a nossa ‘professorinha’ vem passar o dia conosco”. E essa vontade de estar junto era recíproca, pois Thalyta sempre levava um agrado: frutas, pão caseiro, chocolate ou torta de maçã, doce preferido de Arvorinda. Thalyta se sentia muito à vontade na presença de Arvorinda e já, no terceiro encontro, as visitas se transformaram em momentos de prazer e contentamento e não mais sendo encaradas como uma obrigação acadêmica.

Quase no final do semestre, Thalyta já saudosa do convívio com Arvorinda, perguntou se gostaria de passar o Natal com sua família. De imediato, Arvorinda aceitou, já com os olhos cheios de lágrimas.

E era Natal! Chegou o dia que ansiosamente Arvorinda esperava!

<sup>4</sup> Instrumento musical de corda que lembra um cavaquinho. Originário de Portugal sob o nome Machete foi rebatizado no Havaí como Ukulele.

<sup>5</sup> Embora conhecida como sendo “tartaruga”, o Tigre D’água é um cágado, réptil que vive tanto na terra quanto na água doce.



Maquiou-se, colocou o mais belo vestido que tinha e calçou suas sapatilhas. Thalyta chegou e a levou para casa, que ficava a uns 40 quilômetros do asilo, distante duas cidades. Thalyta morava com a mãe, com o pai e com a avó paterna em um bonito sítio, distante do centro da cidade. Chegando em casa, Thalyta estacionou o carro e chamou sua mãe:

- Mãe, vem conhecer a minha outra “vozinha”! – enquanto isso, dirigiu-se até a cozinha e abraçou a avó paterna que finalizava os enfeites de um doce feito de nozes, para a ceia de Natal.

Arvorinda, após ser apresentada à mãe de Thalyta, foi levada para a cozinha. Ao fixar o olhar no olhar da avó de Thalyta, por um instante pensou estar louca! Tinha a visão da filha que fora morar longe, que não a via por quase cinquenta anos e que não tinha contato há mais de trinta anos.

Mas não estava louca! Era a própria filha diante de seus olhos! A filha que após separar-se do marido no exterior, retornou ao Brasil com a família e, mesmo tentando reencontrar Arvorinda e reiniciar a vida ao lado de quem nunca deveria ter deixado para trás, nunca a reencontrou. Thalyta nasceu no Brasil, logo após este retorno.



Após muitos abraços, beijos, lágrimas e mil pedidos de desculpas dos dois lados, Arvorinda teve a melhor noite de Natal de sua vida. Thalyta não acreditava que, durante os últimos meses, esteve na companhia da bisavó, que muitos julgavam já ter falecido. Assim pôde entender o motivo de querer tão bem a uma pessoa que até então era uma desconhecida, sem qualquer laço familiar, apenas laço afetivo gerado pela amizade.



Mas sim! Arvorinda e sua família foram reaproximadas por obra do destino e por um sentimento superior a qualquer elo que possa existir. Sentimento capaz de aproximar e querer o bem comum e sem motivo aparente - uma avó de sua neta - sem nunca terem convivido antes. E também de reaproximar mãe e filha após décadas de separação física, emocional e sentimental, através de uma simples troca de olhar. A este sentimento se dá o nome de AMOR!

### **Atividades (elaboradas por Jaiara da Silva Quevedo)**

#### **I – LINGUAGEM**

1. “Na invasão alemã, durante a Segunda Guerra Mundial, a propriedade





foi saqueada e a família prisioneira, enviada a Auschwitz.”

Nesse trecho, qual é a palavra ou expressão que pode substituir Auschwitz sem alterar o sentido da frase?

## II – COMPREENSÃO

2. Segundo o texto, quais foram os fatores que aproximaram Arvorina de Thalyta? Justifique.

## III – PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. Releia o conto e observe que a narrativa trata de um reencontro inesperado. Debata com seus colegas sobre histórias que envolvam o reencontro de familiares. Após o debate, escreva uma narrativa com a temática do reencontro.





## Family Ties

*Daniela Calheiro da Conceição Marques*

*Paula Regina Dobrecosta Freitas*

*Translated by Gabriel Vargas and Nathalia Possenatto*

The guava tree was beside the big colonial house, surrounded by rose bushes and three clumps of Saint George's swords plant. Under the shade of their branches, two concrete benches, whose seat and back were made of demolition wood, were such a nice place to rest! However, only Arvorinda went there. The reason was the existence of a nest of small Jataí bees, which emerged from inside the hole of the tree trunk.

"The elderly do not come here, because they are afraid! They are really afraid of being attacked by bees!" Arvorinda said in a mocking tone.

Arvorinda was born in Poland in the 1930s, in a small farming village. Daughter of a poor family, the family income came from growing barley fields in the family land, where she worked with her mother, father and brother. In the German invasion, during the Second World War, the property was looted and the family was taken to Auschwitz. Her mother and brother were separated from the family and killed in the gas chambers. Arvorinda and her father were spared from death because of their artistic skills that cheered the German officials at festive events in the camps: they tap danced. After six months, they managed to escape with the help of a German man, whose family was of Polish origin. After they fled, they sought refuge in Brazil. In this new stage of life, her father had named her after, so that she would not lose emotional ties to her homeland. Arvorinda was born under the shade of a bicentennial oak, from the hands of a midwife.

In Brazil, soon after Arvorinda became pregnant and married at the age of 17, her father died of leprosy. His biggest dream was to see his daughter married, happy and surrounded by children and grandchildren. The children came, a pair of twins. Her husband worked a lot in a grocery store to provide the family with all the support. That is the way it was. They were really close and happy. The family's good financial situation allowed the children to live





and study in the United States. Life was good and peaceful for the couple. As time went by, Arvorinda's husband got ill and they had to sell the grocery store to pay for the treatment. He died and, feeling lonely, as she had not heard from her children and grandchildren, Arvorinda decided to move to a charity home for women: "Pensionato Bom Pastor". There, she looked for company and happy moments with her new friends and was thinking about doing again something that gave her great pleasure in the past: playing the old ukulele that she had inherited from her late husband, who had taught Arvorinda to play and, along with her, sang in a duet.

The charity home was good to socialize. The property had already been a small farm in the early 20th century. At the main entrance, they had deactivated the artesian well and turned it into a table for board games. At the back of the land, stables had been modified into comfortable game rooms and living rooms to receive guests. In the center of the main garden, a replica of a Renaissance fountain in whose tank colored carps and water tiger turtles swam.

Thalyta was taking the 5th semester of the Language Undergraduate Course and, to fulfill the workload of her mandatory semester internship, she spent three Saturday afternoons a month in the institution. Her internship project consisted of recreational activities with the residents: painting, clay crafts, dancing, singing, drama classes, board games and reading groups. Most of them participated, while others preferred to stay in their rooms. Arvorinda was very active and always participated. She was the first to volunteer to be Thalyta's assistant, and whenever possible, to play her beloved ukulele.

The old Polish woman counted the days to be able to be with the student again and used to tell her companions at the charity home: "she's going to visit us in three days"; "tomorrow our 'little teacher' is coming to spend the day with us". In addition, the desire to be together was mutual, as Thalyta always brought her gifts: fruit, homemade bread, chocolate or apple pie, Arvorinda's favorite dessert. Thalyta felt at ease in the presence of Arvorinda. They had already met for three times so, the visits had turned into moments of pleasure and content and were no longer an academic obligation.

Almost at the end of the semester, Thalyta, already longing to be with Arvorinda, asked Arvorinda if she would like to spend Christmas with her family. Arvorinda accepted right away, her eyes filled with tears.

Christmas came! The day Arvorinda was looking forward had come! She put on makeup, put on the most beautiful dress she had and her slippers. Thalyta



arrived and took her home, which was about 25 miles from the charity home, two cities away. She lived with her mother, her father and her grandmother in a beautiful place, far from the city center. Arriving home, Thalyta parked the car and called her mother:

"Mom, come and meet my other 'little grandma'! - In the meantime, she went to the kitchen and hugged her paternal grandmother who was finishing the last details of a dessert made with nuts for Christmas dinner.

After being introduced to Thalyta's mother, Arvorinda was taken to the kitchen. When she fixed her eyes on Thalyta's grandmother, for a moment she thought she was crazy! He had seen her daughter who had left to live far away. She had not seen her for almost fifty years and they had not been in contact for over thirty years.

But she was not crazy! It was her own daughter right in front of her eyes! Her daughter, who after separating from her husband abroad, returned to Brazil with her family. Even trying to find Arvorinda and restart her life with those she should never have left behind, she had never found her mom anymore. Thalyta had been born in Brazil, shortly after this return.



After many hugs, kisses, tears and a thousand apologies from both sides, Arvorinda had the best Christmas night of her life. Thalyta did not believe that for the last few months she had been in the company of her great-grandmother, who many people thought had already passed away. Now, she could understand why she liked this 'stranger' so much, someone without any family ties, only affective bonds generated by friendship.



Indeed! Fate and a feeling higher than any tie that may exist united Arvorinda and her family. A feeling able to approach people and which serve the common good for no apparent reason - a grandmother and her granddaughter - who had never lived together before. Also, a feeling able to reconnect mother and daughter after decades of physical, emotional and sentimental separation, through a simple exchange of glances. This feeling is LOVE!





# ELOS DE FAMÍLIA



Ilustração de Lucas Matos





## Era só mais uma partida de futebol

*Aline Borges da Gama Bittencourt*

*Andréia Rocha Gama*

Início das férias escolares e Joca e seus amigos resolveram começar da forma como eles mais gostavam: jogando bola. Havia um campo em que eles, todo o final de semana, se encontravam para jogar futebol. Em frente ao campo, havia uma igreja antiga, onde não ia ninguém há muito tempo, existiam muitas lendas em torno dessa igreja, o que gerava um certo medo nas crianças que ali jogavam.

Joca e mais três amigos chegaram ao campo e iniciaram a partida de futebol. Estava quase anoitecendo, quando Joca chutou a bola com tanta força que ela saiu sobrevoando a goleira, quebrando o vidro da antiga igreja. Os quatro amigos ficaram em silêncio, gerando um clima tenso no ar. Joca teve a ideia de deixar a bola lá, mas seu amigo Dudu recusou, dizendo que não poderia voltar para a casa sem a bola, pois sua mãe iria deixá-lo de castigo. Clima tenso no ar novamente. Quem iria entrar na igreja para pegar a bola?

Os amigos ficaram cerca de dez minutos discutindo, ninguém estava com coragem para ir à igreja buscar a bola. Joca tinha muito medo também, mas em frente aos seus amigos, gostava de se mostrar corajoso e debochava daqueles que demonstravam medo. Os seus três amigos falavam para Joca ir, já que se dizia tão corajoso, hesitante, deu a sugestão de irem todos; e assim foram.

Eles chegaram à igreja, abriram a porta sem dificuldade e ficaram aflitos com o que conseguiam ver, não tinha luz dentro da igreja, havia apenas a iluminação vindo da rua que refletia em sombras no local. Estátuas cobertas com lençóis, cruzes expostas nas paredes e quadros com imagens antigas, o cenário era digno de filme de terror.

Mesmo estando nervosos, os amigos se dividiram para encontrar a bola. Com passos lentos, cuidando para não encostar em nada, Joca estava ficando aflito por não encontrar a bola. Foi quando dois dos seus três amigos vieram correndo em direção a Joca dizendo que Dudu havia sumido! Os três amigos chamaram por Dudu e nada. Mais aflição. Joca e seus dois amigos decidiram





ficar juntos.

- Mais dez minutos e se não encontrarmos a bola, vamos embora. Dudu deve ter ficado com medo e foi para a rua. - disse Joca.

Quando terminou de falar, se deu conta que Caio, seu outro amigo, havia sumido também. Joca e seu único amigo presente naquele momento, ficaram desesperados! O que estaria acontecendo ali?

Os dois amigos resolveram sair daquela igreja o mais rápido possível, saíram em passos largos, até que Paulinho disse ter avistado a bola embaixo de uma cadeira. Joca então resolveu pegar a bola, enquanto Paulinho ia abrindo a porta de saída. Joca foi até à cadeira e não viu nada, quando virou para avisar Paulinho, ele também havia sumido. Joca estava sozinho. Sozinho e morrendo de medo.

Tremendo e com a respiração ofegante, Joca se sentia preso em seus pesadelos, não conseguia gritar e nem correr. Foi seguindo em passos lentos até a porta de saída, quando estava quase chegando à porta, sentiu algo em cima dele que tapou toda a sua visão! Ele caiu no chão, se debatia, mas não conseguia tirar aquela coisa de cima dele, quando conseguiu, saiu correndo pela porta gritando por socorro, mas teve uma surpresa quando saiu: Caio e Paulinho estavam em frente à porta dando gargalhadas e Dudu saiu de dentro da igreja, logo atrás de Joca, chorando de tanto rir. Os seus amigos haviam lhe pregado uma peça. Dudu havia se escondido no mezanino da igreja e jogou um lençol para cair em cima de Joca. Joca ficou bravo no início, mas logo cedeu às risadas junto aos seus amigos. Há sempre “trollagens” nas boas amizades.

Todos seguiram para as suas casas e Joca foi motivo de piada por todo o restante das férias. Os quatro amigos não voltaram para jogar futebol nesse período, pois a bola havia ficado dentro da igreja, que, por sinal, agora diz uma lenda que é possível ouvir barulho de uma bola rolando lá dentro.

## ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Jaiara da Silva Quevedo)

### I - LINGUAGEM

1. “Joca estava ficando aflito por não encontrar a bola”. Substitua o termo aflito por outro, sem alterar o sentido da frase?



## II – COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. Segundo o texto, quais foram os motivos que fizeram com que Joca virasse piada no restante de suas férias?

## III – PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. “Tremendo e com a respiração ofegante, Joca se sentia preso em seus pesadelos, não conseguia gritar e nem correr”. Imagine que a partir deste trecho já não há mais história, escreva uma nova narrativa, dando um novo desfecho ao texto.





## It was just another soccer game

*Aline Borges da Gama Bittencourt*

*Andréia Rocha Gama*

*Translated by Fernanda Laux, Franciele Figueiró, Francielly Marafon*

It was the beginning of the school holidays. Joca and his friends decided to start it the way they liked the most: playing soccer. There was a field where they met to play soccer every weekend. Across from the field, there was an old church, it had been some time since the last time people visited it. There were many legends about the place, which used to scare the kids that played there.

Joca and three friends arrived at the field and started playing the soccer match. It was almost night when Joca kicked the ball so hard that it passed the goal and broke the glass church window. The boys became silent, creating a tense climate in the air. Joca said it was better to leave the ball there, but Dudu refused, saying that he would not go back home without it or he would be grounded by his mom. Tense climate in the air again. Who would go inside the church to pick up the ball?

The boys discussed for about ten minutes. No one was brave enough to enter the church and pick up the ball. Joca was also very scared, but when he was with his friends, he liked to show courage and mocked those who showed fear. Joca's friends told him to go to the church, since he was so brave. Hesitating, Joca suggested they all went together and so they did.

They arrived at church, opened the door without difficulty and they were anxious about what they saw. There was no light inside the church. There was only the streetlight that reflected like shadows in the place. Statues covered with sheets, crosses displayed on the walls, and pictures of old images. The setting was worthy of a horror movie.

Even though they were nervous, the group of friends divided to find the ball. At a slow pace, trying not to touch anything, Joca was getting nervous because he could not find the ball. That was when two of his three





friends ran towards Joca saying that Dudu was gone! The three friends called for Dudu unsuccessfully. More distress. Joca and his two friends decided to stay together.

“Ten minutes more and if we do not find the ball we’ll leave. Dudu must have been afraid and gone to the street”, Joca said.

When he finished speaking, he realized that Caio, his other friend, had also disappeared. Joca and the only friend present at that moment were desperate! What was going on there?

The two friends decided to get out of that church as soon as possible. They left in quick steps until Paulinho said he had seen the ball under a chair. Joca then decided to catch the ball, while Paulinho was opening the exit door. Joca went to the chair but saw nothing. As he turned to tell Paulinho, he was also gone. Joca was alone. Alone and scared to death.

Shaking and breathing hard, Joca felt trapped in his nightmares, unable to scream or run. He walked to the exit door at a slow pace, but as he was almost leaving, he felt something on top of him that covered his eyes! He fell to the ground, struggled but could not get that thing off him. When he did, he ran out the door crying for help, but he got surprised as he left: Caio and Paulinho were in front of the door laughing and Dudu left from inside from the church, right behind Joca, crying with laughter. His friends had played a trick on him. Dudu had hidden in the church mezzanine and had thrown a sheet on top of Joca, who got angry at first, but soon gave in to laughter together with his friends. There are always practical jokes in good friendships.

Everyone went home and Joca was a laughing stock for the rest of the vacation. The four friends did not go back to the field to play soccer during that time, though the ball had stayed inside the church. By the way, legend has it that it is possible to hear the sound of a ball rolling inside the church building.

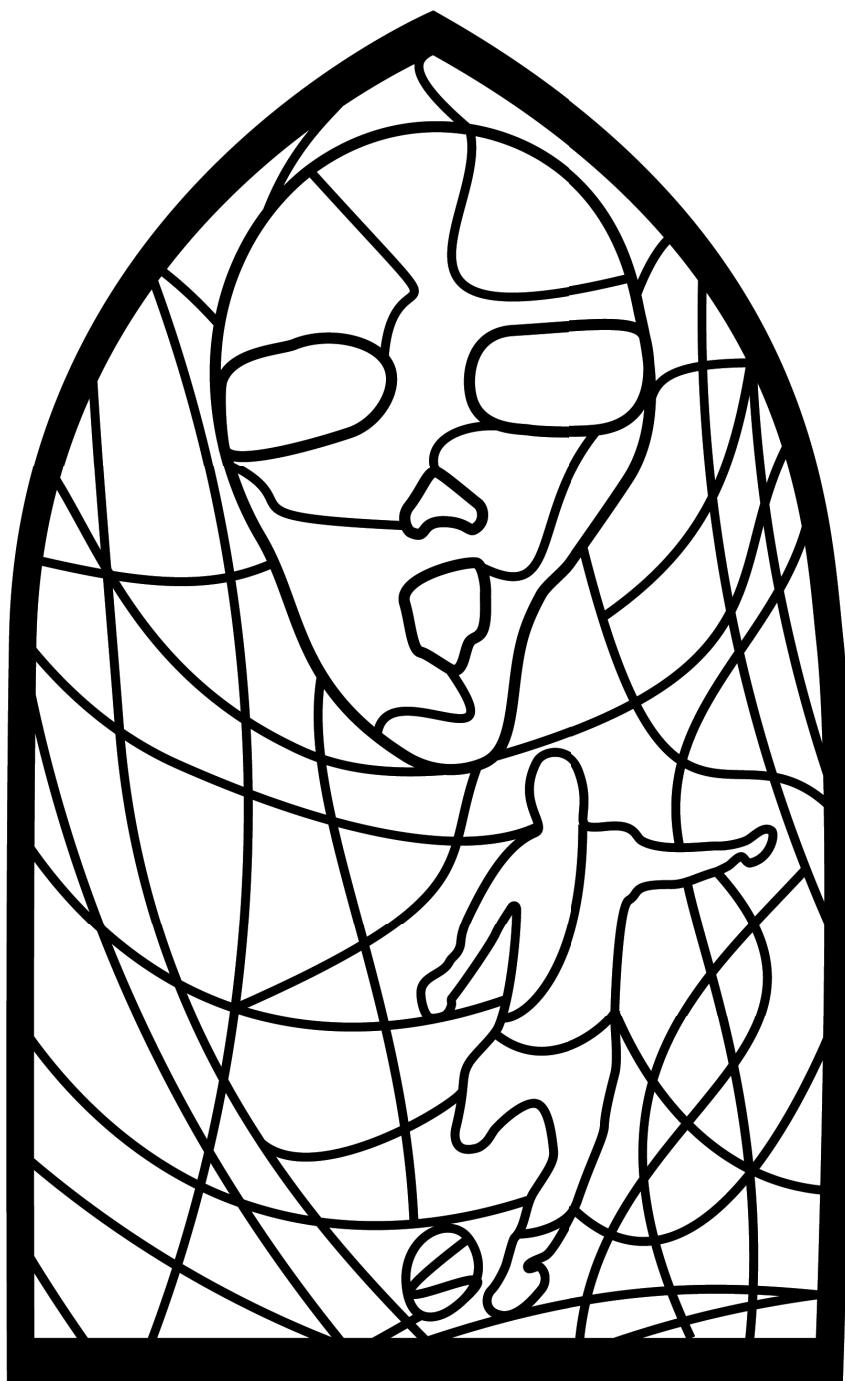


Ilustração de Rafael Carvalho



## Malaika

*Jenifer Schnorr Simão  
July Helen Valle da Silva*

Naquela época do ano, os suaílis<sup>1</sup> eram agraciados pelo pleno *Victoria Nyanza*<sup>2</sup> em nível satisfatório, os pescadores subiam em seus barcos antes do nascer do sol e, ao raiar do dia, as mulheres se ajoelhavam às suas margens para lavarem a indumentária da família. Lembro bem das crianças correndo ao redor dos cestos repletos de tecidos, importunando os grous<sup>3</sup> que ali ficavam, exibindo a plumagem acinzentada à espera de um peixe tonto.

Eu era jovem, destemido, mesmo que a minha única aventura fosse ir à cidade comprar mantimentos. Foi isso que fui fazer naquele dia. As chuvas constantes e o clima quente tornavam difícil o simples ato de respirar. O suor gotejava na minha testa quando a vi a conversar com o dono da quitanda. Ela era linda, seus movimentos doces e delicados assemelhavam-se aos de um pássaro, calculando o próximo pouso. Suas roupas eram feitas do mais nobre tecido, coloridas, contrastando perfeitamente à pele melântica. Parecia mais um anjo do que uma mulher. “*Jambo!*<sup>4</sup>”. Cumprimentei-a. Recebi apenas um sorriso, o mais belo sorriso.

A partir daquele dia, passei a nos imaginar juntos. Mesmo sabendo que havia um infinito separando nossos níveis sociais, sonhei. O impossível sempre me enfeitiçou, por isso passei a frequentar a quitanda mais do que o normal. Passado algum tempo, eu havia fracassado na empreitada de reencontrá-la por acaso, por isso perguntei ao dono sobre aquela linda mulher e ele disse que naquele dia ela havia questionado sobre *ngege*<sup>5</sup> e que nunca mais tinha aparecido por ali. Então tive certeza do meu pressentimento: ela não era nativa. Esse fato me deixou tão triste que escrevi um poema:

1 Etnia e cultura situadas nas regiões do Quênia, da Tanzânia e de Moçambique.

2 Lago Vitória, um dos maiores lagos africanos, está sobre domínio da Tanzânia, de Uganda e do Quênia.

3 Ave comum presente aos arredores dos lagos africanos.

4 Significa “Olá” na língua suaíli.

5 Espécie de peixe comum no Lago Vitória até 1950.



Anjo, eu te amo, Anjo  
Queria casar com você  
Não posso por não ter dinheiro, queria casar com você, Anjo  
Dinheiro é o grande problema da minha vida  
O que posso fazer sou apenas seu jovem amigo  
Não posso por não ter dinheiro, queria casar com você  
Querida, eu só penso em você  
Queria casar com você  
Não posso por não ter dinheiro, queria casar com você, Anjo  
Anjo, eu te amo, Anjo  
Queria casar com você, queria casar com você  
Não posso por não ter dinheiro, queria casar com você, Anjo.

Dali alguns meses, ingresssei na pesca e minha cabeça ficou mais ocupada, sem tempo para pensar em bobagens de amor... Mas inopinadamente, esbarrei em uma outra moça, de família honrada, logo decidimos ficar juntos, construir família. Trabalhei duro para conseguir dinheiro para nosso casamento. Casamos. Tivemos filhos. Era uma boa vida ao seu lado.

Nunca mais encontrei a moça da quitanda, era hora de deixá-la descansar. Aquele sonho juvenil já havia se evaporado e eu ria de mim mesmo. Então coloquei o bilhete com meu poema, junto a uma pedra, do tamanho da palma da minha mão. Envolvi a pedra e o papel com um barbante e tirei em direção ao lago, não olhei mais para trás. Passaram-se mais ou menos oito meses, até que ouvi num velho rádio, que ficava ligado dia e noite na cozinha, o anúncio “Atenção, aí vai uma música da Tanzânia! Apreciem essa declaração de amor”. Quando a intérprete começou a cantar, a letra da música roubou minha atenção, “Anjo, eu te amo, Anjo / Queria casar com você / Não posso por não ter dinheiro...”, fiquei atônito. Como meus escritos tinham ido parar no rádio? Precisei sair de dentro da casa para tomar fôlego.

Pensando com a cabeça mais tranquila, pude entender que jogara a pedra dentro de alguma embarcação quando mirei o lago, provavelmente... Minha paixão nadou pelas águas do *Victoria* e se transformou num sucesso em todo o continente africano. Não fiquei triste por não saberem quem é o autor dessa letra, pois há setenta e quatro anos eu escolhi dar as costas para esse devaneio. Eu sempre soube que aquela história de amor já tinha começado acabada.

P.S.: *Malaika* é considerada uma das canções mais importantes em África e até hoje sua autoria é um romântico mistério.



## ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Aline Borges da Gama)

### I - LINGUAGEM

1. Nas frases a seguir, substitua as palavras em negritos por termos equivalentes, ou seja, que não altere o sentido da frase. Se necessário, utilize o dicionário:

- a) Suas roupas eram feitas do mais nobre tecido, coloridas, contrastando perfeitamente à pele *melânica*.
- b) Passado algum tempo, eu havia fracassado na *empreitada* de reencontrá-la por acaso, por isso perguntei ao dono sobre aquela linda mulher e ele disse que naquele dia ela havia questionado sobre *ngege* e que nunca mais tinha aparecido por ali.
- c) Dali alguns meses, ingressei na pesca e minha cabeça ficou mais ocupada, sem tempo para pensar em bobagens de amor... Mas *inopinadamente*, esbarrei em uma outra moça, de família honrada, logo decidimos ficar juntos, construir família.
- d) Não fiquei triste por não saberem quem é o autor dessa letra, pois há setenta e quatro anos eu escolhi dar as costas para esse *devaneio*.



### II. COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. Por que o narrador/personagem afirma que sabia que a história de amor já tinha começado acabada? Justifique sua resposta com base no texto.

### III. PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. Em consequência de sua tristeza, ele construiu um poema que veio a se tornar uma música famosa no continente Africano, chamado Malaika. Construa um novo poema com base nessa história de amor.





## Malaika

*Jenifer Schnorr Simão and July Helen Valle da Silva*

*Translated by: Thaís Zadorozny Pereira*

At that time of the year, the Swahili<sup>1</sup> were blessed with the full Victoria Nyanza<sup>2</sup> at a satisfactory level. Fishermen climbed into their boats before sunrise and, at daybreak, women knelt by its shores to wash their families' clothing. I remember well children running around the hampers full of clothes, pestering the cranes<sup>3</sup> that stood there showing off their gray plumage and waiting for a dizzy fish.

I was young, fearless, even though my only adventure was going to the city to buy groceries. That is what I went to do on that day. The constant rains and the hot weather made the simple act of breathing difficult. Sweat dripped from my forehead when I saw her talking to the grocer. She was beautiful. Her sweet and delicate movements resembled those of a bird calculating its next landing. Her clothes were made of the finest fabric, and they were colorful, perfectly contrasting with her melanated skin. She looked more like an angel than a woman. "Jambo!"<sup>4</sup> I greeted her. I received just a smile, the most beautiful smile.

From that day on, I started to imagine us together. Even though I knew that there was an infinite gap separating our social levels, I dreamed. The impossible always bewitched me, so I started going to the greengrocer's more often than usual. After a while, I had failed in my attempt to meet her by chance, so I asked the grocer about that beautiful woman, and he said that that day she had asked about *ngege*<sup>5</sup>, and that she had never been there again. So, I confirmed my hunch: she was not a native. This made me so sad that I wrote a poem:

Angel, I love you, Angel  
I wanted to marry you

1 Ethnicity and culture from Kenya, Tanzania and Mozambique.

2 Lake Victoria, one of the largest African lakes, is under the control of Tanzania, Uganda and Kenya.

3 Common bird present around African lakes.

4 It means "hello" in the Swahili language.

5 Species of fish that was common in Lake Victoria until 1950.





I can't because I don't have money, I wanted to marry you, Angel  
Money is the biggest problem in my life  
What can I do? I'm just your young friend  
I can't because I don't have money, I wanted to marry you  
Honey, I only think about you  
I wanted to marry you  
I can't because I don't have money, I wanted to marry you, Angel  
Angel, I love you, Angel  
I wanted to marry you, I wanted to marry you  
I can't because I don't have money, I wanted to marry you, Angel.

After a few months, I started fishing and my mind was busier, without time to think about love nonsense... However, I unexpectedly ran into another girl, from an honorable family. We soon decided to stay together and raise a family of our own. I worked hard to save money for our wedding. We got married. We had children. I had a good life by her side.

I never met the girl from the greengrocer's again; it was time to let her rest. That youthful dream had already vanished, and I laughed at myself. Then, I laid the note with my poem next to a stone that was the size of my palm. I wrapped the stone with the note, tied it with a string and threw it towards the lake. I never looked back. About eight months later, I heard an announcement on an old radio that was switched on in the kitchen day and night, "Attention, here's a song from Tanzania! Enjoy this declaration of love." When the interpreter started singing, the song lyrics grabbed my attention, "Angel, I love you, Angel / I wanted to marry you / I can't because I don't have money..." I was astonished. How did my writing get on the radio? I had to leave the house to take a breath.

Thinking with clarity, I realized that I had probably thrown the stone into a boat when I aimed at the lake... My passion swam in the waters of the Victoria and became a success all over the African continent. I was not sad that they did not know who the author of these lyrics was, because seventy-four years ago I chose to turn my back on this reverie. I always knew that that love story had no future.

P.S.: "Malaika" is considered one of the most important songs in Africa, and even today its authorship is a romantic mystery.





Ilustração de Bruna Zago



## Música Urbana

*Charles Luís Alves*

As folhas não desabrocharam nessa primavera.

A Terceira Guerra nunca aconteceu. Até Kim Jong-Un tinha mais juízo do que parecia. Os céticos diziam que os cientistas estavam exagerando quando gritavam a plenos pulmões que os recursos naturais estavam acabando. Os cristãos e os evangélicos acreditavam na volta de Jesus Cristo. Acreditavam que Ele viria do céu e não tocaria o chão. Salvaria os bons e os que ficassem na Terra seriam atormentados pelo diabo. Não foi nada disso. Também existiam aqueles gurus malucos que vendiam a ideia de que uma nave espacial levaria seus seguidores para o mundo novo. Esse tema habita no imaginário das pessoas há décadas, séculos, etc. Ficção-científica uma ova! Dessa vez não estávamos falando sobre a destruição de Kripton. Se pudesse optar, escolheria seu fim por Apocalipse zumbi.

Nossa relação sociocultural com o meio ambiente definiu o mundo numa escala global de causar inveja. Sem dúvida alguma, a nossa contribuição foi magnífica. É difícil perder alguns costumes. É fácil descartar qualquer coisa. É fácil valorizar o que é fútil. Quando uma personalidade pop juvenil como Greta Thunberg ruge, faz homens subdesenvolvidos torcerem seus narizes como despeito de quem acha que é detentor de todos os conhecimentos. No entanto, agora é tarde. O mundo vai acabar. Nunca descartei que isso pudesse acontecer, mas quando estabeleceram uma data para o fim do mundo, eu tomei uma decisão:

- Tenho que ir a Pelotas!

Eu conheço o Martinez há 13 anos. Foi através de um blogue de música. Mas não era qualquer música, era rock 'n' roll em ramificações que só posso traduzir da seguinte forma: quanto menos *mainstream*, melhor. Nossa relação de amizade foi construída viajando por milhares de bits. É virtual. Nunca apertamos nossas mãos, aliás, eu nunca ouvi a sua voz. Isso traduz em parte o conceito de espaço para Cibercultura.





O Martinez tem uma relação muito passional com a música. Ostenta com orgulho sua vitrola de vinil North, Ribeiro e Pavani como se fosse a Taça Libertadores da América. Certo dia, ele relatava que lhe faltava um título para completar sua coleção de Legião Urbana, um caça-níquel lançado em 1992 chamado *Música para Acampamentos*. Trata-se de uma colcha de retalhos resultante de shows ao vivo em pequenos estúdios com pinceladas de histerias maiores. Encontrei esse título no Espaço de Antiguidades, uma loja com forte cheiro de mofo, obscura e com móveis de aspecto dantesco que só posso comparar ao cenário descrito por Edgar Allan Poe quando visitara Roderick Usher.

Eu comprei no estopim daquele vírus. Os dias ficaram difíceis (...) e o disco acabou escanteado. O tempo passou e quando aqueles eventos misteriosos para o qual não havia explicação ficaram mais acentuados, veio a confirmação de que a data de vencimento do mundo expirou. Então, decidi que era preciso fazer a entrega, afinal, o que poderia fazer naqueles últimos resquícios de vida que nos restavam? Sentar-se e esperar? Naquele instante, não havia mais do que 8 horas para o Fim. Pelos meus cálculos, teria que fazer o percurso Eldorado-Pelotas em 4 horas. O caminho denota as explosões de sentimentos sombrios que permeiam pelos cantos. No começo da viagem, me posicionei entre uma parada estratégica e outra. Quando a ordem social acaba, o perigo espreita nas sombras. Não poderia perder o equilíbrio. Correria o risco de perder a encomenda.

Já na cidade de Cristal, encostei no antigo Paradouro Grill. Estava abandonado. Fazia algum tempo que estava fechado devido àquela pandemia viral que dilacerou a economia global. Quando cheguei em Pelotas, eu parei numa rótula próxima à rodoviária. Apesar da iminência do fim, as pessoas ali pareciam aceitar tudo. Como se fosse parte de um acordo azarado. Elas agiam como se dissessem, “Tudo bem!”. Liguei o GPS e procurei a rua Prof. Dr. Araújo.

Pelotas é uma cidade que cultiva sua história na estrutura antiga através dos prédios. Não que seja tudo velho. Há prédios enormes e atuais. O novo e o velho têm suspiro de nostalgia. Aliás, sempre achei que esse tipo de entrelace dão um certo charme. Quando cheguei em frente ao prédio que o Martinez morava, faltavam pouco mais de 3 horas. Subi até o quarto andar e parei em frente à porta. Bati suavemente e nada. Então bati mais forte, sem resposta. Logo, pensei no pior:

- E se ele preferiu fazer o seu próprio fim?

Tomei distância e pedalei a porta. Acendi as luzes receoso de que estivesse certo. Nada. Olhei todos os cômodos. A cada porta que abria, esperava encontrar







marteladas no trilho? Certa vez, perguntaram para o Erasmo Carlos o segredo de sua longa amizade com Roberto Carlos: “O segredo é a distância!” - respondeu ele. A pluralidade entre as pessoas é legal, mas até à página 2. *Música para Acampamentos* tem duração de 1h30min. Eu tirei o disco do plástico, coloquei o telefone ligado ao lado da saída de som e botei para rodar. Sentei-me no chão ao lado da vitrola, enquanto ostentava meu sorriso meia lua quase partindo.

#### ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Aline Borges da Gama)

##### I. LINGUAGEM

1. O texto apresenta algumas palavras de origem estrangeiras. Identifique essas palavras e pesquise seus significados.

##### II. COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. Qual a relação do título “Música Urbana” com a sua narrativa? Justifique sua resposta contendo trechos do texto.



##### III. PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. O conto relata situações baseado em fatos reais, neste caso, com um final fatídico. E se fosse com você? O que você faria se soubesse da data do fim do mundo? Escreva um texto, contendo no mínimo dois parágrafos para justificar sua resposta.





## Urban Music

*Charles Luís Alves*

*Translated by Gabriel Ribeiro Vargas*

The leaves did not blossom this spring. The Third War has never happened. Even Kim Jong-Un has more sense than he seems to. Skeptics used to say scientists were overreacting when they shouted at the top of their lungs that natural resources were running out. Christians and evangelicals believed Jesus Christ would return. They believed that he would come from heaven and would not touch the ground. He would save the good ones and the devil would torment the ones left on Earth. It was nothing like that. There were also those crazy gurus who used to sell the idea that a spaceship would take his followers to the new world. This theme has been in people's imagination for decades, centuries, etc. Sci-fi, the hell! This time we were not talking about Krypton's destruction. If I could choose, I would choose Zombie Apocalypse.

Our socio-cultural relationship with the environment withered the world on a global scale to cause envy. Undoubtedly, our contribution has been magnificent. It is difficult to lose some behaviors. It is easy to discard anything. It is easy to value what is futile. When a youthful pop personality like Greta Thunberg roars, she makes underdeveloped men arrogantly wrinkle their noses as if they were the world knowledge holders. However, it is too late now. The world will end. Never did I rule out this could happen, but when there was a definition of a date for the end of the world, I made a decision:

"I have to go to Pelotas!"

I have known Martinez for 13 years. We met through a music blog. However, it was not just any music, it was rock'n'roll in ramifications that I can only translate as the less mainstream the better. We built our friendship by traveling thousands of bits. It's virtual. We never shook hands. In fact, I never heard his voice. This partially translates the concept of space for Cyber culture.

Martinez has a very passionate relationship with music. He proudly displays his North, Ribeiro and Pavani vinyl record player, as if it were America Libertadores Cup. One day, he reported that he lacked one title to complete his Legião Urbana collection, a slot machine launched in 1992 called '*Música para*





*Acampamentos*? It is a patchwork of live concerts in small studios with strokes of greater hysteria. I found that title at Espaço de Antiguidades, a dark store with a strong musty smell and with Dante like furniture that I could only compare to the scenario described by Edgar Allan Poe when he visited Roderick Usher.

I bought it on the peak of that virus. The days were difficult (...) and the album ended up left out. Time passed and when those mysterious events, for which there was no explanation, became extreme, the confirmation of the world's expiration date had come. Then, I decided I had to make the delivery. After all, what could I do in those remnants of life we had? Sit down and wait? At that moment, there was no more than 8 hours left. By my calculations, I would have to go from Eldorado to Pelotas in 4 hours. The path denotes the explosions of dark feelings that permeate in the corners. At the beginning of the trip, I stayed between one strategic stop and another. When the social order is over, danger lurks in the shadows. I could not lose my balance. I would risk losing the order.

In the city of Cristal, I pulled over at the old Paradouro Grill. It was abandoned. It had been closed for some time due to that viral pandemic that destroyed global economy. When I arrived in Pelotas, I stopped at a roundabout near the bus station. Despite the imminence of the end, people there seem to accept everything. As if it were part of an unlucky deal. They acted as if they said, "Alright!" I connected the GPS and looked for Prof. Dr. Araújo Street.

Pelotas is a city that cultivates its history in its old buildings. Not everything is old. There are huge and modern buildings. The modern and the old buildings have a sigh of nostalgia. In fact, I have always thought that this type of interlace is somehow charming. When I arrived in front of the building where Martinez lived, there were about 3 hours left. I went up to the fourth floor and stopped in front of the door. I knocked softly but nothing. Then I knocked harder, with no answer. Then, I assumed the worst had happened.

"What if he had decided to take his own life?"

I walked away from the door and knocked it down. I turned on the lights, afraid I was right. Nothing. I looked at every room. As I opened each door, I expected to find my friend hanging from the ceiling, with a sign around his neck that read, "I FAILED". I tried another call, but he did not answer.

I sat down on a chair and noticed a tech noir decor. It seemed that horrible record player with a modern configuration and 19th century appearance. There was a cupboard full of well-organized vinyl records. I looked for Legião





Urbana ones. To my surprise, there was '*Juízo Final*', by Nelson Cavaquinho. Well, looking closely we all have something to hide. The unsympathetic *Música para Acampamentos* should be between V (1991) and *O Descobrimento do Brasil* (1993). At that moment, the phone rang. To my surprise, it was Martinez. It was as if a ton had come off my shoulders.

"Dude, is it really you?" I asked him. Believe me, in all that time, I had never heard his voice. I am sure he would arrive and we would laugh because I had knocked down the door.

"*Soy yo, comanchero.* I saw you called me some times", he said.

Martinez had always been a person who admired Rioplatense countries. He had traveled there more than once to mine some records of Argentine rock and a jersey of *Estudiantes de La Plata*.

"Martinez, I'm here at your house. I finally came to bring the record!", I spoke as if it was my turn to flaunt the Libertadores Cup, but suddenly, there was silence.

"Martinez? Speak, man! So, he said ..."

"Alberto, I'm in Eldorado! I've come here for the record."

I looked at the clock. I knew there would be no time. Before that virus, it seems that people isolated themselves from one another immersed in their electronic devices and streaming. They texted on WhatsApp separated by a single wall. They said that we should control the time spent with them. Some cases were treated as a disease. The isolation had changed everything and now we should make the most of it. It is funny how everything is just a point of view about what we can or cannot do. In fact, isolation has made people more human. It was as if something bigger had done that to rub in our faces what we had missed.

Now I think that I should not have come. Maybe it was a reckless decision. However, haven't we spent our entire lives like this? Assembling and reassembling guidelines. After all, who wouldn't want to go back in time and hammer the rail? Once, they asked Erasmo Carlos the secret of his long friendship with Roberto Carlos: "The secret is distance!" he replied.

Plurality between people is cool, but up to page two. '*Música para Acampamento*' is 1h30min long. I took the vinyl record out of the plastic, turned my phone on and put it next to the audio output and played the record. I sat on the floor next to the record player, while I displayed a half-moon smile almost coming out.

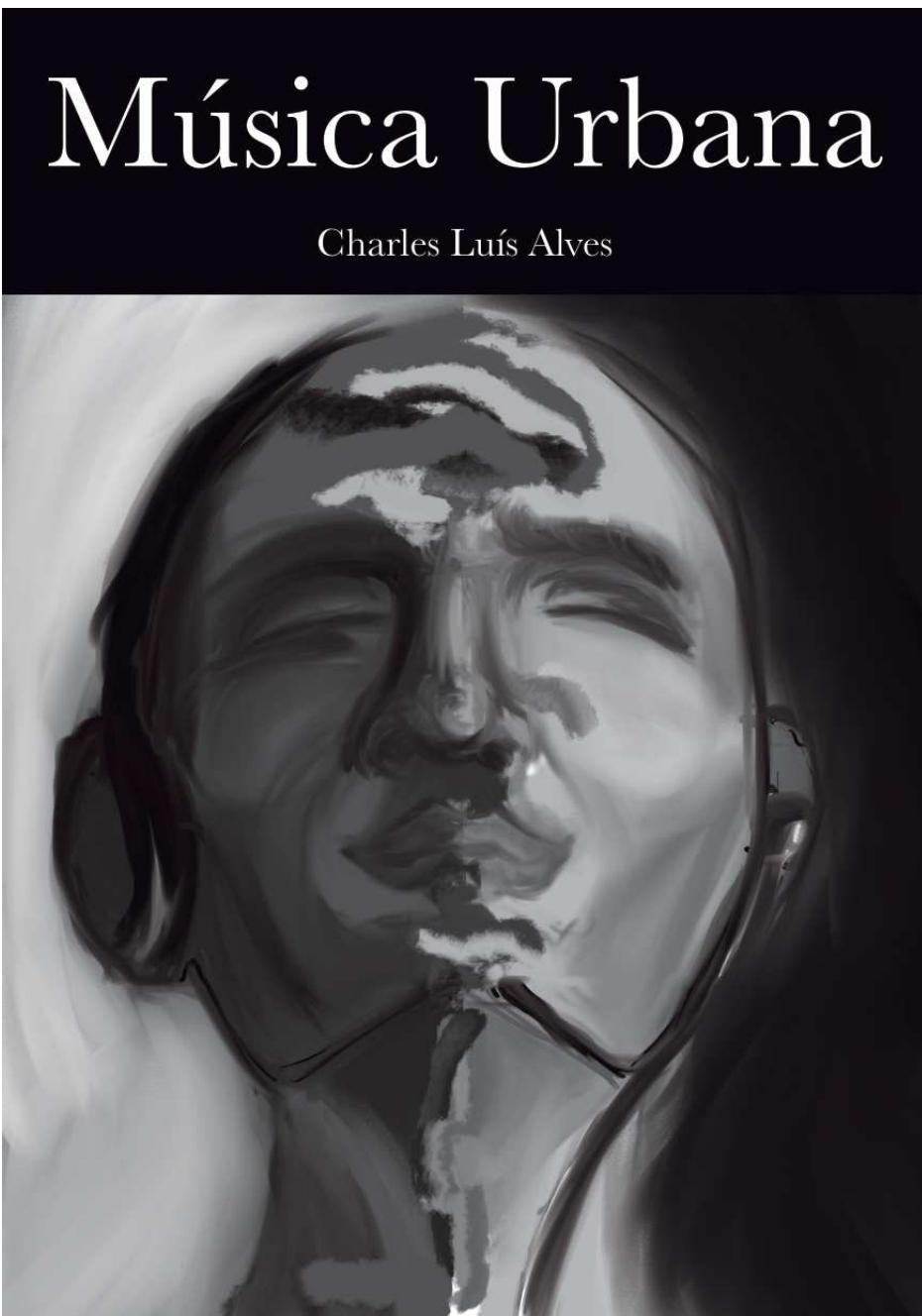


Ilustração de Leonardo d'Luca





## O amor: um sentimento real de carinho e cuidado com o outro

*Aline Engerroff da Rosa*

E se você começar a amar agora?

Todos os dias, Angel, junto com a sua mãe, Alícia, passa pelo mesmo caminho tanto para ir, quanto para voltar da escola. A garotinha, muito observadora, certa manhã, quando passou por um morador de rua sozinho com uma expressão triste, no retorno à sua casa, após um período divertido com seus colegas na escola, resolveu questionar sua mãe sobre um comportamento que lhe é um tanto diferente.

- Mamãe, por que aquele homem sentado à frente daquela loja e o meu coleguinha de sala não têm amigos?

Alícia, sem saber de qual colega se tratava e vendo a situação do morador de rua, emitiu uma opinião:

- Filha, talvez seu colega seja tímido. E aquele homem que você viu vive em uma situação desfavorável, mas não quer dizer que não tenha amigos.

- Mas, mamãe, a expressão dos dois é de tristeza.

A mãe da menina, não querendo deixar a pequena sem resposta, lhe disse:

- Angel, eles estão tristes por diferentes motivos, mas por apenas uma causa: a falta de amor.

A escola de Angel sempre programava atividades para as crianças realizarem em casa com a família, a fim de incentivar o momento familiar e a tarefa do dia era descrever e desenhar sobre o que o amor representava para si e sua família. Então, a menina indagou seus pais:

- Papai e mamãe, o que é o amor?

Sem saber definir precisamente o sentimento, disseram:

- Amar é respeitar, é gostar e é cuidar.

A garotinha, sem hesitar, relacionou essa resposta ao seu colega e ao



homem que havia visto na volta da escola, aquele que ela havia comentado com sua mãe a respeito de não terem amigos e andarem tristes, logo questionou:

- Então, mamãe, o Jean não é amado pelos meus colegas? E aquele homem não é amado por ninguém?

A pergunta da menina causou surpresa e a resposta foi a seguinte:

- Sim, Angel, falta muito amor na nossa sociedade, logo, é possível que eles estejam carecendo desse sentimento.

A garota, seguindo a tarefa junto com a família, perguntou se poderia retratar como exemplo desse sentimento aquele homem e o seu colega que são tristes, recebendo cuidado e carinho e se tornando pessoas felizes. Os pais da menina achararam a proposta maravilhosa e ajudaram-na a concretizar essa ideia. Já findando o dia e se aproximando a hora de descansar, a família terminou o trabalho e todos se recolheram para seus respectivos quartos. Sem conseguir dormir, a garota ficou admirando o céu que estava estrelado e pensando nos acontecimentos do dia, até que uma ideia genial inundou sua mente e o sono deu lugar a um projeto que seria o início da concretização de um sentimento. Angel pensou o seguinte: E se todos os alunos da escola tivessem um momento para ouvir sobre o significado do amor e entenderem que não é um sentimento que acontece só entre casais ou entre pais e filhos? Amamos quando nos importamos com o outro.

O despertador da menina indicou o amanhecer de uma quarta-feira ensolarada para que ela pudesse se arrumar para ir à escola, uma vez que estuda no turno da manhã. Ansiosa para dividir com os pais a nova ideia, correu para o quarto deles e, após um ligeiro bom dia, já começou a descrever a ideia que teve durante a noite. Seus pais, ouvindo atentamente cada detalhe, resolveram, ao final da explanação da filha, dizer a ela que a ideia poderia se tornar real, bastava a coordenação da escola aprovar. Enquanto a família tomava café, a garota, que estava radiante, foi orientada a conversar com a diretora da escola e marcar uma reunião a fim de esclarecer o projeto detalhadamente e pedir autorização para que ele aconteça. A menina, ansiosa, chegou na escola e sem demoras, correu para a diretoria com o intuito de marcar a reunião para a discussão das ideias em conjunto com seus pais. Esse evento seria uma surpresa para a escola toda. Mais uma manhã chegou ao final e Angel queria conversar com os pais juntos e informar sobre a reunião que decidirá todos os pontos. As quartas-feiras são marcadas pela tarde em família e o momento foi usado para definir o projeto passo a passo para apresentá-lo à diretora no dia seguinte pela manhã. Após uma tarde produtiva, o jantar foi diferente, em clima de união e esperança, a família resolveu encerrar o dia da maneira que todos gostavam: comendo pizza.





O amanhecer tomado pela imponência do sol estava com ar de insegurança... será que a escola vai aprovar o projeto? Será que a ideia é boa mesmo? Apresados e ansiosos, todos se arrumaram para não perderem um minuto da reunião. Chegando na escola, a diretora já estava prontíssima para ouvi-los, então logo apresentaram o motivo da elaboração da ideia e como tudo funcionaria. Hannah, impressionada com a ideia da garota e a disposição de seus pais, decidiu que é válido investir no projeto e aprovou-o. A semana foi corrida e cheia de detalhes para os preparativos do evento. Angel, Alícia e Chrystopher organizaram cada detalhe com muita dedicação para que tudo ocorresse da melhor forma possível.

Como de costume, o despertador de Angel acordou-a e a garota, em uma velocidade nunca vista, adentrou o quarto de seus pais em uma euforia jamais presenciada, ela estava realmente muito empolgada, acordando-os e apressando-os, a fim de não haver atrasos. Enfim, o momento mais esperado, a escola reunida no salão e a diretora, sem demoras, passou o comando do evento para a família da garota. O pai da menina, sem titubear, então, começou o evento direcionando os alunos a formarem grupos com colegas que eles nunca falaram pela escola e a ordem foi respeitada a rigor por todos, que estavam super curiosos para entender tudo. O pai da garota prosseguiu e pediu para que os alunos não esquecessem as seguintes palavras: "Somos, aparentemente, muito diferentes, mas necessitamos amor de forma igual." Segundo, disse:

- Amar é cuidar, é dar carinho e é respeitar, devemos amar todas as pessoas independentemente de cor, gênero ou classe social, mesmo que elas sejam nossos inimigos. Quando vemos alguém sozinho, devemos nos aproximar e dar carinho a ela, a fim de permitir que ela sinta-se pertencente ao local e quando não podemos estar muito próximo, seja por uma questão de tempo, seja por ter receio de se aproximar de um estranho, podemos, pelo menos, ao passar por essa pessoa, cumprimentá-la. A preocupação com o outro nem sempre está ligada à aproximação, às vezes, só uma palavra de bondade ou uma saudação já alegra o dia de alguém. Os alunos aplaudiram ao final e ficaram pensativos.

Após esse evento, Angel notou que o projeto estava cumprindo seu objetivo, uma vez que os alunos da escola começaram a demonstrar mais carinho uns pelos outros e a inserir pessoas novas nos seus grupinhos, mostrando que nunca é tarde para começar a amar o outro. Além disso, a menina, todos os dias, ao voltar para casa, acenava para o moço que andava triste e viu, pela primeira vez, ele mexer o rosto apresentando um sorriso agradecido. É com atitudes espontâneas de carinho e cuidado com o próximo que conseguimos espalhar o verdadeiro amor.





## ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Aline Borges da Gama)

### I. LINGUAGEM

1. O texto aborda muitos sentimentos e emoções. Substitua as palavras destacadas abaixo por sinônimos. Após, responda: Houve alterações nos sentidos das frases? Justifique suas respostas.
  - a) Angel, eles estão *tristes* por diferentes motivos, mas por apenas uma causa: a falta de *amor*.
  - b) Enquanto a família tomava café, a garota, que estava *radiante*, foi orientada a conversar com a diretora da escola e marcar uma reunião a fim de esclarecer o projeto detalhadamente e pedir autorização para que ele aconteça.
  - c) Após uma tarde produtiva, o jantar foi diferente, em clima de união e *esperança*, a família resolveu encerrar o dia da maneira que todos gostavam: comendo pizza.
  - d) Como de costume, o despertador de Angel acordou-a e a garota, em uma velocidade nunca vista, adentrou o quarto de seus pais em uma *euforia* jamais presenciada, ela estava realmente muito *empolgada*, acordando-os e apressando-os, a fim de não haver atrasos.



### II. COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. A partir da leitura do texto, responda:
  - a) Qual o episódio que fez Alícia refletir sobre o amor?
  - b) O conto cita exemplos de atitudes amorosas. Retire do texto trechos que contenham essas ações.

### III. PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. O texto fala de como o amor com próximo pode mudar a vida das pessoas. Para você, qual outro sentimento é essencial para mudar e/ou melhorar nossas vidas? Escreva um texto sobre o tema, contendo no mínimo 15 linhas para justificar sua resposta.





## Love: a real feeling of affection and care for each other

*Aline Engerroff da Rosa*

*Translated by Fernanda Rodrigues Laux*

What would happen if you started to love right away?

Every day, Angel and her mother, Alicia, pass by the same path on their way to and back from school. One morning, after a very funny day at school with her friends, the little girl, who was a keen observer, saw a homeless man looking very sad. Then, she decided to ask her mother about the man's behavior, which looked quite unusual for her.

"Mom, why don't the man sitting in front of the store and one of my colleagues have friends?"

Not knowing who the colleague was and seeing the situation of the homeless man, Alicia gave her opinion:

"Baby, your colleague might be shy and the man you saw lives that unfortunate situation, but it doesn't mean he doesn't have friends."

"But, mom, they both look so sad."

Because the mother did not want to leave the girl without an answer, she said:

"Angel, although they are sad for different reasons, they both suffer from the same problem: lack of love."

Angel's school had always promoted activities for the kids to do at home with their families, to encourage family time. The assignment of the day was to describe and draw what love meant to the kids and their families. Therefore, the girl asked her parents:

"Mom, dad, what is love?"

Without knowing exactly how to define the feeling, they said:

"To love is to respect, to care, and to cherish."





Without hesitation, the little girl linked the answer to her colleague and to the homeless man she had seen when she was coming back from school. She remembered the conversation she had had with her mother about them, too. Consequently, she asked:

“Mom, you mean Jean isn’t loved by our colleagues? And that the homeless man isn’t loved by anyone?”

The girl’s question surprised her, who answered:

“Yes, Angel, there is lack of love in our society; therefore, they may miss this feeling.”

While she was doing the assignment, the girl asked her parents if she could portray love by drawing the sad homeless man and the sad colleague receiving care and affection and becoming happy people. Angel’s parents loved the idea and helped her do it. At the end of the day, at bedtime, the family finished their tasks and went to their bedrooms. Sleepless, Angel stared at the starry sky and thought about the events of day when suddenly a brilliant idea came her mind. Sleep gave rise to a project that would be the beginning of the achievement of a feeling. Angel thought, “what if all the students from school had a moment to hear about what love means and to understand the feeling is not restricted to couples and to parents and their kids? We love when we care for each other.”

The girl’s alarm clock indicated the beginning of a sunny Wednesday so she could get ready for school, once she studied in the morning. Looking forward to telling her parents about her idea, she ran to their room. After a quick ‘*good morning*’, she told them the idea she had had during the night. Listening carefully to every detail of her idea, Angel’s parents told her the school could put into practice. They just needed the school coordination to approve it. While the family was having breakfast, the parents advised the radiant girl to talk to the school principal and arrange a meeting to talk about her project and ask for authorization to carry it out. As soon as Angel arrived at school, she ran to the principal’s room so they could arrange a meeting with her and her parents. The event would be a surprise to the entire school. At the end of the morning, she was anxious to tell her parents about the scheduled meeting to organize the project. Every Wednesday afternoon the family gathered and so, they used that moment to define the project’s steps to present it to the principal the following morning. After a productive afternoon, dinner was different. It had the taste of union and hope, so they decided to finish their day the way they all loved: eating pizza.





The sunny dawn had a sense of hopelessness... Would the school approve the project? Was it really a good idea? Hurried and anxious, the family got ready not miss a minute of the meeting. When they got to school, the principal was ready to hear them. Therefore, they presented what the reason behind the idea was and how the project would work. Hanna was impressed by the girl's idea and by her parents' good will, so she decided to approve it. Angel, Alicia, and Christopher organized every single detail of the event with care so that everything could happen the best way possible.

As usual, Angel's alarm clock rang. At a much faster pace than ever before, the girl entered her parents' room, in a euphoria never witnessed before. She was excited as she woke them and hurried them to go, so they would not be late. Finally, the long-awaited moment had arrived. The whole school was in the hall. The school's principal passed the command of the event to Angel and her family. Without hesitating, the girl's father started the event by asking the students to form groups with classmates who they had never spoken to at school. Everybody accepted, and was very curious about what was happening. The girl's father went on and asked the students not to forget the following words: "we seem to be very different, but we all need love." After that, he said:

"To love is to cherish, to care, to respect. We must love all the human beings, regardless of color, gender, or social class, even if they are our enemies. When we see someone alone, we must approach the person and share some love, so we can show he or she belong there. If we do not have the time to do it, or if we are afraid of approaching someone we do not know, at least we can greet the person as a sign of love and consideration. You do not need to be close to someone to show you care. Sometimes, just a kind word or a gentle greeting makes their day better."

The students clapped and at the end of the speech. They were thoughtful. After the event, Angel realized the project had fulfilled its goal since the students started showing more love for each other. They were more inclusive with their classmates, showing it is never too late to start loving. Furthermore, every day on her way home, the girl waved to the sad homeless man, and saw his grateful smile. It is through spontaneous attitudes of affection and care for others that we are able to spread true love.





Ilustração de Gabriel Tadeu Mesquita





## O ruído do sorriso

Jenifer Schnorr Simão

July Helen Valle da Silva

Um calor subiu pelo meu rosto e franzi o cenho. Me sentia como uma panqueca que fora enrolada diversas vezes. Abri um olho, percebi que havia deixado uma parte das persianas abertas, o que fazia um raio de sol entrar pelo quarto e subir pela cama. Fechei o olho. Lembrei do ruído do sorriso, da maciez do toque, do cheiro do cabelo. Suspirei. Deveria levantar.

Ao sentar na beirada da cama, deixei meus pés caírem no piso de madeira e senti o frio subindo até a espinha, mas não me importei. Esse gelo mora comigo desde sua partida, nem o sol é capaz de derretê-lo. Só tento viver cada dia, em busca de alguma fonte de calor. Deve ser por esse motivo que durmo enrolado nas cobertas feito uma panqueca, uma panqueca velha e mofada. Olhei para o espelho, em frente à cama, e notei que meu cabelo já estava com uma franja lisa caída por sobre meus olhos. Imagens dela me fazendo cafuné surgiram na minha cabeça como se fossem fogos de artifícios: rápidas, barulhentas, incômodas. “Você não devia cortar o cabelo, gosto dele assim”, ela dizia, mesmo sabendo que eu não suportava aquele amontoado de pelos pretos lisos alcançando meu pescoço, como se fossem minúsculas mãos me sufocando. No fim, mal sabe ela que, depois que me deixou, nunca mais tive coragem de cortá-los. Suspirei.

Levantei e terminei de subir as persianas, as pessoas caminhavam na calçada apressadas, sem se darem conta umas das outras, sem se importarem com a dor alheia. Como elas não sentiam? Como elas não se compadecem? Será que elas não percebiam a energia? Chegava a asfixiar. De repente, eu não enxergava mais as pessoas, nem a luz do dia. Então, a cena passou diante dos meus olhos: ela, chorando, sentada no meio fio. Eu estava ali parado, em frente a ela, em pé, sobrepondo-me a seu sofrimento, pois eu era a causa dele. Jorrando cólera, gritando, externava que eu não queria mais estar com ela, ela não era quem eu queria. Transtornado, eu não fazia ideia do que sentia. Sempre dizem que quando a gente se apaixona, se apaixona por uma projeção. Nunca acreditei, até encontrá-la.

Ela era a mulher perfeita, nos conhecemos em um *pub* que ela havia ido com





umas amigas. Naquele dia, meus colegas de trabalho haviam me convencido a ir no *happy hour*. Quando fui ao bar, pedir mais uma bebida, ela estava lá conversando com o *barman*, sorrindo. Logo atentei para aquele som, era o ruído do sorriso!

Ela era radiante, movia-se como se não se importasse com a opinião de ninguém. Não resisti, comentei sobre seu *drink*, “piña colada diz muito sobre alguém”. Ela riu. Engatamos uma conversa, abandonando o garçom, e passamos a noite ali, nossos amigos foram embora, nem notamos. Eu havia conhecido a parceira perfeita. Foi uma pena ter apagado o brilho dela.

Não suportei mais rever aquelas memórias e voltei a fechar as janelas. Voltei para a cama.

Naquela maldita noite, eu bebi demais. Ela sorria para todos e o ruído se sobreponha à música, era cada vez mais forte em meu ouvido, como o ciúme dentro de mim. Não suportava a ideia de ela dar aquele sorriso para alguém além de mim. Puxei-a pelo braço e fomos embora. Gritei com ela o caminho todo de volta para casa. Quando chegamos à frente do edifício, ela se sentou na calçada e tentou me explicar. Meu senhor, ela tentou me explicar e eu não ouvi. Ela argumentou que não era minha propriedade, que tinha vontade e sonhos próprios, que ela não poderia corresponder a todas as minhas expectativas. Mas meu egoísmo questionou “como não?”.

Mais tarde, descobri que tinha razão, depoistei todos os meus desejos nela e quando eles não eram alcançados, eu pirava. Aquela não era nossa primeira briga, não era meu primeiro surto, mas havia sido o pior deles. Havia sido o último. Nunca vou me perdoar por dizer o que disse naquela noite. Me enrolei mais nas cobertas. O frio e esse buraco no peito nunca vão fechar?

“Eu te odeio”, “te odeio, ouviu?”. A raiva me inundava, eu olhava para as estrelas, mas não era capaz de pensar direito. Ela continuava sentada chorando. “Eu quero que você morra!”, berrei descontroladamente. Depois disso, subi para o apartamento e a deixei na rua.

Me agarrei mais nas cobertas e chorei. As lembranças da briga são pesadas demais, parecem um bolo borrachudo preso na garganta que nem mesmo uma quantidade infinita de água e ar será capaz de fazer descer ou desmanchar.

A manhã posterior à briga foi a pior da minha vida. Eu liguei incansavelmente para ela. Precisava pedir desculpas, eu não queria dizer o que disse, não era verdade, mas claro que ela não me atenderia, teria que ir encontrá-la. Estava saindo quando o telefone tocou. Era ela. Meu coração bateu como uma escola de samba, ela ia





me perdoar e a gente ia ficar bem, como sempre ficávamos. Porém aquele diálogo que viria a seguir ficaria para sempre guardado no meu lúgubre coração. Uma voz estranha falava do outro lado da linha, era o número dela, mas não a sua voz. Não acreditava que ela já tivesse me substituído, devia ser aquele cara da noite anterior. Com o rosto quente, gritei “Cadê a Cristina?”, o homem, do outro lado, respondeu “Ela está morta, senhor”.

Joguei o telefone longe e, sem pestanejar, meus olhos encharcados, abracei o céu, do décimo oitavo andar. Nunca vivi martírio, nunca me senti panqueca entre as cobertas, toda aquela tristeza eu não senti na pele. Pois, covardemente, eu não aguentei viver num mundo sem o ruído do sorriso.

#### **ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Aline Borges da Gama)**

##### **I. LINGUAGEM**

1. Com base no conto, respondas as questões a seguir:

- a) O conto contém estrangeirismos. Identifique-as e procure por seus significados.
- b) Qual o sentido da palavra “gelo” na frase: “Esse gelo mora comigo desde sua partida, nem o sol é capaz de derretê-lo.”



##### **II. COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO**

2. A partir da leitura do texto, responda:

- a) De acordo com o contexto, o que você entende por “se apaixonar por uma projeção”?
- b) Explique os sentimentos contidos no trecho: “Nunca vivi martírio, nunca me senti panqueca entre as cobertas, toda aquela tristeza eu não senti na pele.”

##### **III. PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL**

3. No decorrer da vida, todos nós cometemos erros dos quais nos arrependemos. Porém, devemos ter a coragem de seguir em frente, e foi o que faltou o narrador/personagem. Se você pudesse encorajá-lo, o que diria a ele? Escreva um texto, contendo no mínimo dois parágrafos para justificar sua resposta.





## The Noise of the Smile

*Jenifer Schnorr Simão*

*July Helen Valle da Silva*

*Translated by Thayná Lemos Fortes*

Heat went up through my face and I frowned. I felt like a pancake that had been rolled many times. I opened an eye and realized that I had left the blinds partially open, which let a sun ray come into the room and reach the bed. I closed my eye. I remembered the noise of the smile, the softness of the touch, the smell of the hair. I sighed. I should get up.

Sitting on the bedside, I let my feet touch the wood floor and felt the cold going up to my spine, but I did not care. This coldness has been with me since her departure; not even the sun can melt it. I just try to live each day at a time, seeking some source of warmth. It must be for this reason that I sleep wrapped in the blankets like a pancake, a moldy old pancake. I looked into the mirror in front of the bed and noticed my straight bangs already down to my eyes. Images of her running her fingers through my hair came up into my mind like fireworks: quick, noisy, and annoying. "You should not have your hair cut. I like it like this," she would say, even knowing that I could not stand that heap of straight black hair reaching my neck, as if it were tiny hands suffocating me. In the end, she barely knew that after she left me, I never had the courage to have it cut again. I sighed.

I got up and pulled the blinds up. Some people walked hurriedly on the sidewalk without noticing one another, without caring about the pain of others. How could they not feel it? How did they not sympathize? Could they not notice the energy? It was suffocating. Suddenly, I could not see the people nor the sunlight anymore. Then, the scene unfolded before my eyes: she, crying, sitting on the curb. I was standing there in front of her, imposing on her suffering, because I was its cause. Pouring out wrath, screaming, I shouted that I did not wish to be with her anymore, that she was not what I wanted. Deranged, I did not have any idea of what I felt. People always say that when we fall in love, we fall in love with a projection. I never believed it until I met her.

She was the perfect woman. We met in a pub where she was with some



friends. That day, my coworkers had convinced me to go out for a happy hour. When I went to the counter to order another drink, she was there talking to the bartender and laughing. I soon noticed that noise, it was the noise of a smile!

She was radiant and moved as if she did not care about anybody else's opinion. I could not resist and commented on her drink, "Piña colada says a lot about you." She laughed. We started a conversation, leaving the bartender behind, and spent the evening there. Our friends left the pub, and we did not notice that. I had met the perfect partner. It was a shame to put out her radiance.

I could not stand seeing those memories again and pulled down the blinds. I went back to bed.

On that damned night, I drank too much. She smiled at everyone, and the noise overcame the music. It grew louder and louder in my ears, like the jealousy inside of me. I could not stand the idea of her smiling that way to someone else besides me. I grabbed her arm and we left. I screamed at her all the way home. When we arrived in front of the building, she sat down on the curb and tried to explain to me. Yes, sir, she tried to explain, but I would not listen. She told me she was not my property, that she had her own wishes and dreams, and that she could not correspond to all my expectations. But my selfishness asked, "Why not?"



Later I discovered she was right. I imposed all my wishes on her, and when they were not fulfilled, I got mad. That was not our first fight, nor was it my first outburst, but it was the worst. It was the last one. I will never forgive myself for saying what I said that night. I wrapped myself more in the blankets. Will this coldness and hole inside my chest never end?

"I hate you, I hate you! Do you hear me?" Anger boiled up in me. I looked at the stars, but was not capable of thinking clearly. She kept sitting and crying. "I want you to die!" I screamed wildly. After that, I went up to my apartment and left her on the street.

I held tighter to my blankets and wept. The memories of the fight were too heavy. They felt like a rubbery lump inside my throat that not even an infinite amount of water and air would be able to make go down or to dissolve.

The morning after the fight was the worst one in my life. I called her tirelessly. I had to apologize, I had not meant what I had said, those words were not true, but certainly she would not answer me. I had to find her. I was leaving when the phone rang. It was she. My heart beat like a samba school: she would forgive me and we





would be fine as we always did. But the conversation that followed would always be kept in my grim heart. A strange voice spoke on the other side. It was her phone number, but it was not she. I could not believe she had already replaced me; it must be that guy from the night before. With a warm face I screamed, "Where's Cristina?!" The man said, "She is dead, sir."

I threw the phone away and, in an impulse, with watery eyes, I embraced the sky from the tenth floor. I never suffered any martyrdom, I never felt like a pancake between the blankets, and I never felt all that sadness first-hand. For, cowardly, I could not stand living in a world without the noise of the smile.





Ilustração de Maria Fernanda Saraiva de Oliveira





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## Sempre esperarei por Leo

*Karine Cezar Zappaz*

*Sariane Boff Dias*

Que bom que tenho sorte. Sorte de ter a coragem de fazer o que fiz, em meio a tantos desafios que sabia que iria passar pela minha grande decisão. Que bom que tive coragem.

Conheci Leonora quando tínhamos exatos dez anos de idade. Quem a via, sentia tanta pena por ser miudinha e delicada demais e, além disso, suas roupas eram muito descuidadas. Por isso, haviam as famosas aproveitadoras na escola, as que humilhavam os considerados fracos. O problema não era só por ela ser tão pequena e indefesa, mas sua condição de vida era nitidamente trágica. E sim, ela apanhava muito e foi dessa forma que a conheci: defendendo-a de duas meninas grandes e desgraçadas. Depois desse fato, vivemos sempre grudadas.

A Leo é muito linda. Pensa numa menina alta, magra, mas com curvas muito marcantes, o rosto delicado, com olhos azuis brilhantes e um cabelo liso, muito claro. Quando chegamos aos doze anos, não havia menino que, ao passar, evitasse olhar para ela. Admito que ficava muito irritada, mas tinha uma provocação tão natural que sabia que os meninos tinham motivos para grudarem os olhos nela. Imagina agora, nós duas juntas, no auge da adolescência, completando 16 anos. É claro que ela ficou mais linda do que antes.

Tenho que dizer que a minha gratidão sempre foi muito forte, já que nasci na África do Sul, para ser mais específica, em Joanesburgo. Com muita dedicação, os meus pais conseguiram ter ótimas condições financeiras e possuem grandes empreendimentos aqui no Brasil, na sua maioria, em Porto Alegre, lugar onde moramos atualmente. Por isso, reconheço que sou muito mimada por eles, mas não tanto quanto o meu irmão adotado, Dylan. Até eu prefiro ele de tão carismático que é. Quem vê, diz que o pequeno parece um anjo de cabelos enroladinhos e loiros e, sem falar nas suas bochechas grandes e rosadas. Eu o amo muito, agradeço por tê-lo em minha vida e tenho certeza de que a gratidão dele é maior que a minha, por ter tido a oportunidade de ter pais maravilhosos.

Para falar um pouco mais sobre mim, acho que sempre fui muito impulsiva e com uma personalidade muito forte. As meninas valentonas da escola nunca





conseguiram me encarar. Talvez por minha família ser tão importante quanto as delas ou pela minha estrutura corporal um pouco mais avantajada. Sempre me acho mais empoderada quando decido usar o famoso Black Power, mas ultimamente estou aderindo às trancinhas, justamente porque Leo acha uma graça e até pede para fazer em mim.

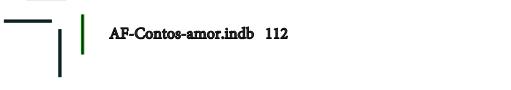
A primeira vez que trouxe Leonora para casa, ela ficou muito tímida, porém feliz, pois sua realidade era mais complicada do que eu achava: ela é órfã de pai, possui oito irmãos mais novos e mora num cortiço com condições repugnantes, sem contar no vício que sua mãe possui pela bebida. Com o tempo, ela aprendeu com os meus costumes e eu com os dela. Por mais que tenhamos uma extrema disparidade social e econômica, hoje somos as melhores amigas e dou graças ao meu Ogum, o Prometeu africano, por ter posto ela no meu caminho.

Nos dias em que ela dormia aqui em casa, costumávamos vestir roupas coloridas, tirar muitas fotos e também fazer penteados uma na outra para postar em nossas redes sociais. Além disso, ela sempre pegava no sono antes de mim. Eu gostava muito de admirá-la quando dormia, pois pensava na grande guerreira que sempre foi e todas as dificuldades que passou e passa até hoje. Ela é tão linda!

Para ser bem sincera, foi numa dessas noites, há pelo menos dois meses atrás, que comecei a ter uma sensação muito estranha por ela... quero dizer... acho que já sentia antes, mas sempre desviava o sentimento por ser tão nova e confusa. Sei que ainda sou nova, mas agora já um pouco mais esclarecida sobre o que sinto e, confesso que quando entrei na puberdade, comecei a sonhar constantemente com atrizes famosas. Com isso, duvidei de muitas coisas, pois não sabia o porquê de ter sonhos deste tipo. Então, comecei a tirar algumas conclusões sobre mim e sobre o que estava sentindo. Logo após, esses sonhos passaram a ser com Leonora.

Nunca vi a Leo falando de meninos. Na verdade, nossos melhores assuntos eram quando falávamos mal deles. De coração, eu torcia todo dia e ficava muito feliz em não receber a notícia de que ela estava gostando de alguém. Odiaria fingir ser algo normal, caso acontecesse.

Por esses motivos e tantos outros resolvi contar para ela tudo de uma vez. Pensei muito em todas as consequências e também se era verdadeiro o meu sentimento ou se era apenas uma simples ilusão confusa ocasionada pela minha idade que deixa a maioria dos jovens mais perturbados e desorientados. Enfim, descobri meu real sentimento. Honestamente, estou apaixonada pela minha primeira, única e melhor amiga. Nem acredito como consegui contar isso a ela, até porque arrisquei muito a nossa amizade e todos sabemos que o clima poderia





nunca mais ser o mesmo de antes. No entanto, arrisquei e me dediquei à decisão completamente.

Quer saber como foi? Então... resolvi me declarar logo que chegássemos em casa, depois da escola e assim fiz, me declarei. Nesse dia, ela estava indo para a minha casa, pois iríamos ter uma tarde só das meninas e gravar novos vídeos para as redes sociais. Falando nisso, até pensei em gravar um vídeo desse momento, mas acho que seria muito invasivo e sei que a Leo não gosta de exposições, então não gostaria de nada disso. Foi tudo bem pensado.

Leonora sempre foi muito tímida. Acredito que por esse motivo ela resolveu não retribuir esse sentimento... pelo menos não agora, mas tenho fé de que no fim será recíproco, pois o que sinto por ela é mágico e sei que com o tempo posso provar isso. Além do mais, existiria alguém melhor para ela do que eu? Espero que não e que ela reconheça isso no final das contas.

Por enquanto, irei me contentar com a sua pura e boa amizade, pois amizades, acima de tudo, sempre serão intactas, mesmo que me negue e possua boas justificativas, tenho esperanças de receber esse amor todo para mim. Até lá, apenas irei desviando os amores que ela tiver por alguns meninos e tentarei fazer de tudo para que ninguém a note como mulher, até que ela perceba que somos ideais uma para a outra. Sempre esperarei pela minha Leo.



#### ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Aline Borges da Gama)

##### I. LINGUAGEM

1. Analisando o contexto da história, justifique o vocabulário escolhido pelas autoras.

##### II. COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. Qual foi o momento que o narrador-personagem percebeu que estava apaixonada pela Leonora? Cite trechos do conto para justificar sua resposta.

##### III. PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. As autoras citam a cidade de Joanesburgo, na África do Sul. Pesquise a cultura, costumes e tradições do país, África do Sul, e apresente-as à turma.





## I Will Always Wait for Leo

*Karine Cezar Zappaz*

*Sariane Boff Dias*

*Translated by Emerson Mateus Tavares Pinto*

I am glad I am lucky. Lucky to have the courage to do what I did, even facing so many challenges that I knew I would go through because of my big decision. I am glad I had courage.

I met Leonora when we were exactly ten years old. Those who saw her felt very sorry for her being so skinny and delicate; besides that, her clothes were very shabby. For such reasons, there were the famous social climbers in school who humiliated those considered weak. The problem was not only that she was so thin and helpless, but also her life condition, which was clearly tragic. And yes, she was often beaten, and that is how I met her: defending her from two big, miserable girls. After that day, we were always together.

Leo is really beautiful. Picture a tall, thin girl with well-defined body curves, a delicate face, bright blue eyes, and straight fair hair. When we reached the age of twelve, there was no boy passing by who would avoid looking at her. I admit that I got angry sometimes, but she was so naturally attractive that I knew the boys had good reasons to gaze at her. Picture us together now at the height of our adolescence, turning sixteen. Of course, she became more beautiful than ever.

I have to say that my gratitude has always been very strong. I was born in South Africa; to be more specific, in Johannesburg. With much commitment, my parents managed to have excellent financial conditions and have large enterprises here in Brazil, mostly in Porto Alegre City, where we currently live. Thus, I admit that I have been pampered by my parents, though not as much as my adopted brother, Dylan. Even I prefer him, he is so charismatic. Anyone who sees him says that the little one looks like an angel with curly blond hair, not to mention his plump rosy cheeks. I love him so much. I am thankful for having him in my life





and I am sure that his gratitude is deeper than mine, for having had the opportunity to have wonderful parents.

Just to say a little more about myself, I think I have always been very impulsive and have a strong personality. The bully girls in school have never managed to confront me. Perhaps that is because my family is just as important as theirs or because of my big bone structure. I always think I am more empowered when I decide to get the famous black power hairstyle, but lately I have gotten braids, because Leo thinks they are beautiful and even asks to do them on my hair.

The first time I brought Leonora home, she was very shy, but happy, for her reality was more painful than I thought: she is fatherless, has eight younger siblings, and lives under disgusting conditions in a tenement, not to mention her mother's addiction to drinking. In time, she learned my habits, while I learned hers. Regardless of our extreme socioeconomic difference, today we are best friends, and I thank my Ogun, the African Prometheus, for putting her in my path.

When she slept over in my place, we would wear colorful clothes, take many pictures, and do different hairstyles on each other to post on our social networks. Besides, she always fell asleep before me. I really liked to admire her while she was sleeping, for I like to think about the great fighter she has always been, and all the difficulties she has been through until today. She is so beautiful!

To be honest, it was on one of those nights, at least two months ago, that I started to have strange feelings for her... I mean... I think I had them before, but I always repressed them because I was so young and confused. I know that I am still young, but now I am a little more aware of what I feel, and I confess that when I entered puberty, I began to often dream of famous actresses. Thus, I doubted many things, because I did not know why I had those dreams. So, I started to draw some conclusions about myself and about what I was feeling. Soon enough, those dreams came to be of Leonora.

I have never seen Leo talking about boys. In fact, our best subjects were when we spoke badly of them. With all my heart, I hoped every day and was very happy not to receive the news that she was into someone else. I would hate to pretend that to be normal if it happened.



For those reasons and many others, I decided to tell her everything. I thought long and hard about all the consequences, as well as if my feelings were true or just a simple, confused illusion caused by my age, which makes most young people more disturbed and disoriented. Finally, I found out my real feeling. Honestly, I am in love with my one and only best friend. I cannot believe how I managed to tell her that, especially because I risked our friendship, and everyone knows that the atmosphere might change forever. However, I took the risk and completely committed myself to the decision.

Do you want to know how it went? So... I decided to open up as soon as we arrived home after school, and so I did. That day, she was going to my place because we were going to have a girls' afternoon and record new videos for our social networks. Speaking of which, I even thought about recording a video about that moment, but I think it would be invasive, and I know Leo does not like being exposed, so she would not enjoy it. I thought about everything.

Leonora has always been very shy. I believe that for this reason, she decided not to reciprocate that feeling ... at least not now, but I have faith that in the end it will be reciprocal, for what I feel for her is magic, and I know that in time I can prove it. Besides, is there anyone better for her than me? I hope not, and I hope that she recognizes it after all.

For now, I will be content with her pure and good friendship. Above all, friendships will always be intact. Even if she denies me and has good reasons, I hope to be the only one to receive this love. Until then, I will only divert all the future love that she may have for some boys, and I will try to do anything so that no one will notice her as a woman, until she realizes that we have been made for each other. I will always wait for my Leo.





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## Sob o olhar das estrelas

*Gabriela Rodrigues Vicente*

Noutro dia, organizando as gavetas do escritório, encontrei uma concha. Fui tomado por lembranças da época em que morava na área litorânea e possuía um mar-jardim no quintal. O vilarejo era pequeno, tínhamos apenas um vizinho próximo, era um médico da região que posteriormente se mudou para a África, em uma missão voluntária. Mergulhei naquelas recordações, distraidamente encarando a concha...

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A menina sentada na areia enxergava o céu estrelado como quem enxerga os sonhos a olho nu. O céu, escuro como sua pele, revelava segredos de hoje e de muito tempo atrás.

Aproximei-me com cautela, mas Ana sabia de tudo, então sorriu e disse antes mesmo de se virar para mim:

“Me dê a sua mão. E feche os olhos.”

Ela sempre tinha suas invenções. Parei na frente dela sorrindo, já com os olhos fechados, porque conhecendo-a sabia que deveria seguir suas instruções. Ana depositou em minha mão um objeto que era gelado, sólido e um pouco áspero, então disse:

“Pode abrir.”

De início, ao primeiro olhar, não entendi nada.

“Uma concha?”

A costa estava lotada daquelas conchas, mas o que aquela, em específico, teria de especial? Ana tinha o dom de enxergar singularidades em quase todas as coisas das quais ninguém atribuía tanta importância. Seus olhos se encheram de alegria quando ela respondeu:

“Lembra que dá pra ouvir o som do mar quando colocamos a concha no



ouvido? Mamãe disse que pra onde nós vamos também tem um mar, igual a esse!”. Neste momento pegou em sua bolsa uma concha parecida com aquela e continuou:

“Olhe, eu vou te ouvir da minha e você pode me ouvir da sua!”

A empolgação dela fazia um contraste enorme com o meu modo desacreditado de encarar a vida.

“Mas como vou saber quando você estiver com a concha no ouvido?”

“Você é muito negativo! Vamos fazer assim: uma vez por dia, naquele horário que minha mãe costuma cozinhar e papai está chegando do trabalho, vá até a areia e coloque a concha no ouvido.”

“E se não der certo?”

“Apenas vá, confie em mim.”

Aquele sorriso confiante... Qualquer um que observasse notaria que Ana era dotada de tudo que eu não tinha, principalmente da coragem de fazer tudo aquilo que eu sentia medo de sequer tentar. Talvez isso tenha nos tornado amigos desde o primeiro momento que nos vimos, éramos complementares em quase todos os sentidos e agora, depois da notícia da mudança, sentíamos uma falta antecipada.

“Obrigada, Ana.”

“Eu amo você, não seja tolo! Não estou fazendo um favor.”

Passamos o resto da noite no telescópio admirando as estrelas e tentando adivinhar quais delas não existiam mais.

Ana se foi. Os dias passaram e com eles, as incertezas surgiram. Eu caminhava pela praia observando as conchas e os andares desritmados das malditas ondas. Conforme o tempo passava, mais distantes ficávamos, divididos por milhares de quilômetros, numa conexão Brasil-África. A saudade não costuma se desculpar.

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Muitas vezes, pensei sobre o quanto foi necessário existenciar uma Ana, minha Ana. Dias e noites acordei e dormi acreditando estar em delírios e diálogos comigo mesmo; em um eu-concha, rindo na beira de um mar ilusório com





uma Ana distante, levada para longe porque o mundo tem dessas coisas. Ficava pensando se Ana já não era uma estrela que se fora, mas que seguia brilhando em minha vida.

Ana era o meu real inventado, era o real que eu desejava desesperadamente que existisse. Não entendia por que ela parecia despreocupada e eu tão desesperado, disse que me amava antes de ir embora. Não teria ficado se me amasse?

Amar. Existe uma pessoa disposta a isso ainda? Estamos tão desacreditados. Somos seres abstraídos de corações pessimistas, batendo em sequências desajustadas. Ou talvez essa pluralidade não exista e eu só queira aceitação para algo que sinto e não entendo. Não vou tentar descomplicar o que ninguém consegue, muita gente já tentou e, eu, logo eu, conseguiria?

Deveras eu inventei a Ana. Inventei-a por querer um jeito peculiar de amar e uma visão pura de um amor sem as influências clichês do romantismo nem quaisquer pré-noções a respeito da natureza desse sentimento já ditas por aí. O amor de uma criança. O amor sem as barreiras para sonhar, a inocência de poder acreditar que o som do mar vem de dentro da concha e que tudo pode durar pra sempre.

“Apenas confie” - palavras tanto inocentes quanto significativas.

Quiçá a vida seja uma busca pela Ana verídica ou a desconstrução da imaginária. Realmente não sei. Sinceramente não sei, mas é sabido, porém, que, às vezes, vejo um pouco de Ana em alguém e minha esperança de que ela exista aumenta. Não vou pedir desculpa por ser um sonhador, a culpa é da minha obstinação e escolho buscar a Ana. Ser a Ana.

\*\*\*

Mais tarde, naquela noite, deitei na cama e encarei o papel desbotado da manchete esquecida na cabeceira:

“Avião com 98 pessoas a bordo submerge no Atlântico a caminho da África”.

Deitei e adormeci pensando sobre como a saudade nunca pede desculpas.





## ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Aline Borges da Gama)

### I. LINGUAGEM

1. Substitua a palavra “Quiçá” por um termo equivalente, ou seja, que não altere o sentido da frase.

“*Quiçá* a vida seja uma busca pela Ana verídica ou a desconstrução da imaginária.”

### II. COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. A partir da leitura do texto, responda:

a) Explique o trecho: “A menina sentada na areia enxergava o céu estrelado como quem enxergava os sonhos a olho nu.”

b) Explique o trecho: “[...] a culpa é da minha obstinação e escolho buscar a Ana. Ser a Ana.”



### III. PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL



3. É notória a sensibilidade da autora ao escrever sobre amor. E você, acredita nesse sentimento? Elabore um texto sobre o tema, contendo no mínimo 10 linhas.





## Under the Look of the Stars

*Gabriela Rodrigues Vicente*

*Translated by: Rafael Lissarassa de Oliveira*

The other day, while organizing drawers in my office, I found a seashell. I was taken by memories of a time when I lived on the coastal area and had a sea garden in my yard. The village was small. We had only one near neighbor, a local doctor who afterwards moved to Africa in a voluntary mission. I dived into those memories, absent-mindedly facing the shell...

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The girl sitting on the sand was looking at the starry sky like someone who saw dreams with the naked eye. Dark as her skin, the sky disclosed secrets from today and from a time long past.

I cautiously approached her, but Ana knew everything, so she smiled and said even before turning to me, “Give me your hand. And close your eyes.”

She always had her fancies. I stood smiling in front of her, with my eyes already closed, because knowing her I knew I ought to follow her instructions. Ana placed on my hand an object that was cold, solid and a little bit rough. Then she said, “You can open them.”

In the beginning, at first glance, I did not understand.

“A seashell?”

The shore was full of those seashells, but why would that one in particular be special? Ana had the gift of seeing singularities in almost everything to which nobody gave much importance. Her eyes were filled with joy when she answered, “Do you remember we can hear the sound of the sea when we hold a seashell to our ear? Mum said that where we’re going there’s a sea as well, like this one!” At this moment, she took from her purse a similar seashell and resumed, “Look! I’ll listen to you from mine, and you can listen to me from yours!”

Her excitement made a strong contrast to my unbelieving way of facing life.





“But how will I know when you’re holding the seashell to your ear?” I said.

“You’re too negative!” she said. “Let’s do like this: once a day, at that time my mother is usually cooking and Dad arrives from work, go to the shore and hold the seashell to your ear.”

“And what if it doesn’t work?”

“Just do it, trust me!”

That confident smile... Anybody who observed us would notice that Ana was endowed with everything I did not have, mainly the courage to do anything I was afraid of even trying. Maybe that is what made us become friends the very first moment we saw each other. We completed each other in almost all senses and now, after the news of the move, we felt an anticipated longing.

“Thanks, Ana,” I said.

“I love you, don’t be a fool! I’m not doing you a favor.”

We spent the rest of the night using the telescope and admiring the stars, trying to guess which ones no longer existed.

Ana was gone. The days passed and with them the uncertainties arose. I would walk on the beach, watching seashells and the accursed unrhythmic waves. The more time passed, the farther we were, thousands of kilometers away from each other in a Brazil-Africa connection. Longing does not usually apologize.

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Many times, I thought about how necessary it was to *existentialize* an Ana, my Ana. Days and nights, I woke up and slept believing to be in delusions and chats with myself; with *myself*, laughing by an imaginary seashore with a distant Ana, taken far away because the world is just like that. I kept wondering if Ana was a star that had already gone out, but that kept shining in my life.

Ana was my made-up reality; she was the reality I desperately wished to exist. I could not understand why she seemed carefree while I was so desperate. She said she loved me before going away. Wouldn’t she stay if she loved me?

To love. Is there anybody still willing to do it? We are so discredited. We are abstracted beings with pessimistic hearts beating at unsteady rates. Or maybe this plurality does not exist, and I just want acceptance for something that I feel





but do not understand. I will not try to simplify what no one else can. Many people have tried; how would I be able to?

Indeed, I made up Ana. I made her up because I wanted a peculiar way of loving, and a pure vision of love without the influence of romantic clichés, or any widespread preconceptions about the nature of that feeling. A child's love. Love without the limits to dream. The innocence to be able to believe that the sound of the sea comes from inside a seashell, and that anything can last forever.

"Just believe." Words that were as innocent as they were meaningful.

Perhaps, life is a search for the true Ana or the deconstruction of the imaginary one. I really do not know. Sincerely, I do not know. I know, however, that sometimes I see a little bit of Ana in someone else, and my hope of her existence increases. I will not apologize for being a dreamer. My obstinacy is to blame, and I choose to seek Ana. To be Ana.

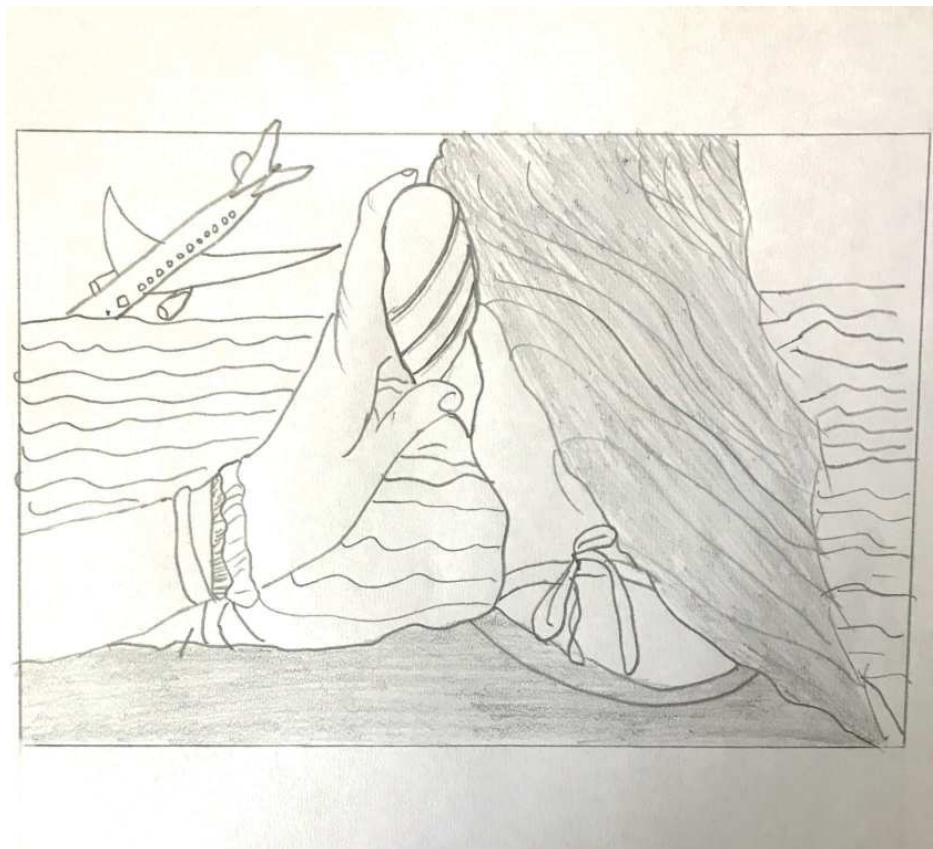
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Later that night, I lay down in bed and stared at the faded paper of the headline forgotten on the headboard.

“Airplane with 98 people onboard crashes into the Atlantic on its way to Africa.”

I lay down and fell asleep thinking about how longing never apologizes.





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## Uma Carta

*Camila Brito S. Alegre*

*Gislaine Jacob*

Três páginas inteiras. Quem ainda hoje escreve cartas?! Pois ela escrevera. Não uma ligação, nem uma mensagem ou notificação, mas uma carta escrita a mão.

Lara observava, atônita, o marido ler e reler as mesmas palavras com a voz embargada num choro contido. Os dois ali sentados, frente a frente, em sua pequena mesa de jantar. Ele, em um surto de sinceridade, quis dividir com ela a surpresa recém chegada e a decisão a ser tomada.

Denise, sua primeira namorada, o grande amor de sua vida (Lara bem sabia), havia lhe enviado a carta. Tanto tempo fazia que ela não era assunto entre os dois.

Oito anos de casados, Lara e o marido haviam comemorado no mês anterior, então fazia no mínimo nove anos que Denise não era mais parte da vida de Pedro. Mas lá estava ela se declarando em um longo texto, admitindo que o amava muito, que nunca o esquecera e que se arrependera amargamente de tê-lo deixado. Denise ainda pedia perdão por estar atrapalhando o casamento do amado. Lara ria com sarcasmo desse trecho, afinal se não quisesse atrapalhar, que não enviasse a carta.

Pedro ainda olhava para a esposa como se pedisse socorro, logo ele tão controlador, que sempre planejava tudo a ser feito e a ser dito. Agora ali estava sem saber o que fazer, sem saber como fazer. Em alguns momentos, chorava e balbuciava:

- Eu te amo, não quero te deixar.

Lara, que não sabia de onde tirara a calma e a maturidade com que estava agindo naquela última hora à mesa, respondia:

- Mas ama mais a ela.





Eles não eram infelizes juntos, era verdade, e sentiam a rotina corroer seu relacionamento pouco a pouco. Mais do que isso, Lara sentia que havia abdicado de muitas coisas por seu casamento, se moldando para caber perfeitamente no mundo de Pedro. Ela sabia, se perdera de si mesma durante esse caminho.

Há duas semanas procurara uma psicóloga, queria iniciar uma terapia, precisava tentar se encontrar novamente. A mulher com ar de profissionalismo, vestia um terninho e um sorriso até encorajador, ainda assim, Lara não conseguiu passar da primeira sessão. A terapeuta lhe perguntava:

- Lara, o que tu mais gosta de fazer fora do trabalho?
- Quais lugares te dão prazer em visitar?
- Qual parte da tua rotina tu gosta ou não?
- Como posso te ajudar?

Silêncio, Lara não sabia responder nenhuma das perguntas. E apesar da mulher lhe garantir que isso era normal, ela não quis voltar lá. Doía muito ter a certeza de que ela, realmente, já não se conhecia.

Agora, ali naquela mesa, em meio ao caos, conseguia vislumbrar o empurrão que lhe faltava para uma mudança em sua vida. Sentada com seu marido, vendo seu relacionamento acabar, sentiu um misto de agonia por perder aquele por quem tanto lutou, com um alívio por enfim poder descansar da luta.

Passou mais de uma hora, as páginas já amassadas e molhadas pelas lágrimas dos três. Era o fim. Pedro partiu pedindo perdão à esposa, lamentando estar sendo dominado por seus antigos sentimentos. Era mais forte do que ele, afirmava enquanto saía.

A carta ficou onde estava, em cima da pequena mesa, parecia presa àquele momento para sempre. Mas Lara, não.

Nos dias que se passaram, abriu os armários à procura dos seus livros抗igos, as roupas que tinha deixado de usar, rolou incansavelmente os murais de publicações das suas redes sociais para reler o que escrevia e rever as fotos que publicava. Riu e chorou. Foi uma longa pesquisa de si mesma. Servia-se de um bom vinho e mergulhava nas lembranças. Houve reciclagem e descarte, o que lhe servia e o que já não combinava com ela.

Lembrou o quanto gostava de caminhar ao sol, ouvindo música, aquela





sua seleção secreta que nunca ousou ouvir na frente do marido, em suma, ele gostava era de música clássica, então ela fingia que também gostava. Ele jamais aprovaria a playlist de Lara, recheada do mais puro pop dos 90.

Naquela tarde de setembro, enquanto caminhava, Lara decidia o cardápio do próprio jantar, bife e legumes ao molho branco e um belo pudim de sobremesa. Fazia tanto tempo que ela não preparava o seu famoso pudim, porque o companheiro não gostava, então do que valia preparar só para ela? Só agora ela entendia que valia muito. Lara estava entendendo muitas coisas nos últimos meses. Também decidiu voltar para a terapia, já tinha agora as respostas para aquelas perguntas, pelo menos o começo, pensou sorrindo, o restante ela ia descobrindo.

Três páginas, afinal. Uma carta, as três páginas que deram fim a um capítulo e iniciaram um livro completamente novo.

#### **ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Aline Borges da Gama)**

##### **I. LINGUAGEM**

1. O conto contém estrangeirismo. Identifique-a e procure por seu significado. Reescreva a frase sem que o sentido seja alterado.

##### **II. COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO**

2. A partir da leitura do texto, responda:
- Por que Lara precisava reencontrar-se? Cite trechos do conto para justificar sua resposta.
  - Na sua opinião, Denise queria atrapalhar o casamento de Lara e seu marido? Por quê?

##### **III. PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL**

3. Neste conto, a carta teve o poder de mudar a vida dos três personagens. Agora é com você. Escreva uma carta para alguém especial em sua vida e se possível, entregue-a posteriormente. A carta precisa conter, no mínimo, 10 linhas.





## A Letter

*Camila Brito S. Alegre*

*Gislaine Jacob*

*Translated by Nicole Fernandes Gross*

Three whole pages. Who still writes letters today?! She had written. Neither a call nor a message or a note, but a handwritten letter.

Astonished, Lara watched her husband read and reread the same words with a choked voice in a restrained cry. Both were sitting there, face to face, at their small dining table. In an outbreak of sincerity, he wanted to share with her the newly arrived surprise and the decision to be made.

Denise, his first girlfriend, the great love of his life (Lara knew it well), had sent him a letter. So long ago had it been that she was no subject among them.

Lara and her husband had celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary the month before, so it had been at least nine years since Denise was no longer part of Pedro's life. But there she was declaring herself in a long text, admitting that she loved him very much, that she had never forgotten him, and that she had bitterly regretted leaving him. Denise even apologized for being in the way of her beloved's marriage. Lara laughed with sarcasm at this passage. After all, if she did not want to get in the way, she should not have sent the letter in the first place.

Pedro looked at his wife as if he were asking for help. He was so controlling, always planning everything to be done and said. Now, he was there without knowing what to do, or how to do it. In a few moments, he wept and babbled, "I love you. I don't want to leave you".

Lara, who did not know where she had found the calm and maturity with which she was acting at that last hour at the table, answered, "But you love her more."

True, they were not unhappy together, but they felt the routine erode their relationship little by little. More than that, Lara felt that she had let go of many things for her marriage, shaping herself to perfectly fit into Pedro's world. She knew she had lost herself on this path.





Two weeks ago, she had looked for a psychologist. She wanted to start therapy, she needed to find herself again. The professional-looking woman wore a suit and had an encouraging smile. Even so, Lara did not manage to return after the first session. The therapist asked her, "Lara, what do you like doing best outside work?"

"What places do you enjoy visiting?"

"What parts of your routine do you or don't you like?"

"How can I help you?"

Silence. Lara did not know how to answer any of those questions. And despite the woman's ensuring her it was normal, she did not want to go back there. It hurt so much to be sure she really did not know herself anymore.

Now, at that table, amidst chaos, she could glimpse the push that she needed for a change in her life. Sitting with her husband, seeing her relationship end, she felt a mixture of agony for losing the one she had fought so hard for, and relief for finally being able to rest from the fight.



Over one hour later, the pages were already crumpled and wet by the tears of the three of them. It was the end. Pedro left asking for his wife's forgiveness, and regretting being overwhelmed by his old feelings. It was stronger than him, he said as he left.



The letter lay where it was, on the little table, seeming stuck to that moment forever. But Lara was not.

In the days that passed, she opened cabinets and the wardrobe looking for her old books and the clothes she had stopped wearing. She tirelessly scrolled down the murals of her publications from her social media to reread what she had written and to review the photos she had published. She laughed and wept. It was a long search for herself. She poured herself some good wine and plunged into her memories. There was recycling and disposal, choosing between what still served her and what no longer suited her.

She remembered how much she liked to walk in the sun, listening to music, that secret selection that she never dared to hear in front of her husband. In short, he liked classical music, so she pretended she liked it, too. He would never approve of Lara's playlist, filled with the purest pop of the 1990s.





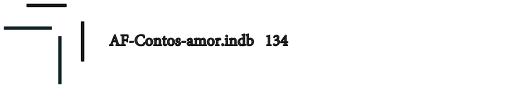
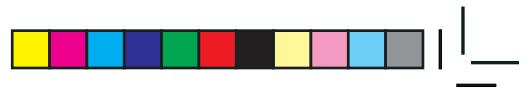
That September afternoon, while she was strolling, Lara decided on the menu of her own dinner: steak and vegetables in cream sauce, and a nice pudding for dessert. It had been so long since she had last prepared her famous pudding, because her partner did not like it, so what was the point of preparing it just for herself? Only now did she understand it was really worth it. Lara understood many things in the past few months. She also decided to go back to therapy; now she had the answers to those questions. At least the beginning, she thought smiling, the rest she would find out.

Three pages, after all. A letter, the three pages that ended a chapter and started a whole new book.





Ilustração de Maria Fernanda Saraiva de Oliveira



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## Uma História de Amor e Três Amizades

*Cecília dos Santos Carvalho*

- Alô?!

Ligar para o 138 e conhecer pessoas era uma das diversões preferidas de Emerson. Além, claro, de aventurar-se aos finais de semana no Centro de Tradições Gaúchas próximo à sua casa. As diversões de sua adolescência, na década de 90, eram poucas, mas intensas, a ponto de definirem toda sua vida.

- Alô! Meu nome? É Alda. Como vai, Emerson?

Ao ouvir a voz trêmula e soridente de Alda, Emerson sentiu instantaneamente forte empatia. Conversa vai, conversa vem, combinaram um encontro, após descobrirem preferências em comum como, por exemplo, a dança e a alegria da convivência gaudéria no CTG.

Ao verem-se pela primeira vez na porta de entrada do baile gaúcho, sentiram-se reciprocamente felizes e entusiasmados por, então, se conhecerem pessoalmente. A sensação comum foi a de um verdadeiro *déjà vu*, como se já nutrissem uma amizade há muito tempo e fossem companheiros de estrada, afastados durante anos, mas ainda capazes de se reconhecerem e se aconchegarem num afetuoso abraço.

Mas Emerson sentia certa estranheza: como é possível tanto entrosamento com uma mulher que, até alguns instantes atrás, era uma mera desconhecida? Em meio ao turbilhão de pensamentos, refletiu que a vida, não raras vezes, nos surpreende com presentes muito peculiares e diferentes dos que pedimos; concluiu que, possivelmente, era esse o caso.

Afinal, Emerson conseguiu o que almejava – uma companheira de dança e baile!

Após conversarem por um tempo, passaram ao salão de baile e dançaram muito, por muito tempo. Conversaram, beberam juntos, alegraram-se. Alda dava bons conselhos a Emerson que, por sua vez, ouvia com atenção. Trocaram revelações pessoais e confidenciaram algumas particularidades, afinal, já eram





amigos, pois o destino assim havia decidido. E quem é louco de ir contra o destino quando as coisas estão dando certo?

Todos os finais de semana, o casal de amigos se encontrava no CTG para dançar e, claro, pedir desculpas a cada “pisada” no pé um do outro. E assim se sucederam alguns finais de semana, até que Alda, cuja sabedoria era notável, teve um *insight*, uma luz, uma ideia divinamente inspirada, e não pôde segurar a ansiedade:

- Emerson, você quer conhecer uma amiga minha? Posso apresentá-los!

O rapaz, na ocasião, não confiou muito nos dons de *cupido* de Alda. Não levou muito a sério sua proposta, mas também não se negou em conhecer a *amiga da amiga*. Mesmo porque, um dos talentos de Emerson (muitas vezes, ele sequer percebia ter) era conhecer pessoas e fazê-las se sentirem queridas e à vontade em sua presença.

- Claro, Alda! Estou *por você*. Quando você quiser.

Assim, numa noite fria (congelante) de inverno, em um sábado, enquanto a invernada rodopiava em danças no palco do CTG, enquanto prendas e peões flertavam durante os movimentos sincronizados do Xote, e o gaiteiro não economizava talento no toque do acordeon, Emerson, ao longe, avistou Alda se aproximando. Estava paramentada com seu vestido de prenda clássico, azul marinho sóbrio, enfeitado com largas rendas brancas na bainha e punhos. Seus cabelos, penteados alinhadamente e finalizados por um coque no topo da cabeça, estavam ornados por uma rosa escarlate, tão bela e tão perfeitamente colocada que assinava a elegância do visual.

A elegante prenda não estava só. Avançava na direção a Emerson de braços dados com Marina, uma linda menina, agraciada por uma alva pele de porcelana, cujos cabelos eram negros e crespos, de um encantador sorriso travesso, que contrastava com um olhar altivo e decidido!

Emerson direcionou toda sua atenção à Marina, cuja presença era faceira e radiante. Naquele instante, seu coração disparou. Foi tomado por uma onda de sentimentos, principalmente de *timidez* e de *curiosidade*. Ao cumprimentar a nova amiga, deu-lhe um aperto de mão firme, a fim de tentar disfarçar a insegurança. Ela não tinha como saber, mas Emerson se preocupou com o fato de suas pernas terem ficado ligeiramente bambas, trêmulas, por razões que ele sequer sabia explicar. Na sequência, como era de praxe, três beijinhos para selar o momento e (por que não?) sentir o perfume um do outro – a propósito, um bom assunto para iniciar horas de conversa.





Alda assistia, repleta e sorridente, ao primeiro encontro dos amigos. Uma satisfação enorme tomou conta de seu coração, como se houvesse concluído uma tarefa muito importante, uma verdadeira missão. E assim, neste ritmo de diversão, regozijo e júbilo, os três adentraram à noite festejando o prazer da amizade e a mágica dos raros encontros verdadeiros de almas irmãs, cuja afinidade desafia o binômio espaço – tempo, perpetuando-se pela eternidade.

Os dias foram passando. Emerson, aos poucos, foi substituindo as ligações para o 138 por telefonemas à Marina. Ele ficou admirado com o sonho da menina de cursar faculdade de Medicina. E contou para ela que pensava em estudar História e prestar concurso público. Ambos tinham o sonho de ter uma família e ser um esteio aos pais quando estes chegassem à velhice. Descobriram que tinham uma predileção por idosos e muita afinidade com pessoas na faixa etária da *melhor idade*. Parecia ser, mas não era apenas coincidência.

Emerson e Marina mudaram os planos iniciais e substituíram os cursos de *História e Medicina* pelo Direito. Como advogados, dedicaram suas vidas à proteção dos direitos dos idosos, trabalhando por eles – e para eles – com muito amor, sentimento este que se tornou um diferencial na profissão por ambos escolhida. O amor cresceu, se multiplicou e eclodiu numa encantada família, com filhos abençoados. Dedicaram-se também a projetos sociais em prol dos menos favorecidos e, andando juntos por esta estrada, conquistaram infinitas amizades.

A família, o trabalho, os amigos e os projetos sociais acabaram tomando um espaço que antes era ocupado pelo CTG, pela invernada, pelos cursos de danças. Entretanto, de qualquer forma, Emerson e Marina sentiam-se gratos pelos momentos passados, pelas oportunidades recebidas, pelos encontros inesperados e pela simples alegria de viver.

Exatamente um mês após aquele baile da noite congelante de inverno – noite de sábado, quando Emerson e Marina dançaram juntos pela primeira vez, Alda, aos 73 anos, por conta de sua saúde frágil, *partiu*. Eles choraram a perda da estimada amiga mas, ao mesmo tempo, sentiram-se gratos por ela tê-los apresentado e, de certa forma, participado da construção daquela linda história de amor.

Então, ambos concluíram que a vida, não raras vezes, nos surpreende com presentes muito peculiares e diferentes dos que desejávamos mas, certamente, infinitamente maiores e melhores do que aqueles outrora almejados, principalmente quando carreados pela beleza do amor e pela alegria das amizades verdadeiras.





## ATIVIDADES (Elaboradas por Aline Borges da Gama)

### I. LINGUAGEM

1. Nas frases a seguir, substitua as palavras em negrito por termos equivalentes, ou seja, que não altere o sentido da frase. Se necessário, utilize o dicionário.

a) A sensação comum foi a de um verdadeiro **déjà vu**, como se já nutrissem uma amizade há muito tempo.

b) E assim, neste ritmo de diversão, **regozijo** e **júbilo**, os três adentraram à noite festejando o prazer da amizade e a mágica dos raros encontros verdadeiros de almas irmã, cuja afinidade desafia o **binômio** espaço – tempo, perpetuando-se pela eternidade.

### II. COMPREENSÃO DO TEXTO

2. A partir da leitura do conto, responda:

a) Pesquise e explique o que era a ligação 138 que é citada no texto.

b) Que tipo de narrador o conto apresenta: personagem, observador ou onisciente? Explique sua resposta.

c) Na sua opinião, amizade também não poderia ser uma história de amor?



### III. PRODUÇÃO TEXTUAL

3. No conto é citado o CTG (Centro de Tradições Gaúchas), uma das tradições mais conhecidas do estado do Rio Grande do Sul. Pesquise outras tradições do estado e apresente-as à turma.





## One Love Story and Three Friendships

*Cecília dos Santos Carvalho*

*Translated by Guilherme Rodrigues Canabarro*

“Hello?”

Calling 138<sup>1</sup> and meeting people was one of Emerson's favorite pastimes. In addition, of course, to venturing out on weekends at the Center of Gaucho Traditions, or CTG, near his home. The fun adventures of his adolescence, in the '90s, were few, but intense, to the point of defining his whole life.

“Hello?! My name? It's Alda. How are you, Emerson?”

As he heard Alda's unsteady, happy voice, Emerson instantly felt strong empathy with her. After some talk, they arranged a meeting, after finding out some common preferences, such as the dance and the joy of gaucho-based sociability at the CTG.

When they saw each other for the first time at the entrance to the gaucho ball, they felt happy and enthusiastic for finally meeting each other in person. The common sensation was that of a true *déjà vu*, as if they had nurtured a long-time friendship and were road companions, separated for years, but still capable of recognizing each other and snuggling in an affectionate embrace.

But Emerson felt a little strange: how was it possible to get along so well with a woman who, until a few moments ago, was a complete stranger? Amid a whirlwind of thoughts, he reflected that life often surprises us with gifts that are very peculiar and different from the ones we asked for, and he concluded that possibly, that was the case.

After all, Emerson got what he wanted – a ball and dance companion.

After talking for a while, they went to the ballroom and danced a lot for a long time. They talked, drank together, and enjoyed each other. Alda gave good

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1 Telephone number of a service offered by the Rio Grande do Sul telephone company in the 1980s and 1990s. Callers joined a virtual group where they could talk to other people in order to chat, make friends or ask others out on a date.



advice to Emerson, who, in turn, listened carefully. They exchanged personal revelations and confided some peculiarities; after all, they were already friends, as fate had decided. And who is crazy enough to go against fate when things are going well?

Every weekend, the couple of friends met at the CTG to dance and, of course, to apologize for each “stomp” on each other’s feet. Thus, some weekends followed, until Alda, whose wisdom was remarkable, had an insight, a light, a divinely inspired idea, and could not hold back her anxiety. “Emerson,” she said, “would you like to meet a friend of mine? I can introduce you to her.”

The young man did not trust Alda’s power as a cupid very much at the time. He did not take her proposal very seriously, but he did not refuse to meet his friend’s friend. One of Emerson’s talents (which he often did not even realize he had) was meeting people and making them feel wanted and comfortable in his presence. “Sure, Alda!” he said. “I’m with you. Whenever you want.”

Thus, on a cold, actually, freezing, winter Saturday night, while the gaucho couples swirled in dances on the CTG stage, gaucho ladies and gentlemen flirted during the synchronized movements of the *xote*.<sup>2</sup> While the accordion player did not spare talent in playing his instrument, Emerson saw Alda approaching in the distance. She was wearing her classic *prenda*<sup>3</sup> dress of a sober navy blue and adorned with wide white lace on the hem and the cuffs. Her hair was neatly combed and topped up with a bun, and it was decorated with a beautiful and perfectly placed scarlet rose that gave the final touch to the elegant look.

The elegant *prenda* was not alone. She walked towards Emerson arm in arm with Marina, a beautiful girl, endowed with white porcelainlike skin, whose hair was black and curly. She had a charming and mischievous smile which contrasted with a proud and decided look.

Emerson directed all his attention to Marina, whose presence was merry and radiant. In that instant, his heart raced. He was taken by a wave of feelings, especially shyness and curiosity. As he greeted his new friend, he shook hands firmly to try to hide his insecurity. She had no way of knowing, but Emerson was concerned that his legs had become slightly wobbly, shaky, for reasons he could not explain. Then, as it was customary, they gave each other three kisses to seal the moment and (why not?) to smell each other’s perfume – by the way, a good subject to start hours of conversation.

2 A music genre and dance that is popular in Centers of Gaucho Tradition.

3 In the gaucho tradition, a woman, especially when dressed up for a ball.



Contented and smiling, Alda watched the first meeting of the new friends. An immense satisfaction filled her heart, as if she had completed a very important task, a real mission. Thus, in this rhythm of fun, delight and joy, the three welcomed the night celebrating the pleasure of friendship and the magic of the rare true encounters of sister souls, whose affinity defies the space-time binomial, perpetuating itself for eternity.

The days passed. Emerson gradually replaced calls to 138 with calls to Marina. He was amazed at the young woman's dream of attending medical school. And he told her that he was thinking about studying History and applying for a public position. Both had the dream of having a family and being helpers to their parents when they reached old age. They found that they had a predilection for the elderly and a lot of affinity with people in the older age group. It seemed to be a coincidence, but it was not just that.

Emerson and Marina changed their initial plans and replaced the History and Medicine programs with Law. As lawyers, they dedicated their lives to protecting the rights of the elderly, working for them – and with them – with great love, a feeling that made a difference in the profession chosen by both. Love grew, multiplied, and broke out in a lovely family with blessed children. They also dedicated themselves to social projects for the benefit of the poor and, following this road together, they made endless friendships.

Family, work, friends, and social projects ended up taking up a space that was previously occupied by the CTG, the gatherings, and dance courses. However, in any case, Emerson and Marina were grateful for the past moments, for the opportunities received, for the unexpected meetings, and for the simple joy of living.

Exactly one month after that freezing winter night – that Saturday night when Emerson and Marina danced together for the first time, Alda passed away at the age of 73, because of her fragile health. They mourned the loss of their dear friend, but at the same time, they were grateful that she had introduced them and, in a way, participated in the construction of that beautiful love story.

So, both concluded that life often surprises us with very peculiar gifts which are different from those we first wanted, but certainly infinitely bigger and better than those once desired, especially when brought by the beauty of love and the joy of true friendships.



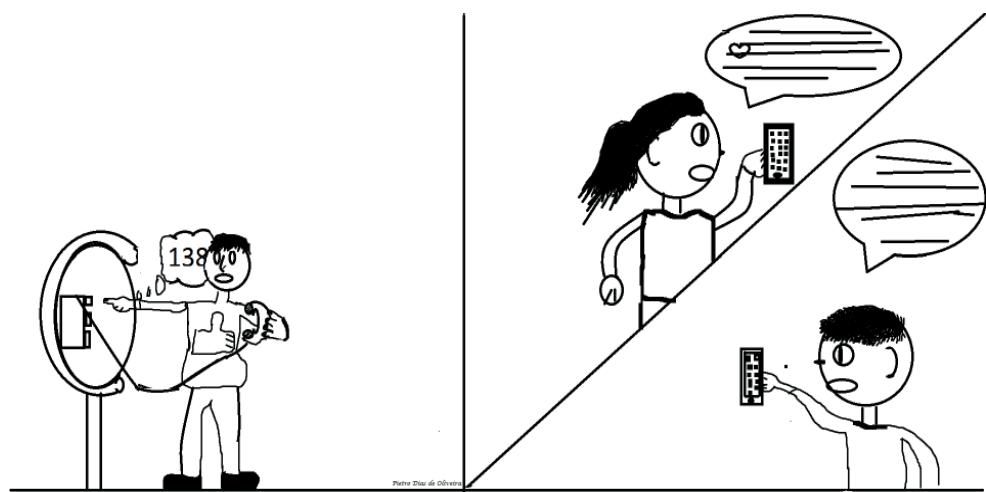


Ilustração de Pietro Dias de Oliveira





## The Awakening

*Franciele Figueiró da Silva*

*Fernanda Rodrigues Laux*

*Fracielly Rosa Marafon*

*Adriel dos Santos Fernandes*

She woke up...

Her eyes blinked slowly, she felt weak, exhausted and mostly confused. After a few seconds of blurred vision, she realized she was in an almost completely dark room except for a single beam of light that came in through what seemed to be a door. She wanted to stand up, but a muffled groan swept over her throat as she realized she had her wrists and legs firmly tied up. Despair made her want to scream for help, but once again she was surprised: her mouth tasted like cotton, she was muzzled, she was trapped and had no idea where she was.

“Where am I? How did I get here?” thought the curious and desperate young lady.

Her last memory was about something that, supposedly, had happened earlier that day. She remembered that she was in a pub, in downtown London, with her friend Jessica; they were happily celebrating a promotion at work, and for this reason they had too many drinks on the occasion. They drank so much that they decided to call one of these application cars to go home. The car dropped Jessica first and after that she did not remember anything else.

“But how?! How can’t I remember anything, I was fine! It has never happened to me before!” She thought.

More than fear, she wanted to get rid of those ropes and run away from there, however not before she knew what was happening. She tried to loosen her wrists brutally, they were tied behind her back, and only at that moment did she realize she was sitting in some sort of old chair.





“It could be worse, at least I have my clothes on...” she told herself.

In the middle of that confusion, she heard voices approaching the room. A cold sweat ran down her face, the nervousness made her nauseous, and now the taste of cotton gave way to the purest taste of gastric juice. She wanted to vomit, but not even this could she do, she could choke and die, and that was not an option. A loud buzz made her close her eyes and look for the last piece of serenity left. That was when the voices came really close. They were two, two men by their tone of voice. They stopped in front of the door talking and covering the only light left.

“She is here...” said one of them, in a more distressed tone.

“You are really an idiot! You brought the girl to the house! Stupid Idiot!” cried the other, who did not seem calm.

“I know, I know... I did not know it was her, it was a mistake!”

“Yes, a mistake that can cost your head! You are a disgrace to our species, as they warned me!”



A brief silence interrupted the discussion. She kept her eyes turned to the door. At that moment, she had the impression that her heart was beating so fast and so loud that the two men could probably listen to it. Then the door slowly opened followed by a wakening flash. She frowned and closed her eyes. Although she was scared of what she could see in front of her, she took a deep breath and opened her eyes again. She felt dizzy because of the intensity of the light, until her eyes grew used to the brightness. The first thing she saw was a huge crystal chandelier over her head. Her eyes scanned the ceiling made of dark red plaster. On her left side there was a huge glass window duly covered by a dark silk curtain, two black leather sofas, an office desk, and a few books. To the right side there was a wooden wall with a large picture hung wrapped in a bronze colored frame. In addition to the high sophistication, that room drew attention because of its dark colors, and strangely, she liked that somehow. Another curious fact was the door, made of crafted black wood and so high, that made her think of a giant's house, and despair made her laugh.

“Did you give her anything?” asked the most nervous of the two men.

“No, Lewis! I said I did not!” answered the other, sounding irritated.



She finally looked at them, two oddly peculiar figures standing in front of her.

“Maybe you should have! She looks petrified!” insisted the pale long golden-haired boy.

None of them looked like thieves, kidnappers, killers that she fantasized with. On the contrary, they were young and very well dressed, elegant, handsome, so much so that she thought about touching that totally pale skin of both. The young woman was enthralled, bewitched, curious about those pictures there staring at her.

“She really does not look well...” said the short-haired boy.

“Are you sure she is who you say?!” asked the other one crossing his arms.

“Yes! I am definitely sure... Look...”

The short-haired young man picked up his phone from his pocket and showed it to Lewis, who immediately refused to look at it.

“You know better than nobody that I really do not like this kind of thing!”  
said Lewis, turning his face away.

“But Lewis, it is written here on the app, her name is...”

“Enough, Edvard! That is enough!” He interrupted in an authoritarian voice, “You brought a problem to this house, and you should take care of it, by yourself!”

The young woman seemed perplexed with the discussion between those two weirdos, after all, why knowing who she was would be a problem at that point?

“Do not lose your patience with me, Lewis!” Edvard whimpered. “I called you, just because you are the only one who can help me in this house until it is too late.”

“Too late...” he said ironically, “I am looking forward to seeing the Count’s face when he sees her!”

Lewis took a deep breath, shook his head and just then, faced the young woman for the first time since they came into that room. That poor victim immediately reminded Lewis of familiar face, maybe because of her long curly hair, messed up with despair, maybe the angelical face, now marked by sweat



and tension. However, what most intrigued Lewis at that moment was the fact that the young woman had big dark eyes like the night and faced him with fear, anguish and curiosity. You did not need to be an expert to know that the young woman was prepared to resist to whatever it was necessary.\_

“Lewis?? Lewis?!?!?!” said Edvard snapping his fingers in front of the blond face who immediately returned from the trance. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, yes... I am...” he stuttered disguisedly.

“What are we going to do with her?” insisted Edvard.

“I do not know, I really do not know... What is her name again?” asked Lewis, confused.

“Mi - Minele... Milene...” Edvard answered unsurely.

“Hummm... Hummm...” murmured the young woman, calling the attention of both to herself.

They faced each other.

“What does she want now?” said Edvard, a little bit nervous.

“I do not know, if you take out that gag maybe we could find out...”

Irony. Edvard was already used to and tired of it. In that house it was almost a crucial habit, to be ironic, seductive, audacious and evil, abilities which he did not have. His friendship with Lewis happened in an almost forced way. Despite irony and some little offenses, Lewis seemed to be the only one who believed in Edvard, because there nothing was exactly what it seemed, even less to the people who he was obligated to live with.

“You are right, Lewis.” he agreed, “I will do it...”

But as he turned to the young woman, he felt Louis’s hand on his shoulder.

“It is better not to do it, boy. I will do it by myself!” said he, taking the lead. “The last time you interacted with a human it was not good.”

“Even you?” cried Edvard, angrily.

Lewis rolled his eyes and payed attention to the young woman who murmured suffering from having her speech wrapped in white cotton. At every





step he gave, she murmured more until he finally stopped in front of her. He inclined his torso up to her shoulders and stared at her. That gesture made her suddenly silent.

“Excuse me, miss, may I have your permission?” he asked with the intent to take off the cloth that bothered her lips.

She flinched as she could without looking away. Maybe she was not as courageous as he thought before.

“I am not going to hurt you, miss,” he said, taking a brief pause and getting close to her face which was sweating. “However, I need you to promise to not make a fuss, okay?”

Lewis’s words penetrated her subconscious. The fear was there, but how could she resist to that spontaneous help? How to refuse help in face of the softness of those words? She felt like a rat hypnotized by a snake, there was no place to run.

“Girl!” exclaimed Edvard looking angry. “Did you hear what he said?” he insisted.

She did not look away from Lewis, nor did he look away. They just stared at each other in complete silence for a few seconds.

“Be quiet, Edvard! It is not polite to interfere in other people’s talk, especially when it is with such a beautiful young woman.”

Edvard just murmured some meaningless words.

“Forgive him!” said Lewis to the young lady. “My friend is more polite than he looks, I can assure you of that. Do you allow me to help?”

The saliva fell thin in her throat, she was tempted to say *no*, but she also was instigated to accept, so she just nodded slowly.

“Great...”

Lewis smiled satisfied, carefully handled the tight blind knot on her neck and quickly undid it, holding the thin cotton cloth, without looking away.

“Done...” he said standing in front of her.

She timidly coughed; her mouth was dry and full of cotton fluffs.





“Thank you!” she said timidly.

“Bring some water, Edvard! Please.”

Edvard walked to a little table next to the window and served her a glass of water.

“Here it is, Minelle!” he said, giving her the glass.

She faced him.

“Minella!” she exclaimed feebly.

The men looked at each other confused.

“What did you say?” insisted Edvard.

“I said Minella!” She said in an angry voice. “My name is M-I-N-E-double L-A!”

Lewis thought it was a very funny moment and controlled himself in order not to laugh.

“What a beautiful behavior from a young lady..” Lewis said, trying to interrupt a smile.

“What are you laughing at?” asked Edvard in a confused way.

Lewis took a deep breath.

“How do you think she is going to drink the water with her hands tied?” Lewis said seriously.

He kept quiet and walked into the young lady to untie her hands, in the impetus to end with the angry feeling that he felt.

“No!” interrupted Lewis, who saw his friend stare at him without knowing what was happening. “You are not going to release her now. Give me this glass...” said Lewis taking it from Edvard’s hands.

“What are you going to do?” asked Edvard.

Lewis got close to the young lady again, who felt her body tremble from head to toes. He looked at her eyes and her pale mouth, he moved his hands softly to her chin and gave her water as if she was a scared child. Minella felt the



cold touch from his fingertips and once more trembled while the content of the glass refreshed her dry throat. Lewis stared at her. He looked serious and firm.

“Thank you!” she said without her breath while he walked away from her.

Minella perceived the room where she was, admiring every detail, mainly the huge painting that was on the wall. A female figure painted on the canvas called her attention, while Lewis dragged Edvard to a corner, whispering something.

“The owner of this place has great taste...” she said, while she tried to release her hands. “I need to get out of this place!” She thought.

In the other corner of the room, Lewis advised Edvard:

“You go to my room and check if the others arrived, and then we decide what to do with her...”

“Ok...”

Minella’s attention was interrupted when she saw Edvard passing like a lightning in front of her. He opened a big door carefully and left the room. “*Why did he leave like this? Where is he going?*” Minella thought.

“Well, Miss Minella, it is just you and me now!” said Lewis, touching the table with his fingers.

Minella once more felt her body trembling, something about Lewis attracted her, maybe his way, maybe his posture, maybe his eyes, or maybe his beauty. Yes, she had noticed his beauty; Lewis was an old man in a young man’s body.

“Where has he gone? She asked curiously.

“He went to check if we can take you out of here!” Lewis answered, walking to her.

“What are your intentions?” she felt her shoulders shrink involuntarily.

He was quiet for a moment, and then he stared at her and said:

“To take you home!”

Lewis walked around her and untied her wrists. He noticed that they were very bruised. Edvard had tightened the knot with too much strength. She looked at him awkwardly and thanked him. He looked at her legs. They were also tied;



however, he did not release them from the ropes. Minella was wearing a dress, and even though he was not a prude, he preferred not to fall in the temptation of causing her some harm.

“You may untie your legs, if you wish,” Lewis said, looking the other way.

After one more moment of silence between them, she mustered the courage to talk.

“Well, I must admit that I am a bit confused. Why was I kidnaped then?” asked the young lady.

“That is a very good question,” he said, shrugging while filling a glass of red wine.

Minella stood up feeling dizzy, perhaps it was the drinking, perhaps the weakness, she did not know for how long she had been there.

“Take it easy, young lady,” he retorted.

Minella just rolled her eyes, she went out to drink with a friend and now she was being apprehended by a weirdo.

“Would you like some wine?”

“No, thank you,” she answered, feeling a headache.

Lewis smiled.

“I can see you had been drinking before Edvard found you...” Lewis was walking toward her.

Minella stared at him without knowing what to do. She was petrified, she could not move, she did not want to move. His woody scent got into her nostrils like a narcotic substance. He stopped right in front of her, looking into her eyes with a smile on his lips.

“You should drink more water; it will make you feel better,” said Lewis, giving her another glass.

“Thank you...” said Minella with shaking hands.

The big door opened again. It was Edvard, but now he was not alone.

“I found him...” said Edvard to Lewis pointing to a middle-aged man who accompanied him.





Minella watched that third figure, a middle-aged man, around his forties, elegant and serious, and with a disturbing look.

“Lord Ruthven,” said Lewis happily while Lord Ruthven faced him indifferently, and then faced Minella from head to toes and kept in silence.

“He is the only one in the house,” completed Edvard.

“Great!”

“I am surprised that you are an accomplice in this nonsense, Lewis,” said the middle-aged man, shaking his head disapprovingly.

“I am just trying to help the new guy...”

“Another idiot...” disdained Lord Ruthven. “A story like this will not end well, I do not want to be here when the owner of the house finds out what you two have done.”

“He will not know anything about it!” said Edvard nervously. “We just have to take her out of the house as soon as possible before the others arrive, or we will be in trouble.”

Minella payed attention to the conversation, though she could not understand what was going on. They did not seem to notice her presence; it was almost as if she was not there. She observed again the painting next to the door. On the canvas was the portrait of a beautiful auburn-haired lady sitting in a room surrounded by flowers, holding a mirror in her hands. The woman in the picture seemed bored but she was definitively fatal. The middle-aged man cleared his throat, awakening her from her thoughts.

“It seems that you have a taste for art,” he said, in a less grouchy mood.

“Oh, yes!” she stuttered nervously. “I know this painting; I am just trying to remember its name.”

“Lilith,” answered Ruthven, as he opened his coat and sat on the couch. “The name of the work is Lilith.”

“Dante Gabriel Rossetti, right?” said Minella, excited she remembered the name.

“The man himself. I apologize for not introducing myself, miss. I believe





that in the current circumstances we will not be able to become friends. Nevertheless, my name is Ruthven, Lord Ruthven," He said sincerely.

"My name is Minella..." she said embarrassed.

"I am not surprised that you enjoy Rossetti's work, he was really talented, a revolutionary, I believe it was a family thing."

"Did you not meet him, Lord Ruthven? Or something like that?" said Edvard curious.

"I actually met his uncle, an irresponsible young man just like you." said Ruthven.

"*But how?*" thought Minella. Dante Gabriel Rossetti had been dead for over one hundred years, a lot more than the forty years she thought this Lord Ruthven was. She was quite sure about that, she had studied about Rossetti.

"I am sorry to interrupt our nice chat, but have you decided what you are going to do with me?" she said impulsively.

"She seems very calm to a hostage..." said Ruthven.

"You are totally right, miss. We are wasting time talking about art when we should get you out of the house before they arrive."

"Who are *they*?! Can anyone explain to me what is happening!?" said Minella nervously. She was losing her patience. She just wanted to go home. Maybe she could run away during some moment of distraction, but no, she could not leave that place.

"We had better get rid of her soon..." said Edvard.

"Let's go!" said Lewis, walking to the door.

"Wait!" said Ruthven, turning all the eyes in his direction.

"What is the problem now?" said Edvard.

"Before we let her go, make her promise she will never mention what happened tonight," said Ruthven as an order.

"I will not say anything, Lord. I just want to go home, I never wanted to be here! He's the one to blame!" she said angrily, pointing to Edvard. "All I want is





to be in my house, sleeping, trying to heal my hangover!"

The room was quiet...

"And you will, Minella," said Lewis. "I promise you'll be home soon. Now, let's get you out of here before anyone else appears."

Somehow, his words brought her some kind of consolation.

"I am going to get the car," said Edvard walking through the door.

"Go!" said Lewis. "Lord Ruthven, could you..."

The Lord interrupted Lewis.

"I will deal with the other two; the Count will be here soon."

"Thank you. Shall we, Minella?" said Lewis.

"Yes, please," answered Minella.

...

When they left the room, Minella was in a corridor with dark walls. It was all very dark and luxurious. The red carpet all over the hallway and the dim light made the place seem peaceful.

"Wait, Lewis!" said Minella, holding Lewis's arm.

"What happened?!" said Lewis confused.

"Could you show me where the bathroom is?" said Minella.

"Yes, but we do not have much time!" Lewis emphasized.

"I know, I know!" said Minella.

"There! On that door," said Lewis, pointing to the direction. "I will wait for you at the end of the corridor."

"Okay," said Minella.

Minella entered the bathroom. The lights were on. It was extremely clean like all the other rooms she had been. It was luxurious and organized. She looked at herself in the mirror. She was weak and pale, her hair was a mess, but she was a proud, courageous, strong woman, as her colleagues used to say. She



remembered the first time she covered a story in downtown London, a series of inexplicable killings. Young ladies from the entire world were being killed, and she was the reporter designated to work on the case. She thought about Jessica telling her she was "a doggone girl"!

"I wonder if Jessica got home well?" Minella was worried.

Minella faced the mirror again and started to think about the young women like her that were dead without any sign of abuse, no trace elements, a perfect crime. The panic came over her again, making her take her shaking hands into her mouth.

"Were they the killers? Were Edvard and Lewis killers?! No! It could not be, not Lewis! He seemed so worried and careful, he would already had done a bad thing to me if he was a murderer!" thought Minella.

She felt her heart on her throat, she needed to run. After all, who were the others? Who could be the Count? Were they a gang?

Knocks on the door stopped Minella's thoughts.



"Are you okay, Minella?" She heard Lewis's voice through the door.



"Yes, yes..." stuttered Minella, "I am."

"Hurry up! Edvard is waiting for us in the car!"

"I'm coming." She faced the mirror, took a deep breath and left the bathroom.

Lewis looked at her. He seemed worried.

"Are you really okay?"

"Yes, I am," she said seriously.

"Let's go, then..."

Both of them went to the end of the corridor when they heard voices that Minella could not recognize.

"Damn it!" Lewis held the young lady's arm. "We cannot leave through that door!"

"Why?"





“Come with me!”

Lewis turned left in another corridor, there were some stairs which led to the second floor.

“Come on! Hurry up!” said Lewis pulling Minella, who was confused. He was in such a hurry that she did not realize what was there on the second floor besides doors and dark walls. He entered terrified in one of the rooms.

When they were in the room, Lewis went to a wardrobe in haste and gave her the first shirt he grabbed.

“Put this on!” Lewis said as he walked through the room.

Minella faced the shirt.

“I am not going to wear this!” said Minella angrily.

“What do you mean? Put it on!” said Lewis angrily.

“No! I won’t do anything unless you explain what is going on!” yelled Minella.

He came close to her voraciously putting her against the door and covered her mouth.

“Be quiet!” whispered Lewis. “Put this shirt on, please! It is for your own sake!” he explained.

Lewis let go of her and took some distance. Minella felt the tears running through her pale face and stared the white linen fabric of the shirt.

“I am sorry, I...” said Lewis.

“It’s okay, I just really wanted to know what’s going on, I already know how this story is going to end,” said Minella, wiping her tears.

“You would not believe me if I told you. Just put on this shirt. It will cover your smell, avoiding two problems.” Lewis grabbed Minella’s shoulders, and she shrank in terror. “You have to understand that not everyone in this house thinks like me and Edvard, not even Lord Ruthven and the Count.”

“The Count?” Minella asked while she was putting on the white shirt.

“Yes, the owner of the house, Count Dr...”



Knocks on the door stopped their conversation.

“Lewis?!” said a male voice. “Are you in there?” Someone was trying to open the locked door.

Lewis made a signal to Minella keep quiet.

“Yes I am, Lester! I am not feeling well.”

Silence.

“Are you alone?” asked the male voice.

Lewis and Minella looked at each other.

“Yes, I am,” said Lewis.

“If you say so... I will not bother you anymore, my dear. I am exhausted, but the hunt was invigorating, you should try...”

“I will go with you at another opportunity,” Lewis answered nervously.

“You are really in a bad shape, aren’t you?! Well, I will let you get some rest,” said Lester.

“Thank you, Lester, good night,” said Lewis.

“Good night...” said Lester.

Lewis took a deep breath and sat on the bed.

“It was close...” said Lewis.

“Who is he?” Minella was curious.

“Just a friend...” said Lewis looking away.

“Does he hunt during the night?” asked Minella.

“You ask too many questions. You will get in trouble because of that!” said Lewis.

“Let’s say that I have enough trouble...” said Minella.

“Miss Minella, tell me something, what did you mean with ‘I already know the end of it?’” said Lewis looking curious.





She took a deep breath and sat by his side.

“Everything happens for a reason, I was happy celebrating a promotion and now I am here. Since I arrived here, I’ve felt death close to me. I’m running away, but I don’t know from and with whom I’m doing this.”

Lewis kept serious after that comment. Indeed, the young woman was right, but he wanted to help her, he felt something for her. Minella reminded him of who he really liked.

“I promise you will not die tonight, trust me!” said Lewis touching Minella’s soft skin.

“How can I believe in you?” said Minella.

He carefully pulled away a lock of hair that fell on Minella’s face and placed it behind her ear.

“Everything has a reason, and if there is something I learned, it’s that nobody knows someone else without a good reason.”

Lewis kissed Minella’s lips and the young woman did not hesitate to kiss him back. It was an intense and tender kiss, as if their lips had known each other for a long time.

...

Outside the mansion, Edvard waited for them impatiently.

“Damn it! Lewis could have, at least, a cell phone!” Edvard said, while looking at his almost dead cell phone. “We need to get out of here soon!” he thought.

“Hello!” said a female voice coming from the driver’s window side.

“Oh! It is you, Carmilla...” he said in disdain.

“How pleasant you are, Edvard!” she said, shaking her head, “What are you doing in there? Are you paying some promise or your beloved “wife” kicked you out of the house?” She teased him.

He rolled his eyes up.

“For your unhappiness, neither!”

“What a pity!” she whipped. “I wish I could have some moments alone





with her... or both of you!" running her nails over his arm.

He dodged from her.

"Do not be this kind of woman! Why don't you take some rest after the hunting?"

"Can you believe that my curiosity was bigger than my tiredness?" Carmilla said ironically.

"Coming from you I have no doubt. For your information, I am just waiting for the Count, I need to talk to him about some issues," answered Edvard.

"You need to stop being such a stiffy and have some fun from time to time! You should join us some time..."

"Join you and Lester? No way!" he cried. "I am not going to watch one of your bacchanals, watered with blood and drunk young ladies."

Carmilla laughed.

"You are a silly man! You need to know that one of us is going to have difficulties in the Count's hands."

"Screw you!" Edvard said.

"Well, I am going to my room. I need to digest all that happened tonight." She laughed sarcastically.

"Carmilla! Come closer..." said Edvard.

Edvard faced her with some lust, making Carmilla feel that he finally had fallen for her and her desires would come true, as usual.

"Tell me, Edvard..." she asked coming close to him.

"Your mouth..." he said.

"What about it?" she asked even closer to his face.

"There is blood in it... It is disgusting! Clean it, please," said Edvard rolling his eyes.

Carmilla looked embarrassed about what she had thought so far, but she kept a straight face.





“Oh! Yes, thank you,” said Carmilla cleaning her mouth. “Good night, Edvard.”

“Good night, Carmilla.” said Edvard.

...

Inside the mansion, Lester walked intrigued. He could feel Lewis was hiding something and he really wanted to know what it was. Lester knew he could enter his “friend’s” room at any moment, it was easy to a natural predator such as he.

“I am bored!” said Carmilla entering the living room.

“What is the problem now?” said Lester.

“Edvard is the problem!” she sighed in despair.

He kept sitting on the couch in utter silence.

“Well! Aren’t you going to make fun of me?” she asked.

No. You are old enough and know exactly what to do with him. You know it even better than me when talking about perversity, in every sense of the word, with all due respect.”

“You know you are sadistic, don’t you?” she said, pouring a glass of liquor.  
“Would you like some?”

“No. This would only ruin the taste of the long meal we had today, my dear.”

She shrugged her shoulders.

“Tell me, Carmilla, do you feel something different in this house?” said he, making his curiosity hers.

“Now that you’ve mentioned...” she drank another sip, “I smelled a sweet perfume, as if someone had passed by.”

“Me too...” said Lester.

“Where are the others?” Carmilla asked.

“Ruthven is in the library with an unfriendly face and Lewis is locked in a room not feeling well.”



“What a shame for our kind!” said the pretty woman. “Well, I am going to rest, today’s hunt made me exhausted. Aren’t you coming?”

“Are you inviting me?” he asked back.

“Don’t be an idiot, of course not!” she exclaimed.

“At least somebody wants you in this house, but you would rather waste your time with Edvard, or even worse, with Lewis,” he said angrily.

“Each one wastes their time with what or who they want!” she blinked, making fun of him, and went upstairs, leaving Lester alone with his questions.

...

On the top floor of the mansion, Lewis and Minella stayed in his room. That kiss had left a strange feeling in the air, but now Minella felt, somehow, protected.

“I think I’d better go downstairs to see what is really going on,” said Lewis.

“What about me?” asked Minella.

“You stay here locked and quiet. I will not be long!” he kissed her forehead and left.

Minella felt her cheeks warm, her skin was red, she had never kissed a stranger in the middle of her supposed kidnapping. Not that she had ever kissed a stranger, but Lewis was different, there was something about him, his way, and his voice. She locked the door and sighed, immersed in her thoughts. She was focused on exploring the room where she was. Would it be Lewis’s room?

She walked around the room, looked at every detail, when she noticed a bookshelf.

“Books can tell a lot about people; let’s find out what Mister Lewis likes!” she talked to herself laughing like a child.

Minella noticed at a glance that the titles were very old, from classic books.

“He likes classics! Interesting! He has a good taste on books!” said the young woman ,satisfied until she found something that aroused an intense curiosity, “What’s this?”

The young woman took a small notebook in her hands, the cover was made





of black leather and seemed to be quite old. On the first page, another surprise.

“Jonathan Harker’s Diary!” Minella was surprised by the name.

Minella quickly started reading what was on the pages of the diary. Then she heard someone knock on the door. She closed the notebook and put it back on exactly the same place where she had found it. She was terrified.

“It’s me, Lewis...” he said.

She took a deep breath and opened the door.

“I think we can leave!” he said entering the room in a hurry.

“Lewis!” called Minella

“What’s going on?” asked Lewis.

“Is this your room?” she asked.

“Yes...” he answered without understanding, “Why?”

“Just out of curiosity,” Minella answered.

Lewis wondered why she had asked that question, but moved on with his plan.

“Come on, Edvard is in the car. The others have already retired to their rooms.”

“Aren’t they sleeping?” she asked seriously.

“What?” Lewis looked puzzled.

“You said the others have already retired, aren’t they sleeping?”

“Yes, of course. They are...” Lewis answered after thinking for some seconds.

“Perfect. Do you have a mirror?” asked Minella.

He faced her a little scared.

“Why do you want a mirror?” Lewis asked.

“I wanted to brush my hair, but you don’t have any mirrors around here, do you?” said Minella.

“No, I do not have one and we do not have time for this either. Come on!” said Lewis pulling Minella’s arm.



Lewis did not understand the confusing questions; the only thing he knew was that that was the right moment to escape. He pulled her by the arm and she did not resist. They went downstairs quickly; the entrance hall of the mansion was dark.

“Wait!” she stopped in the middle of the way.

“Are you crazy? Don’t be an idiot, we have to go!” Lewis whispered.

“I want to meet the Count!” said Minella.

“What? No! You cannot! Come on, let’s go!” he said, pulling her arm again.

“No!” she shrugged, “It’s a family affair,” said the young woman.

The lights went on.

“Well, well! You bring dinner home and do not even invite your friends?” said a male voice.

“Lester!” Lewis said nervous.

Lester was sitting in an armchair. Minella felt shivers all over her body just to look at him; the man had long fair hair and red eyes that looked like two torches.

“I knew there was something delicious hidden around here!” said Lester, staring at Minella.

“No! We cannot, try to understand me...” warned Lewis.

“You used to be more charitable with your friends!” Lester said, getting up.

“It is not the time for this...” said Lewis.

“Who is this beautiful young lady?” Lester kept staring at Minella.

“It doesn’t matter! Just let us leave!” Lewis said, placing himself in front of the young woman.

“What is in it for me?” asked Lester

“You already fed today! Do not be selfish!” Lewis warned again.

“But she smells so good...” Lester said.

“Shut up! I need to get out of here with her! Try to understand Lester, this



girl is not for any of us! Let us leave, Edvard is outside..." said Lewis.

Lester laughed.

"He *was* outside..." Lester said.

"What? What do you mean? What have you done to him?" asked Lewis.

"I haven't done anything, but Carmilla has. Let's say that her skills to get someone distracted are impossible to overcome," Lester said ironically.

"Let's go!" Lewis exclaimed.

"That's enough!" Minella yelled. "I'm not going anywhere!"

They both stared at her without understanding the outbreak.

"I'll not leave this house without talking to the Count!" said Minella.

"Does she know him?" Lester asked.

"No! But I do not believe it is a good idea!" said Lewis, pushing Lester away from the young woman.

 "Don't be rude, Lewis! What is so special about her?" 

"I am a Harker!" Minella exclaimed.

"A Harker? Like ...?" Lester stuttered.

"Like Jonathan Harker..." said Ruthven, coming into the room. "The girl is his great-great-granddaughter. Take her away soon, Lewis! I will take care of Lester, somebody needs to teach him some good manners."

"With all due respect, Lord Ruthven, I believe you are not in a position to do anything..." said Lester, making fun of the nobleman.

"Shut up! Go, Lewis..." ordered Ruthven, staring at Lester.

"Thank you, Lord," said Lewis

Lewis hurried, so that Minella could think of nothing more than to obey him. He ushered her into Edvard's car. Luckily, the key was in the ignition.

"I'll take you home!" said Lewis

"I already told you I want to stay!" she complained.





“Listen to me,” Lewis was annoyed, “You read the diary, didn’t you?!” She agreed. “So, if you read it, you know what we are and what will happen if the Count crosses your way, right?!” Minella agreed in silence once more. “Give me the directions to your house.” And so she did.

...

On their way, they did not exchange a single word. Minella felt useless, helpless and curious, but she only gave the directions to her house. It did not take long for them to arrive. Lewis parked the car in front of the brick house and said seriously, “You are safe. Now go and forget everything that happened tonight.”

“Everything?” she asked disappointed.

“Yes, everything. Goodbye, Minella...” he said, looking away through the car window.

“Goodbye, Mister Lewis...” She unbuckled her seatbelt, opened the car door and concluded, “Just for your information, you’re invited to this house. Goodbye.”

She got out of the car and at the same moment he started the ignition and drove away, leaving her by herself. Minella climbed the porch stairs to her house door. The night was cold. She felt the cold take over her body and hurried to open the door. Just before opening it, she noticed something very strange: her door was partially opened.

“What does it mean?” she wondered. “I can’t remember leaving it like that...”

Her humble house was quiet. Minella did not know what to do, she just wanted to forget everything that had happened and mostly that kiss, but it seemed that the bad surprises were far from being over. She came into the room and saw the silhouette of a body on the floor.

“Jessica!” she yelled when she noticed it was her friend.

She ran to her friend and crouched down, pointlessly trying to wake her up, but Jessica was dead.

“No! No, can’t die, no!” She cried holding her friend’s body close to her own.

The lights in the room went on. Minella realized she was not alone. “Thieves?” she thought. In total despair, she noticed that her friend had two





deep punctures in her neck and was so pale that it seemed that her body had no – *blood!* she thought, dropping her friend's body on the floor.

“She did not suffer, I guarantee!” said a male voice behind her back.

Minella turned her head over the voice and saw a tall man. He seemed to be at a certain age and had very strong animal features. He was wearing a fancy black suit and was smiling to her in a creepy way, as if he was satisfied about seeing her.

“Didn't you want to meet me?” asked the man at a certain distance from her.

“Co-cou...” she stammered.

“Count Dracula at your disposal, Miss Harker!” he smiled.

Minella immediately noticed the Count's sharpened teeth and remembered about the diary. He was real.

“There is no reason for you to be afraid, I just came to satisfy my curiosity, you remind me of her. Mina, my beloved Mina,” he said nostalgically.

“I don't remember inviting you to come into my house!” she said nervously.

“You did not, but...” he said, pointing his finger to her friend's body, “your dear friend did. She was extremely worried about your disappearance, you know.”

“Disappearance? I was out for a few hours!” she cried in despair.

“Three days...” he said.

“But...how?” she asked.

“Edvard kept you sleeping enough time for my arrival, but you are so resistant, so strong, that my plans didn't work out...” he explained, stepping towards her.

“Stay where you are!” She clumsily stood up. “Do not get close to me! It is all a huge lie, you are trying to confuse me...”

“I am being the most honest of my kind when talking to you, Miss Minella!” He took another step towards her.

“No! Lewis, Lewis helped me, he brought me home... he promised I wouldn't die tonight...” she repeated Lewis' words while tears of despair rolled down her face.



Count Dracula smiled:

"So many years have passed, and the Harkers are still curious and naive. Lewis just followed my orders!" he said, wiping the smile from his hideous face.

"No, it doesn't make sense!" The Count came closer and closer, cornering her against the wall, and as a prey she was desperate and unbelieving. "Lewis had said, 'You will not die,'" she repeated, covering her face, terrified.

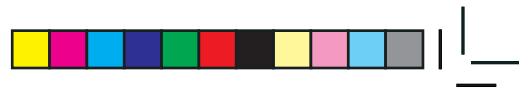
"And you will not..." he answered so close to her that Minella felt his hot breath against her face. "My dear Minella, sometimes it is not necessary to die to have a new and better beginning!" He said smiling, his piercing eyes making her swoon.

Her sight darkened... Life was leaving her body in a hot liquid, losing its color... She felt the pain... the sadness... She was gone.

...

She woke up...







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