

Ana

The policy of silencing

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Chapter 1

about being alone

I have always loved silence and tranquility. So being alone has never been a problem for me. Even isolated, I never felt really alone.

I once saw a report on TV5. The interviewee was a lady who was about 50 years old, with very short dark hair. This lady said she liked to go to a isolated place and be alone from time to time and that her family was unable to understand it. Trying to explain the feeling she sought, she said:

”Only when I’m alone I can find God.”

I could completely understand this lady. I thought: That’s right. But, it was in recent years that I understood what it means to be alone...

Being alone means living the horror and having no one to ask for help.

Chapter 2

Sweetie

It happened more than once. But the first time was something different. I was driving with a kitten on my lap. And submly I started to see the world with a different color. It is a subtle joy, without any foundation. A supreme well -being, a contently for nothing and anything.

The kitten was all black, very small. It was still a baby. In the corridors of universality. Someone passed and it followed the person. Then it came back to the same point, just to follow the next passer again.

There were many turns, until someone felt a strong interest in the kitten, and stopped to observe it with a certain curiosity.

I asked: Do you want to adopt it ? I promise that I give it to you castrated and dewormed.

Then I saw on her face a wide smile of comtemplation.

The kitten was so sweet that I named it Sweetie. I left Sweetie in my room at work until the end of the day. I tried to use a cardboard box to transport it to my house. But it ran away and while I was driving, Sweetie came to lodge in my lap.

I remember how happy I was, driving toward my house with that kitten.

In the following days, I cast it, and we spent a long time together until its complete recovery. Sweetie was very *sapeca*. She was terribly happy at home. The days passed and I had to take Sweetie to its new owner. It was a little sad. Leaving Sweetie was very painful. It was like leaving a part of me. I donated the transportation box along with the kitten, and half a feed bag so that Sweetie could adapt well to its new home.

I said to my husband, Adan: I hope God takes good care of Sweetie. He replied: He is already taking care of.

Later, Sweetie recovered its old behavior. Someone passed and Sweetie followed the person, and returned again to the grocery store, just to follow the next person. Sweetie had to deal with another somewhat territorialist kitten. Its new mate did not want to share the love of its owners.

But Sweetie had its destination adjusted. And was adopted again. In Its new home, Sweetie found the company of a child. And happiness found both. Today Sweetie is a very loved and happy kitten. It's already adult, but it's still *sapeca*. When its owner arrives home from college, Sweetie lies next to her. And keep looking at its owner typing on the computer. At night, Sweetie lodges on the feet of the bed. Look at its owner sleeping, gives a long supply and closes its eyes, waiting for the next day to arrive.

Chapter 3

The Covid Gang

In spring, the heat came back in all its fullness. I decided I should put my concerns aside and go for a walk on the beach. After all, I left my apartment abandoned for a long time. I thought I deserved to take care of myself and that after a day or two on the beach I would be much more willing.

Friday was a perfect day. The trip to the beach was very fast and calm. Many people in the sand and many boats in the sea. All very different from what I remembered. But the day was beautiful. I walked all day in the beach sand and took a sea bath surrounded by fishes. I ate fish with capers sauce that was delicious, in an expensive restaurant . I bought a pot of acai that served to dinner. I read a little more of Laura Nowlin's book "If he was with me" while lying on the net. Everything was great. At night I slept like a stone.

On Saturday things change completely. Mr. Marcos da Fonte was an acquaintance. I found him casually early in the morning, while arguing with the doorman about the real need to have some kind of registration. I talked to Mr. da Fonte about condominium issues and told him about my kidnapping.

In the afternoon I'm reading on the net, and then suddenly I start to feel a terrible discomfort. I feel a very strong pain in the nostrils and a severe headache. Through the crack of the door, I see the cleaning lady passing cloth on the floor.

The malaise only increases and I decide to return home. I was thinking of leaving only after noon, but I advance my plans. Arriving at the post, I take a bottle of Gatorade at Freeser and ask for a cheese bread. I'm really feeling nauseous, as if I had drunk alcohol all night. It's been a long time since I've been drinking anything alcoholic, but the feeling is familiar to me. The boy takes my cheese bread through the door to warm it inside the kitchen. I think it's weird. I ask him why he didn't use the oven or the microwave in the canteen itself. He makes some not very reasonable excuse. In the middle

of the trip, I enter a local avenue. I remember there was a supermarket I visited two weeks ago. As soon as I enter the avenue, a SAMU's van comes out of somewhere and goes in front of me. I repeat to myself: just ignore it. And I follow my way. In the supermarket, as usual, there was an employee changing some cans, near the place where the mineral water bottles are. I see some crates of the bottle that I usually buy on the floor, next to this boy. On the shelf there were a few bottles like these. The bottles were covered with dust, as if they were there without care for a long time. Then I chose a different brand. I took some bottles that were not dusty. Almost arriving home, I stop in a good restaurant. I feed well and malaise passes the same time. While how, I see the attendant leave the counter a little stunned to talk to someone who seems to be the manager. I hear part of the conversation. The attendant says: she doesn't ... The alleged manager makes gestures and tells the attendant that he should move the food.

I get home and I feel relieved. Nothing better than being at home. I take a shower and take the book I was reading. After all, I really wanted to finish reading the book. I lie on the porch couch and start reading.

After a few hours of reading, some car at a reduced speed is on the road with the sound really very high. I stop reading a little and listen to the lyrics of the song that plays: "Take it, take it, take it in the ass." I have the impression that the car has stopped, because I hear the sound at the same height, without the sensation of which it is moving away. The chorus repeats himself a few times: "Take it, take it, take it in the ass." I try to ignore and go back to reading and then I realize that the volume of the sound slowly reduces until disappear.

The night is not very pleasant. I wake up feeling pain and discomfort again. It's still dawn. I hear some sound and decide to walk inside the condominium to find out where it comes from. I walk the condominium road following the music and find that the very high sound is installed in a narrow little deforested dirt road next to the condominium fence. I come home, I repeat to myself that my house is the safest place in the world and then I sleep again until morning.

On Sunday, I take the day to write and hear a cyrene sound on the road several times throughout the day. It bothers me a little, but I try to ignore it.

Chapter 4

Adam

We are walking in the beach sand in Mikonos. We see a great rock a little distant from the coast, as if it were a small rocky island being snatched by the sea. Adam propose that we swim to the island, and of course ... I would never refuse.

Sea water is warm and transparent. We are wearing diving glasses and we swim to the island, submerged and hand in hand ...

The island is a little larger than I expected. We explore the island and, like two children, we try to hide when we see a boat coming close to us.

On the way back, I dive into the sea with my hands forward, as if I were a dolphin. But I do this wearing the diving glasses that break when shocking with the water. I swim to the coast with my forehead bleeding, but with a big smile on my face ...

Weeks later, we are already back in France ... I walk next to Adam ...

Adam tells me about a recent dream. He tells me that we are walking hand in hand on the sea, as if we were walking on a thin, transparent layer of ice. And that, under our feet, we can see thousands of fish. I can see Adam's dream like a memory.

I had no doubt about the meaning only dream. It was just a reflection of the feeling we had for each other.

Chapter 5

Dia anterior ao meu sequestro

Eu chego em meu apartamento de praia acompanhada de minha mãe e de meu primo, Basco. Eu estou realmente exausta e sinto que terei dificuldades para dar a medicação para minhas gatinhas. Solto os gatinhos no quarto, com muito esforço, eu coloco os banheirinhos de areia, ração e água para eles e consigo medicar Braquinha e Lucy. Então caio sobre a cama e, finalmente, durmo como uma pedra.

Acordo após várias horas sentindo muito calor. Ainda estou realmente muito cansada. O sono profundo que eu tive não foi suficiente para recuperar minha disposição. O quarto está abafado, de uma forma que não é possível suportar. Eu abro a porta do quarto e deixo meus gatinhos livres no apartamento.

Caminho até a sala e vejo minha mãe deitada sobre o sofá bicama. Ela está com uma expressão um tanto estranha, como se estivesse se sentindo terrivelmente péssima com algo. Basco não está no apartamento. O ralo da pia da cozinha está tampado com uma cuzcuzeira e o ralo da pia do banheiro está entupido com pasta de dente colorida. A pia está cheia de água. Tendo em vista o que eu passei nos últimos dias, não achei isso estranho. Mas disse para minha mãe: Mãe, os gatinhos estão bebendo água da pia do banheiro... Isso vai lhes fazer mal.

Minha mãe vai ao banheiro, esvazia e limpa a pia.

Horas depois, chegam várias pessoas diante da porta do apartamento. Minha mãe abre a porta e um senhor um pouco forte e com o rosto um tanto arredondado atravessa a porta. Minha mãe deixa a porta aberta enquanto este senhor começa a me interrogar, sem estar preocupada com uma possível fuga de meus gatinhos. Um funcionário do condomínio aguarda do lado de fora, acompanhado de pessoas desconhecidas. Eu estou preocupada com a porta aberta e meus gatinhos, mas o senhor de cara arredondada começa a me interrogar bruscamente.

Eu conto para este senhor sobre o motivo de eu desejar que minha mãe vá embora. Respondo às perguntas narrando uma longa história. Apesar

de eu estar confusa com o que estava acontecendo, eu cheguei a algum tipo de conclusão.

Ao terminar seu interrogatório, o senhor de rosto arredondado vira para minha mãe e diz: não é possível levá-la assim, ela está bem.

As pessoas que estavam do lado de fora se afastam. O senhor de cara arredondada começa um discurso um tanto estranho. Ele propõe que eu caminhe na praia com minha mãe para que alguém que ele intitulou "ela" não pudesse nos ouvir. Minha mãe tem uma expressão que se torna mais inquieta à medida que a fala do senhor continua. Então o senhor fecha a porta do apartamento e diz: Já que sua mãe está aqui, eu vou dizer: fica na sua porque a gente vai fazer você desconfiar de todo mundo.

Eu não sei o que pensar sobre tudo isso. Nada parece ter algum tipo de coerência, mas tento juntar os fatos.

Minha mãe está lavando louça e eu paro ao lado dela e pergunto: É você a pessoa responsável por tudo isso ?

Minha mãe curva o corpo para baixo formando em suas costas uma corcunda. Enclina a cabeça para o lado e para baixo. Depois balança a cabeça positivamente coxizando baixinho: sim.