

Early memories

Science



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

" Hi It's me". That's what you always said when you used to call me. The velvet angelic voice that broke the silence of those lonely winter days. Your voice was like a disguise, an invisible coat which disguised many mysteries that collaged into one big jigsaw, which could have simply be defined as your lifestory. Although I had been knowing you for a long time, I had never managed to acquaint with your deepest feelings. Not that I blame you, or me for that; there is an old Chilean saying that states that it takes a lifetime to understand a woman, and another lifetime to learn how to deal with her. Like read about memories? Read also Flashbulb memory!

As I stand in my bedroom staring at the surroundings, I remember the past times in which our relationship was flourishing, when one of your smiles would irrigate my empty mind with happiness and comfort. I had been spending a prolonged period of time in Latin America, visiting my family. I was anxious to see my relatives again, and apart from occasional splashes of sadness and tears shed in states of semi-unconsciousness you didn't seem to resent much from my departure. It were those frigid sides of your personality that allowed you to conduct the type of life in which you lived through everyday.

This was probably the reason why we seemed to get along so well with each other, we mixed together with the same harmony in which the water from the sea and the sand from the bank shore mix: completely different creatures, native of completely different worlds fitting together like a key in a lock. It was a hot damp summer, the high temperatures of the tropics blurred my mind, just like the fumes coming from the exhausts of the old

american chevroleets blurred the intense blue sky that gave a magic atmosphere to this remote part of the globe.

I would wake up around 7. 30 to start my morning job. I would distribute rations of bread to the neighbouring houses. By that time the empty streets would already be bursting with life. The distant shouts of the vendors in the market place, overcasted by the sound of the jarring traffic, would almost give a rythm to the fast and precise movements of the indigenous woman weaving colourful blankets made of Alpaca skin.

I would grab something to eat, and then I would rapidly descend the stairs three steps at a time, as the small truck sounded the clackson. Roberto was already waiting for me at the back of the truck, he was wearing a brand new Guayabera which he said, had been a present for his birthday. When we finished distributing the bread, we would go collect fruit from the jungle, which was a delimiting territory of the region of Pinar Del Rio, feeling like grown ups with our machetes linked to the back of our belt.

As the small truck accelerates, I gradually see my little neighbourhood with its palms and markets disappear in the distance, like a dye when mixed with water. The empty and recently built road, melts in with the sea and the surroundings giving the passengers on the vehicle the impression of living in a surrealist painting. Small drops of sweat fulgidly run down my forehead; as a gust of wind blows away a jasmine flower I had picked up on the way, it brings to my mind a wave of memories just like the river brings the detritus to the sea.

I lean against a flower bag in the corner of the back of the truck, and you come to my mind again. It was the first few days, I had been guest to this new and alien country. Everything I saw I found peculiar, from the side on which english people drove on the road, to their unusual tradition of having dinner at five o'clock. As I stared in the eyes of these local people, I could only see ice and a melancholycal emptyness, which I wondered if was their nature or their response to my arrival.

The first time I saw you I was expecting the same frigid and senseless look, and I was surprised as I noticed none of these elements were present in your look. This was probably the only reason I was so attracted to you initially. Your openiness, and the energy which bursted from the pores of your skin embraced me in a way it was impossible for me to escape, so I decided to surrender and let me carry away by this flow of positive sensation. I had noticed in you a pinch of shyness which arised only in specific situations and under the tension of certain questions.

I was never really sure if you behaved like that because you were curious of me and you were trying to get to know me and myenvironment, just like a laboratory scientist is curious of the behaviour of their guinea-pig to evaluate their intelectual potential, or because you felt sorry for me and the situation I was imprisoned in. As the the days and months went by, ourfriendshipgrew stronger, but as all the good things came along so did the bad things.

The cultural differences between us in obstacled our relationship in an indirect way. We could not see eachother very often, but this abstinence as well as the suspense which grew in between the times we didn't see

each other, added flavour to our relationship as well as avoiding it from losing originality. Though at times it was need to see you was immense and hard to revoke, especially when we did not have a chance to meet, it made our meetings more special in a way that I was sure I was not going to experience with any other person.

Between the smiles and tears of which gave colour to this past year, I barely had time to reflect upon how sometime this will have to end. Now in between dream and reality, this idea comes back to me bringing along sadness and desolation. I wonder if you are thinking the same thing in this times I was out of the country. Out of nowhere a hand taps me on the shoulder and a voice says: " If you truly believe in a moment it will last forever. " I immediately open my eyes, and see Roberto smiling at me.

Apparently I had been talking during my dream, and he had heard everything I had said. His arm approaches me again, and I notice the contrast of his brown skin being burned from the sun with the white shirt he was wearing. We had arrived to the jungle; one last time my thoughts and doubts rush into my mind, before our little group of kids start working on the first row of palms delimiting the known world from the mysterious and intriguing jungle.