

Last Chapter

- *A beer.... yes, a very cold canned beer, that's all....*



The waiter went away. He made himself comfortable on the chair and tried to relax. He drummed on the table with his fingers rhythmically accompanying the background music. He was anguished, but he had the premonition that something very special was going to happen.

He'd have wished to be standing, not sitting or to be running, lying on a bed, down headed on a high building, or at the bottom of an underground cave, flying free or falling down while the air was blowing on his face, soothing him gently like a woman's caress in distressing moments.

He wanted no balance or peace around him. He refused to think. He wanted nothing but danger, fear, adventure. He wanted peace but living in a turmoil.

He wanted feeling being born while he was destroying himself. He wanted to realize he was existing at the same time he was slowly relinquishing to exit.

Such a confusion rushed through his mind. His body, in a stiff position, with his feet stretched out and his head backwards, showed how suffering was throbbing in that man. The waiter came back, opened the can, poured the drink slowly on the sides of the glass, until covered by a coating of foam, its bubbles sparkled and died, sparkled and died....while expelled a tiny gas on blowing up, displaying their eagerness for living and transmitting happiness to the cold wall of the glass that confined them.

He grasped the glass with his fingers and smiled thinking the beer had the aspect of urine, so yellow and bubbling over flowing down the sides of the glass, forming foamy tears similar to stream of lava that spits its message of death and destruction.

He sipped the beer very slowly, the frozen liquid pricking his throat, enjoying it between his tongue and brains. Anguish. Brief pleasure and more anguish then...And why?

He left his glass and looked at it. He swallowed it all in a gulp until there was nothing left. Oh good!! some drops stuck on the sides of the glass silently showed the height they had reached.

Why and what are we living for? Everlasting and cruel question man keeps asking, torturing himself as an axe; adding anguish, fear, grief, emptiness....Even one thinks in committing suicide...Yes, one does. One thinks about it once and once again.

But, one doesn't go any further.

There's always that hope, born as a very thin thread, increasing and increasing, until it becomes a rescuer rope, rising us, in such a way, that the mad thought can be forgotten. He had thought about it lots and lots of times; perhaps he added another one. Everything will go on and on and on....

He took the can of beer between his hands and clenched it with his fingers. Crashed and wrinkled the can remained defeated before his strength. Its opposite sides touched themselves. Twisted, showing the queer aspect of a withered flower that falls down sending its imploring heads to the earth.

His inner world throbbed, at random where to channel the rushing torrent.

Aimless, unknowing where to go to. It was a slow time, that remembering it looked having happened a minute ago.

Weariness, exhaustion, and despair. Exorbitant prices he had to pay for the difficult job of doing nothing; mean yoke undermining more and more, as much as it's extended in time. Parasite task which engrosses and plunges the man in nihilism. Origin of vice and negative passions, diseased is who suffers it, but it's a suffering nobody understand.

His eyes crossed with some big guys who were staring at him mockingly.

Or at least he was sure those hard looks and whisperings were due to his drunken aspect. He didn't care. Or at least he tried not to care. He belly was distended because of his nerves. He felt his gall-blather and at the pit of his stomach he perceived a sharp and deep pain. So his body was the aching skin where the whip of self-punishment struck on.

- *"But, what punished for? Damn!! whether I had ever wronged or meddled in anybody's life or bothered him."*

He banged the table furiously and everybody, at the bar, turned round and looked at him. He was ashamed of himself and blushed.

A woman's voice surprised him.

- *"Good afternoon, Sir, our company has the pleasure of offering you articles of high quality at a very low price, such as these comfortable and smart socks in three fashionable colours: black, brown and blue; they are suitable for dressing up, for walking and for everywear. Three pairs for only \$4.99. And also this beautiful comb as a present and ah!! as it's for you..."*
- *"Enough!! Stop it, finish it... Miss".*
- *"Sir, I....."*
- *"Yes, I know, I'm sorry. I'm nervous. I didn't want to be offensive with you. I've got a lot of problems and become selfish and when you are spoken about something you don't care at all, you blare out.... please, forgive me, sit down, you look tired, have something to eat and drink with me, please..."*

- *“Yes, I understand. I began with this a month ago and I'm also nervous. I earn enough to keep going.....but, advertising articles for men in these cafés kills me; where with smiles and provoking stares, they buy something expecting you may grant your favours. Snakes and viper race I sometimes think about men...”*
- *“What's your name?”*
- *“Gabriela, why”*
- *“Just asking. Now that we are sharing a table, it would be nice getting to know to each other. My name is Carlos”.*
- *“Carlos? I had a brother with your name. He died when he was eight years old of rabies. His pet bit him, but he didn't say anything. He was afraid it might be taken away from him. His agony and death were terrifying. I even remember he died asking dad and mum to get married...”*
- *“Where are you from Gabriela?”*
- *“From Rosario. I used to live with my grandma and three sisters...”*
- *“How long have you been in Buenos Aires City”*
- *“Why so many questions? Are you a policeman? Oh!! Forgive me, Carlos I don't know, but I consider you trustworthy and familiar. Behind your haggard eyes, your untidy hair and crumpled clothes, my sixth sense tells me you are a man I can trust in, you won't hurt me. I don't know much about men, except I don't trust them, but you seem to be different, in spite we have just met...”*
- *“I'm a doctor.....”*
- *“May be so!! But, what happened with your life, did you leave your wife? Did you quarrel? Why are you like that?”*
- *“No, I'm not married, I'm separated from my wife. I have suffered a very difficult wound to endure, for quite a long time, but today it belongs to a sour past, and it's necessary to forget”.*
- *Yes, it's necessary to forget: “To face grief”, as somebody once said. Mentally, one tries very hard, but living it is awful. It's the death of a plan of life you had dreamed about”.*
- *“I can also guess you are very well educated. A simple rural saleswoman wouldn't have deepen in a conversation so fast; but here comes the waiter, ask whatever you want, I treat you... if you let me do it...”*

She smiled, asked something and the waiter left. He felt like reviving. He considered himself like the man, the gentleman of the group. He'd have liked to be tidier, with cleaner clothes, his face and hair neat. He, smiling, listened to her talking, and inwardly, he wanted to be worthy of enjoying her beauty...

They spent hours talking. They looked at each other like old friends, like human beings who founded friendship on recognizing themselves one in the other. In their lives, in substance, they have had the same enemies. Both felt better. They had spoken from you to me. They perceived a future in front of them, and something whispered innermost that one would have a very important part in the life of the other.

They ate, talked, laughed. They put aside some subjects, which disagreed on but, above all, they listened to each other.

At the end, they merely radiate gaiety, full of happiness like any human being dreaming about the future one will bestow on the other. All their neurotic fancies, were reflected wonderfully on the other.

Friends, Real friends, more than friends, they left the bar to go walking.....

Three months later:

- *Did you know I haven't menstruated?*
- *Are you pregnant?*
- *Ah! I don't think so...*