

## Chapter I

### Sea Wave.....

*Three months later:*

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



When one gets older, life is understood in a quiet and more definite way. What was good or bad came and went away. But it only remains the happy or sad memories that nobody will be able to snatch away from us...

It's always peremptory to struggle for living, to be happy, to hold some bits of the whole that disappears, in spite of our wishes. Life is a daily effort, and happiness is transitory scraps of Heaven we can share with God. The secret? Perhaps it's in giving: of our time, our ideas, our love, our affection or fondness....

One always remembers how much he has given and suddenly he realizes how little he has received, but in some circles: "Beware if you mention it!!" "You'd be considered a selfish, heartless, mean brat, you don't deserve to be on the Earth breathing its clean air!!! It would seem much more important what it's said to want it really is!!"

The first time I faced the virtuous, holy, moral authority was in the kindergarten.... I was only five years old with a nice sky-blue chequered apron and a head in controlled excitement.

My parents were separated and no one wanted to have me (a very sad and positive fact) and my tiny bones went to my paternal grandmother's house (Lucia) not because she really had asked to have me, but because my maternal grandmother (Sara) was dark, very dark... or perhaps I was too blond too much alike to my father's family. DISCRIMINATION. Discrimination not only among white people. Black, red, dark, yellow and the whole rainbow, everybody discriminates... I lived it, I wasn't told. (DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF THE CHILDREN): 1st. Item: These rights will be acknowledged to every child without any exception, distinction or discrimination because of race, colour, sex, language, religion, political opinions or of any other nature, national or social origin, economical position, birth or any other reason, either from the child himself or his family) Words, words, words, and words I endured it in my own flesh.

- "No, people will think me his servant if I go out with him!!"

Yes, those were my maternal grandmother's words when my mother took me to stay with her "for a shortish time"; they didn't know where to throw me away because my mother's "nuevo macho" (new male) grumbled his opinion quite clearly: "It's OK with you, but I don't want your brat with us". (DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF THE CHILDREN): 6th. Item: "The child must grow up under the care and responsibility of his parents, therefore in an ambient of love and material and moral security; except

under exceptional circumstances, a very young child mustn't be separated from his mother. Words. Words for speeches and ceremonial words as compact as the air. I lived them!!

My mother Inés was 25 years old and with a painful past. She hardly finished her 2nd. grade. With some pesos from the auction of my late grand father's house in Capitan Sarmiento, State of Buenos Aires (where he was known as Peter, the huckster: (Pedro, el mercachifle) and the bitterness of watching how her belongings and remembrances were snatched away by a “legal public fraud”; the weariness and discouragement she had endured since she was eight years old, when began working as a maid, suffering all kinds of vexations....Can anybody be asked to love life when she has been despoiled of everything? I forgave her. She was struggling for her own happiness.

My maternal grandmother had separated from her husband when my mother was seven years old, and now a blond blue-eyed burden fell on the lap of a black-eyed dark woman, probably..... like her soul. And, of course, how could our kinship be proved? What the hell is the meaning of ties of blood and love? If she didn't care two hoots for her own daughter, why should she care for her daughter's tot?

But let's return to my kindergarten. That day I was on a queue waiting for our parents come and fetch us. Well lined and without speaking.

I wondered why couldn't we talk and laugh with the other kids? Then I felt a discomfort below my navel: a proper and strong urgency of pissing... And how strong!! I had drunk a lot of water with my new plastic contracted cup, similar to an accordion where water leaked all round, although it was the envy and astonishment of all the intelligent boys; for the wise girls we were only some poor silly wet kids. Boring girls!!

When I pissed on the soil behind my house, I felt so important on those days.

I had a long wide light yellow trickle with which I soaked the ants, causing floods at the entrance of the ant-hole while I imagined gossiping: “What a sudden downpour!!”. I was sure that due to my rain, mother ant carried their baby-ants inside and told them stories...

But, of course, I wasn't in the open air, but in a school of nuns... And my paternal grandmother, due to her arthritis was delaying, while all the other kids gradually were going home.

My urgency was getting worse and worse, I was missing my mother who usually resolved these problems and afterwards I could engage myself to really important things. (Find a beautiful or a big stone, turn round on myself until I counted twenty without falling down, get white, yellow, red butterflies...)

Now, I only could rely on me. Next to me, there was a fat, tall, gloomy girl who didn't even look at me, was worried because her people were also delaying in fetching her...

Then I had a bright idea, that I considered a solution, because I couldn't endure it any longer... I was going to piss, of course, little by little, and nobody would notice it. I had seen that wet clothes on the hangers, after a while, were all dried.

The strategy was perfect.... I was going to piss.... it'd dry in my clothes....a little more.... until I had finished....It couldn't fail.....

I carried my plan out with excellent result at the beginning, but later, I detected that something had gone wrong. Suddenly I felt in my ass the discomfort of my navel and with increasing intensity my arm began aching.

Turning my head round I saw a woman in black with a pair of glasses in front of her eyes, (then I found out they were eye-glasses) squeezing my arm and spanking me, while she was pointing at the pool under my feet.

I remembered, who was spanking me, was a nun, one of those special, different, sacred women, or I don't know what!!!

How she was hitting me and how painful it was. She was scoffing calling me "pig" and I was feeling worse and worse.

The cloth of my pants and undies had failed....They hadn't fulfilled my plan....They should have dried...but they hadn't....

The plan had been a very good one, according to a five-year-old brat, but not for her. She went on squeezing and spanking, while the few remaining kids laughed... until... at last.... she stopped and let me go.

Ashamed, crushed and humiliated. I had tried to do what I thought was the best and was being punished. I couldn't endure it any longer. Through my imagination

I recollected my parent's quarrels, the auction of my few things, the house I'd never see again, my loneliness. With a suffocated growl and gritting my teeth I "kicked" her black skirt thinking it hurt her, but I realized it was like "kicking" a curtain... nothing at all and she didn't even feel it.

I made myself stronger and tried again. I got it. My shoe struck something hard, as hard as a nun's leg. At that glorious moment, I felt I was myself again.

At that glorious moment the nun's face was similar to mine when, looking at myself in the mirror weeping I was missing my mum....

- *The ulcer!!! He kicked the ulcer in my leg. Oh My God. Monster. Wicked.*

Another nun came to help her, also in black, looking at my pool and my victim...and....Oh Hell!! There were two against one. I hadn't another solution but to start crying, even louder than she (old people slacken when a child cries, although both were "special", perhaps it may work).

But the second one came against me too. That dreadful afternoon when neither: the quick drying or my clothes nor the crying aloud had worked. It had been too much for me... I threw myself on the floor covering my head although regretting for not having run away. Everything was lost for me... When a third woman in black came...

- “Nobody will save me”, I thought. As usual. But the third nun was “a nun of nuns”, whom they called “Reverend Mother”. She saved me, I don't know why, but she did it. The one who was crying, changed her attitude and showing her best face of nice person and trying to be heard, said: - “I'm going to the chapel to pray for his soul”.

And she walked away limping (I don't know if it was due to my powerful kick... or her slipper was wet with my piss).

My grandmother arrived at last. They explained what had happened; but as she was quite deaf, she understood very little (except when she was insulted, even lowly, then she did understand).

While we were walking home, I was listening to the hissing of my piss in my shoes, I swore I'd never trust in clothes again.

Although I'll only trust in myself and my “kicking”.