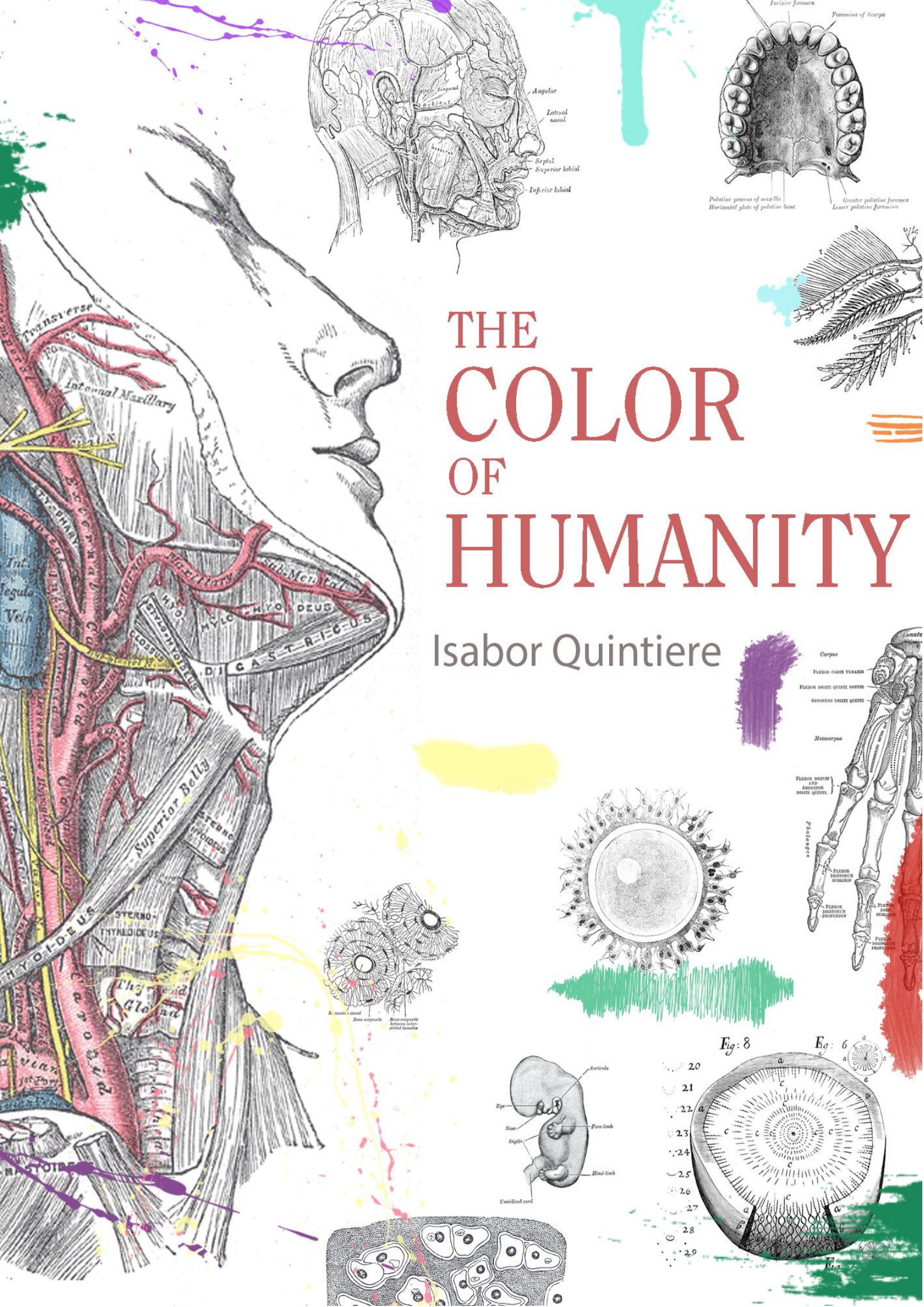
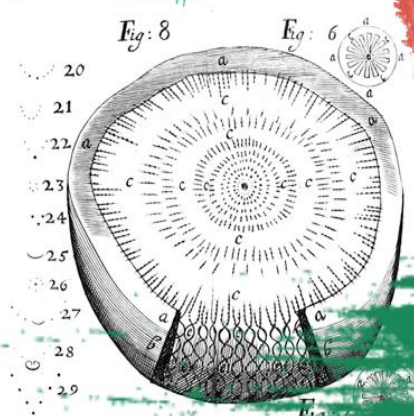
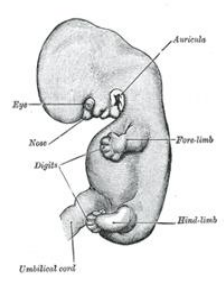
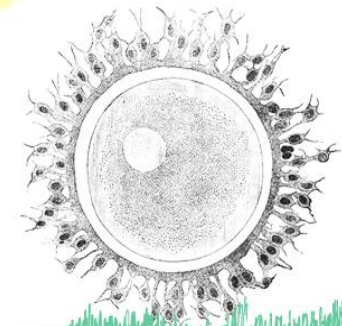


THE COLOR OF HUMANITY

Isabor Quintiere



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ISABOR QUINTIERE

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UNIVERSIDADE FEDERAL DA PARAÍBA
João Pessoa, 2020

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Prefácio

A Cor Humana é o livro de estreia de Isabor Quintiere, escritora paraibana graduada em Letras - Inglês pela Universidade Federal da Paraíba, que encontra inspiração para sua prosa principalmente na literatura fantástica latino-americana e na ficção científica. Entende-se aqui por literatura fantástica o universo criado a partir das ações que não dependem das regras do “mundo real”. Nesse universo potencialmente sem restrições, personagens podem ficar sujeitos a regras que, apesar de contrariarem as da “realidade”, são aceitas socialmente ou são “invisíveis” e, portanto, não esclarecem diretamente cadeias de reações. A ficção científica, apesar de partir do mesmo princípio da ação sem as regras do “mundo real”, está mais focada em divagar sobre as evoluções tecnológicas ou uso do aparato tecnológico atual sem ou com menos restrições éticas. Assim como é comum para outros gêneros literários, é comum encontrar histórias que unem a literatura fantástica e a ficção científica.

Esta é a primeira coletânea de contos de Isabor, publicada em 2018 pela editora paraibana Escaleras, cuja linha editorial foca na Literatura Brasileira Contemporânea, especialmente produzida por mulheres escritoras. O livro apresenta dez contos que, de diferentes formas, demonstram o teor inventivo da autora. Em *Adília e o apocalipse*, somos apresentados a uma gaveta esquecida e um amor platônico: quando o apocalipse encontra a gênese em um sorriso banguela. Em *Vera se vai*, temos um amor platônico e a infeliz onipresença sentimental de um ser celestial. *Madres*, conto que garantiu a Isabor o prêmio Odisseia de Literatura Fantástica na categoria Narrativa Curta Horror, trata de um amor de mãe que cuida, sofre e luta, mas nunca deixa de existir. Em *Memento mori*, há uma visão nublada pela neblina do ódio e do medo, uma mente ameaçada pela solidão do próprio abandono, a dilaceração de uma alma para escapar de uma existência infinita e o sentido de uma existência encontrado no seu próprio assassinato. *Entrega* lida com o quão difícil é se encontrar e o quão fácil é viver em negação fugindo de si mesmo. *Furisleide e o esmagado* nos transporta para o universo encantador da árvore centenária mais humana e elegante que o bairro das Acácias já viu. *Homem-ilha* retrata a humanidade que resiste em um homem atravessado pela perda pelos olhos de uma menina-mulher que não consegue encarar a solidão; tudo isso diante do mar, que representa ao mesmo tempo um início e um fim. Em *Vitória*, não há roteiros pré-definidos nos palcos da vida, muito embora somos levados, por vezes, a acreditar que temos total controle de nossa própria narrativa. As peças que a vida prega podem ser tão avassaladoras quanto a força da poderosa engrenagem que ora nos move para a luz, ora para as trevas. Sucumbir ou persistir? Desfazer-se ou refazer-se? A derrota aqui se torna Vitória?

A escolha do livro foi feita por meio de discussão entre o grupo de tradutoras e tradutores e deu-se especialmente por se tratar de um livro de uma escritora paraibana, o que nos ofereceu a oportunidade de, em um contexto ideal, expandir o público leitor da obra de Isabor através da tradução. Nesse sentido, mesmo se tratando de uma obra publicada recentemente, a questão de direitos autorais não se concretizou enquanto um impedimento, uma vez que entramos em contato com a editora e obtivemos a autorização da própria autora para publicação em língua Inglesa.

A partir da configuração do calendário acadêmico, o grupo decidiu pela seguinte metodologia: trabalhar na tradução dos contos individualmente durante o período de férias, trazendo na volta às aulas questões e escolhas a serem discutidas, a partir das quais orientaríamos o processo de revisão por pares. Com relação ao projeto tradutório, o grupo decidiu por uma tradução estrangeirizante, dado que a escolha do material também levou em consideração o fato de ser uma produção literária local, o que justifica a decisão por manter as marcas locais-regionais no texto. Enquanto que a domesticação engloba “uma redução etnocêntrica do texto estrangeiro aos valores da cultura receptora” (VENUTI 2008, p. 15), a estrangeirização impele uma “pressão etnodesviante sobre tais valores [da cultura receptora] para registrar as diferenças linguísticas e culturais do texto estrangeiro” (VENUTI, 2008, p. 15). Sendo assim, tomar o caminho da estrangeirização possibilita lançar mão de estratégias que são geralmente apagadas pelos valores e pelas normas culturais dominantes da cultura de chegada. Um exemplo pode ser observado no conto Madres, em que a autora ambienta momentos da história com a utilização de trechos como ‘inverno’ e ‘manhã quente de maio’. Nesse caso, os tradutores optaram por traduzir ‘manhã quente de maio’ por outra estação do ano, ‘outono’, que é a estação associada ao mês em questão na Paraíba. Isso não só unificou o texto tematicamente, como deixou uma marca mais evidente de sua origem.

Além disso, o grupo decidiu por não utilizar ferramentas de memória de tradução dada a reduzida necessidade de uma padronização terminológica pelo fato de cada conto apresentar uma linguagem própria. Contudo, para a tradução de Madres, realizada por Renato e Arthur, e a tradução de Vitória, por José e Lígia, os tradutores cooperaram através da plataforma Matecat. A divisão foi feita em duas partes relativamente iguais, com cada tradutor responsável pela tradução de sua parte. Após a tradução, foi feita uma revisão (segunda revisão, já que, logicamente, cada tradutor revisou seu próprio texto) por parte do tradutor que não trabalhou naquela parte. Além do Matecat, utilizamos ferramentas como dicionários online de colocações, tesouro, dicionários inglês-português e um livro guia de estilo.

Apesar de cada conto apresentar um estilo próprio que permitiu certa autonomia a cada tradutora e tradutor, algumas questões foram identificadas de maneira mais uniforme ao longo de todo o livro e sua padronização foi discutida de maneira mais particular. Em primeiro lugar, chamou a atenção do grupo a presença da personificação das personagens em boa parte dos contos. A personificação ocorre quando são atribuídas características próprias de seres humanos a seres inanimados ou abstratos, como é o caso do conto Juriscleide, em que Isabor nos apresenta a uma exuberante criatura centenária que, do alto do seu carisma e amabilidade, decide perceber a vida por novas perspectivas e, movendo todas as suas folhas junto com o tronco, se joga no chão e acaba por esmagar o advogado que costumava aguardar o táxi sob a sombra dos seus galhos. No decorrer do conto, somos envolvidos pela humanidade e exuberância da árvore mais antiga do bairro das acácias, pois a cada parágrafo nos relacionamos mais intimamente com a personagem, finalmente enxergando o mundo de uma outra forma e percebendo a cor humana pelos seus olhos.

Manter a estrutura do texto fonte foi outra questão para o grupo, visto que em alguns momentos optamos por desmembrar períodos mais longos, o que frequentemente demandou adaptações a fim de garantir a fluência e o estilo da tradução. Mas não apagar

totalmente o recurso estilístico da autora, que faz uso de períodos longos para a narrativa de eventos sequenciais ficar mais fluída, como pode-se observar no exemplo abaixo:

Vitória, como a maioria das pessoas, julga que ninguém a conhece melhor do que ela própria; o que é um equívoco, haja vista quem verdadeiramente a conhece sou eu, e quem verdadeiramente conhece você é o narrador de sua história, a entidade peculiar que você jamais conhecerá mas que neste exato momento absorve a leve crise existencial que ameaçou fermentar dentro de você e a narra - para quem, não me diz respeito. (QUINTIERE, 2019, p. 52).

Victoria, like most people, believes that no one knows her better than herself, which is not true, since I am the only one who truly knows her real self. The narrator of your own story is the only one who truly knows you, the peculiar entity that you will never know, but who now absorbs the existential crisis that threatened to ferment inside you and tells it - to whom, that does not concern me.

Levamos em consideração como público alvo mais imediato falantes de língua inglesa no contexto paraibano e brasileiro, com foco no público acadêmico, dada a intenção de publicar os resultados no site do CTRAD e possivelmente em periódicos.

Além da revisão interna, feita entre pares e em grupo, as tradutoras e os tradutores acataram a sugestão do professor orientador de buscar uma revisão externa a fim de aproximar o trabalho a um processo real de tradução. Essa revisão externa eventualmente se concretizou na figura da Prof^a. Liane Schneider - que escreveu o prefácio do livro de Isabor - a quem agradecemos pela colaboração.

Por fim, ressaltamos que nosso projeto tradutório levou em consideração a metodologia de tradução individual, o que motivou nossa decisão por acrescentar textos introdutórios a cada tradução, onde cada tradutora e cada tradutor terá espaço para descrever suas escolhas tradutórias, seu processo e as dificuldades encontradas. Além disso, a introdução de cada conto é marcada por uma fotografia de autoria da tradutora ou do tradutor do texto; essas imagens foram criadas e incluídas na tradução como forma de representar a essência da história a partir da perspectiva de quem a traduziu.



Adília and the Apocalypse

Thiago Fernandes Dantas



“Quando Adília era criança, encontrou o fim do mundo dentro de uma gaveta [...]”. E é dessa forma que o leitor desavisado, desatento, é pego de surpresa pela arte esculpida por Isabor na forma das letras. Ao ler as primeiras palavras deste conto, um “marinheiro” de primeira viagem na escrita dela, assim como eu, defronta-se com um rio caudaloso que ela faz escorrer com maestria por entre os parágrafos.

Apresenta-se como grande desafio para este tradutor fazer com que esse rio siga seu curso com a mesma impetuosidade quanto aquela presente em sua nascente; fazer com que a enxurrada mantenha a sua força e ultrapasse os limites impostos pelas questões linguísticas e culturais. É em um texto literário que fica mais evidente a relação tridimensional que compõe o sentido do todo: aquilo que o autor sente, aquilo que ele consegue transmitir e aquilo que o leitor consegue compreender. E se adicionarmos um quarto fator, a tradução, essa relação fica ainda mais complexa.

Isabor faz uso de recursos que lhe parecem ser próprios. Períodos longos, transições inteligentes e ousadas, metáforas, personificação de sentimentos. Ela parece brincar com todos esses elementos. Suas palavras produzem imagens apocalípticas que desfilam no palco de um caos organizado, sobre o qual ela sempre teve o controle. A pretensão desta tradução sempre foi manter o movimento, a musicalidade, a poética de Isabor.

Para tanto, foi necessário recorrer à quebra de algumas frases, como se fosse necessário fincar algumas pedras no rio para que se mantivesse o fluxo dos sentidos. O fim do mundo foi promovido a “he”, algo que já ocorrera naturalmente no texto em português; também lhe são acrescentadas iniciais maiúsculas, algo não verificado no original. Assim, the End of the World ganha ares de fidalgo, parecendo manter a mesma robustez que aquela apresentada antes da tradução.

Por outro lado, não obstante a riqueza semântica por trás das palavras e a dificuldade em redesenhar os atos em uma língua estrangeira, a não necessidade de se omitirem ou de se explicarem trechos parece se revelar como um prêmio à natureza desta tradução. É difícil mensurar se dois leitores terão as mesmas compreensões, sensações e emoções ao lerem um mesmo texto na mesma língua. Parece ser ainda mais desafiante tentar mensurar isso quando o texto em questão é apresentado em sua forma original e em uma tradução.

Todavia, espera-se com Adília and the Apocalypse que o leitor de língua inglesa possa abrir uma gaveta e deparar-se com o fim do mundo, com um caos ordenado, com uma desordem organizada. Mas que, sobretudo, the End of the World não seja o fim das coisas, e sim “o começo de tudo”, a gênese de Isabor em um novo universo de chegada.

Adília and the Apocalypse

Thiago Fernandes Dantas



When Adília was just a child, she found the End of the World inside a dresser drawer. As he seemed to be uncomfortable for being caught off guard, she apologized and decided she would no longer bother him. It was not a big occasion, after all, Adília would find many other things in life, and the End of the World was the least important of them all. She had already forgotten about him after lunch.

The End of the World, in turn, had not forgotten about Adília: in spite of being shy and introverted, he found himself longing for the next time she would open the drawer where he hid. Maybe then, who knows, if everything went right, and at the best Nietzsche style, she would look at that chasm. And then the chasm of The End of the World would look back into her, even briefly, before he looked away and blushed. However, to his dismay, Adília respected his privacy: she opened every drawer of her dresser, except the fifth one, where her chaotic admirer he expected with all his heart that, for a moment, she would open it by mistake.

Alone and passionate, the End of the World collected mould and dust, as he bit his nails trying to come up with a way to approach his beloved one. Perhaps it was better to remain where he was and keep his meaningless condition away from Adília. After all, he was nothing but a bunch of catastrophes with vague aspirations to becoming a black hole – also with slight pretensions to being a destroyer of galaxies on the most optimistic days. As for Adília, she could well be the core of all creation if she were not only a girl. Thus, feeling angered and unworthy, the End of the World cried until he fell asleep. He remained asleep until the sunny morning in which Adília helped her mother with the spring cleaning. She carried the dresser to the backyard and pulled off the drawers one by one in order to dust them. As she was doing so, she saw a tiny miserable black thread to flow out of the fifth drawer. He went up the air and kept on growing, and growing, and growing. And he assumed an aspect of darkness, of bad omen, and he stuffed himself with revelations, damnations, and destructions, and apocalyptic matters. He kept on taking the shapes of the final judgment until he entangled himself on the clothesline and woke up startled. Then the End of the World looked about, and as he saw Adília silently watching all that turmoil, he felt greatly ashamed. As he was rehearsing a chain of apologies, she smiled at him with a missing tooth and said:

“Good Morning!”

That would be a good day for the End of the World. He, however, set aside the chance to materialize himself and abandoned that life of chaos in order to become the harmless beginning of everything on Adília’s toothless smile and in her old dresser drawer.



Vera let herself go

Emanuel Fernandes Ferreira

Começamos a discussão sobre o texto pelo título. Optei pela escolha por julgar pertinente destacar o comportamento da personagem em relação ao outro protagonista do conto. (Coisa que esta expressão faz muito bem ao meu ver, por isso a escolha)

Tendo em vista o plot final da trama, vide decepções e anseios a respeito da personagem principal, construí a atmosfera do conto e a relação Vera e Tempo considerando alguns aspectos.

O primeiro deles é que apesar do Tempo ser um personagem, ele não se trata de uma figura humana. Por isso, algumas escolhas justificam as atitudes de um “suposto seguidor onipresente.”

O segundo deles foi a noção de ser ignorado, por vezes em loop, pelo ponto de vista do Tempo enquanto personagem.

E por fim, a respeito da formalidade. Usei a linguagem formal em praticamente todo o conto, exceto em comentários específicos como a narração ou comentários dos parentes.

Se tratando de um texto de difícil compreensão, não linguística, mas sim pragmática. Tentei transpor o estilo, por vezes, acredito que consegui tal coisa de forma satisfatória, por outras deixei a desejar. No entanto, creio que tal junção resultou em um texto singular em sentido, diferente, mas com a essência do texto, originalmente escrito em português. Acho que essa foi, acima de todas as escolhas, a intenção ao traduzir este(s) conto(s), em conjunto ou individualmente como foi meu caso. Transportar o texto escrito para outro público leitor que anteriormente não tinha acesso, seja no âmbito universitário ou editorial. Tornar mais público uma obra que em si já é e está sendo pública, porém com limitações em relação ao seu alcance.

Tendo tal intenção sido estabelecida, individualmente creio que o trabalho está feito, de forma satisfatória e objetiva. Ao melhor estilo tradutor em seu âmbito criativo possível.

Vera let herself go

Emanuel Fernandes Ferreira

Time did not find Vera, as he usually does with most living creatures. Vera did not find him either, unlike them, in fact, Vera did not even dart a glance at him. The way Vera enjoys her moments does not line up with the fact that Time is a moment tied up to another, in a quick succession, subsequently. Although it is a fact, Vera seems to avoid him. That situation was a paradox even for Time itself, who among all things, is the most paradoxical element. Yet, he convinced himself and let the surprise play with his expectations. Expectations about Vera, and the way she behaves.

While he spectated her hectic routine with his four-dimensional eyes, he realized that she did not wanted him around. Still, he would willingly give himself to her. He perfectly remembered the old times, he missed them. He missed how Vera was a silly, little girl and how she behaved with friends during a hide-and-seek match, “one, two, three, four...” and Time would slip between those words, almost wondering if it would be better to reject the rest of his dimensional existence. What is an existence of trillion years meant compared to ten seconds in her voice?

Vera’s adolescence was full of comments about how Time changed her body. They said: “Dear, how you’ve grown!”. Hearing that, Time was so proud, he was acting beautifully, doing his job. Casually indicating, he started to act until the day that he sprouted a crow’s feet along with close relatives’ death. This resulted in a midlife crisis for Vera, causing her to fall apart and to pour tears on the cold bathroom floor.

He almost collapsed with anxiety, yearning to be noticed. In a way that she might perceive its presence. As well as she got into his abyss, so close to the point of feeling the years counting down. Yet, she escaped, suddenly, with a blink, to her crucial existential crisis. Recovering herself, she left Time in his miserable state of permanent reach.

The crow’s feet, along with the wrinkles, followed her full of burials routine. Constantly, he stands by her side, doing his job in silence. As the time came he started to praise her, patiently. Though the future was part of himself, he was unrestrained to observe her with grey hair and rheumatic steps. He always knew that, but he was in love, craving for possessions, especially for those that are out of his dimension. Maybe, it was a desire to be a human being, with her likeness. Equal to that Vera who lost herself counting seconds of her childhood, or to that Vera on her deathbed, counting seconds of her life just as she was in a child’s play, innocently as never before.

With a glimpse, sitting next to her, Time noticed that his full of mortality and finitude wish was just love nonsense and old attitude. After all, the time is light, and as it is, it could lighten everything.

Vera, he insisted on taking care, by carrying her in his arms.





Madres

Arthur Antonio Santos Beserra

Renato Araujo de Menezes

Madres ou, se preferir, mães - substantivo comum e plural. Por incrível que pareça, uma palavra que compartilha semelhanças com a palavra tradução.

É possível dizer que ambas representam uma empatia: a da mãe para com seu filho; o da tradução para com a cultura do outro. Em um texto traduzido, se busca a compreensão de seu impacto sobre o falante da língua estrangeira, com o tradutor se colocando em seu lugar, vendo o mundo por seus olhos, falando como ele fala. Para Madres, nos adaptamos às convenções de estilo da língua inglesa, nos permitindo períodos mais concisos e uma voz ativa mais presente, assim diferindo – quando adequado – do estilo mais subordinativo de Isabor Quintiere. Tais mudanças foram acompanhadas de indagações sobre o efeito proposto do segmento associado, em português, sobre o leitor. Acreditamos que esse leitor do português certamente notará tal cuidado com o balanço, a ênfase e a emoção ao longo do texto.

Em uma tradução, também se busca aquilo que é comum entre o tradutor e o autor. Em diversos momentos, nos vimos estabelecendo pequenos diálogos com o texto da autora, entrando em sintonia com as palavras de Isabor. Nessa sintonia, encontramos nosso próprio discurso, traçado dentro dos limites da beleza e do sentido presentes no texto em português. Ideias em comum foram expandidas (ora por jogos de palavras como “cut her off”, ora por recorrência temática como “guts” e “child/child-like”), restringidas (dando espaço à sublimidade de certos trechos) e reinterpretadas (como o ritmo durante as “cenas” do clímax do conto). Assim, a versão em inglês não objetiva retransmitir desajeitadamente o que está presente no texto de Isabor, mas sim existir a seu lado, como criação colaborativa única.

Dois tradutores conceberam esse texto; dois mundos distintos formaram um mundo coletivo. E é esse encontro de experiências díspares que está materializado nesta tradução, a partir da qual acreditamos que Madres possa atingir um novo público. A Cor Humana torna-se, assim, ainda mais plural.



Madres

Arthur Antonio Santos Beserra

Renato Araujo de Menezes

In the end, it was not a decision made consciously. I had the opportunity to kill him while he was still little and fragile, even right after his long and exhaustive birth, which happened far into the night. Zaíra was by my side, helping me throughout the whole process. I could have kept his little head under water for a few more minutes, that would have been enough. And yet there it was - the inexplicable thing that happens when a mother first sees her child, who she had been carrying in her womb for months. That something in the moment when she can finally touch him, hold him, keep him close to her heart. It was when I first saw him that this unparalleled feeling of protection, of desire to keep him away from all the threats of this terrible world, took over me. A feeling so strong that I began to cry and smile at the same time like never before. Zaíra hesitated before letting me take him in my arms, but she eventually gave in. I held him while he cried the miracle of being alive, announcing it throughout the night. I watched his little body in the same way I would observe the most fantastic thing ever made. But when I looked at Zaíra standing next to the bathtub, I noticed that she displayed no such joy in her face. It was not the face of someone who just witnessed the pure connection between a mother and her son, but of someone aware that her advice would not be followed. She looked directly at my baby, and, at that moment, I understood what she was planning to do with her own hands. My smile faded when our eyes crossed. I pressed my son close to my chest while the beastly feeling that I would have to kill her took over my body.

So, I killed Zaíra right then and there with the scissors meant for my son's umbilical cord. I could not have waited or allowed myself to get some rest. For, in the first opportunity, she would have taken him from me and done to him what I promised I would do myself, but that I did not have the guts to do. Once the upheaval was over, I cleaned myself and my son and proceeded to suckle him, sitting on the bathroom floor, and looking at Zaíra, whose body laid under the moonlight. I wonder that before his birth I would have felt something like guilt or sorrow, but I had just become a mom, and there is no mercy in nature for those who go against an offspring. I thought about Zaíra's last words before striking her throat with the scissors. She was shouting about the big mistake I was making, about how - what nonsense! - I needed to kill him, and about how I needed to put an end to that situation, which would only get worse, a lot worse, and... and... and... I don't know. I cut her off.

I stopped thinking about what she said and caressed my son's face while I fed him peacefully, safe in my arms. Forever. I slid a finger around his nose and, at that moment, if I had any doubt left in me, it disappeared right when his four pairs of kind eyes lazily opened up, looking at me and assuring me that I had done the right thing.

My son grew up fast and strong. I had all the love in the world for him. I was there for every stage of his growth, from the fall of his first baby tooth to his first skin change in the Winter of 1992. Except for when he escaped, he never gave me any trouble. He was obedient and quiet, eating only once a week, usually goats or pigs that I would bring home from the butcher. That would keep him satisfied for days. He was also very kind, with high esteem for me. When he was still a child, he would kill birds in flight and pile them up on my bed to show me affection - that would leave a big mess, although I did not mind, for I loved him. Sometimes he would do the same with cats that walked on the walls surrounding our house, but finding cats on my bed became less frequent as my son grew up, matured, and developed an appetite for them. I worried at first, but then I noticed that the animals would slide down his throat easily without choking him, so I started to allow him to have his snacks between his weekly meals.

We lived happily for more than a decade. I watched him become more imposing, taller than me; I saw dark hair, like mine, growing down his back like a silky cascade. He grew so much that the big house could hardly contain him. I ended up selling most of our furniture to free up space for his now enormous, muscular body to walk easier through the house. My room was the only one that remained intact, with the big bed where we used to sleep during cold nights covered by sheets stained by the dead cats and birds. Selling the furniture was not enough to appease the anguish that the lack of space caused my son. I could notice the growing restlessness and desire on his eyes to go beyond those walls, the desire to know more than just a few yards where he was born. My pain was the same as that of any other mother: I felt sad for not being able to provide my beloved son all that he wanted, but I knew well enough that showing him to the world would put him in danger. I was not willing to take those risks.

That said, admitting my mistake is still a painful process. I misjudged his intelligence, and I will never forgive myself for it. I will never be able to talk about it with ease.

It happened on a hot Autumn morning of 2001. The days before, I had sensed some unusual disturbance in my sweet boy. That prompted me to go to the butcher and gather all the ingredients necessary for a lovely meal - one capable of soothing the poor child. These last few years, he had become erratic and moody, contrasting with his more mellow, younger self. I assumed this change of behavior to be just the start of his teenage phase. Therefore, I was extremely patient and understanding with him, doing my best as a mother. But still, I could not provide my child with things into which he could channel his newfound energy. He later started eating the birds that he left at my bed. At a certain point, while I was cleaning his teeth from some bird leftovers, he managed to bite off a piece of my left arm. This little incident might have left a small pool of blood on my carpet, but it didn't change my opinion that it was just another typical case of a mood swing caused by his teenage phase.

All these events led to my decision of preparing the meal. I left our house through the front gate - which, I admit, resembled something out of a fortress - checked all the locks, and went down the street. Along the way, I found some neighbors whose names, as was the case for all of them, I did not care to learn. Their judging eyes were staring at me as they usually do: creating their image of who I am, taking me as some kind of loony, fearing the fact that they know nothing about me. They must have wondered why I brought

so many dead animals into my house and why they heard growling coming out of the shuttered windows. I had heard that they thought I was raising a lion or a panther in my backyard, as some sort of poacher. They could not understand that I was just a caring mother tending to her child, like many among them. Those judging eyes always reminded me of the importance of my house's walls and locks.

The butcher was not that far away, so it did not take me more than 20 minutes to come back with bags full of animal parts. As soon as I got close to home, I started hearing some terrifying sounds. Loud roaring and screaming flowed through the air disorderly, striking my heart with apprehension and directing my eyes to a body being carried through the street: a man's body. Or at least something resembling the lower body of a man, as its upper part had been reduced to a shapeless, bloody blob firmly caught in-between my son's fangs. I stood still and watched as my dear child, my most prized possession, joyfully erected his 5-meter-long stature, exposing his scaly skin to the sunlight and leaning back his head to swallow a man as easily as a bird swallow its prey. He did so by showing his fangs, haphazardly aligned in three rows and ready to strike at will any of those fugitive, vile creatures.

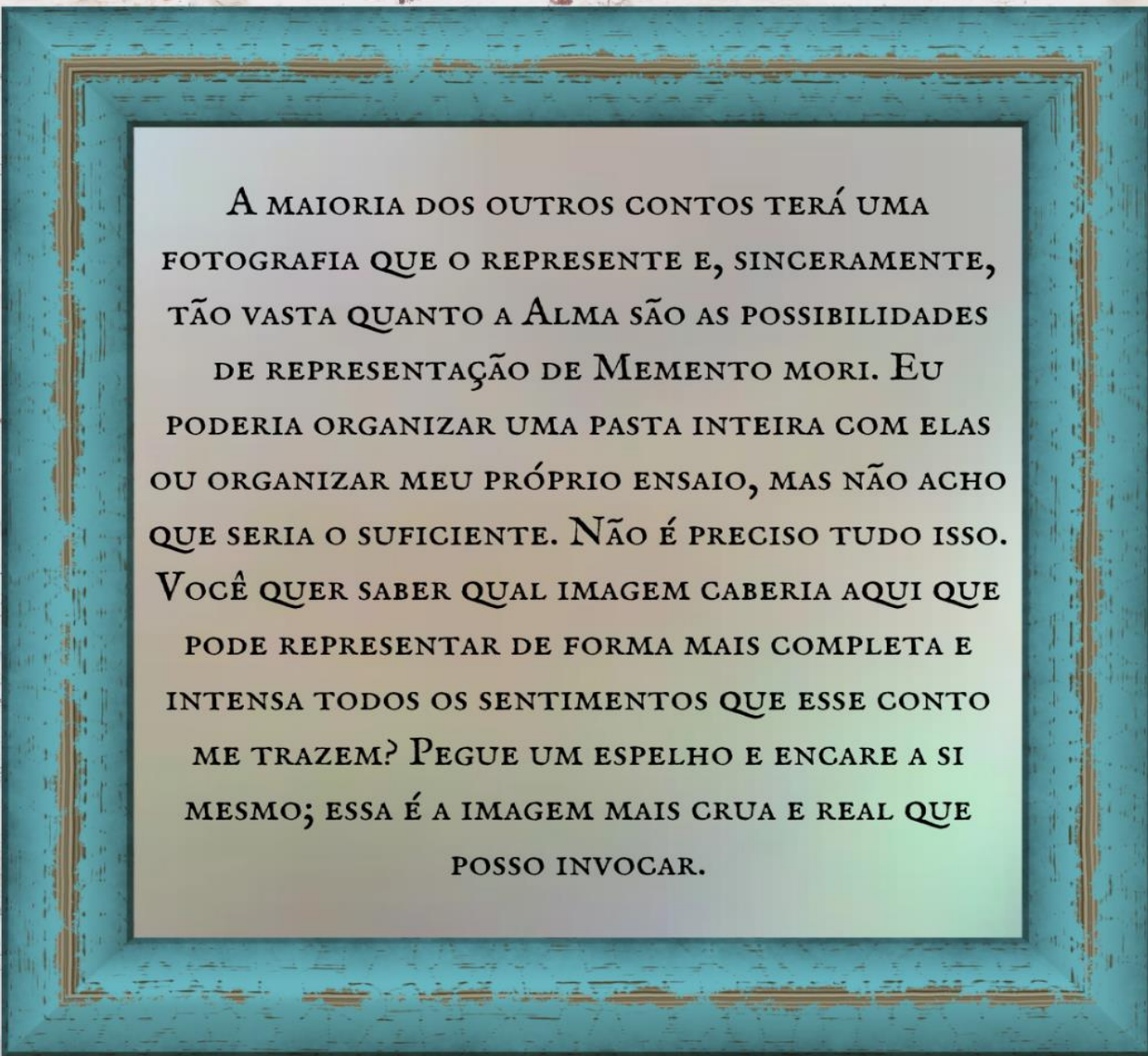
The horror of seeing him exposed like that consumed me, and, for a minute, it paralyzed me. It only was when I heard the sirens that I came to my senses. I dropped the bags and ran towards him, screaming, "my child! My sweet child!" but he was so focused on the matter at hand that he did not pay me any mind. My boy kept on with his killing, seizing young people with his claws, catching and throwing women down his throat, jumping on incoming police cars, crushing them with all of his weight, leaving a blood trail along the road, devastating with childlike joy. Meanwhile, I ran, desperately trying to cling onto his legs. With tears in my eyes, I asked him to stop. Yet my voice was lost in the screaming, the sirens, and the chaos. My child was about to die, and I was hopeless.

I am not sure how long it took until the military and its tanks interrupted the massacre. The only thing I know with certainty is that I ran in their direction, pleading for them not to shoot and to spare my child. They aimed and fired upon him. His little eyes, his throat, and his chest all gruesomely perforated. Even now, I remember every little drop of blood that gushed from those holes, alongside his agonizing screech, leaving his mouth to resonate throughout the whole city, only to be silenced by the thump of his dead body falling over a house. I have never experienced such excruciating pain as when I finally got close to him and witnessed his writhing in pain, his last seconds of life. I remember it clearly: I rested my hand on his front, and his four pairs of eyes turned to me, filled with the fear of the unknowing souls. And so, my child died, died there amid the debris, surrounded by the sound of sirens, hunted down like an animal, annihilated as a monster, assassinated for all to see.

I fell on my knees. The crowd gathered around me hesitatingly, but I ignored them, as I ignored all the dead bodies and blood that were not that of my son. They did not let me mourn, for they took me by the arms away from there. I did not resist; there was no point in resisting. I do not know what they did to his body, but I suppose they put him in a police van and drove him to a laboratory where they could expose, analyze, and dissect his organs. Those same organs I conceived myself. For them, he was nothing more than an experiment, not that beloved creature to whom I gave birth, not that lively and healthy being, but a wretched experiment, a mutant.

I have never found out how he escaped our home, nor have I put in the proper effort to do it. I have been living miserably without his deep guttural sounds that oozed so much joy every time he saw me arriving from the butcher. Winter, the time when I used to pick up his shed skin, is now a difficult period to go through. All he left was the marks of his claws and fangs on the walls, the scar on my left arm, the bloodstained rugs and sheets, the musky and earthy smell of my child.

Recently, I dug Zaíra's bones out of my backyard, just to look at them. They reminded me of the look on her face when she saw me with my child in my arms. Today I better understand that expression. The same as mine.



A MAIORIA DOS OUTROS CONTOS TERÁ UMA FOTOGRAFIA QUE O REPRESENTA E, SINCERAMENTE, TÃO VASTA QUANTO A ALMA SÃO AS POSSIBILIDADES DE REPRESENTAÇÃO DE MEMENTO MORI. EU PODERIA ORGANIZAR UMA PASTA INTEIRA COM ELAS OU ORGANIZAR MEU PRÓPRIO ENSAIO, MAS NÃO ACHO QUE SERIA O SUFICIENTE. NÃO É PRECISO TUDO ISSO. VOCÊ QUER SABER QUAL IMAGEM CABERIA AQUI QUE PODE REPRESENTAR DE FORMA MAIS COMPLETA E INTENSA TODOS OS SENTIMENTOS QUE ESSE CONTO ME TRAZEM? PEGUE UM ESPELHO E ENCARE A SI MESMO; ESSA É A IMAGEM MAIS CRUA E REAL QUE POSSO INVOCAR.



Memento Mori

Suelen Cristine Ramos

Conto minha história onde não somente estou **destinada a vagar**, mas *doomed to wander* com alguém que tem o mesmo rosto que o meu. Esse lugar, a alma, que antes podia ser descrito com partes **ora floridas, ora inóspitas**, agora é apenas *inhospitable* ou *welcoming*, com um tom de inteligência e crueldade que me assusta e isola enquanto invado a neblina que não só **encobre**, mas *embraces* esse lugar. Não bastasse que fosse **perigoso**, não, agora nos *dangerous dark corners* me espera **the beast, a fera e o monstro** que é minha nêmesis.

Passando o sentimento de futuro sombrio e inevitável com tons de hostilidade, com minha tradução procurei ressaltar o conhecimento e ponto de vista limitados da protagonista, ao mesmo tempo que tentei tornar a estória mais emocional e intimista, colocando em foco as dúvidas e sofrimento de ambas as personagens presentes.

Como pode ser visto nos exemplos dados acima, com minhas escolhas tradutórias busquei fazer com que a atmosfera da alma fosse um pouco mais opressiva, ou talvez a palavra certa seja mais humana. Tentei ressaltar para os leitores uma das dúvidas que Isabor fez brotar em mim: a alma está realmente ligada a existência das personagens ou isso não passa da contaminação das palavras pelo medo da protagonista? Não só isso, mas também tomei a liberdade de ora concordar com perigo que a antagonista representava para a protagonista, ora plantar dúvidas sobre o julgamento da protagonista (como entendo que Isabor faz em alguns trechos).

Porém, em nenhum momento tive intenção de tratar a personagem principal como uma narradora que tem uma interpretação completamente fantasiosa ou cruel; a protagonista não cita nenhuma tentativa de se comunicar com sua antagonista ou desvendar a alma, mas isso não faz com que as batalhas travadas entre elas deixem de existir ou ser relevantes. Minha intenção foi mostrar que sim, as personagens lutam para sobreviver, mas isso não quer dizer que precisam lutar para sobreviver. Minha “lupa” teve como objetivo ampliar e analisar os medos e dúvidas expostos com palavras agressivas e construções dramáticas.

Quanto ao meu motivo para traduzir esse conto, escolhi *Memento mori* porque ele foi a cor predominante na minha vida. Não sei onde as palavras da escritora terminam e onde minha projeção começa, mas posso me identificar com o sentimento de tentar eliminar uma imagem borrada de mim mesma que foi contaminada pelo isolamento e instinto de sobrevivência. Ah, os sentimentos da protagonista foram meus sentimentos um dia! Sentir ódio, empatia e medo ao ver uma parte crua dela, o quão crua possível, que ela prefere ignorar... há quem possa dizer que não tem ou teve ao menos um tom de *Memento mori* em sua vida?



Memento Mori

Suelen Cristine Ramos

“In me you lived – and, in my death – see by this face, which is your own, how wholly, how completely, you have killed – yourself!”

William Wilson, Edgar Allan Poe

There is a place, growing indefinitely far away, known by the alias Soul. The Soul is, how do we see it, an endless chain of forests, clearings, mountain ranges, and more geographic spaces; some are inhospitable, some are welcoming. Fog embraces it, and only two kinds of existence may inhabit here:

The first kind, ourselves, are individually doomed to wander in the soul - which would not be doom if not by the second kind, our selves.

It is critical to remember this: though the soul is vast, thus providing us with a myriad of paths to range, an infinity of dens, and options of hibernate places, we continue to cross our paths.

Not long ago, I found my sleeping self on the ruins of a city destroyed by a volcanic eruption and I judged her appearance at a safe distance from the altar on which she was lying. Her inoffensive hands, on her womb, seemed destined to pick flowers rather than to strangle as they did before. Her garments were white and her skin was spotless. She washed our blood from her arms and garments, with it any proof that she stabbed me three times and left me dying at a putrid mangrove forest. Though her lips did not move a bit, I caught myself remembering the first time I saw her smile like a beast and say our name, long ago in the dawn of time, dooming us to this double linked existence. Her face seemed in peace sleeping the sleep of the just, but the sole fact that her chest was moving with each one of her breathes dreadfully scared me with the threat of our next encounter.

She was sleeping because she was tired. She was tired because, over the years and despite the fear, I became harder to hunt. Her body, covered by scars, testified to the moments when I protected myself with swords, razors, arrows, and scratches. Now, these are just ghosts made of memories, skin, and blood.

The first time I fought back, our battlefield was a desert, and the sand was burning our bare feet. I punched her in the face that day, which staggered her and made her drop the dagger that almost slit my throat. I could never forget the way she was gazing at me, as if I were the beast, while wiping the blood from her nose. Many times, if not for the sound of the trees, I would have believed her. In her face, I saw the fear that I only knew from inside. It stunned me so much that I could do nothing but stare at her as she had turned around and tottered away from me. Only when there was some distance between us, did I start running after her.

She had left no pride. My voice in her mouth crying non-stop for mercy was screamed and howled. She was scared, now a subjugated predator, and yet I was unable to catch her. We crossed dunes, monuments from imaginary civilizations, and an oasis, only stopping when the sun went down to make way for the moon. Our legs faltered in exhaustion at the same time. As soon as her body collapsed, mine fell to the ground.

Our heavy breaths were the only thing in the night; our perfect unison only broke when she saw me crawling to her. My body was fueled by unstoppable wrath as she tried to move away and get back on her feet. Ignoring her muffled cries, I grabbed one of her ankles, dragging her to me, pinning her, and drowning her head in the sand. And I did not stop, even though she struggled with me, until her body stopped moving at all.

I followed my way back home. I was sleeping, ravished by my newfound peace, just to awaken not long after by the agonizing feeling of salt and rocks rising in my throat. Puking over myself a sand cascade and feeling numb, I was then incapable of resting. I can still feel that sandy taste in my tongue.

That was the first time. The eighth time, I could not bring myself to look at my reflection in the mirror after I lacerated her face. The seventeenth time earned me a scar crossing my face, a scar I would have never noticed if I had not seen it emerging like a mirror image in my nemesis' face. The thirty-fifth time, when she broke one of my legs after pushing me down a hill, I saw her move away limping after watching me quietly for a moment. Sometimes I wonder if I saw her crying with unreasonable sorrow, but I could as well have just fancied things, thoughts twisted by the fog that embraces this place - mine and hers - the dangerous dark corners of the Soul.

I regarded her sleeping self at the altar one last time before continuing my journey. It was not until I was reaching the fallen city limits that I felt the beast open her eyes. Now I am sharpening my knife, quivering, waiting for our next suicide.





Deliver

Renato Araujo de Menezes

O ato de traduzir pode se apresentar tão difícil quanto os atos de se enxergar cara a cara e se permitir ver a vida junto com seus defeitos. Me senti um pouco assim enquanto traduzia o texto para outro idioma, e, assim como Sílvia, meu desejo era de me trancar em casa e não enfrentar esse obstáculo. Porém, mesmo que a insegurança quisesse me impedir de sair pelo corredor que me levava para longe de minha zona de conforto, encarei-o e, como resultado, me conheci durante o processo, chegando ao ponto de me divertir com os desafios da entrega do texto para outra língua e cultura, e também com as soluções encontradas para cada desafio.

Objetivei ao transpassar o conto de Arbor para outro idioma e cultura tentar espelhar, como possível, seu estilo de escrita como representações escolhidas para o texto. Dentre as dificuldades, houve diferenças das normas gramaticais e estruturais, assim como a mudança de sentido de um texto para o outro, como por exemplo: “such an ordinary one like any other urban lives” mudei a ordem sintática e separei esse texto por vírgulas como solução para diferença de organização do texto em inglês, buscando um resultado que fizesse mais sentido na língua de chegada. Quando surgiram dúvidas de escolhas tradutórias que, embora pareçam pequenas, me tomaram um tempo significativo para serem resolvidas, como por exemplo: “O nome permanece abrigado ou seria melhor mudar para uma realidade diferente?” “Como passo expressões como ‘cabelo desgredado de sábado’ para o inglês?”. Para essas dúvidas e dificuldades utilizei a ajuda dos universitários - colegas de turma que traduziram os demais contos desse livro - que deram opções, deixando o leque maior para ponderar e escolher de acordo com minha proposta e ideia tradutória.

Delivery

Renato Araujo de Menezes

Sílvia lived an urban life, such an ordinary one like any other urban lives, so that it will not be necessary to waste any time here describing it in detail. She lived alone in a nice apartment in the outskirts of the city, worked part-time as an English teacher and that was all. Her monotonous existence, which she rarely pondered, suffered a subtle curve on a Saturday morning when her bell rang, and she was not expecting any visitors. Silvia, who was in the process of making an extremely ordinary fruit salad for breakfast, stopped for a second and wondered what it could be. She concluded that it should be the new mixer that she had ordered over the Internet around three months ago and that had not been delivered yet, so she went to answer the door with a state of excitement.

Sílvia did not have time to reach the handle. The door was opened from the outside by none other than herself, dressed in the same way as she was, with the same Saturday-like messy hair, the same expectation for a mixer and, above all, the same shock in her eyes, same frozen movements and smile at the moment their eyes met. The longest five seconds in the world happened right before the other Silvia, overcome with despair very similar to the one that Sílvia had, slammed the door and was no longer seen. Weeks went by and Sílvia was not able to leave the house, overcome by fear of going to the door and face herself. When she finally did it, she turned the handle cautiously and watched the hall for a startling minute until she convinced herself that it might be safe to go out. She followed her ordinary urban life as she always did.

The event never happened again, except at night, when Silvia lay her head down to try to sleep, she would re-experience, in her insane mind, her fear of doors.





Juriscleide and the smashed one

Thayse Silva da Rocha Dias

A tradução literária, em si, é um processo desafiador, mas a tradução coletiva do livro “A Cor Humana” implica uma responsabilidade particular, sobretudo por ser uma obra produzida por uma brilhante escritora paraibana, Isabor Quintiere. Nas etapas de preparação para a tradução do conto “Juriscleide e o esmagado”, tive a oportunidade de realizar uma leitura profunda do texto, analisando os elementos literários e discutindo a construção da narrativa com os colegas de classe. Com essa preparação, percebemos as sutilezas das linguagens e das estratégias da autora na criação de um texto em que o humor e a sensibilidade transpassam cada palavra. Ao longo da leitura, através da escrita fortemente imagética de Isabor, a imagem de Juriscleide assume ares cada vez mais realísticos e nos permite o envolvimento com o humor das ‘aventuras’ dessa belíssima criatura na sua busca por novas perspectivas. Juriscleide, mais humana que todos os outros personagens, nos encanta pela sua amabilidade, mas também pela sua independência e assertividade: ela é autônoma e dona de si.

Desta forma, durante o processo de tradução, defini como objetivo central a recriação do humor e da personalidade envolvente de Juriscleide na língua-alvo. No texto-fonte percebemos que a autora, além de nomear a árvore, utiliza termos linguísticos que personificam sua identidade, por exemplo, o uso do termo “bem-apegoada”. Esta foi uma escolha particular em relação ao texto-fonte, onde busquei formas de recriar a humanidade que foi conferida à Juriscleide, e para tanto utilizei o termo “personable”.

Vale destacar que, no processo de tradução, nos deparamos com a insegurança em vários níveis. Primeiramente, no que diz respeito à leitura e compreensão do texto que se relaciona com todo o processo de recriação na língua-alvo, especialmente desafiador por se tratar de uma tradução da L₁ para L₂. Neste ponto, destaco a importância dos encontros e das discussões com os colegas de tradução, bem como da atenção e prontidão do Professor Dr. Daniel, com os seus comentários acertados e suas preciosas sugestões. A insegurança também afeta o processo de tradução em relação a liberdade que tomamos (ou nos privamos) durante a recriação do texto, visto que a hesitação restringe as possibilidades criativas no tocante aos jogos de palavras e a manipulação da língua estrangeira.

A partir das sugestões e dos comentários, destaco a escolha tradutória no tocante trecho “era assim caridosa e uma verdadeira beldade”, que foi recriado na língua-alvo como “she was a charitable creature and a sweetheart”. Com essa escolha, busco atingir o objetivo de recriar tanto o humor da linguagem quanto a relação de intimidade com Juriscleide, de forma que os leitores possam se identificar de forma pessoal com a personagem principal desse enredo.

Por fim, destaco a importância dessa experiência para a formação de tradutoras e tradutores, bem como uma tentativa de reposicionar a literatura local para o meio da comunidade acadêmica, mediando o contato dos estudantes com a literatura do Sul do

mundo e incentivando a confiança e a segurança pela mediação atenciosa desse processo prático-acadêmico.



Juriscleide and the smashed one

Thayse Silva da Rocha Dias

All the residents from the Acácias neighborhood warned about the fall of that tree any time soon.

Prophecies aside, there was nothing declinable about that particular tree: she was one hundred years old; she was tall and robust, even personable. Her name was Juriscleide (in the vegetal language) and she always flourished twice - sometimes even thrice - a year, when she was in a good mood. She housed birds from all colors and didn't even bother with the electrical wiring cutting the top of her leaves, always providing a refreshing shelter for everyone, whoever it was. She was a charitable creature and a sweetheart, a maternal masterpiece of nature, haughty reigning among the city's gross skyscrapers and sky-noises. Neither mighty coastal winds nor hypothetical earthquakes and storms could ever have the vain expectation of, one day, bringing a living being like Juriscleide to the ground. The only thing in the whole world capable of that was her own will, yet she seemed satisfied where she was, upright and eternal.

However, like any other creature, Juriscleide was not immune to the toxicity of routine; she eventually grew tired of that old street, of those same cars, of that lawyer typically waiting for the taxi, and of those identical residential buildings from where the same women always departed, at nine in the morning, to walk the dogs.

As a centenary creature, now she wanted to perceive the world under a distinct light. She reflected and finally concluded that the floor would offer a great perspective. Fulfilling the prophecies: she tumbled, one of these days, with aristocratic elegance, gracefully shaking the street and sounding the alarm of closer vehicles as if hell itself had risen from the pavement of the neighborhood, just to watch the world for a second, before returning to its residence below the earth crust. It was chaos, the barking dogs joined the alarms, the horns, the screams, and the footsteps - but Juriscleide was amazingly serene. She found all that quite delightful.

The usual lawyer, though, could not see the situation with that same good humor, for he was no longer waiting for the taxi, but for the help of firefighters: he wasn't the lawyer anymore, now he was the smashed one trapped with his legs under Juriscleide.

When the firefighters arrived, the smashed one was as hysterical as his upper body could show. Witnessing the rescue coming towards him was a relief: he had an important meeting in twenty minutes and, as he insisted, no one had to be pulled out from under a tree as urgently as him:

"Listen, I have to get out of here. If not, you all are at risk of legal action. Including the tree."

The threat did not make Juriscleide move even a leaf.

A whole day went by while the firefighter's efforts remained useless. It was already night when one of them addressed the smashed one and ashamedly admitted that there was nothing he could do. Juriscleide was too heavy.

“Perhaps ... - faltered the fireman.”

“Perhaps what?!” - insisted impatiently the smashed one without feeling the legs for a long time.

“Perhaps you should gently ask the tree, with all due respect, to move a little bit away from you, sir.”

The smashed one was shocked.

“This is ridiculous”, he said. “Who does this tree think she is to force me to do such a thing? She is the one who should have the dignity to get off me.”

“I don’t believe that there is any other solution, sir.”

“So, damn it”, shouted the smashed one, sealing his fate.

For some years, a law firm was functioning alongside Juriscleide, who appreciated watching people come and go with their human cases. After the death of the lawyer, the funeral celebration happened right there, the street also became less frequented and Juriscleide, again bored, began to roll away discreetly, at the speed of one meter a year, leaving behind the bones of the smashed one. This did not bother the centenary tree, for she had all the time in the world.





Dona Maria versus everything

Alicia Magalhães

Dentre esse espectro de cores de Isabor, grande mulher e amiga, foi uma grande satisfação que senti quando soube que poderia traduzir Dona Maria versus Tudo.

Um tudo que, na realidade, é minúsculo ao lado de uma dona de casa de 48 anos. Visão esta que me traz boas recordações de minha vó, uma outra Dona Maria que, com a mesma naturalidade, também tornaria diminuto qualquer tudo que viesse a irromper em sua sala de estar.

A partir dessa identificação pessoal, senti a necessidade de trazer esse texto para o meu mundo e, ao mesmo tempo, para o mundo todo (e que maneira melhor de expressar isso que não com uma tradução?).

Dona Maria certamente não será o conto mais longo desse livro, mas esse fato em nada tira sua complexidade. Parte do que torna esse texto tão pessoal são algumas marcas de linguagem que, ao meu ver, são típicas do nordeste brasileiro. Infelizmente, nem todas puderam ser transmitidas por completo com a essência do falar nordestino.

O que procurei em minha tradução, por fim, foi prezar pela fluidez textual. Essa fluidez implica, na maioria das vezes, no apagamento de trechos que lembram o leitor que ele está lendo uma tradução. Minha solução para evitar o apagamento completo da experiência da expressão regional foi procurar por expressões em inglês que evocassem a mesma ideia da expressão em português e, ao mesmo tempo, possuísse o mesmo sentido. Esse conceito pode ser esclarecido com alguns exemplos.

Alguns trechos que podem ser curiosos para o leitor, ao contemplar ambos textos. Os trechos “remendar essa porra de novo” e “experiente em remendar muléstias”, por terem essa proximidade (tanto dentro do texto como em significado) puderam me proporcionar as traduções “fix this shit up again” e “with great experience in fixing shits”. O que, ainda que provoque o apagamento de “muléstias”, intensifica o lado cômico que o texto traz com a quebra de expectativa diante da reação de Dona Maria.

Temos ainda o universo “cagado de medo”, que poderia muito bem ficar scared to death, mas que optei pela expressão mais atual “scared shitless”.

Uma das decisões mais complexas foi sobre a fala de Seu Calisto “da última vez nós só podia ver Alpha Centauri”. Esse único trecho em que é apresentada uma fala “errada” poderia provocar a impressão de uma carga de significado muito maior (ou até mesmo incorreta) dependendo apenas da forma que fosse traduzida. Meu desejo inicial era de manter o “erro” (us could only see Alpha Centauri). Porém, corria o risco de uma interpretação além da ideia de oralidade e fala regional; uma ideia de baixa instrução que não corresponde ao meu objetivo mantendo o erro. Por esta razão, e pelo fato de este ser a única marca de oralidade com erro, decidi padronizar a fala e apagar o erro, deixando apenas “we could only see Alpha Centauri”.

Em meio a tantas necessidades de apagamento pelo bem da fluidez textual, numa tentativa de manter um pouco da essência brasileira no texto, me vi inclinada à escolha de

manter os pronomes de tratamento de Dona Maria e Seu Calisto. Mesmo que não tragam um recorte unicamente nordestino, esses pronomes evocam uma parte da identidade oral brasileira.

A riqueza desta experiência tradutória é inigualável. Desde as intensas reflexões (pessoais e em grupo) sobre a complexidade escondida num conto leve como este, até a satisfação de viver a nostalgia que ele me provoca. Particularmente, fiquei muito satisfeita com o resultado que obtive nesse trabalho. E espero sinceramente que ele proporcione também aos leitores um pouco da experiência magnífica que são as cores de Isabor.



Dona Maria versus everything

Alicia Magalhães

Dona Maria, a forty-eight-year-old woman found, out of the blue, an interdimensional slit on the wall of her living room. Through this five-centimeter wide slit one could see the giant red star Betelgeuse, on the Orion constellation, surrounded by distant nebulas and the spectrum of Orionids. Her astonishment was followed by the expected reaction:

“I can’t believe I’ll have to call Seu Calisto to fix this shit up again!”

Seu Calisto, a bricklayer with great experience in fixing shits, arrived with his tools just a few hours after receiving the enraged call of Dona Maria. He got closer to the wall and looked through the slit to calculate how bad it was.

“Yeah,” he said, shaking his head after a long pause “that’s bad”.

In the corner, Dona Maria huffed.

“*How* bad?”

“You see ma’am, last time we could only see Alpha Centauri. Now you can see here... Well, sorry, but at this pace you’ll see even the end of the fucking world”.

“Holy Jesus!”

“That’s right” said Seu Calisto, getting up and fixing his cap with a mathematical precision “It will cost an arm and a leg to patch this thing.”

Dona Maria sighed. Then she grudgingly removed one of her arms and one of her legs making a loud *crack* and handed them to the bricklayer. Who then said he would go “just there” to get the plaster and would “be right back.” It took a few days until a new arm and a new leg grew on Dona Maria. And the hole on the wall expanded more than forty centimeters. Everytime she tried calling to find the whereabouts of the bricklayer bastard the call was cut off by the noise of some planet rotating nearby.

Dona Maria was growing impatient. It became increasingly difficult to watch the midday news with the disturbances in the curvature of the spacetime that spoiled the TV signal. She tried to ignore the immensity of the “outer” space, that expanded everyday, each time becoming more present in her living room (the audacity!), but the situation was getting unbearable. One day, after doing an exhausting cleaning, she got back into the living room and noticed that all furniture had been covered with a thick layer of cosmic dust just while she cleaned the other rooms. And that was the final straw.

That was it, she had had it. A housewife can bear many things with her mouth shut, but this wasn’t one of them. She decided to have a word with the Universe.

Seu Calisto came in just a few moments later, carrying a modest bag of plaster.

“Dona Maria? Are you there?”

The bricklayer got into the living room and was shocked by the size of the hole, that came to cover the entire wall. Carefully, he got closer and was able to see the innumerable stars, nebulas and planets. And right there, far away, a small dot that in fact was Dona Maria, wielding a flip-flop.

Dumbfounded by this visual spectacle, Seu Calisto slowly took his cap off - the last thing he would do before the Universe, scared shitless, recoiled in fear on a corner - only to, then, explode in an entirely new Universe, one that Dona Maria wouldn't recognize.





An Island Man

Pricilla Thuany Cruz F. da Costa

Há muito tempo, considero Isabor uma inspiração. Colega de curso e de trabalho por um breve período em que nossos caminhos se encontraram no contexto do curso de graduação em Letras - Inglês da UFPB, sua sensibilidade e criatividade sempre me chamaram a atenção. Foi com muita alegria, mas quase nenhuma surpresa que confirmei seu talento e seu potencial quando finalmente li *A Cor Humana*: a sensibilidade para a magia do cotidiano e a criatividade me esperavam naquelas páginas. Diante da possibilidade de traduzir sua obra, a responsabilidade é imensa, amplificada talvez pela proximidade e pela admiração tão pessoal. Mas compartilho com o Isabor o amor pelas palavras e embarquei nesse exercício de tradução ciente dos desafios que me aguardavam, mas também do prazer que certamente a leitura aprofundada da obra de Isabor me proporcionaria. E então, lendo e relendo minhas palavras em inglês, esperar ter feito justiça a essa obra tão bonita e que, espero, seja a primeira de muitas.

Agora, sobre as escolhas tradutórias. Um dos desafios iniciais dessa tradução foi a tentativa de transpor para a língua inglesa a formalidade da linguagem da narradora, especialmente em comparação com a linguagem mais coloquial utilizada pela personagem da mãe nos diálogos. A decisão pela manutenção na tradução dessa diferença de registro motivou escolhas como o uso do *past perfect* em trechos da fala da narradora, como em “*had never noticed*”, bem como a escolha pelo uso de contrações na fala da mãe, com destaque para o uso do “*gonna*”.

Especificamente sobre a tradução da frase “Ele não tem ninguém não”, também parte do diálogo entre mãe e filha, pensei em algumas possibilidades de tradução que não variam exatamente em sentido, mas em forma e em tom. Alguns exemplos possíveis incluem “*he doesn't have anyone*” e “*he has no one*”. Contudo, ao pesquisar a alternativa “*he's got no one*”, vários resultados me indicaram uma música chamada *Shadow of a Man*, da banda de ska canadense Bedouin Soundclash. Enquanto lia a letra, me surpreendi com os paralelos que pude estabelecer entre a música e a história retratada do conto. Um trecho em particular diz: *But I saw a man standing on that hill/ Walking around like he's got no one / Will I end up like him all alone?* A leitura desse trecho, que fala do medo provocado por uma pessoa que personifica a solidão, sentimento continuamente expresso pela narradora do conto, foi decisiva para minha escolha por “*he's got no one*”.

Para a frase “não sobrou foi nada”, adotei a tradução “*left none to tell the story*” a partir da descoberta de um livro intitulado *Leave None to Tell the Story*, da historiadora e ativista

estadunidense Alison Des Forges, sobre a história de genocídio em Ruanda, país da África Oriental. Acredito que os possíveis paralelos entre o período histórico retratado nesse livro e a realidade vivenciada por Abdul antes da mudança para a vizinhança da protagonista - realidade essa sobre a qual pouco sabemos, mas podemos inferir - justificam a escolha, especialmente no que se refere à ideia de ser um sobrevivente de um massacre. Uma reflexão parecida motivou minha decisão pelo uso do artigo indefinido no título, na tentativa de mostrar que esse homem é um entre muitos e muitas que passam por esse tipo de experiência e sofrem o mesmo destino.

Por fim, chamo atenção para o trecho “seus pés não dariam sequer um passo além e eu sabia disso. Não entreteriam a ideia de ser verdade. Já haviam aceitado que não voltariam mais”. Decidi pela tradução “*He wouldn't even entertain the idea, so dug in his heels he was that he would never return*”. A expressão *to be dug in one's heels* ou *to dig your heels in something*, que significa se recusar a mudar seus planos ou ideias, especialmente quando alguém está tentando lhe persuadir a fazê-lo¹. Essa escolha é um exemplo dentre outras tentativas de escolher palavras e expressões que de alguma forma representassem o caráter dinâmico ou estático das personagens, de seus corpos e de suas mentes.

Com relação à tradução de maneira geral, um sentimento que permeou todo o processo foi o de insegurança relacionada à questão da criatividade. Nas discussões realizadas em sala e a partir das contribuições e interpretações das/dos colegas de turma, a capacidade imaginativa de Isabor foi se confirmando enquanto algo um pouco intimidante, principalmente nos pontos em que sua linguagem se aproxima mais do poético: “a cor de Isabor”, no sentido de sua forma de ver e escrever o mundo, sua sensibilidade, mostrou-se a parte mais difícil de traduzir.

¹ Ver: <https://dictionary.cambridge.org/pt/dicionario/ingles/dig-your-heels-in>



An Island Man

Pricilla Thuany Cruz F. da Costa

Abdul was the loneliest creature I had ever met. When I saw him for the first time, I still lived near the shore, in an island where you could always feel the sea even when you could not see it. There were no buildings, just houses - small, colorful houses going downhill towards the shore and the water. It was always too sunny, so much that all my memories from back then are seen through eyes half shut, with a hand at my forehead blocking the sunlight. So much that my first memory of Abdul is one of a dark blur in multicolored clothing facing the ocean, staring at the waves, perfectly still amidst the sound of the seagulls. I was playing with some girls from the neighborhood, but I stopped to observe that peculiar creature, so strong was the effect he had on me - not for a vain childish crush, but because, as I watched the sea wind make waves on Abdul's hair, I believe something inside me understood the meaning of loneliness.

Abdul lived with two relatives of mine. In the island, everybody was related. I began to wander around their house, hoping to see new signs of Abdul. Only later did I realize that his name had already been occasionally brought up in the family's gossip, I just had never noticed him before. It was like Abdul only came into existence when I saw him staring at the sea.

The house had yellow walls and a very white fence. For weeks, I didn't see him again, but when I did, it was brief, him glancing at me through the curtains before quickly disappearing behind them. I still didn't know why, but the moment our eyes met changed me permanently. I went home shaking and it took me an hour, maybe two, to recover. Once I got back on my feet, I returned to the high wooden stool where I sat dangling my legs while watching my mother cook.

"Mom, who is this Abdul?"

"The one living with your aunt?"

"Yeah. I saw him only once".

"Oh, he's getting out of the house now" - said my mother while peeling potatoes, as if it meant nothing.

"Is he her son?"

"Oh, Jesus! Of course not, girl! Your aunt doesn't have a son that old. He came from I don't know where, like a year ago. Maybe more. And he's living there now".

"Came from where?"

"I don't know, from some place far. With a weird name".

"And he's living with auntie because...?"

"Where else is he gonna live? Only your aunt to take someone in like that..."

"Maybe with his family?"

"If he had a family, you think he'd be living with that aunt of yours? He's got no one, girl. Only your aunt, your uncle, if much. But he's got no one. Your aunt, she told me he's the last one from wherever he came from. They dropped a bunch of bombs there,

destroyed the whole place, left none to tell the story. Just him, really. Just him left and nothing more.”

I stopped dangling my legs. I looked at my mother as she sliced the potatoes, at that kitchen flooded with the steam and the shrill sound escaping from the pan, and I imagined that it sounded like bombs when they drop from the sky. I imagined a bomb exploding the kitchen, ending everything, leaving only me.

“Why is he leaving the house now?”

“Must be realizing he’s not going back”.

That night, I had nightmares and woke up before the early bird. The sun was still rising when I ran to the beach and saw Abdul from far away, looking at the sea, surrounded by the hissing sound of the wind, breathing in the salty air. I felt for him something I had never felt before and would never feel again: the dreadful, nameless shock of realizing that there are people in this world who have seen whole cities being torn apart by bombs.

When I set my feet on the boat that would take me away from the island, ten years later, I looked back at the beach and saw a crowd as I had never seen, a hundred people or so waving handkerchiefs, screaming, cheering, some even crying, the voices of all the creatures I had known mixed with the seagulls’ squawk, the music, and the waves. And among all this, I saw Abdul.

All my life, I had only seen him a handful of times. He rarely left the house and I never summoned the courage to visit him, because my curiosity was surpassed only by the overwhelming fear he instilled in me. Not because he was violent or unpleasant; quite the opposite, he was a peaceful, quiet man, but totally broken, and the sum of those parts terrorized me. He was an island, surrounded by water from all sides and nothing more. How do you look an island in the eye? I wouldn’t know how to look into Abdul’s eyes and see bombs.

When I saw him watching the boat pull away, with his multicolored clothes and his feet on the shore, I was overwhelmed by an alien desire to reach for him and cry that he come with me, that I would take him back, change course as necessary to do it, but even if I did it, and even if he heard me, his feet wouldn’t move an inch and I knew that. He wouldn’t even entertain the idea, so dug in his heels he was that he would never return.

One day, my mother wrote to me with the usual news, but also to casually inform me that Abdul was missing. Had been missing for a while, actually. He just went to the beach one day and never came back. No boats were taken. Maybe he drowned and the tide didn’t bring him back to shore, left him adrift. Maybe it took him back to where he came from, she said, but not really taking it seriously. It took me months to replay that letter, and the only thing I could ask was an urgent question, one of the many questions I never asked him: “what was the name of the place again?”

I got a letter weeks later. I could almost see my mother shrug as I read her answer: who knows? Only he knew.



Victoria

José Alves da Silva Junior
Maria Lígia Coco Terra

Querido(a) leitor(a),

Para começo de conversa, a tradução de um texto literário foi um desafio para os dois tradutores, porque ambos não possuíamos, até então, muita familiaridade com a prática tradutória deste tipo de gênero. Nós almejávamos produzir um texto com a mesma qualidade (tendo em vista aspectos linguístico-discursivos, estilísticos e culturais) que o produzido pela autora.

Durante o processo, debatemos em conjunto sobre questões relacionadas à construção da narrativa, trazendo uma reflexão das discussões feitas em sala de aula, a fim de que o conto pudesse ser vertido de maneira fluida e sem causar o apagamento de suas características para a língua de chegada. A primeira discussão ocorreu já no título, com relação ao nome da personagem Vitória. Por mais que tenhamos escolhido estrangeirizar o texto na língua de chegada, não acreditamos que o nome da personagem, assim como o conto em si, tenha algum traço cultural linguisticamente marcado (mesmo que o conto seja inevitavelmente influenciado pelo background da autora). Sendo assim, optamos por transformar Vitória em Victoria, tendo em vista que o nosso público-alvo são falantes de língua inglesa. Etimologicamente, a palavra foi originada do latim e significa literalmente “vitória” ou “aquela que vence”. O nome ainda remete a uma figura inglesa importante como a Rainha Victoria. Além disso, existem diversas grafias do nome no Brasil (até mesmo Victoria).

Outra questão, foi com relação aos recursos estilísticos de *Quintiere*, que faz uso de parágrafos longos, com muitas vírgulas, para dar fluidez às longas sucessões de eventos. Contudo, haja vista os receptores do texto de chegada, mas sempre tentando zelar pelo estilo da autora, foi necessário fazer algumas mudanças pontuais e de maneira consciente. Outro aspecto do estilo dela é o uso de construções atípicas, nas quais ela brinca com as palavras. Por este motivo, tivemos dificuldades em alguns trechos. Seguem abaixo dois trechos do texto de partida com as suas respectivas traduções:

“Foi a **continuação de uma sequência de má fortuna** que estava, até então, em pausa.”

“Her life was **struck by a collection of misfortunes** that was yet to come her way.”

Fizemos pesquisas em dicionários de colocação e, subsequentemente, pesquisamos as colocações encontradas em ferramentas de tradução que fornecem exemplos de textos autênticos, sempre levando em conta o gênero literário. No geral, foi necessário encontrar tanto a colocação verbal de **misfortune** (escolha lexical final para **má fortuna**) como o seu substantivo coletivo.

“[...] a terrível visão de sua tia jogada no asfalto com os braços e pernas em ângulos abstratos, **extremamente improváveis para a humanidade.**”

“[...] she had the misfortune to witness her aunt’s body thrown on the pavement with arms and legs unmoved, **forever distinguishable from mankind.**”

A tradução acima apresentou dificuldade, pois foi necessário retextualizar a cena narrada que é extremamente visual e poética. Além de mergulhar no imaginário da autora, foi preciso ativar a criatividade e o bom senso na escolha das palavras.

“As sad as it was, Victoria had the misfortune of being falsely accused of a minor and mysterious **fire** that started in one of the sectors of the factory, even though she was not even there when it happened. She **got fired.**”

O trecho acima representa a possibilidade que a língua de chegada nos ofereceu para criar um jogo de palavras, que também é uma marca estilística da autora do texto de partida. Sendo assim, nós conseguimos criar um trocadilho com a palavra **fire**.

Enquanto tradutores em formação, podemos afirmar veementemente que a experiência de participar de uma atividade tradutória de tamanha magnitude e responsabilidade nos proporcionou novos olhares em relação à prática de tradução de textos literários. Além disso, a troca de ideias e de perspectivas distintas com os colegas da turma e com o professor-orientador da atividade teve um impacto positivo do começo ao fim de todo o processo. No mais, apesar das dificuldades, foi um desafio recompensador e ficamos imensamente satisfeitos com o resultado. Esperamos que vocês também.

Boa leitura!

Victoria

José Alves da Silva Junior

Maria Lígia Coco Terra

The story I am about to tell is that of a woman named Victoria. Prior to telling you who she was, is and will be, however, I feel the need to introduce myself: I am an omnipresent and an omniscient narrator. Other than that, I am nobody. This pair of adjectives, the only one that can be used to refer to me, have given me the privilege to know Victoria intimately, even millions of years before she was hurriedly brought into the world in an emergency c-section. I can effortlessly trace the history of the mass that forms Victoria's body, from the first amoeba that contained the first atom that would form it. Furthermore, I could even go back in time when there was no time, but I will not do it, for that does not concern Victoria's life story nor anyone else's.

Victoria, like most people, believes that no one knows her better than herself, which is not true, since I am the only one who truly knows her real self. The narrator of your own story is the only one who truly knows you, the peculiar entity that you will never know, but who now absorbs the existential crisis that threatened to ferment inside you and tells it - to whom, that does not concern me. Victoria's story is the only one that matters to me.

Therefore, I will talk about it.

She did not get off to a good start. Her parents gave her up when she was very young. I understand why they ended up doing that, but she would never come to accept it, and that has haunted her for several decades. She was raised by her aunt, Andaluzia, who was only sixteen back then and who was not ready to take care of a child on her own. However, she embarked upon this journey for Victoria's sake. Andaluzia's narrator has a lot to tell about how extraordinary she was. As he will eventually do it, I will not get into the details, other than the ones that have to do with my dear Victoria.

She could rely on her aunt in a stage of life when we are most likely to take for granted the ones who care about us. Due to her aunt's efforts, Victoria's childhood was reasonably comfortable. She got clothes (worn out ones), a roof under her head (a leaky one) and went to school (not a very good one). I particularly remember that period of time when Victoria's life was hardly struck by misfortunes, for it did not last long. Andaluzia was run over in front of the young girl who was then twelve years old, four months and twenty days. She had the misfortune to witness her aunt's body thrown on the pavement with arms and legs spread apart, unnatural to mankind. Such a traumatic event that I had the misfortune to witness, which was followed by so many others, deeply affected my dear Victoria.

Her life has always been struck by a collection of misfortunes, and a whole lot worse was yet to come her way. After Andaluzia's passing, Victoria had nowhere else to go. She lived with various relatives with whom she had no bond whatsoever. She was mistreated in so many different ways, either being completely ignored or being insulted and slaved. She was forced to drop out of school, which put an end to her dream of becoming an astronaut.

She eventually ended up living with a senile great aunt of hers who was too fragile to mistreat her or to complain about her presence. Victoria had to start working at the age of 15 at a textile factory where she could hardly earn a living. Her hands soon became rough, as opposed to the soft lady's hands she once had, due to the tools she handled at work. That was not what she aspired to be, but she got used to it after one year. As sad as it was, Victoria had the misfortune of being falsely accused of a minor and mysterious fire that started in one of the sectors of the factory, even though she was not even there when it happened. She got fired. She looked appalled. The teary-eyed Victoria made her way to the nearest church, even though she did not have any religious background. She wondered whether her life would ever change for the better. That saddened me deeply. It would not though.

She was unemployed for a couple of months and, in the meantime, she lost a lot of weight and at the same time she lost her great aunt who she found lying dead at the stairs by the house front door. She had to look for another place to go, since that house did not belong to her. Victoria realized it is easier said than done. She lived in the streets for a couple of weeks. Dodging drunk and violent men. Sleeping in the damp streets. Feeling cold. Losing more weight.

A woman named Dona Josefa showed mercy when she saw Victoria begging for money and surprisingly offered her a job as a waitress at a trashy bar called Calango. Waitressing was not the best job in the world but it would do at that moment. Victoria could at last afford to rent a place to stay. She worked as a waitress until the age of 23 and managed to stay in this job for quite long, because she would always beg and sob in order to convince Dona Josefa not to fire her. The old lady would have quite a few bipolar fits. Poor Victoria had nothing left of dignity when a customer saw her hidden at the corner of Calango with her face wet with tears. Just like men always do, he fell in love with her vulnerability. She was a weak woman and that was supposedly attractive. After they started dating, he asked her to move in with him, which filled Victoria's heart with a glimmer of hope: he was not charming nor particularly rich, but neither was she, "which should mean that his feeling was true and honest", as I heard her little heart thinking.

I am sorry to say that it was not long before Victoria started to take time to evaluate the small bruises on her skin in front of the mirror. Her husband, whose name is not even worth mentioning, was a man who did not know how to be anything more than that: a man in the most primitive sense of the word. The sweet words were over as soon as she settled into his home, and Victoria found herself back to a routine of physical and verbal abuse. Sometimes, while she was doing the dishes and he was sleeping in the living room, she would hear the news reporting that one prisoner or another had escaped from the local jail and wondered how it was possible that even the scum had their lucky times. But she was there, alternating between the hell she was put through both at home and at work, often dreaming of the murky angles of Andalusia limbs on the pavement, sometimes wondering about her parents - if they were alive or better than her. She dreamed of a less miserable life, but I knew this would never happen.

Poor Victoria did not raise her voice against such abuse. In fact, she had no voice at all. She spent her time suffering in silence. She even daydreamed with fright about committing suicide. After a particularly terrible day at the bar, when she had to beg to stay there again, enduring Dona Josefa's verbal abuse, she returned home nervously and broke a glass. She cut her hand and bled, but not enough to evoke any pity from her husband. The brute man

was furious with her, because of the broken glass, shouted words of hatred and rage at the young woman, and finally slapped her. I watched Victoria lock herself in the bathroom, disheveled and panting, so she could cry in despair as she washed the wound in the sink. I felt sorry like never before. How could a single life go so wrong? I was saddened by the lack of a positive outcome, whatever it may be. Further abuse and darkness were yet to come the way of my beloved creature, that I now watch washing her face with trembling hands.

It was at that moment that Victoria raised her eyes and stared at the mirror, but not to her reflection, and all of a sudden, she realized my presence. I was surprised. In fact, I am baffled. Her eyebrows, whose every single strand of hair I have seen growing, moving upward and downward, slowly rise up as her dark eyes expand. I thought I was delirious, but now she turns her face and stares directly at me instead of the mirrored surface. She stares at me as astonished as an epiphany. She opens her mouth and says to me in a low voice:

“It’s you. You are doing this to me.”

It is getting hard for me to read her thoughts. It is unsettling, but I try not to show it. I am considering telling you, reader, she is hallucinating the existence of something that does not exist, me, but now I lose this ability: it is too late. I recognize in Victoria an ancient knowledge beyond my planes and my original prediction.

She questions what I am doing. She is outraged by my choice of words that disregard her own words. She wants to speak and she does so:

“You are shaping me.”

You must understand it is not true. I am talking about her past and her present. Her destiny. I know it. She does not know it.

She yells and demands that I speak to her. I try to engage, but for the first time I can see the rage in her that I have only glimpsed, but chose to overlook. The same rage she used to feel every night sitting alongside her sleeping husband after being abused. The same rage she felt when she thought about her boring life, the good days that never came, and what she has done to deserve that much sorrow. I am not able to read her mind anymore, which is now blurry to me. However, her face does not lie: she is going to kill me.

I try to defend myself one last time. I tell her I love her as she will never be loved by any other creature on earth or beyond it. I lie to her when I say that I was not responsible or that I was just an instrument of destiny. Continuous act, a shard of glass that at first was at her hand now pierces through me. It is just symbolic. I am immaterial. What kills me is her primary will to end me. While I perish on the bathroom floor, I see Victoria one last time. She is standing still and watching me from above, steady as a rock, then she leaves, slamming the door behind her.

I am in shock, reader. My omniscience fails me. I lost sight of Victoria. I cannot reach out to her. I cannot summarize her. Where did she go? Where is she? I am getting blind and mute.

I do not know what will become of her.



The end of things

Maria Eduarda Faé

O fim das coisas é a retratação de uma mente funcionando em tempo real, Isabor conseguiu mostrar todo um caos que se passa na cabeça de uma pessoa na mais inusitada das situações de uma forma leve, orgânica e poética, deixando a nossa mente acompanhar esse momento, que é tão fluído que você só percebe que precisa tomar fôlego no final do “para sempre”. Para esta versão escolhi retratar o máximo da escrita de Isabor pois fiquei admirada com tamanho talento, então, escolhi sempre achar a forma como ela escreveria na língua inglesa, como por exemplo no trecho “ainda mais quando sei que essa máxima inclui você.” meu primeiro instinto foi tão literal que não percebi a quebra de sentido colocando “even more” para “ainda mais” e o texto ficou assim até praticamente a revisão final, quando percebi que o sentido poderia ser melhor retratado por “especially”. Penso que isso possa ter me atrapalhado e me engessado, uma coisa a qual nunca concordei em todas as minhas aulas sobre o assunto, porém fiquei satisfeita na medida do possível com as opções que possuem a língua inglesa para retratar a escrita de Isabor.

The end of things

Maria Eduarda Faé

My dreams always start in the same way: I see nothing but light, then gradually I see you, from afar, doing whatever it is you are doing. As I get closer, I feel myself emerging in the reproduction of a memory that I barely remember having. This one is no different.

I see you crouch over something, I walk towards you, and then we are on the street where we spent twelve years of our lives trying to figure out the taste of good fortune. Mixing different flavors with it. Sometimes hating it but always sharing it.

It is five in the morning, the sun is rising and you are plucking grass off the sidewalk. I ask what are you doing, you say that you only decided to clean up, make the front of the house more beautiful. I say that it will all grow back in a week or two. You say that when it happens you will clean it up again, which is, in eight years, something you do. I stop for a moment to watch as you sing and continue cleaning under the sunlight, something as ordinary as it always has been, and this moment extends for so long that it ceases to be ordinary and becomes everything I can watch for the compact eternity that a dream is. There you are, younger and more alive than ever, in the only place where your existence is something beyond a devastating nothing.

There you are, and there is our home, and there is all we have built together, which, as well as all other things built in world history, no longer exists. I have always been very aware of death and the eventual end of things. Sometimes I would look at you in moments when I felt a great love and thought about how we would have to bury one another sooner or later, but that was not something to say in moments of great love, so I never did. I never buried him either. I wake up myself everyday knowing that his bones became ashes and that I would not recognize it if it got into my eyes during a sandstorm, or if I stepped on it. I know this should not matter, from bones to ashes, the universal destination. Yet, somehow it matters. I have thought about all other people that used to exist in the world.

I have already seen the remains of everything created, the debris of the spaces they lived in. All that was left to contemplate from the great accident that humanity was. I felt for them, strong and frequently. It is impossible to illustrate the feeling of knowing that I will never see the human color again, mainly because I know that this maxim includes you. I would be impossibly happy to see another person, you see, but not as much as I would be by telling an event so unlikely to you. I would like to tell you the sky always looks fantastic, especially at night. The lack of the old and insistent light pollution creates an indescribable view of what is above us. I saw meteor showers ripping the sky and I followed them as if they were going to lead somewhere. I also saw all different shades that a sunset can have.

I sleep over the ground and the stones and I do not let the sounds of dawn terrorize me anymore, not even the insects navigating my skin. I walk all day long because there is so little to do but walk. I walked all the way from our house to the southernmost point of the country, only walking, later I turned my heels and retraced my steps. I look at the ocean

and I ask myself if new forms of life will drag out of it in a few million years and the world will reset, dehumanized, rebuilt. I even think about having already seen strange animals that I had no knowledge of. I think that it could be happening already. I wish you were here to tell me this is all about an unusual amphibian species, which you had read about a couple of times when you were a child, in long gone encyclopedias.

I lie down on the beach sand and one of these amphibians stops in a few yards, looking at me with the wisdom of a newborn race. We share a moment of eye contact before it quickly distanced himself with its four robust legs. That creature knows nothing about the world it is stepping on and this makes it the luckiest being of this age. I watch until it disappears into the sea and I feel tired like never before. Tired in a way only the last being of a species can feel, I wonder. The dream comes as it always does: first the light, then you at a distance, the house, the clean sidewalk where you sit and observe me, recognizing me not like a memory would, but as a creature from the tangible present, young and old simultaneously, with all the faces I have seen yours having. I ask: "that is the end of things, right?" All your faces come together in a single smile, and that means yes. I lay my head on your lap of sand one last time and I feel myself falling apart in a final sleep. The world and its things, without you, without me, go on - forever.