

Un paese unico by Cristoforo Magistro

Maybe childhood really begins to end when something extraordinary compels you to realize that time does not stop at nothing. A child would expect a suspension, a slowing down before what he does not understand. On the contrary, the ribbon of time continues indifferent to roll on. Turning his head he remains to stare wide-eyed at that event, while other things whose meaning he cannot grasp happen. A child is like Charlot at the assembly line: he is absolutely

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resistance and disobey her, as I used to. However, then, I changed my behaviour
unexpectedly and obeyed out of spite.

Moreover, how could she know that in those days his son was fighting to

war and it was unclear if to comfort him, but my uncle did not need, or to resettle the most important sacrifice that elder brothers undertake.

My grandmother's love for him lay under ancient forms. "My breath, my breath" she called for him when I went to see her to open, read and answer his letters. I liked these words, they seemed to me thick, old-

thankful to me. After my reading I carefully unstuck the ugly, very gummy stamps - I know the set of Brazilian governments of those days better than the Italian one - by steaming them over a little pan which I brought to boil when I arrived. At last, I gave her the letter that she had entrusted me. With trust, but for necessity and with anxiety. She kissed it as priests kiss missals and kept it, but I am sure that afterwards she looked at it again many other times waiting for faith to reveal her the secret of reading.

It had already happened in History I instinctively rambled. I read it right in my book and also in the encyclopedia of the reading centre. Cristopher Columbus went unawares to America, my uncle quite the reverse. It could be possible, maybe, the grown up said.

to the village. For two reasons: they were unable to earn their living there, but

My grandmother lived again, I know no different way to express that incredible thing. When I flied to her place to greet my uncle, I stared at them both thinking about Lazarus. She took us by hand holding to her temples one on one hand and one on the other hand.

A month later my uncle left to Germany to join my father who had emigrated to Frankfurt a year before. He had been working for some time with him as building worker, then he worked as turner in another town. They loved each other a lot but they could not live together. They represented two incompatible worlds.

seldom wrote formal letters, more and more seldom, and I replied as usual also because different passions and worries were hanging over me.

On a day, we received a parcel. A coffee parcel, of course. We were not accustomed to use it, yet. It was kept for me because that year I had my school-leaving examination and I used it practically alone.

At last, I tried to study, but it was as to run to the railway station knowing that the train I should have take had already got to its far-away destination.

I did not know what starting with. My gaps were really black holes I tried hard to keep distant from my thoughts for fear of being swallowed. The virgin areas of my knowledge were unexplored continents, nightmarish mountains making u Tw (aw trieL21.52,

