

GX CLIMBS THE WALL WITH AGILITY

A new day, a new month, a new year dawned and everything remained unchanged, as if by divine decree. Some beings were still wandering the streets, looking for food and shelter. Vm help them reach their first goal, placing some food at the entrance of the plots they had colonised.

One day Gx appeared pregnant. Her figure increased at the same rate as the frequency of her research of food. She would stand still on the pavement, next to the parked cars, near the door of the block of flats, looking up. It was her strategy to ask for others' charity. Most of the windows always remained closed, the tenants probably concluded that the priority was not to help her but deny her all hope so that, in desperation, she would go elsewhere. It was not to their liking to have such ragged creatures hanging around the neighbourhood. However, there were two windows that opened, that allowed them to look down, that let in the light, that were not afraid of the unknown. Vx and Vy responded in the affirmative. It was a daily ritual, Gx approached early in the morning, looked up, unhurriedly and as patiently as possible remained there until one of the neighbours, sometimes both simultaneously, provided sustenance. At dust the same situation was repeated.

At that time, in the upper part of the town, two babies had been abandoned in the grounds of a family home, whose inhabitants lived there only at weekends. They were found in the courtyard, in a tiny cubicle. There, together they kept each other warm. Gp was dark-skinned and Gm was white. Viruses had attacked the former, he was seriously ill, four of the family members took him to the emergency room and that, according to the doctor who attended him, saved them both from death, because his sister might be infected too. He prescribed some powders that they would take mixed with food without noting how they tasted. Three of the five sisters of the house and a man alternated in the maintenance of both siblings, whom they loved more and more every day. Four months later a new squatter arrived. The only grandchild of the family decided, as in the previous cases, on her name. She would be called Gl. After a few days of uncertainty, the four benefactors agreed to take her in, no doubt her being a sister helped on the decision. She was also provided with health care and sustenance, and never lacked affection and love.

Meanwhile, Gx in the lower part of the town was still looking for a place where she could feel safe and have some intimacy with her future offspring. She found it on a plot of land for sale which served as a warehouse for a construction company. It was enclosed by a high wall that the pregnant, despite her condition, climbed up and down with skill and dexterity. After the birth, four children were born. One, after various days of continuous wailing, died at dusk. Another was born with problems getting around because one of his legs must have suffered during the birth and was badly affected, he was not well and died two months later. Gx nursed her remaining offspring for months, then went outside to fetch food for them. It was quite a sight to see her climbing up and down the wall several times a day so easily.

Vx and Vy continued to provide food for the mother and her two survivors, both female as became clear when they were harassed by a new invader of the plot. The mother would not allow her daughters to go outside. They grew up with this imposition and didn't change their attitude as the years passed.

Two beings, hitherto unknown, appeared on the pavement: Gb and Gj. Gb was very greedy, he hardly let the others eat, had rheumy eyes and he seemed to be ill. On Vm's initiative, an association took care of him and, after taking him to a specialist to examine his health problems, had him admitted to their premises. It seems that his binge eating may have been compensation for his physical suffering. The second was very friendly, he came very close to whoever gave him some food and smiled at him, although he never trusted completely. He knew his body integrity depended mainly on avoiding unexpected blows, therefore he had to be alert. One day, he disappeared from the neighbourhood. He had been expelled from his colony by GG, an orphan who found himself on the street overnight and who, apparently, felt that the best way to survive was to impose his will on others. Gj was never heard from again. Someone reported seeing him under a bridge, with serious wounds on his body, probably caused while trying to cross a busy town avenue.

Later, after a few days of passion, during which Gx remained hidden and rarely made her presence known, she became pregnant again. This time she gave birth to four babies. They all were white. Unlike their elder sisters, they did go out of the walled enclosure, at first with fear, because cars were passing

by on the street parallel to the plot. Some drove slowly, respecting the speed limit, others roared their engines and raced as if they were in a competition. After a while, the four of them had disappeared. One left for another community, not liking the overcrowding that had built up in her home. Crazy cars took the lives of two others and, finally, the remaining one fell victim to a virus. Vm, always dedicated to her altruistic work, found her under the leaves in the square and, very sadly, threw her into the bin.

Gp and his sisters live happily in the family home. They are very affectionate, love cuddles and are loved, although Gl is sometimes a bit fractious. Every day they have a double ration of healthy, balanced food and their share of water. They sunbathe, play, sleep, run, walk, dream... in their own private paradise.

The two survivors of the site survive in their prison of iron, stones, weeds, plastic and dirt, enduring the rain, the heat, the cold, the wind... They sometimes climb to the top of the wall and observe their surroundings, but when they hear the sound of an engine, they look at it in terror and rush back inside. They will never receive sanitation and although they are supported by the V's, recently two more have joined the task, food and water may be scarce at times. Their lives are likely to be shorter, but that doesn't matter now because they are in the prime of their lives and are also capable of dreaming.

Gx doesn't climb up and down the wall easily any more. After a long agony (she was breathing with great difficulty) she died a few days ago at the age of three years and a half, according to the doctor who sedated her, severely affected by a voracious coronavirus. Vy and a young couple, with whom Gx had had a good relationship for the last months, accompany her in her last moments emotionally expressing her their sincere appreciation and love and wishing her a posthumous journey to a better world. Some V's in the neighbourhood still look out of their windows in the hope of seeing her appear.

“Stories without Mufflers” (2006 -)