

S had landed not long before our decision to leave the place of eternal screenings. She had flown, trying to be aware of her being off the ground for the entire four hours of the flight she attempted to turn her awe into a skin filling paste of awareness. And deeeper. S would meet us by the tilted slope of beige and green in the afternoon.

When it was time we followed course and met S on the green and beige slope. She stood beautifully upright and greeted us with her left hand slowly moving up, her fingers elegantly pointed like a complicated arrow. Thinking back, trying to reposition all the elements, I try to imitate her movements and while folding my hands to find hers, I understand she must have been holding her index finger straight and her ring finger elegantly crossed across the middle finger. (Like that.) We roamed around the succession of slopes and experienced the world as if we were walking on a running deck, our steps so powerful they turned the surface right under us. When we ran, our heads moved from left to right a bit, and when we stopped, the head banging motion went on for a while as our breathing recuperated.

S' hair flew in thick threads on the waves of the wind and we stood there watching the blond hair for the next ten minutes with a little Manga smile on our faces. We went deeper. Walking on the dry mud, we tried not to kill the patches of green with our steps. We saw birds, one was circling and planned the perfect dive and another one was flying with a large group of other birds, curving the plane like synchronised swimmers. We focused on the doubt in their movements and when we looked up I took the chance of taking a glimpse of S' neckline. It made me want to build her a holder, a wooden stick with a comfortable, handmade, on measure head-holder, so that S could do long breaks of showing me the neckline.

The landscape's patchiness lessened and blurred. When I stopped to have a sip of milk, some of it ran down my face, which for some reason always happens when drinking milk. The drops ran down my face in a little stream, flying free before hitting the ground. The face of the Earth looked like an impermeable surface; the spilled milk formed a little shiny pool. It disturbed me to the level I pulled my sleeve over my hand and wiped it clean, worrying about the sugar and the parts that turn milk into cheese entering the fiber of my sweater, but I hid the worry behind a Manga smile and went deeper. S walked in front of me and her walk oddly emphasised the shoulders, her dress was smooth, almost polished and she walked us to the place so deep I don't remember.