

## Frozen Heart

Once, a little boy with a shiny golden hair screamed to his mom, while everything in his small town seemed to be a stop motion movie: “Please, mom, don’t tell me anything! Anything! If you do so, the bad things I heard will happen!”

*Neshtante* is a picturesque and well-designed city, bathed by a “saint” river that provides water to the farmers, the fishermen, and their families. The sun, the river, and the cactus, a typical plant of the semi-arid climate, are depicted on the city flag. The best portrait of the town is the bucolic heading church from the nineteenth century with its impressive architecture. The long, broad streets and the houses behind the chapel are the frame of a silent scenario.

Twenty-two thousand people lived there forty-three years ago, and among them, the little boy, his three sisters, and their parents. At this time, they lived in a comfortable house near the river and were very happy. The onion farm was the livelihood of the family, and his father, a simple and generous man, worked over there from sun to sun; all the country used to buy onions from their harvest. His mother, a kind and respectful graduated educator, always preserved the right costumes at home. She always ensured that her kids had a perfect and adequate attire, and behavior. The little blondie was the beloved youngest one; every day after school, he went to the river, sometimes with his father, to throw stones in the water, jump to get a refresh, climb trees, and play with his top. Some weekends, when the land was full of onions, and waiting for the harvest, the family had a gathering with friends. Little boy’s dad loved to record those happy moments filled with simplicity and gratitude.

It was May 27th, 1977. In the end of the day, the air in *Neshtante* was peculiar.

The strong and whistling wind was perfect for the girl with her kite playing alone at a quiet paving stones street. The smell of flowers filled the mysterious air all around. The summer had gone, but the hot sun and the drizzle created a shiny rainbow through the windows of the colorful houses. The parish was full of devotes waiting for the sermon and blessings scheduled for 6pm. The journalists, prohibited to write valuable information, on account of the dictatorship government, delivered just the daily news about the only theatre in the town: “City Movie Theater in Maintenance, still.” At the same time, the little blondie boy was near the river when felt a nagging pain in his heart; he screamed, and desperate, run to home to meet his family. As his mother did not know how to help him, she prayed, hoping the river waters could take her boy’s suffering away.

Minutes later, the smooth rhythm of *Neshtante* was exchanged for loud sounds of rumors coming from everywhere. All citizens knew each other within the boundaries of the small village, and the last announcement shocked the entire place. A terrible accident had occurred near *Neshtante*. The story started to spread throughout the city, and the scenario was now chaos. People were curious and desperate, in need, to know what really happened. In the empty church, remained the prayers of all town. At home with his sisters, the little boy crying in pain asked his mother to not tell him what happened: "Please, mom, don't tell me anything! Anything! If you do so, bad things will become truth!" The little blonde, with his unutterable pain, had his heart frozen within this moment. His dad had gone, and all memories of his early childhood were now hidden within his heart.

After 26 years, in another city, three hundred miles from *Neshtante*, millions of people from all countries performed with masks and typical costumes for the Carnival party. It was February 14th, 2003. "This moment was the first time we saw each other. He was colorfully dressed as a clown, genuinely smiling; my first true love, the blond guy from *Neshtante*. I could feel his love instantly. We got married after 8 months, and nowadays, after eighteen years sharing our lives, I know for a fact that, with me, lives the most unique soul I have ever seen. A little frozen pure spirit that a long time ago stopped the time and collected his compassionate father's soul. In *Neshtante*, the Theatre is still in maintenance, and the population is still two-thousand."