

The Puddle

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Once upon a time, there was a metropolis called Rainville. It had just the rain from the name, since it had nothing to do with a village. Industry. Symmetry. Perfection.

There was a little boy, called Little Boy. He was nine years old and very smart despite his age. He lived in this big city, full of grey people and leaden buildings. It was prohibited to be sunny, since people would not feel comfortable with that golden sun. It was prohibited to use red umbrellas, since they would hurt people's eyes. It was prohibited to smile from Monday to Sunday, since smiles and any kind of expression of feelings would distract people from their work.

Actually, Little Boy didn't like that place - lately, he himself was turning into grey, despite his youth. But he had no choice, he was just a kid, What can I do? As a child, he had no choice but obeying and disobeying, which would imply (physical) punishment.

It used to rain everyday. The word “sun” was barely uttered and Rainville people never knew just few worlds related to this semantic field. On the other hand, “rain” was the most popular word, being followed by its derivatives. There was no meteorologist. Why should we make questions if their answers were quite known?

Little Boy used to go to school on foot. Mrs. Mother was always busy and Mr. Father was always at work, in his umbrella company. Sadly, he passed by the same cold and cloudy people and places. The streets were wet. The people were dry. And Little Boy? I do not know, in fact. He was only a kid, maybe.

There was nothing to see or to feel, despite the cold weather - the rain seemed to wash away all the colors of the city - but in Little Boy's way to school there was a huge puddle that never dried up. Although it was the same puddle, he used to

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watch it for a while, fascinated by its majesty. Then, he could keep on his way to prison, I mean, to school.

His body was at school, but his mind was in the puddle: he spent much time thinking how good it would be refreshing his bare feet after a sunny day. All fool dreams, since he had never seen a sunny day. Even if he wanted to do that in such moment, well, he was not allowed to wet his feet and his shoes and his socks. *What are you doing? Sorry, I promise it will not happen again.* Yes, he had already tried.

and day after day after day THE PUDDLE and day after day after day after day

Little Boy was fed up with so much water from the sky. He wanted to swim in the river. *No! It's polluted...*, to step barefoot in the puddle... *Oh! C'mon, you will get a cold!* to feel how different heat was from cold. *You are going to be sick!*. For the time being, he had to swim in the controlled club environment - so boring!

But Little Boy had decided to do something about that. It was almost the day of his birthday when he had an idea. No, he could not ask his parents - everything would depend on him. It was the day! He got a beautiful cake, with the drawing of a chimney industry spitting smoke out. His parents watched the boy, proudly. They sang "Happy Birthday" and Little Boy could finally make his wish. He cut the first piece and didn't tell anyone his wish. But I can tell you that he asked for the sunniest day in the year.

Little Boy's faith came not from God, but from believing in the happening itself: all his wishes depended exclusively on him. At that night, he went to bed as early as he could: this way time could be accelerated.

Next day, Little Boy woke up alone for the first time: there was a golden sun in his window! That was the sunniest day in the year and he, Little Boy, the happiest boy in the world. But he could not share that moment, since sunny days were prohibited.

It was Sunday and Little Boy could go for a walk. He went out of home and came across a wonderful landscape that looked brighter and more colored than ever. The buildings were wrapped up with different embossed papers! It was like a dream and

it seemed a completely different place from which Little Boy was used to. *I'd rather follow a familiar way; otherwise I can lose my track.* He decided to follow the school way.

But Little Boy could not follow the same way being the same 10-year-old boy! He could feel he was new and to express this, he took off his shoes. He, Little Boy, was barefoot. So delicious the sensation of being that way, just feeling the warm early morning air. And the silence, so tender (there was nobody outside, they were probably afraid of the sun).

He kept on following and so he sought that

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It seemed that during his whole and short life, he had been prepared for that

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Little Boy knew the taste of rain, but he did not know the taste of wetting his feet shoeless. Fearless. *Shynessless*. Shameless. He wanted the sensation of his warm skin into the fresh puddle. Which kind of sensation would it be? He admired the shiny puddle and was glad to see its beauty and imagine small golden fishes - Sun's children - swimming slowly inside it.

Little Boy decided to jump into the puddle. *Splash* would be a nice sound. He kept away from the puddle, ran a little and jumped into it.

Little Boy did not come to the surface. Their parents looked for him, but he was not found. The sun was so hot that dried up all the water on the sidewalks and streets. Little Boy's puddle was dried up too. There was no hole, as I could imagine, just the plain old ground.

Next day, the rainy weather was back. But this time, there was no Little Boy to ask for a sunny day. And the huge

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was there again.