



~~GRITO~~
~~SOLEA~~
~~GOBLIN~~
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FENIX

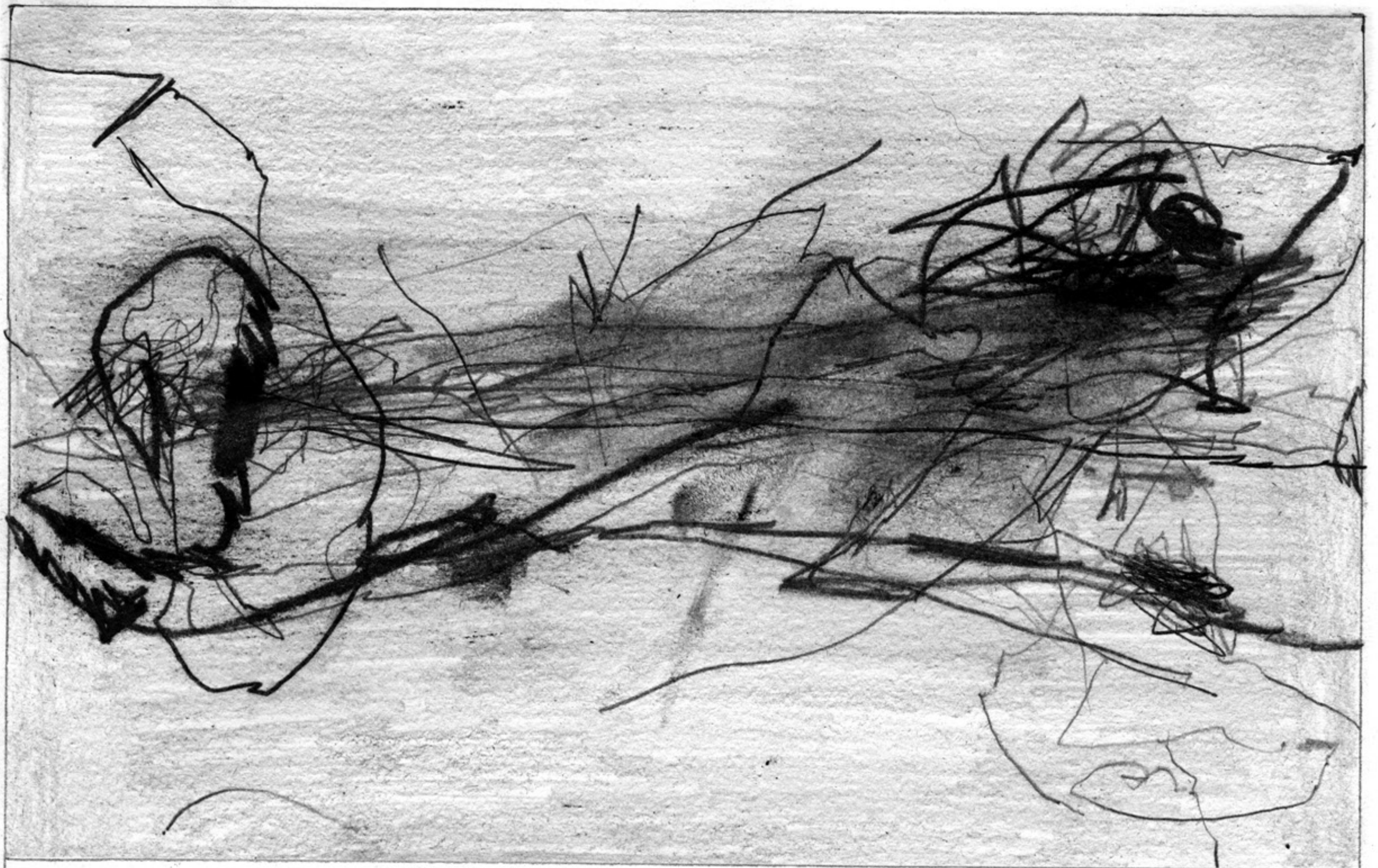
at
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BACHALOTE
FRANCA

WHEN SHE TOLD ME OUR MARRIAGE HAD ENDED, I WAS THINKING
OF ADOPTING A CAT.

I'D JUST SEEN IT ONLINE. THE AD SAID: ADOPT A KITTEN TODAY: TWO FEMALES, THREE MALES, FULLY VETTED.

I SHOULD CALL ISABELA AT 9971-8922 OR E-MAIL HER AT ISABELA @ GMAIL. COM



THAT FACEBOOK ALBUM OF UP-FOR-ADOPTION CRITTERS REMINDED ME OF A CLUTTER MY FRIENDS AND I FOUND ONCE.



I WAS FIVE OR SIX, AND THERE WAS A BIG VACANT LOT (NOW IT'S A SUPERMARKET) BESIDES THE BUILDING WHERE I LIVED.



THAT LOT SERVED A LOT OF PURPOSES. ONE OF THEM WAS BEING A DEPOSIT OF UNWANTED OFFSPRING.



EVERY TIME A NEW BOX OF KITTENS SHOWED UP, THE CHILDREN OF THE BUILDING DIVIDED INTO TWO GROUPS: THE ONES THAT WANTED TO TAKE CARE OF THE ANIMALS AND THE ONES THAT WANTED TO HARM THEM.



THIS TIME THERE WERE FIVE KITTENS AND I TRIED TO CONVINCING MY MOM TO ADOPT ONE OF THEM.



IT TOOK US A FEW DAYS TO FIND HOMES FOR ALL OF THEM, EXCEPT FOR THE ONE I LIKED THE MOST AND WHICH I HAD NAMED FRED.



ONE EVENING, A FRIEND CALLED ME OVER THE WINDOW, SAYING I SHOULD COME ASAP: 'FRED WAS KILLED!'



THEY SAID IT WAS SERGIO, A BOY ABOUT TWO YEARS OLDER. THEY SAID THEY TRIED TO STOP HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T BUDGE.



ALSO THAT HE GRABBED FRED BY ITS TAIL, WHIPPED IT LIKE A BOLEADORAS AND THRASHED IT AGAINST A WALL. AND THAT HE'D DONE IT THREE TIMES.



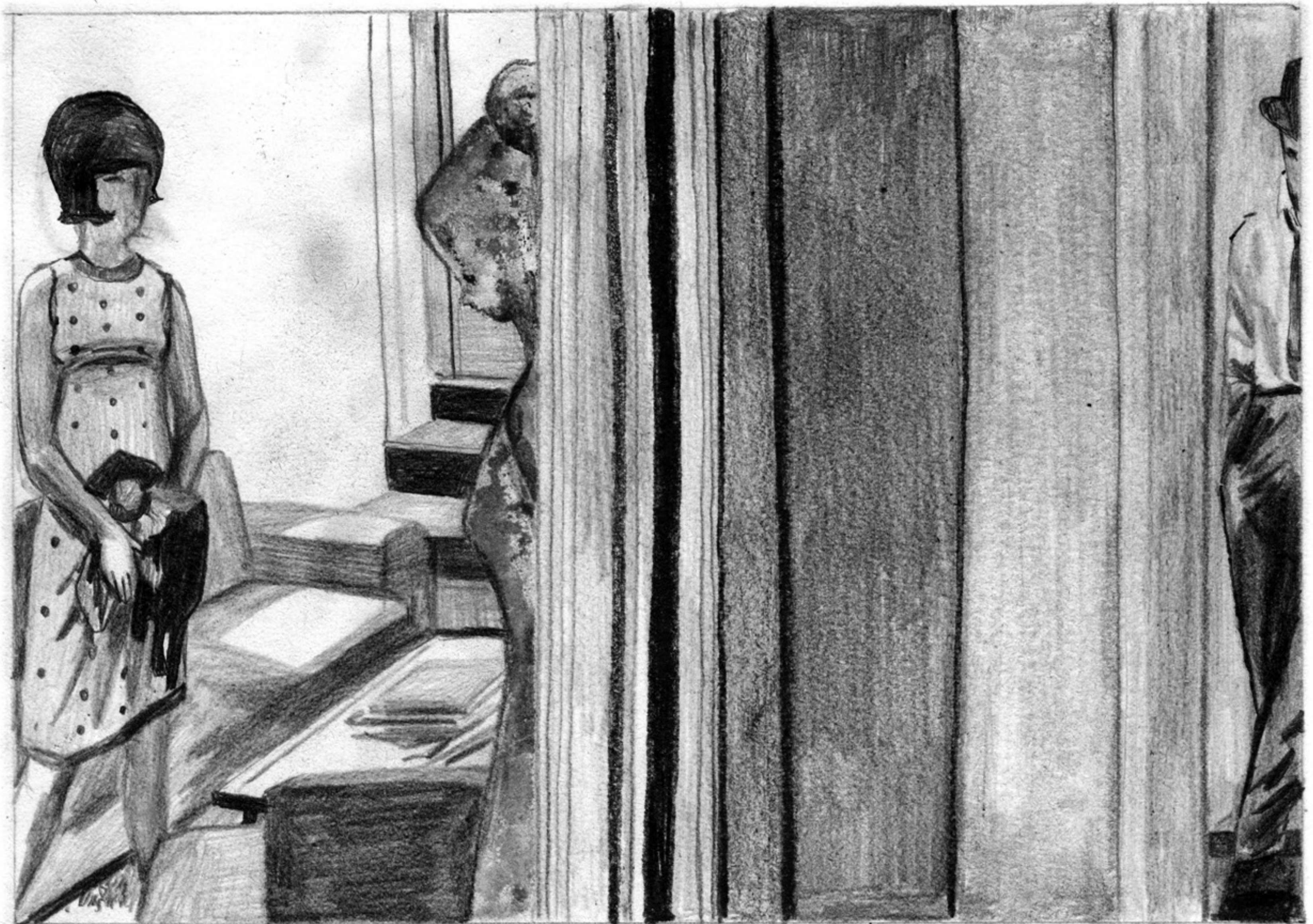
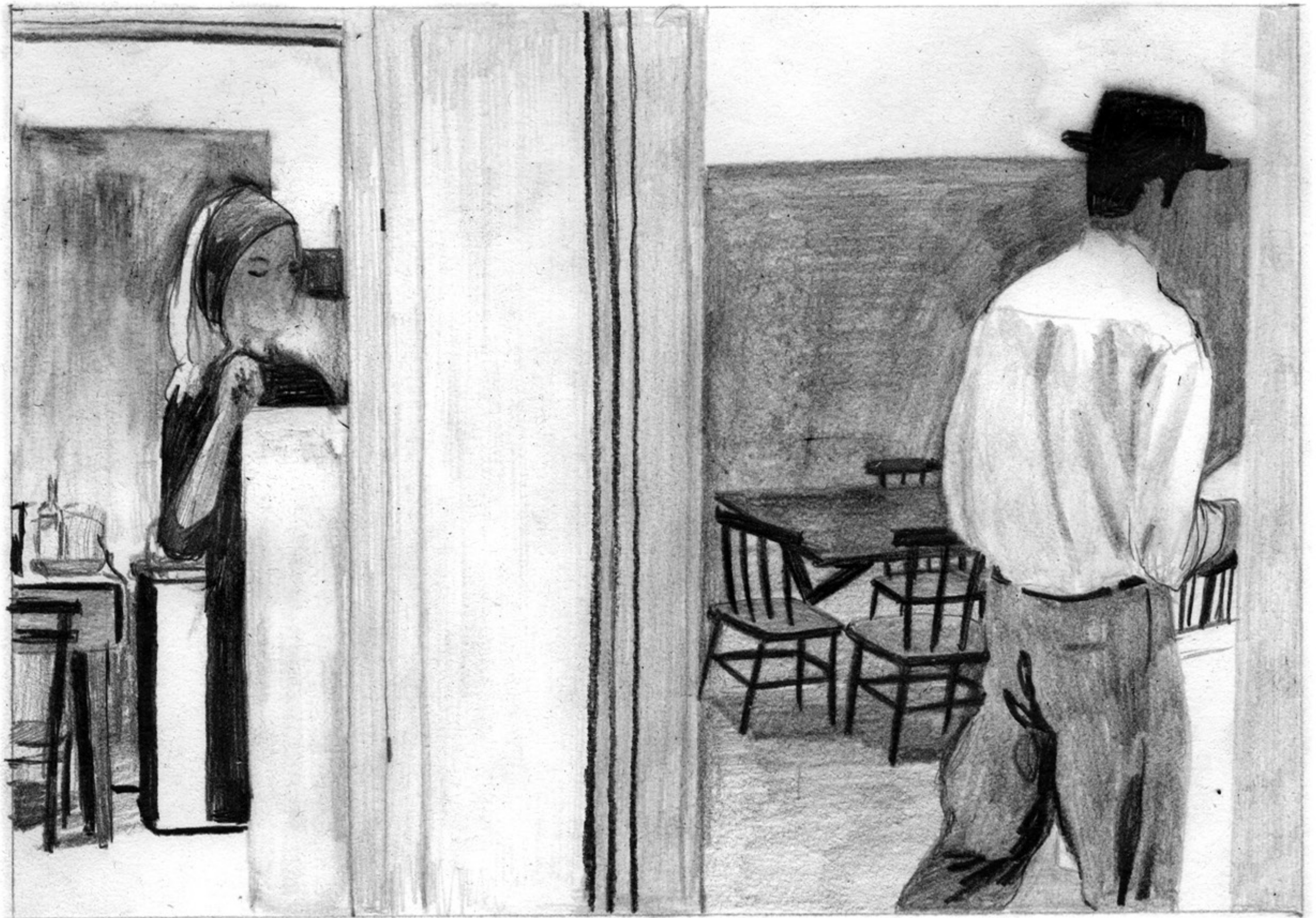
THE NEXT MORNING, WE BURIED FRED IN THE SAME VACANT LOT WE FOUND IT. SOMEONE MADE A PRAYER AND WE SANG THE SONG OF THE CAT FROM SALTIMBANCOS TRAPALHÕES.



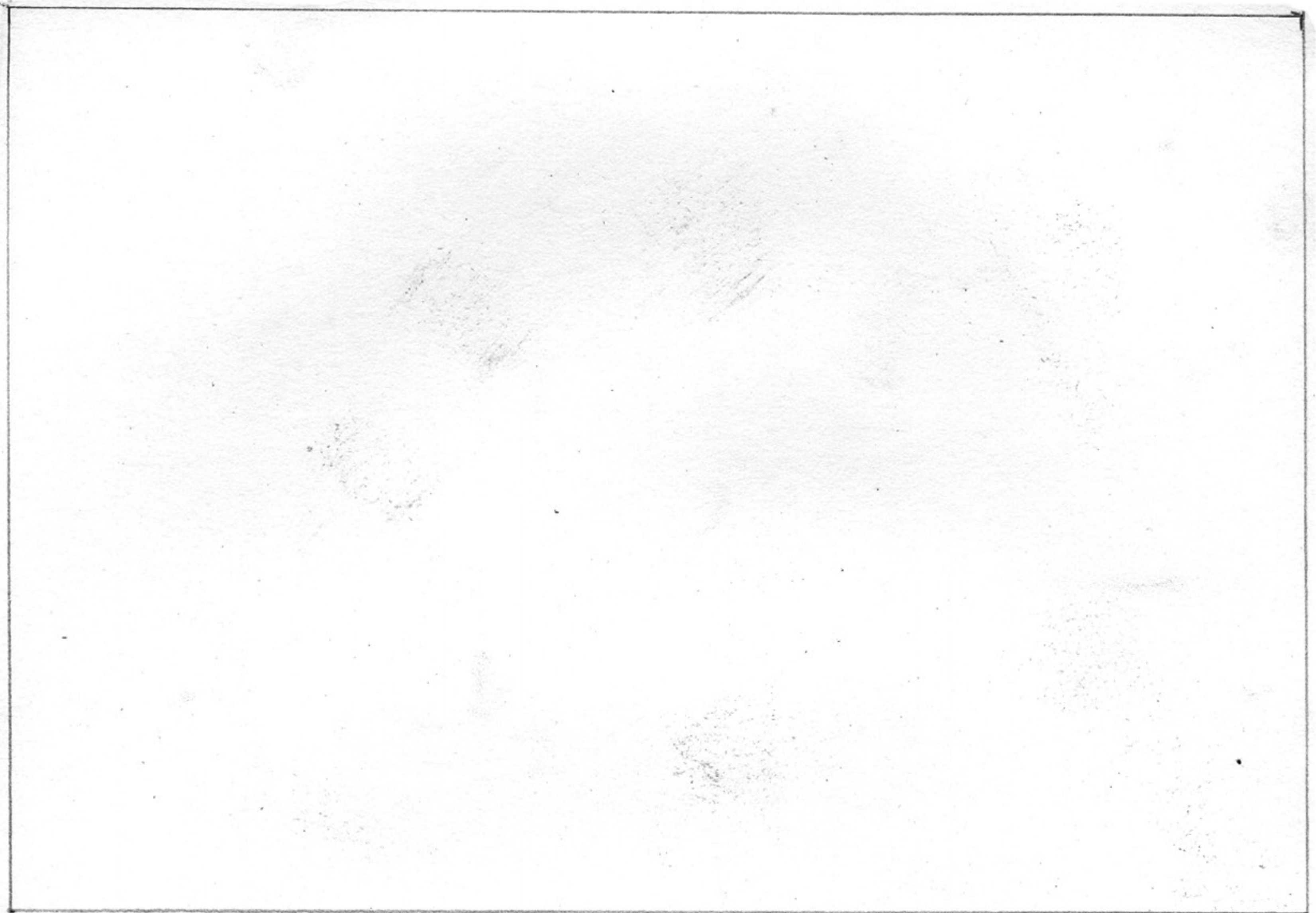
I DON'T
KNOW.



AND
IT ISN'T
NICE NOT
KNOWING
FOR SO
LONG.







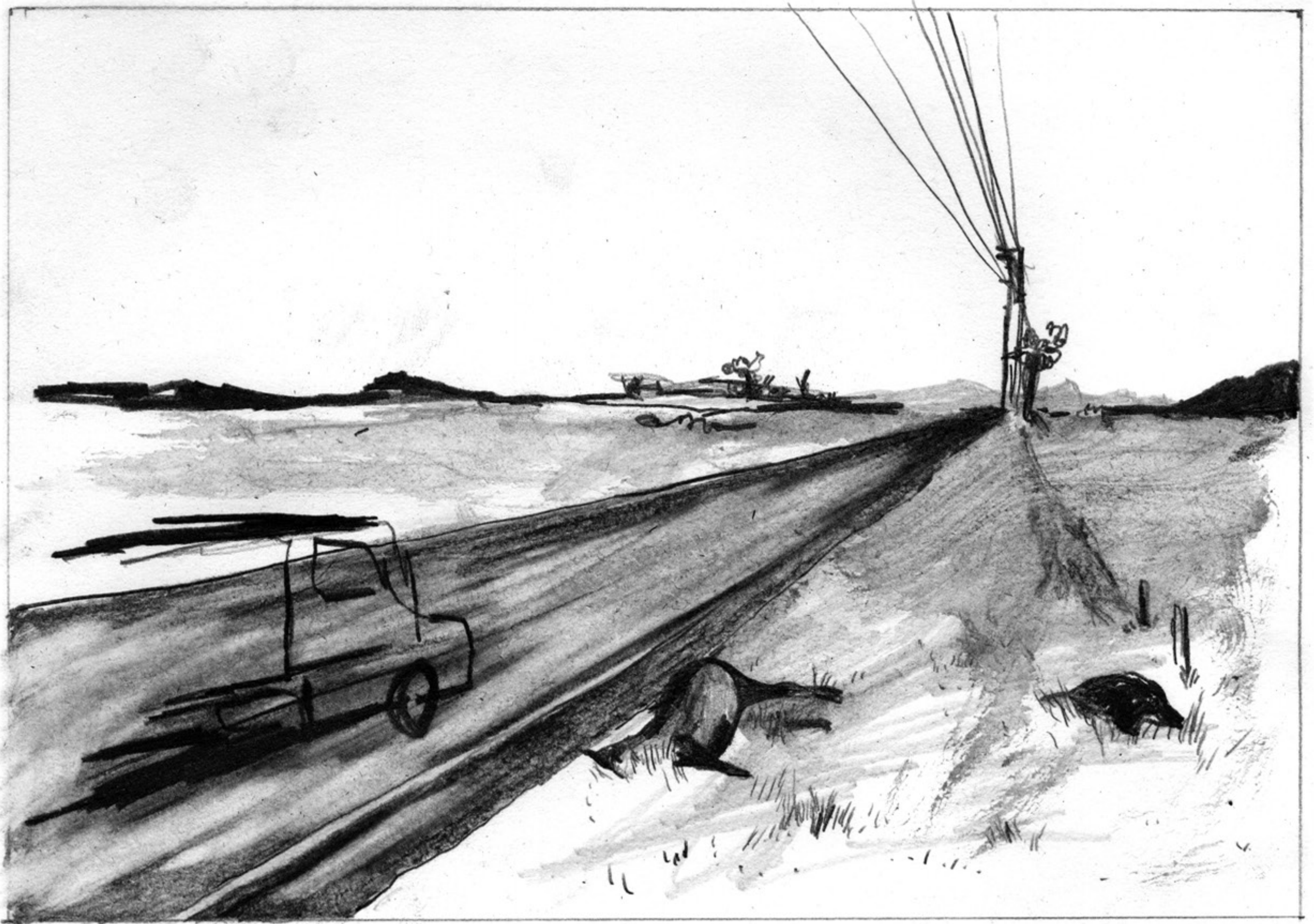
SHE WENT AWAY THE DAY AFTER SHE TOLD ME OUR MARRIAGE HAD ENDED. I READ IN THE PAPER THAT THE BODIES OF TWO RAN-OVER HORSES WERE STILL BY THE SIDE OF SC-281 HIGHWAY.



POLICE SAID IT WAS CITY HALL'S DUTY TO REMOVE THEM.
CITY HALL SAID NO ONE HAD REQUESTED THE REMOVAL.



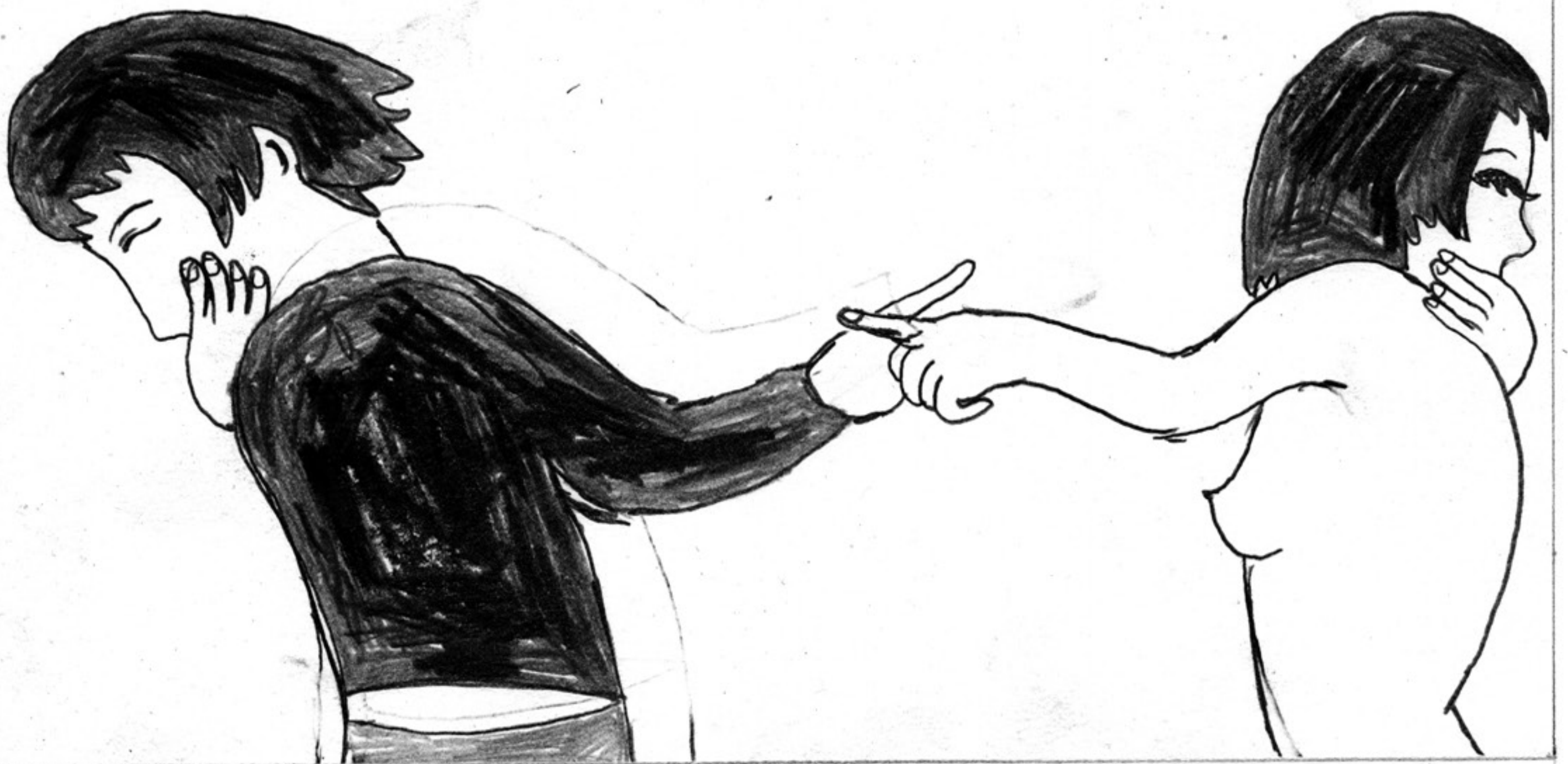
TWO DAYS AFTER BEING RUN OVER, THE BODIES REMAINED THERE.
NO ONE WAS LIABLE, NO ONE CARED FOR THEM.





THAT WOULD BE TOO COOL!

THAT WOULD BE TOO COOL!



AND THEN I THOUGHT OF US.

Dead Horses remains by highway

by Pedro Franz

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