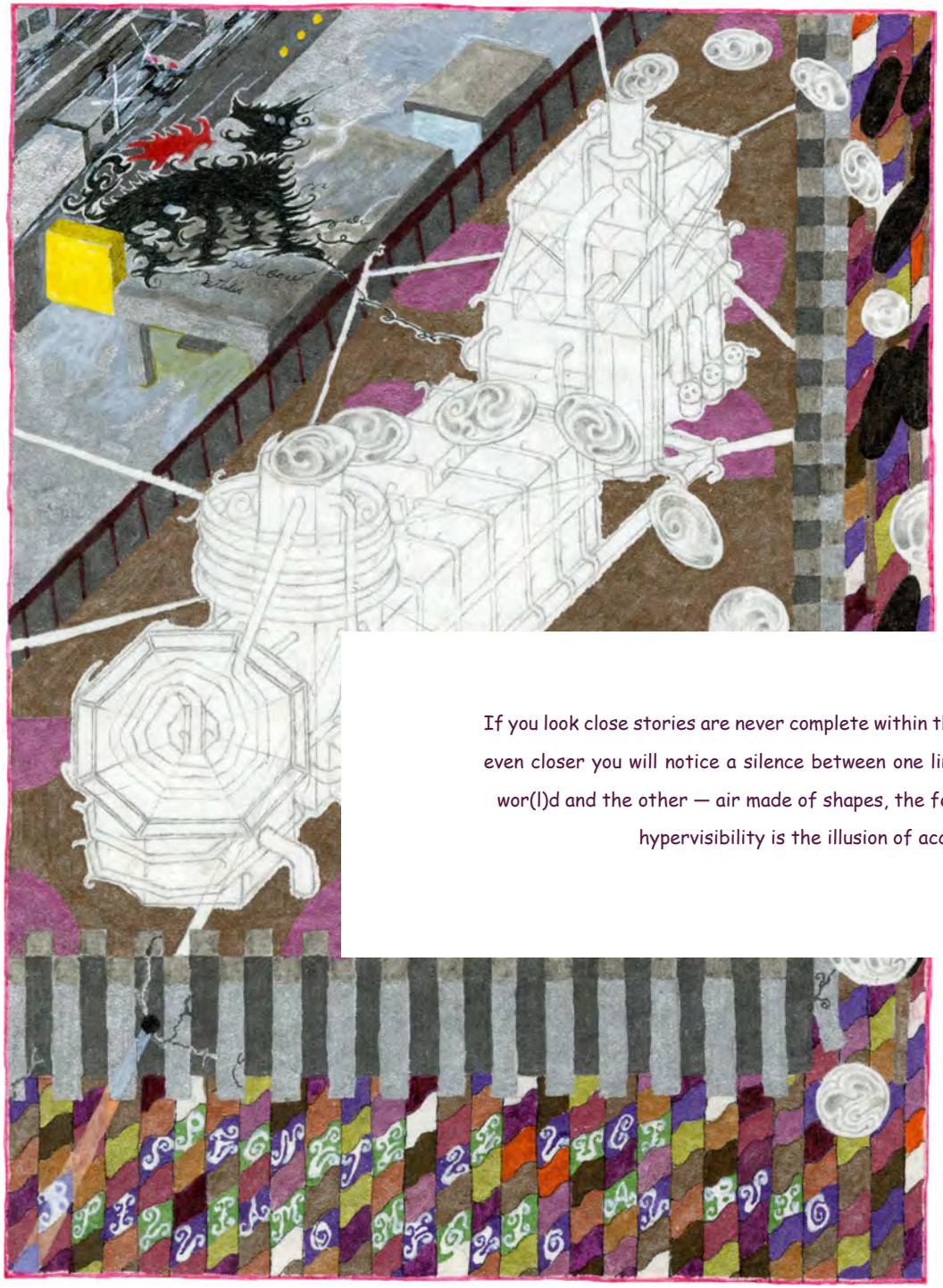
Two world-less girls found a country in each other's arms. Beside the defeat and the terror, there would be this too: the glimpse of beauty, the instant of possibility[11].



If you look close stories are never complete within themselves, If you look even closer you will notice a silence between one line and the other, one wor(l)d and the other — air made of shapes, the feeling of a presence: hypervisibility is the illusion of access.

[11] Hartman, S. V. (2008). *Venus in Two acts*. Winthrop University African American Studies.

The following page is a reproduction of what I've seen tonight in my dream. An almost exact reproduction because I was holding precisely this notebook. The top left corner is the one I can recall better. Colors are randomly placed but guided by some sort of logic throughout the making process. What was crucial in my dream was that the rest of the pages from the drawing on were right together, almost kind of crusty and aged. There was also a certain pain and some tears were shed in showing and trying to explain this page. I'm not sure but I believe it was my sister the one whom I was showing it to. I can't recall whether it was me or her crying. In this dream I was conscious of having dreamt the same location and the same drawing in two different moments. Not sure if it actually happened. Either way I was familiar with the place, an inexistent neighborhood in which we had moved, out of the city of presumably my hometown - a close-to-the-airport kind of location, with tight social housing with communal "recreational areas". Curved buildings enclosing this cement-only outdoor spaces. The whole landscape was very curvy, curved roads, curved buildings... only flat straight fields in the horizon. It was night, new year's eve night, treated as any other though. I think it might have been very early in the morning, my sister, not very familiar with the place yet, was looking for a bus to go to work. Random people were surrounding me, taking me around the neighborhood. I might have shown this drawing to one of them, this man with an awkward goaty...

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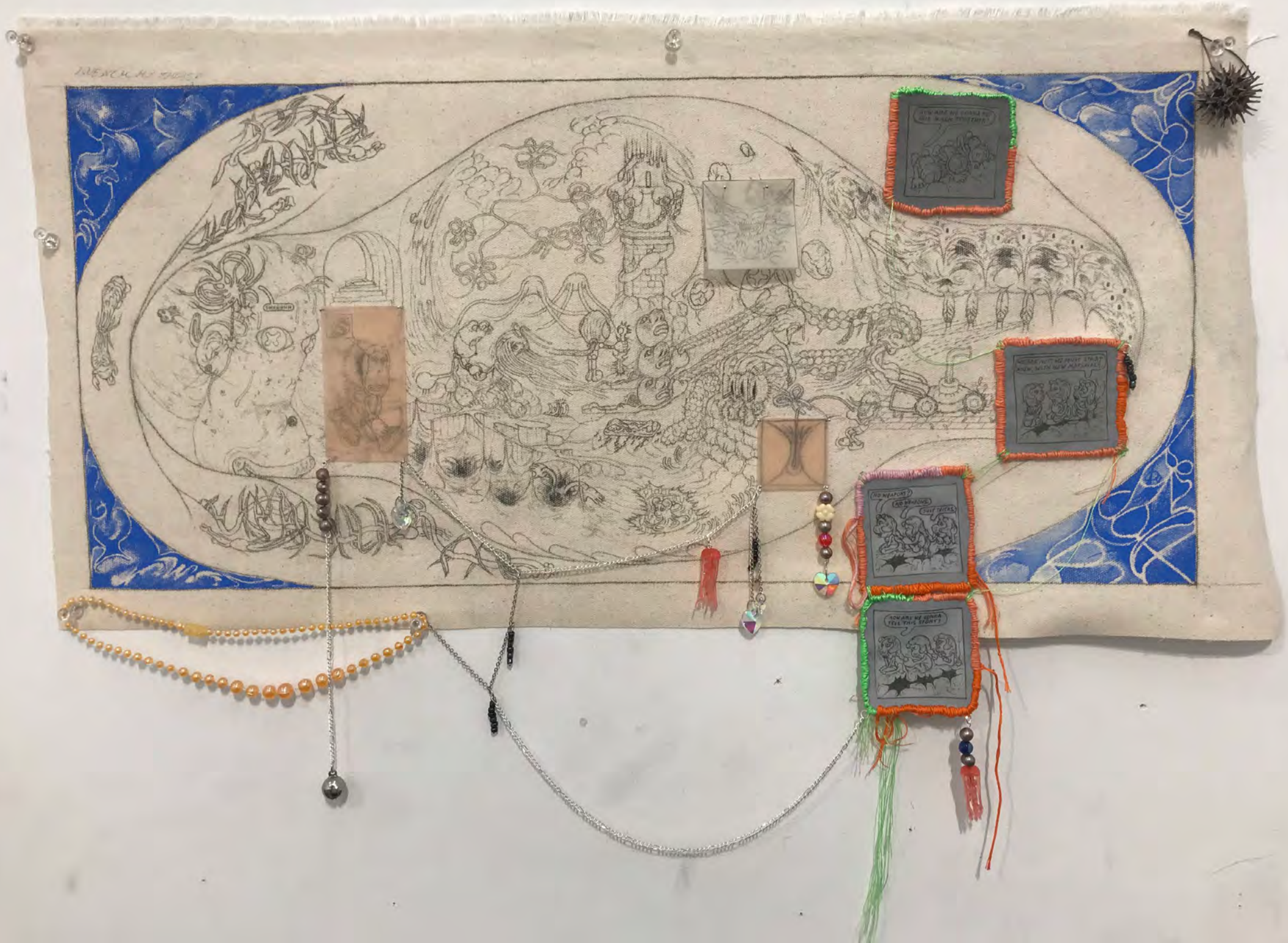
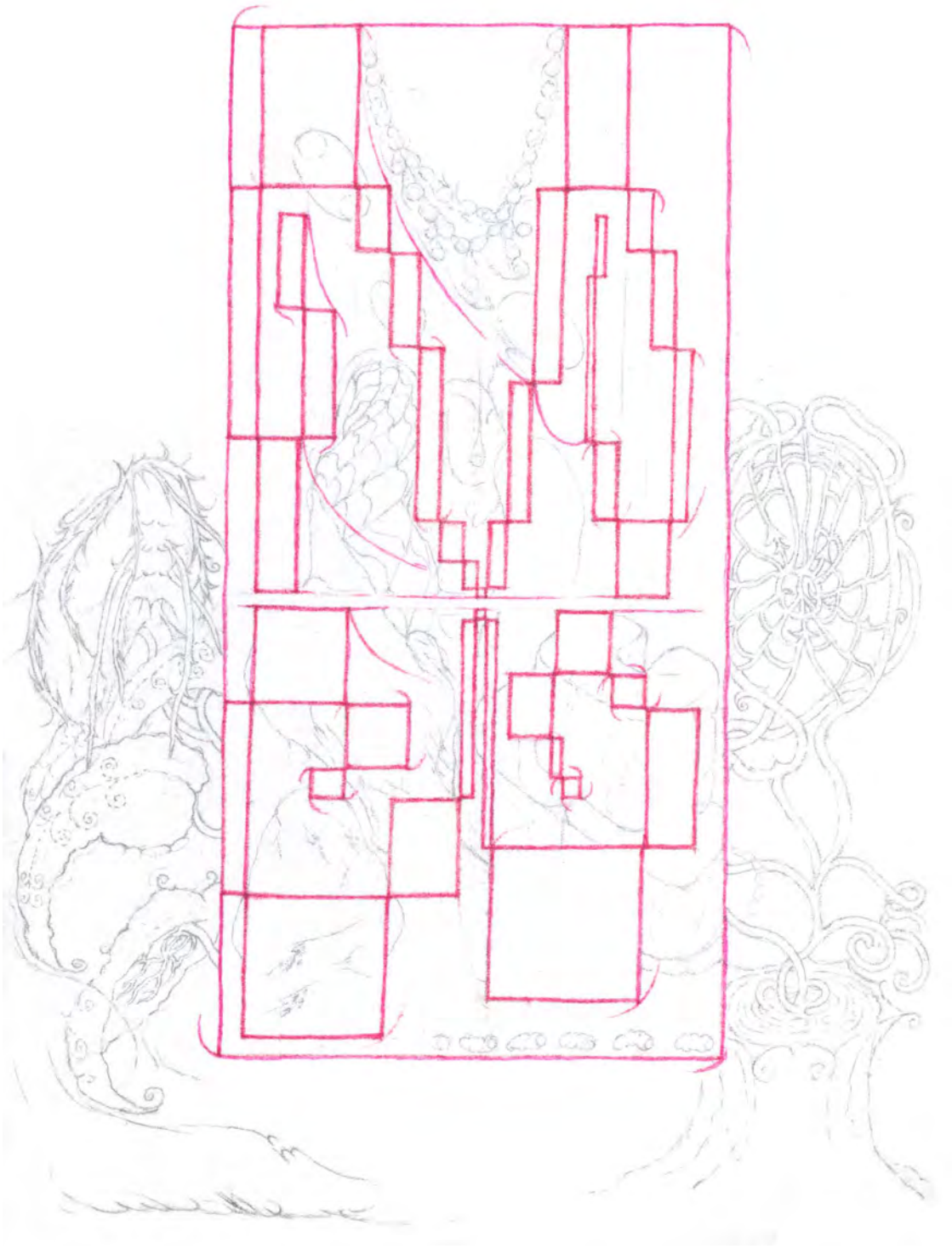
and if I
people
A dream


HOW ARE WE GONNA TELL THIS STORY?