



NEDDA G. DE ANHALT
PEN México

MARIELA BAEVA
Bulgaria

Filosofía amorosa

A María Elena Ruiz Cruz

Hilario estaba enamorado de Meche, pero no sabía cómo dirigirse a ella. Su amigo, El Gallo, le aconsejó. «Cuando visites a la familia por vez primera, te bañas, vas con ropa limpia, y llevas de regalo una botella de tequila; así causas buena impresión. Pero no platiques con la Meche si los padres están presentes, sino cuando encuentres la oportunidad de hacerlo con ella a solas.»

El novio asintió con un movimiento vigoroso de cabeza, para enseguida preguntar:

—Cuando estemos juntos, ¿qué le digo?

—Pues cuéntale de ti, de tu trabajo, de lo bien que te va. O hazle preguntas relacionadas con la comida y la religión. La idea es hacerla hablar.

Hilario siguió las instrucciones de su amigo.

—Meche, ¿sabes que soy soltero, y gano muy buen dinero como vendedor de periódicos?

—No.

—¿Te gustan los tacos de frijol con nopales?

—Sí.

—¿Y los domingos vas a misa?

—No siempre.

Dicho todo esto, como una losa de piedra el silencio cayó sobre la pareja. Hilario, desesperado, no sabía cómo proceder, hasta que de repente se acercó a ella y con una mano en la cintura la atrajo hacia él mientras la otra acariciaba lentamente el seno sobre la blusa. De súbito, le plantó un beso. Una semana más tarde, se llevó a cabo el matrimonio en donde El Gallo fue el padrino. ↵

The letter

There's expectation in the air, she thought. Behind the window throwing light to the Palazzo interior, she searched the courtyard where six national flags were flapping. Her eyes dimmed as she was overcome by memories of friends taken by the war. All belonged to towns of Bell' Italia where the events of the WWII had been in full sway to become the scene for crushing military campaigns across the country and Europe.

She felt that pricking behind the eyes as her thoughts went to those who had attempted to trade lives for the tramp of boots.

She surveyed the grand ramped stairway. The buzz of Rome came with hundreds of boisterous people. They wended their way in the pelting rain, peering through the guard.

The motorcade of black Lancia emerged on Capitoline Hill. Civil Guards in Renaissance clothes and Carabinieri snapped into a salute as the delegations eased up at the Palazzo dei Conservatori. Dark red roses and deep yellow tulips erupted with the colours of the frescoes of the Campidoglio.

"Adriana?" She heard her name whispered. A whiff of Sandalwood cologne.

"Oliver?" she asked and turned to face the speaker. The tall Briton, in a midnight blue suit and pastel shirt, was smiling. He clasped her tiny hand and lifted it to his lips.

"You - how nice to see you!" she bowed and strands of silk auburn hair fell across her. Arranging them, she studied her companion: *He never makes errors of taste. The way he knots his tie and always shows half an inch of cuff.* A smile sped across her face - Oliver's presence was a release from the morning tension.

There was commotion in the Piazza. Adriana took her mind regretfully off him and searched ahead.

The delegations and guests crossed the square that hosted the bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius and headed to the central portico of the Palazzo.

Adriana and Oliver dashed to the hectic mass of reporters to meet the charcoal-suited dignitaries. The transmission was going out via all the European stations.

Black frock-coated ushers greeted the guests. Snap. Flash. And they

• Our voice • Notre voix • Nuestra voz • Our voice • Notre voix • Nuestra voz • Our voice • Notre voix • Nuestra voz • Our voice