

360 degree

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He found himself sitting on the bed, with clock beeps atronándole ears. That day I was twenty-nine. In a slap silenced the clock.

Sleep had emerged violently, distressed, sweating profusely, even though the bedroom temperature barely reached eighteen degrees, but what it was that feeling tortured terrifying oppression gripped his chest like a claw, that tremendous anguish. It had never happened, it was a tremendous experience, devastating.

And the worst thing was not knowing what to attribute such experience.

A nightmare, of course, a terrible nightmare, but could not remember anything.

Beside Paola snored softly, happily never hear the clock, did not know what to say, did not even know if he could talk.

He put his feet on the floor and went to the bathroom, looked like the floor was sinking in its path. The image of her face reflecting mirror air left him, was a man absolutely exhausted, destroyed, devastated. His eyes, intensely irritated, spoke unmistakably of long hours of crying uncontrollably. Confusion annex to its cocktail of sensations.

He began to dress, it was time to go to work. In passing toward the exit door crossed Lara's bedroom, her little two year old daughter. The picture of her with her red curls and pearly skin, sleeping peacefully, brought him some peace and recalled the tremendous struggle begun to make Paola got pregnant. Five long years of painful treatments and wait nervously until the day came when expected. And there began an anxious wait of nine months until, after a short delivery, got the jackpot.

Parenting is giant, idiotic refrain.

However, as was leaving the room all those horrible feelings came back to wear you down.

Several weeks passed before he could begin to forget what happened that night minimally and several years until I totally forgot.

During those years Lara began his first school and all the attention, as from its source, focused on her.

It was an angel.

Once on scene it was overshadowed everything else and took the exclusivity and the drool from their parents, uncles, grandparents, and whoever had before it. His time at the elementary, middle, before she entered college, was just a formality. Always prominent, always excelling. It was an integral part in all decisions made in family and Diego, his father, was a permanent consultative body, a beacon to his life and that of his wife.

So when the phone rang that night, while the couple quietly watched TV after dinner, no one could

have imagined the tragedy that would ensue the next minute.
Diego listened dumbfounded what someone said as he looked pale Paola intensely.

"An accident ..."
"Where is ...?"
"... In the Municipal Hospital ..."
"How are you? ..."
"... I do not know, sir, there will tell ..."

Like a bad movie drama, not knowing when or how they found in a morgue recognizing the corpse, still not knowing if it was a bad dream, unable to react. Dams in such distress that had not shed a tear, had they not had to assimilate that Lara was dead. The relatives began to arrive and found the couple in a small, cramped little room with a lost expression on his face, as if he even knew where they were. But when Paola had notion that her mother was before her shock the overflowed. From his mouth emerged a scream hoarse monotone, continuous, deafening.

"No" but said "or" never cut.

Diego attended this more as a spectator than a protagonist forced. I felt an emptiness in the soul impossible to describe or weigh but not yet dawned on the trance that was submitted.

Paola finally fainted and had to be served by the hospital ward.

"Lara is dead" sounded in the minds of Diego. "A bastard killed her to steal her purse."

All around was crying and inconsolable despair. Everything was drama, tragedy, stupor. One hand rested on the shoulder of Diego.

He turned, was his father, Diego also fainted.

The room was like any other funeral parlor, luxurious, comfortable, but nobody cared. Paola stood before the coffin staring at some distant universe and Lara was incredibly beautiful, as beautiful as life. If parenting is giant, losing a child makes you a dwarf, insignificant, unwilling to follow.

The dreaded moment arrived and was as scary as I imagined Diego, maybe more.

We had to close the coffin.

Useless to describe the pain, the fear, the tear.

But Diego did not calculate the graveyard scene.

It was much worse.

Beside the open grave to Paola, see the coffin lowered into the grave with her was like descending into utter emptiness. The land falling and crashing into the wooden thud, covering happiness, future projects, all buried forever ...

He thought his ears began hearing failed because beeps. Puzzled saw his hands were losing consistency. Suddenly he saw as if same from above with Paola, like I was flying and gaining altitude quickly. And the beeps becoming stronger, more powerful, deafening ...

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