

Buium:D

1871: The Incident

I was standing in the kitchen in my home, near a window that gave me a view of the beach and the sea. Tonight we were having guests over; it was sister Capitu, Bento, Jose Dias and Cousin Justina. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon and my husband had gone out for a swim in the cool ocean waters. I was preparing dinner when I saw two people walk onto the beach. It was quite a distance away so all I could see was a rough outline of their bodies, legs, arms, and head. It was a woman with long dark hair, and the other was a tall man. The sun's beams that reflected off their faces made them radiate light like a pair of angels. In the background I heard the ocean tide, swishing and swashing as the tide came in and out. I kept looking at the woman and the man for it was more interesting than cutting pepper and preparing the meal at home. Besides, it wasn't difficult to multitask. As the woman and the man walked closer towards me, I was slowly starting to recognize the form of the man who had big strong arms and a tall figure. And at the woman, in fact, when I looked more closely, the woman looked more and more like someone I know – why, it was Capitu! Then was that Bento? I know the body of Bento and he is smaller, and shorter. It couldn't have been him. Who is it? I could not see very clearly as the sunlight made his face very bright. They had stopped walking and now, the man turned aside to kiss the woman in which I was able to catch a glimpse of the man's face and I did not believe who it was! They proceeded on after that and soon later, they were out of my view. I was shocked, appalled, flabbergasted at the image that has now burned into my mind. With hands

trembling, and heart racing faster and faster, I wondered if I was hallucinating at that moment in which case I knew I could not have. For the afternoon, I prepared supper as I wondered why my husband Escobar gave a kiss to Capitu.

1871: The Evening (Ch. CXVIII)

That night I wanted to talk to Bento, and I took the opportunity to do so after supper. He had just finished talking to my husband, and so as a conversation starter, I asked him what they were talking about. My husband had been planning a trip for the four of us – Bento, Capitu, himself and I to travel to Europe in two years. Bento was curious as to what the secret was since my husband did not tell him the whole plan. I told him what it was because it wasn't a secret that one can't share. Thinking of what I had wanted to talk to Bento about, I sighed. I was distressed – the image of my husband that has burned into my memory was making me upset. In an attempt to change the mood, I lifted my head and tried to smile. Then I tilted my head slightly and looked at Bento for a minute. Bento looked back. I gazed deep into his eyes; his eyes showed contentment, and clueless as to the evil that I intended to be set upon him. Then I decided I couldn't. Anger latched onto me like harpoons on a seal that gave me great grief. My tongue was in need of projecting those bitter memories and releasing the swell of emotions that has engulfed my thoughts since this afternoon. I wanted to tell him, but I just couldn't because I don't want to devastate his mood. I turned away to give it more thought. I went to the piano where Capitu was playing music where for a while, I stared at her face with great contempt and anger. Every note released by her fingertips was knife wounds to my body. Her beauty was like a rose, but her heart was the thorns that pierced the flesh. That betraying backstabber, filthy whore! I turned

away to look elsewhere out of disgust and I saw Bento again staring straight at me. I stared back. He stood still, his head resting on his palms resting on the window sills and then there was short silence for a quick while. I stared at him. He never moved his head; just stared right back at me like a mirror, except unlike the mirror image, the grimy quandary that surfaced would not vanish, the instant I turn away. I was thinking: what if he knew? What will happen if I told him now? ▲ quick thought of my husband conjures revulsion and fury, of which at the moment was approaching Bento. I was thinking: why, my dear Escobar? What is the true meaning of this? I continued looking at Bento, until he jerked his head away to look at out the window. ▲And then he talks to my husband. For the remainder of the evening, I thought to myself and came to decide not to tell Bento. It was not in my intention to break his heart like a mallet breaks a small piece of rock. What if it was a misconception? ▲As night approached, Bento and the guests were leaving. I looked at Bento one last time before he took his step out of my home and I grabbed his warm hands and held it tightly for a long time. I have sympathy for him because he does not know what I've seen. But he does not feel the ache that I have. Ignorance in this regard is better than knowing which felt more painful than shredding your tongue with a grater of some sort. I gripped his fingers hard one last time, until I released his warm hands, and watched him leave.

1901: Letter to Bento (Ch.CXXIX)

Dear Bentinho,

The day after that evening, catastrophe struck. I must confess that it was I who killed Escobar! My dear husband has confessed to the incident, which is described in the journal attached to this letter, after I interrogated him. His conscience must have

distracted him on that fateful day when he was combating the waves for even a split second of distraction was fatal. I had meant to reveal the truth to you that same day, had not Escobar succumbed to the rough waters. After the catastrophe, my revolting abhorrent for him resided, as he was my husband, and I loved him with my whole heart and my resentment towards him was forgotten. Upon reading your book – Dom Casmurro, I must clarify that it wasn't an expression of love towards you that evening, in which you had misunderstood it to be, but it was rather a reaction to the incident that occurred that afternoon. Had you expressed your thoughts to me sooner, I would have told you about this incident earlier. I apologize gravely for not doing so for the results may have been different if you knew earlier.

Take great care now,

Dona Sancha