



*NINE SHORT
SHOTS*

E

CINCO BREVES



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Dedicatória

*Para minha esposa e filhas,
com muito amor.*

*Para meus familiares,
pela confiança e apoio.*

*Para os amigos,
por tudo e por nada.*

ÍNDICE

<i>Apresentação</i>	7
<i>Shadow and Light</i>	11
<i>Short Life</i>	13
<i>Ace Diamond</i>	15
<i>Shuffling</i>	21
<i>Life's Traffic Light</i>	23
<i>In the Dark Room</i>	27
<i>Me. Me?</i>	29
<i>E(vil)-Mail</i>	31
<i>Skull Ring U never read some like that – A short story</i>	35
<i>Breve V</i>	39
<i>Breve IV</i>	41
<i>Breve III</i>	43
<i>Breve II</i>	45
<i>Breve I</i>	47

APRESENTAÇÃO

As ideias surgem d'uma forma inusitada.
Algumas transferi para o papel, como os
"13 Contos e Uma Tragédia".

Outras também, mas eu as perdi n'uma
lufada de vento.

E para não mais lamentar, eis que reuni
estas poucas neste "Nine Short Shots e
Cinco Breves".

O formato de bolso é para que possam ser
levadas d'um lado para outro.

A ligeireza das letras é para esses novos
tempos de informação.
Espero que apreciem.

**NINE SHORT
SHOTS**

E

CINCO BREVES

SHADOW AND LIGHT

They woke up at 06 AM, as usual. Bathed and shaved. After dresses they sat at the table for breakfast.

Then, they turned back and said bye, who knows to whom and - inexplicably as happened after the end of college - each went his way.

D. Shadow walked 1.5 miles and took the first bus to the city center. D. Light turned on the convertible Mercedes and headed towards to the industrial district.

In the city center, Shadow practiced the same small thefts and scams. He poured himself a cheap food with the few pennies that he earned and at the end of the day used drugs ... just for fun! He ran to the bus stop because he could not miss the meeting time. Actually, He was afraid of what might happen to him in the darkness.

Light had a day like any other. He arrived early at the accounting firm. (He) took a lot of coffee and had amenities chatted with friends. He exercised and lunched, and after that still had time for some jokes.

At the end of the day, and as usual, ran away from prying eyes, such was his hurry to leave. He seemed to be someone else.

The important thing is that he had come home before dark, while D. Shadow was coming in through the back door. They have a dinner and watched TV. Read a book and went to sleep in the only bed in the house. Just like everything else that was unique in that place.

Shadow disappeared when the lights went out. And at the same time D. Light felt the soul taking back his body, announced in anguish.

He dreamed.

SHORT LIFE

I was
Having never gone
Suffered
Without ever having felt
I ran
Having never been
Experienced
Having never played
I Finally
Calmed
Having never stressed
Simply
I was born

ACE DIAMOND

The youthful body was found at the city garbage dump. Severely mistreated and full of multiple piercings. Curiously, on the body - without it to be given some importance by the police expert - lay a playing card, an Ace diamond. Maybe it was rubbish brought by the wind. They thought so.

A native of Lincoln, Nebraska, Grant Rouble came from a dysfunctional family. His father died of cirrhosis, and his mom of hepatitis C. He was raised by his mother's sister, aunt crack addict. He was always beaten by the hands of its conductor life.

At 16, after several passages through prisons for juvenile offenders, found himself at a crossroads: to get any honest employment, or die in the crime. He made the first option, as he was guided by a

divine light, because the sky could still expect, contrary to hell and the devil, with whom he was about to sign to sell his soul.

He began working as a locker chain in a medium size hotel.

Gave up employment in well with everyone from all races, because he taught in reading the language of the streets, even without much formal study.

Not to do that kind of job.

It happens that, out of his natural curiosity, he began to have thoughts about investigative hotel guests.

The new rich who let pulpy tip poorly dressed and talked loudly. The rich, that being rich, cared little for others, once the center of the universe was itself. Fuck off the others!

What about the tourists from another countries? Everywhere full of shopping bags, rooms messy and difficult to

understand the language. Fools! Always
fell in the tale of time share.

Not to mention the clever - most of them
unemployed - who earned some money
by signing up for the breakfasts of time
share. He had some sympathy for those
guys.

However, one guest in particular caught
her attention. A middle-aged man, blond,
strong brand, well dressed and always
wearing sunglasses, even at the end of the
day. He did not behave like others.

And his curiosity about this man started
from a delivery that has been asked to do:
a red package, with something written in
golden letters, that she could not identify.

Sure the volume was for someone in
possession. But not! He was astonished
when the delivery address was for a
house located in one of the most violent
neighborhoods of the city, where gangs of
LSD traffickers killed one another. This

was not in their interest, he thought, but soon declined to that thought. To this day on, he declared as a matter of honor to find out what were the connections that local crime had with that strange man. He dreamed of the day which, after investigation, would receive a medal in a public act from the police chief for good services. The problem is that the foreign guest also noted the claims of Grant Rouble, going to surround himself with care, while nurturing a fascination for this game of cat and mouse. He would be the cat and mouse simultaneously. Now, more often, the strange started to ask the boy's delivery services. Not only has to give good tips and speak to him in a language totally unknown to Rouble. And Grant was increasingly feeling gentleman of the situation, what was his biggest mistake.

Some time ago, Rouble was sure that he had discovered all the dirty business of the strange guest with the mafia in the city. Later he learned that the guest was Russian and from Moscow. That was a good thing to keep loving and sporadic relations with the receptionist of the hotel: a potential informant.

What he did not know was that his intentions and steps have also been carefully studied, and that the delivery of the next day would be exactly the last one, at the time that he intended to surrender to police all the information he collected in his private investigation.

And so, when at the time of delivery he was overpowered, tied and gagged. Had been severely beaten, nearly to death, but not enough, because he was thrown and dragged by a car around the dump, so he still had time with the hazel blood eyes he could see the approaching of the Russian guest. The killer drew a gun from his

pants. His tormentor was wearing a black suit and wore in his lapel a playing card, an Ace diamond.

SHUFFLING

A liter or a meter
Whatever
No matter
Happiness or sadness
What a mess
Dealing with feelings, dealing with words
Just kidding
This is what really counts at the end
At the end of new beginning
(Shuffling)

LIFE'S TRAFFIC LIGHT

That morning was different, because the red light was flashing life. Sirens, pushing and shoving, swearing and even newspapers fellows.

Passed slow drivers wanting to photograph the human tragedy that consumed our characters, or what remained of them: Jack and Tom.

Jack was a man so thin he looked like an "S", here considered the damage to the knees turned inward. Odd and even, his dentures had been better. Took shirt open in the middle of the chest, jeans and slippers half sole.

Tom, once your partner and breadwinner was *Quasimodo* in a physical as well as being mentally retarded, was wearing a gray sweatshirt, a rust-colored shirt and a baseball cap worn on the head. The wheelchair was pulled by Jack.

Ita was their green light to the passage of
those wretched earth.

And so they lived off charity, Jack and
Tom. They hit the point where two or
three signs of the city, but the bulk
of the day came from begging in a rich
neighborhood.

Until one day ... Well, until one day the
yellow light lit on account of the life of a
strand of cheap brandy left in the bottom
of the bottle. The two had an argument,
and thereafter spoke no more, worse, no
longer looked on each other eyes.

Both dumb left for the routine, and
quieter yet, returned down
the black plastic that was their home.

Just like that.

Jack by now left the chair with
Tom in a corner of the hut, there
to retire and went to gain
some chip money.

It turns out that a more attentive
driver when launching the charity found

that the coins hit the chest of Tom and
were hardened to the ground,
unresponsive.

Confused, he stopped the car yards away
and headed toward beggars. The strong
smell in the walk through already
complained that something was wrong.
By touching Jack's shoulder, he turned his
head. This was followed by a sense of
shock, horror and nausea.

The chair was now occupied by a
decaying corpse, a piece of flesh without a
soul.

And here we return to the beginning of
the narrative and even a little further,
already at the police department.

Preliminary tests were done, and they
realized that Tom should be dead at least
four days, maybe a heart attack victim.
Jack, in shock and in a cold corner of the
police department rocked and quietly
chanted a mantra incomprehensible, that

followed until a police car came to pick
him up to a unknown place.
Green, Yellow, Red, one after another,
after another one.

IN THE DARK ROOM

In the corner of the cold and dark room
now it was dying.
Eyes that have gone from extreme terror
of the breath to the feeling it can do
nothing. Far away.
Trembling body, its thoughts went away
for the resumption of its existence,
dangerous life.
Born in the field - literally - in dry grass,
little time passed between the brothers,
who were warming up in hard winter
with their bodies.
To the dangers of the fields, it fled to the
distant city. Alone!
Always sneaking around - here and there -
and stealing what to eat. It wasn't out of
malice or nastiness, but by necessity.
So it was and it was so. No more, no less.
Dirty, always wet, survived among the
dregs.

Human and animals are enemies to face,
day by day.

Disapproving stares pushed him further
and further into the wilderness ... lost
from everything and everyone.

Numb, thinking back to the scene of the
past and suddenly PLAF, hit by drought
echoed second time in the dark room.

A last took of breath and shut its eyes.

The sweep hit him with extreme
precision... . .

The mouse died.

ME. ME?

Without opening my eyes I question my
existence.

Mentally I touch all my body. I now feel
every part of me.

Yeah, I'm still alive. I think, because I do
exist. Do I?

Slowly I take care of the situation, because
the feeling that's not me still persists, and
insists, increasingly deep and latent.

Eyes open, everything around me is
known, but appears to be distant, as far as
a dream.

Is that my good dream of the day?
The woman next to me in bed is the same
as shows my left ring finger. Well, it
should be.

Any doubt?

The kid that comes my way is the son I
caress his face with some anxiety, since it
seems so close and so far this touch of the

hand that I extend to him.

Suit and tie. Well I'm ready for another
workday.

My desk is at the same place, papers on it,
coffee breaks, a good day here, another
there. People come and go to my meeting.

The words are blowing in the wind.

Anesthetized is my step this day, afraid
that the end of the awakening all comes
down to a dream. Another, nightmare or
not, that's how I'm spending my days,
with a feeling that I'm always passing
through this life.

Is it my life?

The despair comes over me, because I'm
afraid to awaken from this dream and
only two possible paths present
themselves: either I'm alive, living this life
of mine, or I'm dead, dreaming of a life
that is not mine.

Might be yours?

The true self does not know who I am.

E(vil)-Mail

B. Penning was a normal guy. Well, not quite. Formed 16 years to the Massachuts' University of Technology , he was always considered a prodigy, a gifted. And he suffered for the choices and consequences of his very condition.

Isolated from the world and its worldly things.

Young became a partner of one of the largest computer companies in Silicon Valley, and Penning never worked less than 18 hours per day, including weekends.

Lots of tea and donuts were his livelihood.

And one night from his miserable life, because he had everything and nothing at the same time, Penning received a strange e-mail.

Blank. At 11:30 pm.

And, however he dominated

the science of systems analysis, failed to trace the origin of that e-mail.

This lasted for months on end at 11:30 pm Penning received a mysterious e-mail, until some time later he received an e-mail with the letter "K", only. Again he could not find any identification for that new message.

Spent nights on end to receive this "K" e-mail. Penning did not tell anyone about the messages received, but the need to decipher the origin of that message has become an obsession for him.

Not fed or hydrated, he spent sleepless nights, using all his knowledge to no avail.

Still surprised and intrigued by the difficulty, he received a third 'e-mail'. Now, just with the letter "Y" noted on it.

As in previous times, he was unable to discover anything about the recipient of those emails.

His body wasted away before us,

and an expression of madness
took care of his face.

But his peers were questioning
him nothing.

Two other e-mails followed, with only
the letters "S" typed. Only!

B. Penning was now a rag man. He felt
even more miserable for not being
able to use all his brilliance

to identify something as seemingly
simple: the source of those e-mails KYSS.

And that lasted nearly a year, until the
morning before Christmas. The janitor of
the company computer, at 6:30 in the
morning, before turning on the lights and
start his routine, noticed a light coming
from the direction of Mr Penning's room.
Impossible, Mr. Penning is even working,
thought the still sleepy janitor.

He decided to move to give a good day.
At 07:15 hours the 911 service was called.

B. Penning was found dead on his
keyboard, with a bullet that pierced his

head through the mouth.
Revolver in hand.

A police expert, to clean the computer
keyboard, covered in blood, took a note
from the last message received:

K Y S S

K(ill) Y(our) _S(elf). S(uicide)

Skull Ring

U never read some like that

- A short story

There once was a young man named
Bones. J. Bones.

Thin, face covered in pimples, apathetic to the events around him. Good student, he was always dressed in basic white or black shirt and jeans. Shoes shabby, as if they were the only pair he had.

Girls? No way. Heavy music and comic books were a passion of middle-class American boy who lived on the outskirts of Atlanta .

At this moment, he was thinking about buying a skull ring, not like the Phantom, but something more meaningful.

And he did it.

In the late cold afternoon, Bones bought his skull ring. When he placed the ring on his finger, and even in jewelry, a chill ran

down his spine. He could not help admiring the ring purchased. It was more than happiness. More ... catharsis.

On the way back home he felt more powerful; Lord of reason. Things would be different from that day on, he thought. At home and when removed the ring, he felt as if all his strength and energy had been sucked out of his body. Sitting and staring at the ring, he had the correct magnitude of the problems that the ring would bring. But he knew that the trouble could not be avoided.

When he tried the ring the second time, the fundies ring to his finger as molten steel. An incredible pain gripped him, a pain he would never forget. The tears do (did) not run from his face, but from his heart.

Then he took some clothes off and placed them in a backpack and ran aimlessly through the cold streets.

Stopped by a policeman a few yards

ahead, Bones had no doubt and forced the ring against the officer's neck. The man fell to his feet, without any movement and with a large burn scar on the neck: a purple swelling shaped like a skull.

Astonished, he returned to run the streets. In an alley and over the shock, he reminded remembered the event. Sought by a sharp object. There was a big trash can at the bottom of the alley. He had no doubt with supporting it, the lid fell with full force on the finger that was in the ring. By severing the whole, it broke the chain of bad energy which was owned at the same time, life itself. Days later, local newspapers announcing the strange case of a body found in a dead-end street with one finger missing and without skin and scalp: a skull only. The ring, ..., well, the ring was never found and mentioned by no one.

Breve V

"PIEGAS, ..., MAS VERDADEIRO"

Lágrimas correram-lhe a face;
A acidez da dor cavou sulcos,
erodindo a pele oleosa
Expôs abatimento e velhice
O verdadeiro eu?

Breve IV

"CIRANDAR COM PALAVRAS"

Adia o dia, ô TIA! Senão bate a apatia,
mesmo que tardia,
em pessoa tão pouco sadia

Tenta tanto a (TIA) tonta,
tendo o tempo,
o tento

Breve III

"S"

Vaaaaaiiii, VEM
VEM, VAI
VAI, Veeeemmm
(Eu e Ela) dormindo
ao som do embalo
infinito do mar

Breve II

Uma ajeitada no cabelo, seguida duma
tomada de ar.

Peito estufado, lança a pergunta:

- E aí, tudo bem? Você vem sempre por
aqui?

Cabisbaixo, Silêncio.

(Suspiro)

Outro *tapa no penteado* e,
Olhos nos olhos para o espelho, *bate em
retirada.*

A noite promete.

Promete mais cerveja quente e solidão.

Breve I

Fudeu ...

Não houve um "olá" ou um "até breve"
Somente olhares e outras tantas *rolaram*

Positivo o exame deu

Outras tantas *rolaram* até os olhares
cessarem

Não houve um "olá" ou um "até breve"
Fudeu!