

## DIALOGUES “HORSEFACE”

Black.

In the beginning it's all Black,

But when your eyes get used to it

You start seeing spotlights, the stars.

But they are light bulbs hanging of a big black ceiling.

This is Earth, it's made of mud

And this is Jesus Christ, who took mud and made people.

People like my Grandma Encarna, who's able to talk with Jesus Christ without a telephone,

This is me, about to disappear forever and ever.

But to get the whole picture, we should go back a little.

Everything starts with a weird dream,

but then my Grandma wakes me up clapping cause she's very “flamenca”, Today is

15th of May 1995, a very special day

Cause it's my birthday

That's why my Grandma Encarna let's me dress up as my favorite animal

And I dress up as the best thing Jesus did with mud,

the Horse.

### HORSEFACE

When the day starts, my Grandma forces me to make housework.

Later, while we're waiting for my parents to start the party, we watch a horse

documentary in which they dance and have fun all the time

They seem to be happy, but my Grandma's not so much

It's 5 o'clock and my parents aren't still here. My Grandma don't want to wait more time and decides to start de party.

Today I'm 6 years old

my grandma says I'm that big cause I suffer from gigantism.

Dictionary says it's an illness that provoques an excessive growth of the body or some parts of it.

I breathe in deeply, blow and ask just for one wish.

I want my parents and friends to come and love me forever and ever the whole time!

But it's 7 o'clock and everything remains silently.

It's my parents; they can't make it to my party.

The day was being pretty boring until I discover something in my Grandma's present a secret message written with my own handwriting.

In the terminator cup, another one

and in the camera

and in the freezer, another one

and in the socks drawer, a weird device.

It's my parents voice, same words that the phone call.

Something's going on and there's only a way to find truth.

I threaten my Grandma Encarna that if she doesn't explain it to me , I'll burn Jesus

Christ

She has no choice.

My Grandma decides to tell me the truth.

She explains that my parents and I were a happy family

My mother took care of me

and my father took me horse riding

but one day we had a car crash.

15th of may, 1995.

It affected my brain.

Temporal lobe, specifically

that's is it somewhere here.

My Grandma says I'm mentally stocked in 15th of May,

that's why everyday she wakes up early and bake a cake for me.

Day, after day, after day.

She explains that the documentary we see it's and old one, she puts it everyday in the

VHS player.

And she is sick of death of watch it.

According to her, everyday she gives me the same present, wrapped in a newspaper

cause she runed out of birthday paper,

And I'm happy as a fool every time I open it.

What I found in the socks desk it's a recorder to make me believe I'm speaking with my  
parents.

She forces me to do housework cause she's too old

and she says I don't have gigantism, and neither 6, I'm 32 years old.

She says that my parents are dead and they will not come to my party.

Never again.

Finally, she explains that every morning I believe I can dress up as my favorite animal,

but the real reason is far more terrible.

The accident wrecked my face...

I wanted truth, here's truth

I'm so scared I can't even feel myself.

As my Grandma said, today's memories are starting to fade.

Now, I can't see light bulbs in the ceiling,

But far and complex constellations,

I see a man that comes from ape, not mud

I see my parents.

And then all black

very black

and I'm waiting for the spot lights, but they will not appear.