

# The well

leticia

Suddenly, I found myself living in the glorious mansion of Guaiúba with everything that could bring me the vigor to live. Married to the American doctor, Doctor Kassadin, considered a genius in American society. With him I had a daughter, who received the name her father insisted on choosing, Luna Blear. The mansion was my family's heritage, by the way, a glorious property, imposing in its architecture, neocolonial style, from the 19th century, eighty-one doors, two floors and built on an elevation with the benefits of the reflection of sunlight to the dusk. It was at this time that he presented his invisible actors and their supernatural phenomena that would make you shiver from head to toe. In July 1914, I had been married for six years and had no idea what was to come. That year, I would know eternal and true pain. My husband called the slaves who lived with us and ordered: - I want you to prepare a great supper with that folkloric ritual of Afro customs. During this celebration, what seemed like one of the happiest moments of my life ended up becoming one of the saddest. During supper, Kassadin said:

- My beloved, I need to announce to you and the others present here that I was called up for the war, which began on July 28th, as head of the field medical area. I apologize in advance for this cruel information exactly on our wedding anniversary. At that moment, I started to feel the bitterness in my mouth. It felt like a goodbye. Those slaves had a deep respect for my husband and were shocked by the news. Despite the Royal Charter that freed them since 1888, they were loyal and still worked just for food and shelter. They were the guardians of the mansion, they slept in the cubicles located on the second floor. Two weeks later, the doctor went to the aviation center in Rio de Janeiro and headed towards Spain for a military camp of which he was the leader. Coincidentally, in the same period, an ominous bird landed in the house's yard at midday on the trunk of a jurema tree, chirping madly. This episode lasted for many days. I told myself this was a bad omen. When I least expected it, the Post Office knocked on my door to deliver some mail. A letter that said: - My dear, the American Herman and I are commanding eighty thousand men.

It's difficult here. People are killing themselves for political and economic interests. I want you to know that if something happens to me, my family will receive 6 thousand dollars a month. Part of the money is for employees to support themselves for the rest of their lives. I was beside myself after reading the missive. I panicked. I tried to pray to God and ask for help, but my emotional state didn't allow me to concentrate. At night, when I went to bed, I saw a figure. In my holy and sweet ignorance, I deduced. The following month, a black letter arrived for me with the stamp of the allies and on it was written: We are grateful for the services provided by your husband, but with great sadness, we inform you that the field he led was bombed, therefore, he was fatally injured. We ask... It was an August morning when I received the communication. The mansion seemed increasingly empty. Those eighty-one doors haunted me. That emptiness brought me pain. Now without my husband, my only guide was Luna, my beloved daughter. She liked to play near a well that didn't seem to be that deep. She once told me:

-Mommy, there was someone there at the well who spoke to me. The voice said that dad was going to die in the war. That a bomb was going to fall and kill him. After that happened, I stopped reading. Undeterred, I called my daughter close to me. She was playing around ten years ago 12 meters after the well. When he heard my call, he came running, but, poor thing, he fell into it. I ran to try to save her and when I looked at the bottom of the well I realized that the chance of her surviving was minimal. Even so, I tied a rope around my waist to go down and rescue his body, when I heard a voice from inside the water. That voice wasn't my child's. So I grabbed the rope around my neck and jumped. I took my life. Today I wander around the house, tormenting people who visit. I call them to the well.