

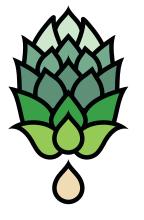


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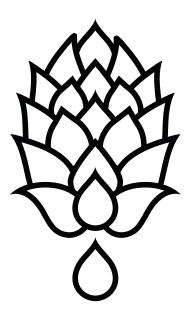




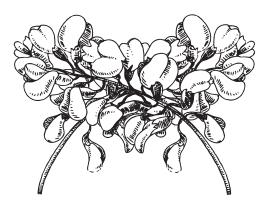


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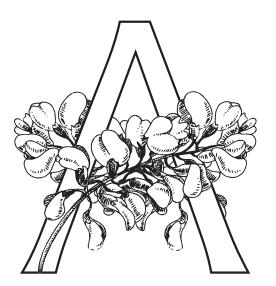
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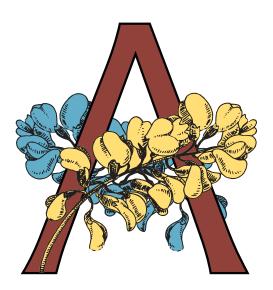










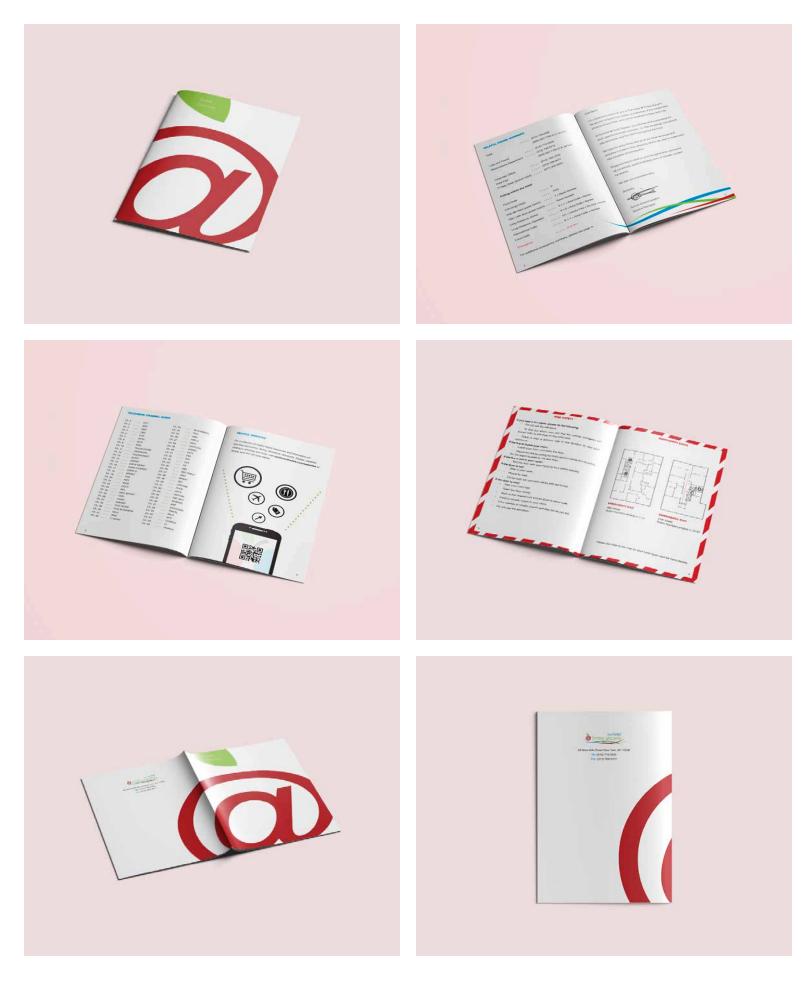




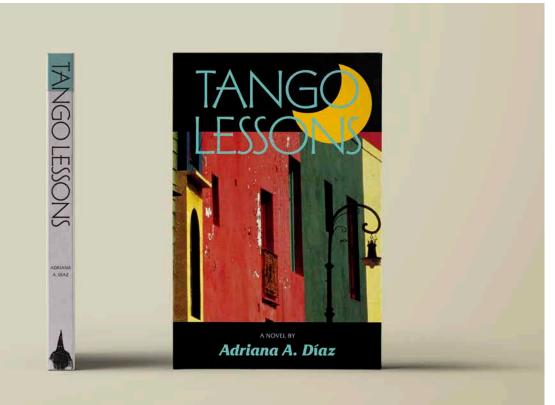








the hotel @ times square room directory vector graphics, typography



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ADRIANA DIAZ

palm. "When I call this number do I ask for you? Is this a dispatcher's number?"

"Yes, but, you know what . . ." He took the card back and pulled a pen from his pocket. "Here is my cellular," he said, writing on the back, "You call me direct."

"Oh, thank you, Alfonso. I'll keep your card with me all the time. My name is Raquel Camer...uh, Carval. Raquel Carval."

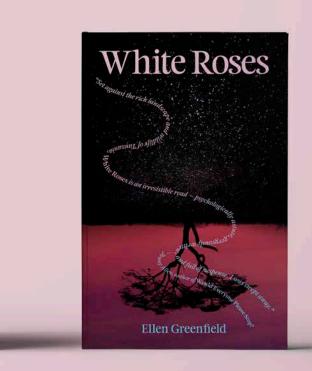
"Encantado," he said, reaching back to shake my hand. "Soon, señora, you will be as comfortable in Buenos Aires as a real porteña. You will see." Tango Lessons

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CHAPTER TWO

S.R.

I had barely left the safety of the cab when I realized I was holding my breath. So I took conscious steps on the sidewalk counting them in an even rhythm. In my head I played a tango whose title I'd never known, using it to soothe away my anxiety as I kept time to its rhythm. Before long I realized that the counting had faded away and my attention was caught up in the urban sounds of the city. *Nueve de Julio* was not crammed with pedestrians as *Avenida Santa Fe* had been. I had space to move and appreciate the people around me. It was a workday afternoon yet many *porteños* were out enjoying themselves. Some lounged on the lawn around the Obelisk, reading, kissing their sweethearts, or playing with their children. Men in business suits perched comfortably on benches chatting on cell phones. As I walked, I observed the graceful stride of the *porteños* and used them as a metronome to guide the rhythm of my hips and legs. My shoulders relaxed. My neck lengthened in



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Ellen Greenfield

It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.

White Roses

Ellen Greenfield

The look in his eyes that day, I will never forget it. I turned away toward the window as if I had heard a sound from that direction. He had gained my favor. It was as though he had jumped higher than the boldest of the iloran. When I turned back to him, our lips met—briefly but with the lightning heat that would turn boudin to jiwe. After that, we divided our time between speaking Kiswahili and reading aloud to each other. The hour passed more quickly every day. Sometimes we continued our lesson at the end of the school day, after the children had filed out the doors and dispersed across the dusty plain. White Roses

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rica picked her way up the broad, rocky slope trying to avoid the freshest piles of dung as best as possible. The sweeping parade of animal life that made this part of the globe a treasure of the natural world also covered just about every square inch of the terrain with its soil-enriching waste. Behind her, the sun was slipping quickly down the broad reach of the plain, igniting the sky into a blaze of super-heated copper and gold. She paused for a moment and turned to see the scattered acacia trees transformed into black, flat-topped silhouettes against the conflagration. Nesting high in their thorny branches, a flock of marabou storks stood out as hulking portents.

This morning the group had broken camp and set forth on the long drive from the Tarangire River National park through the Great Rift Valley to Lake Manyanara National Park, where their next campsite awaited them. Earlier in the afternoon, Makinde had halted the jeep along the track so that they could watch as a trio of the long-legged storks, plus a number of vultures, picked the carcass of a wildebeest clean. By the time they'd arrived on the scene, lions and hyenas had already made off with most of the animal's flesh, but in minutes the ravenous birds turned what was left of the body into a death's harp before their eyes—the spine stretched sinuously along the ground and bare, pale ribs reached







