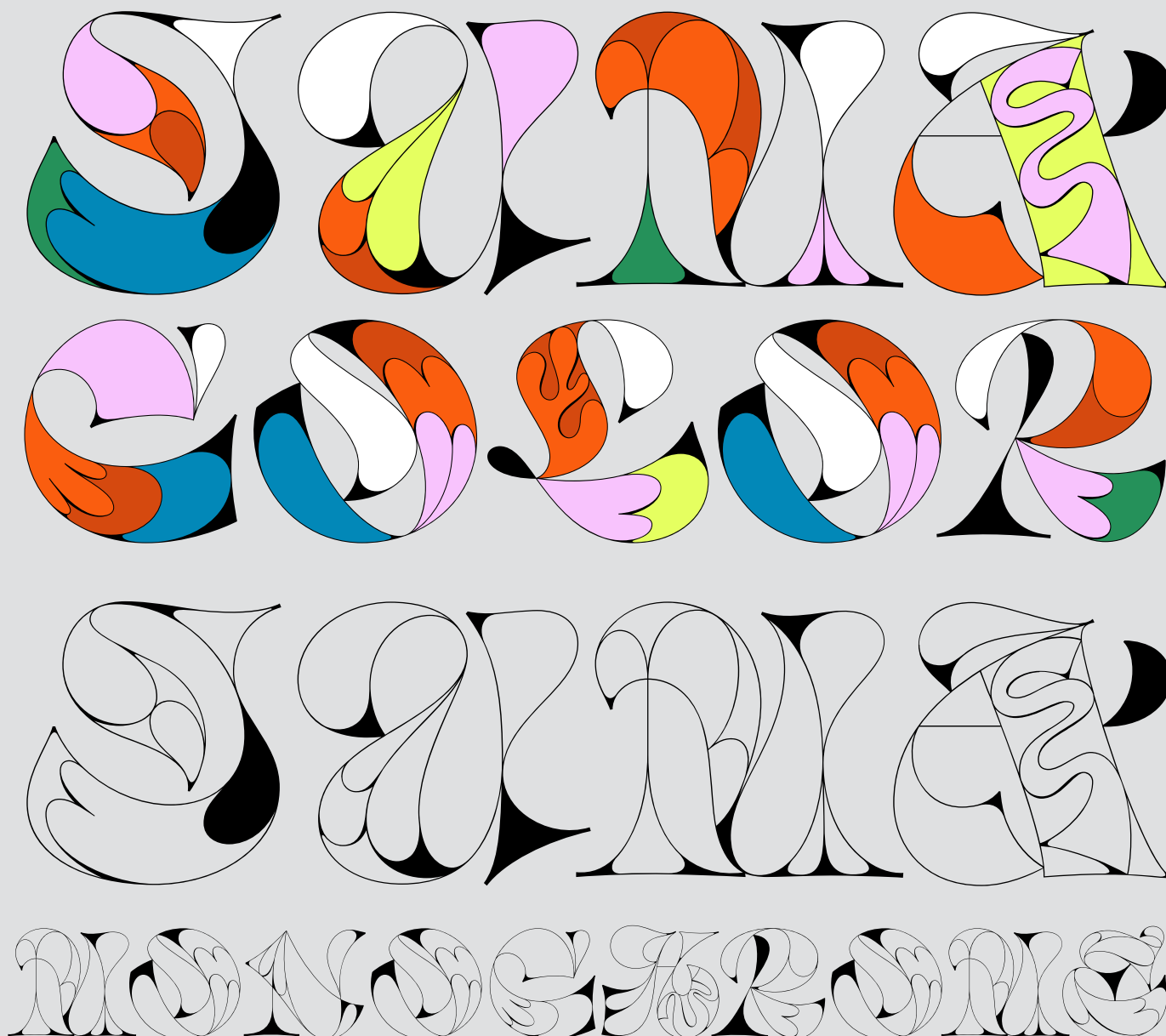
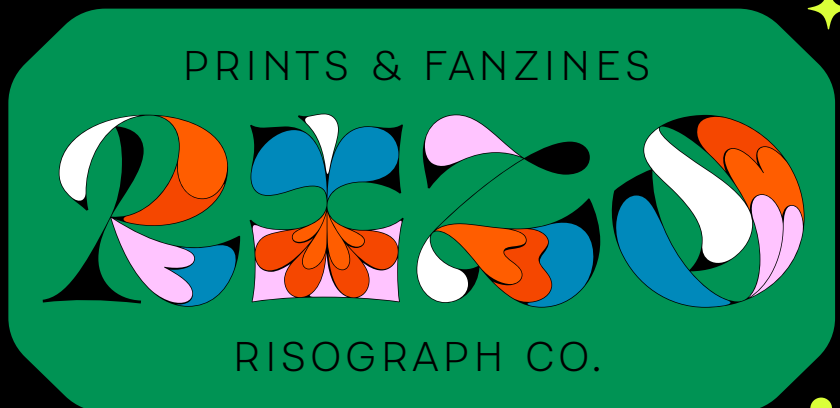
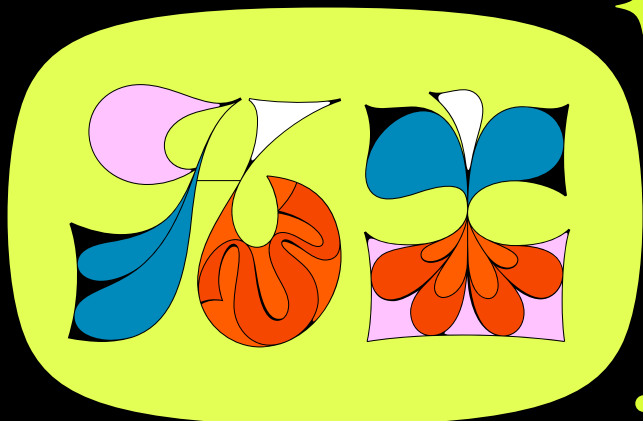
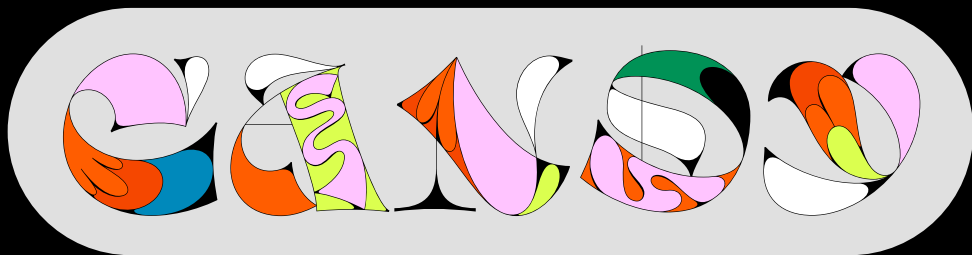
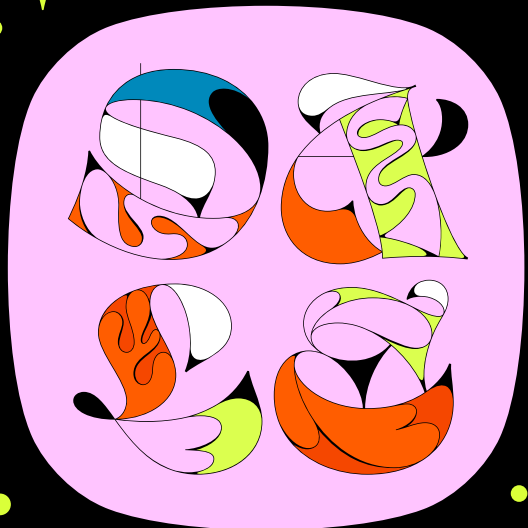
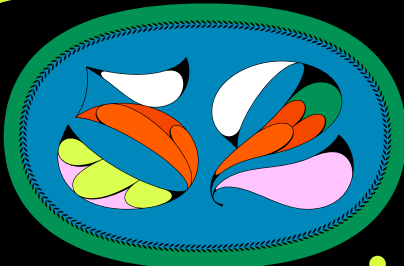
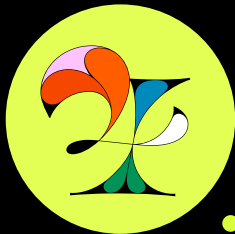
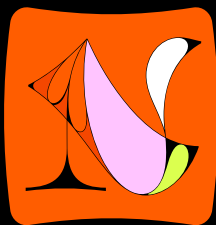
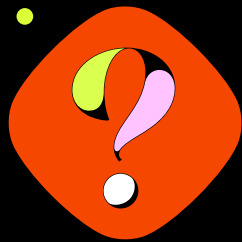
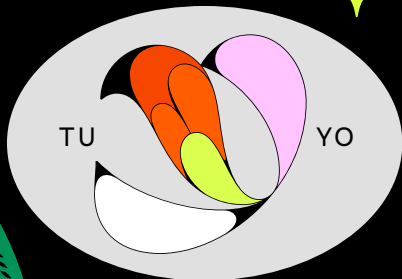
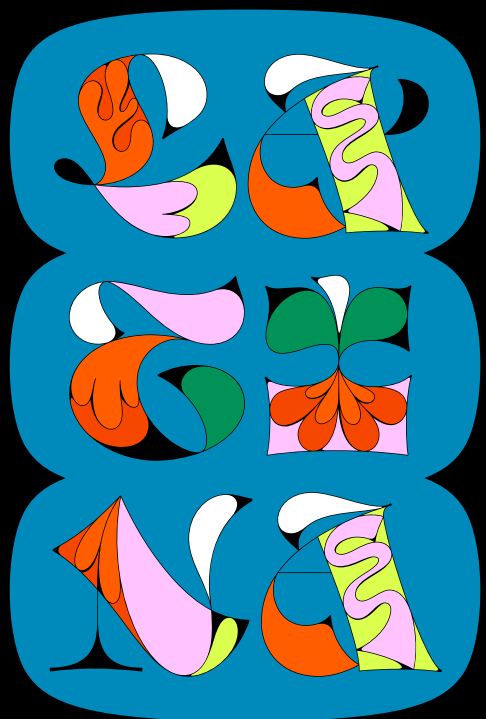
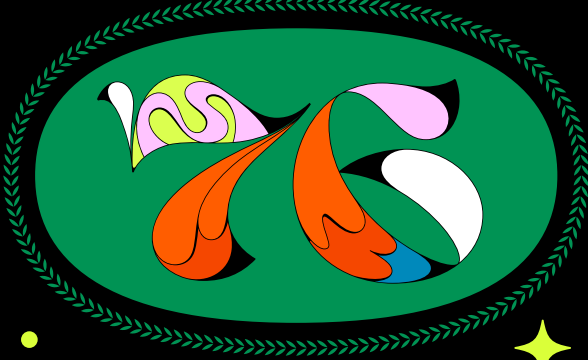
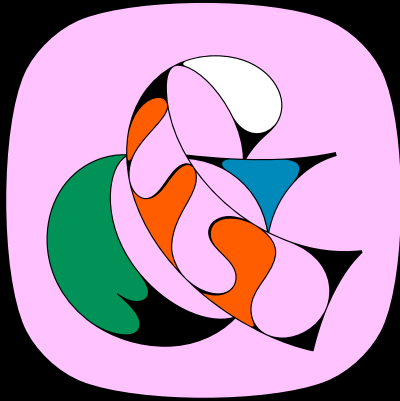






S A R A

W E T O W E T O W E T O

E O E O E O

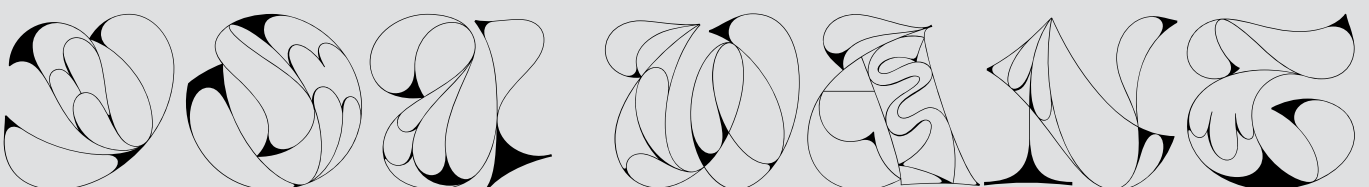
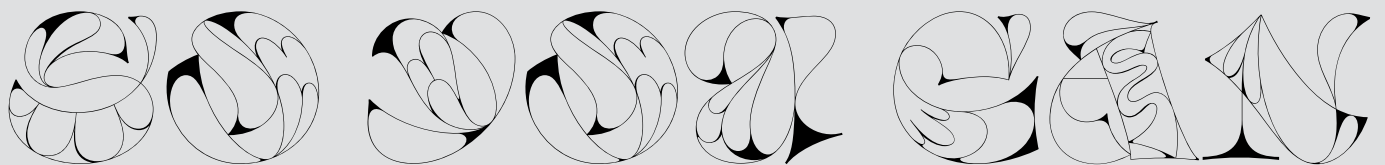
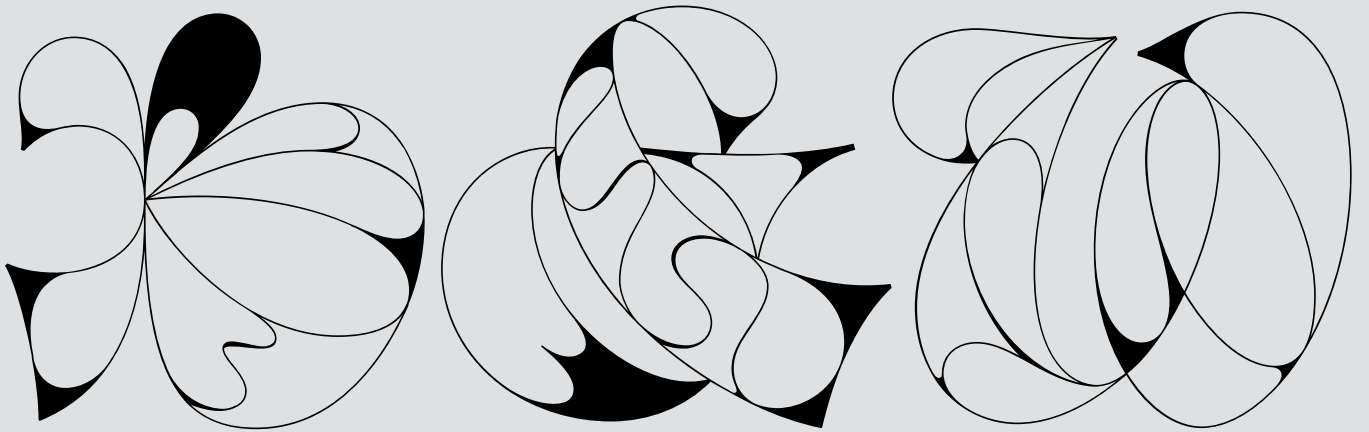
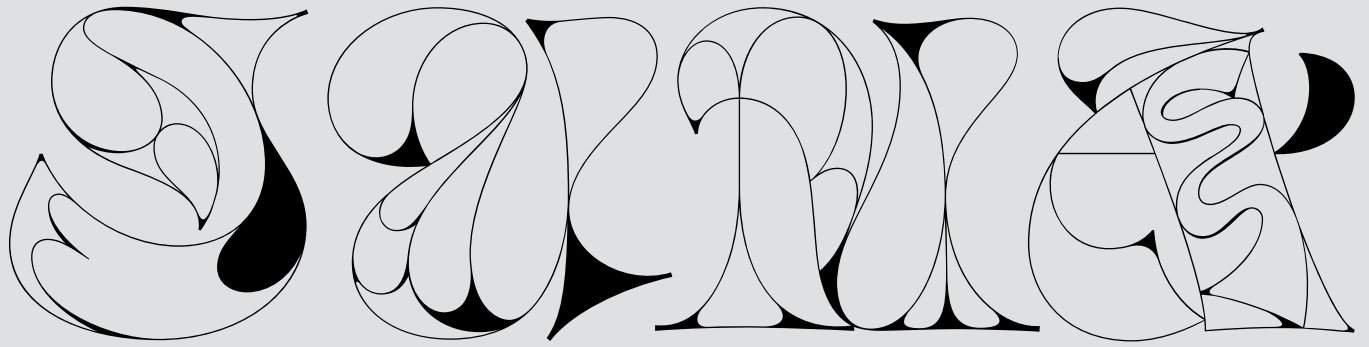
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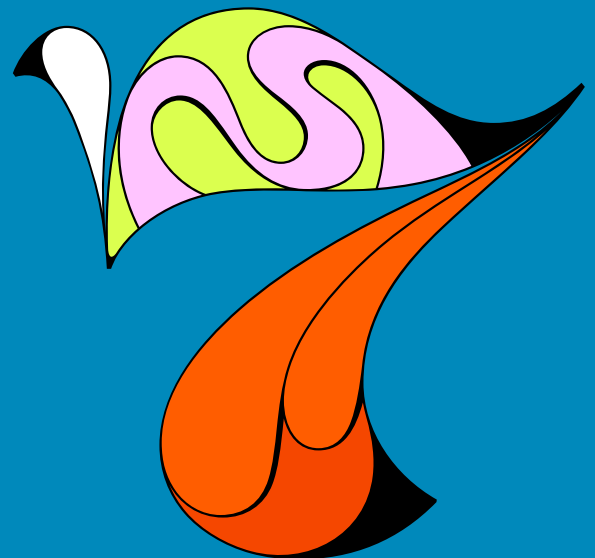
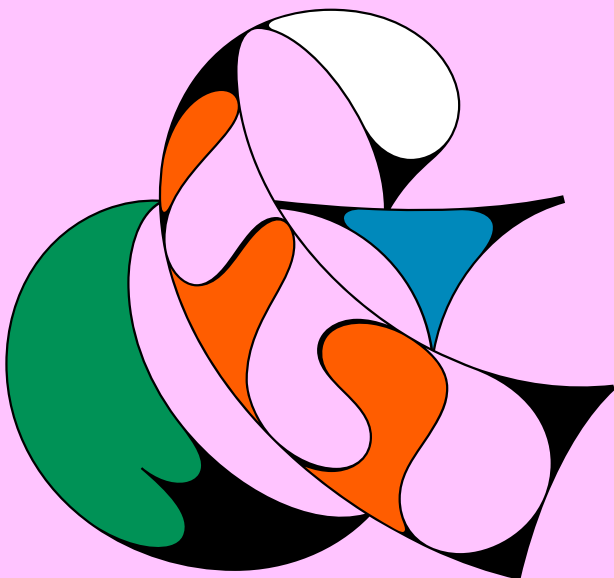
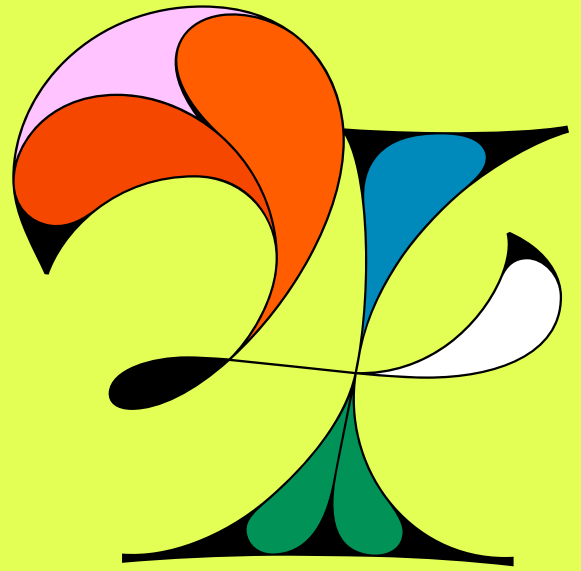
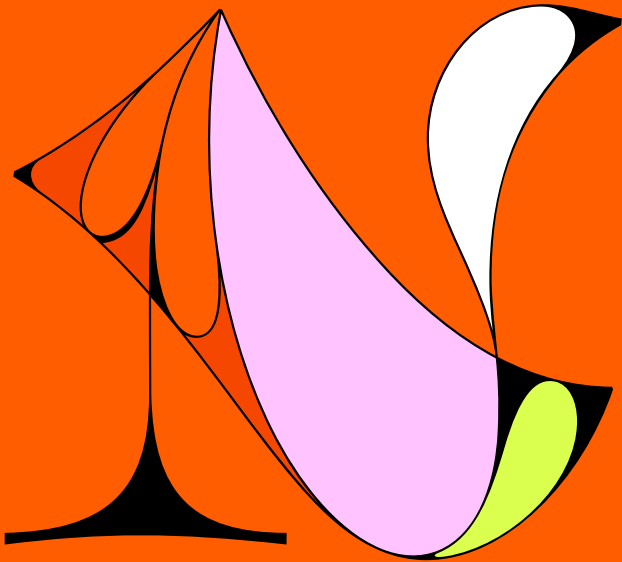
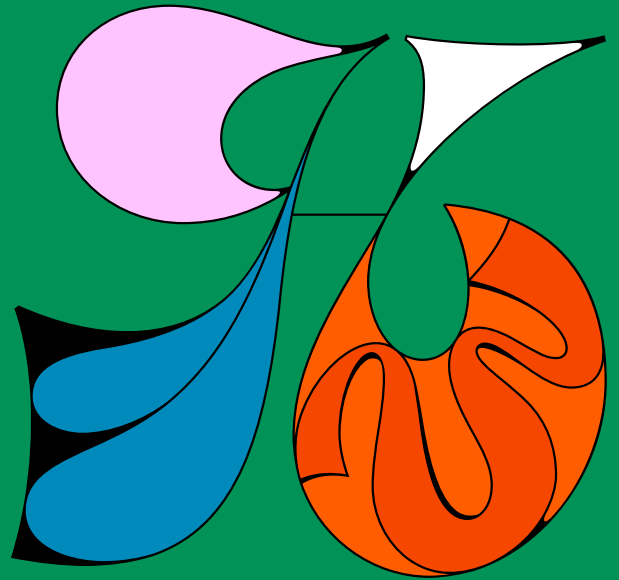
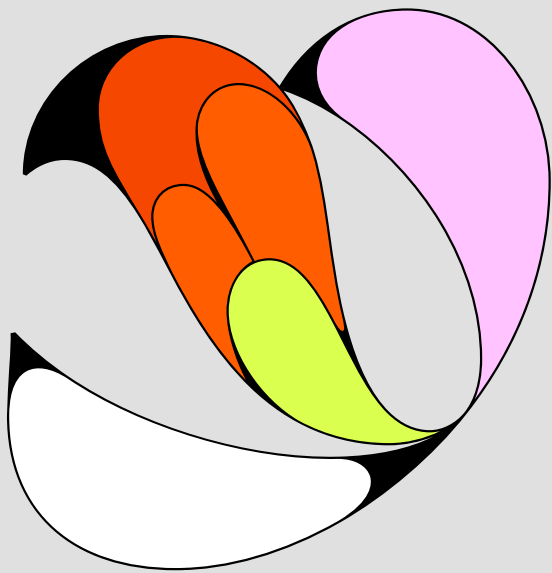
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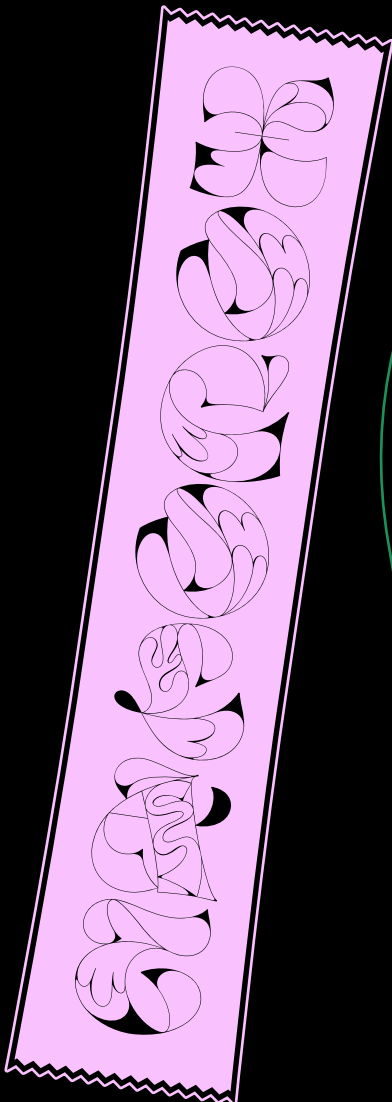
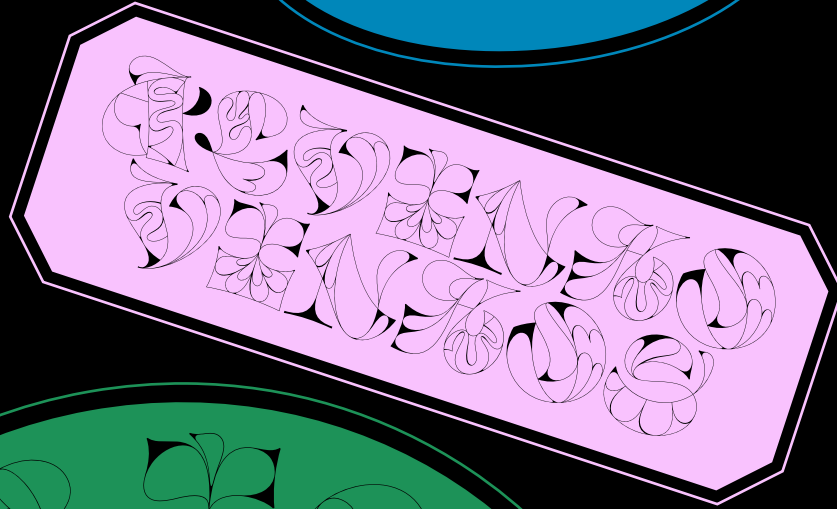
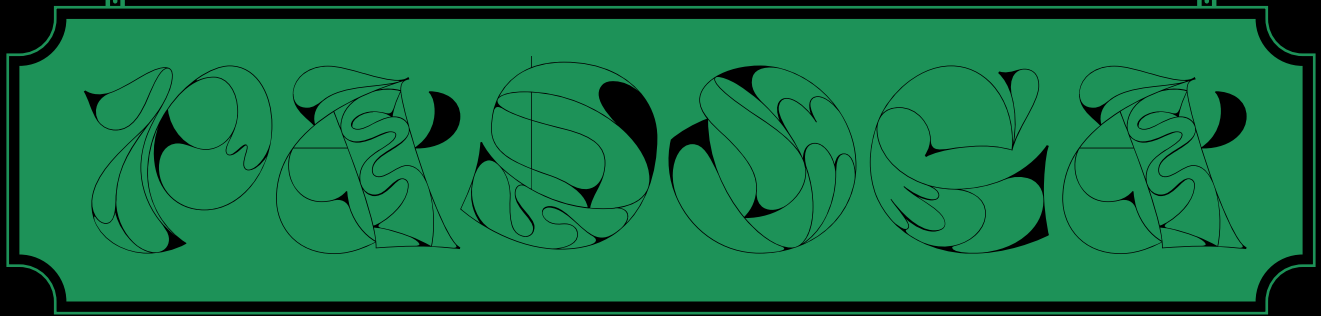
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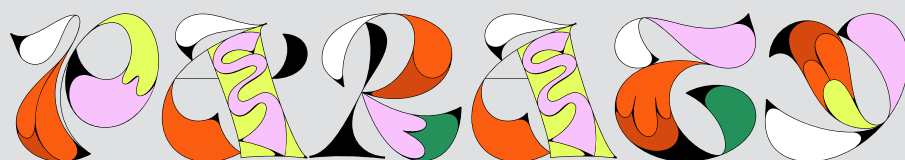
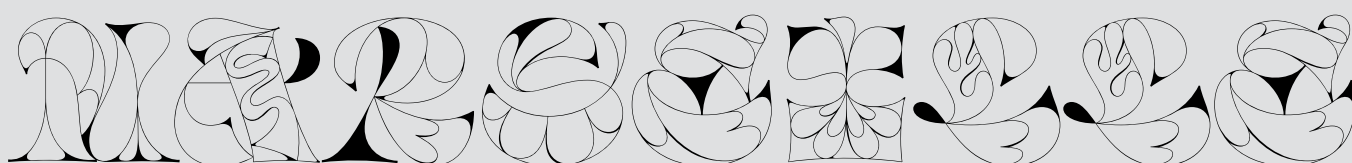
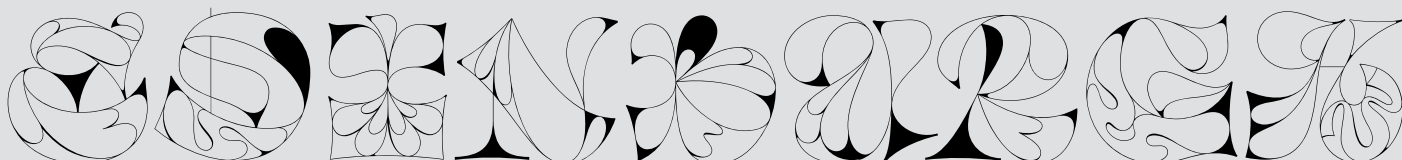
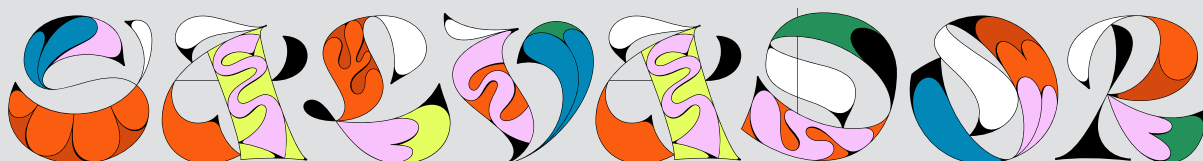
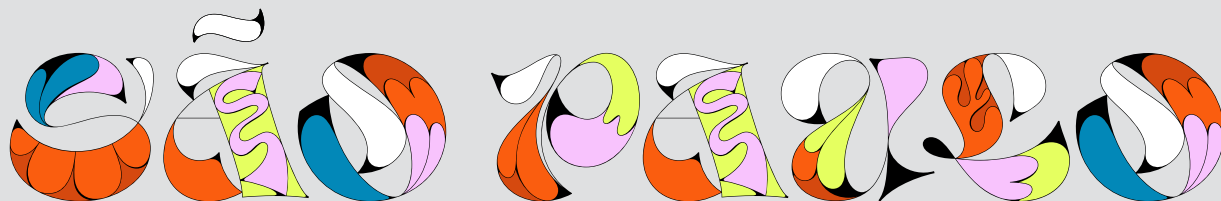
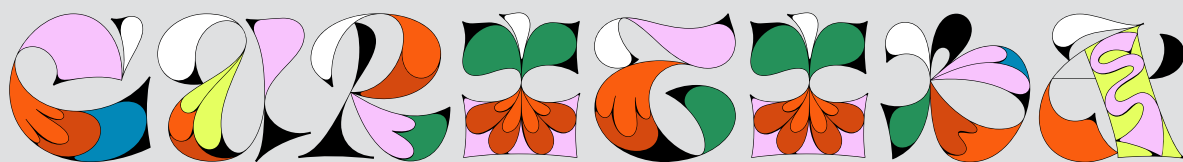


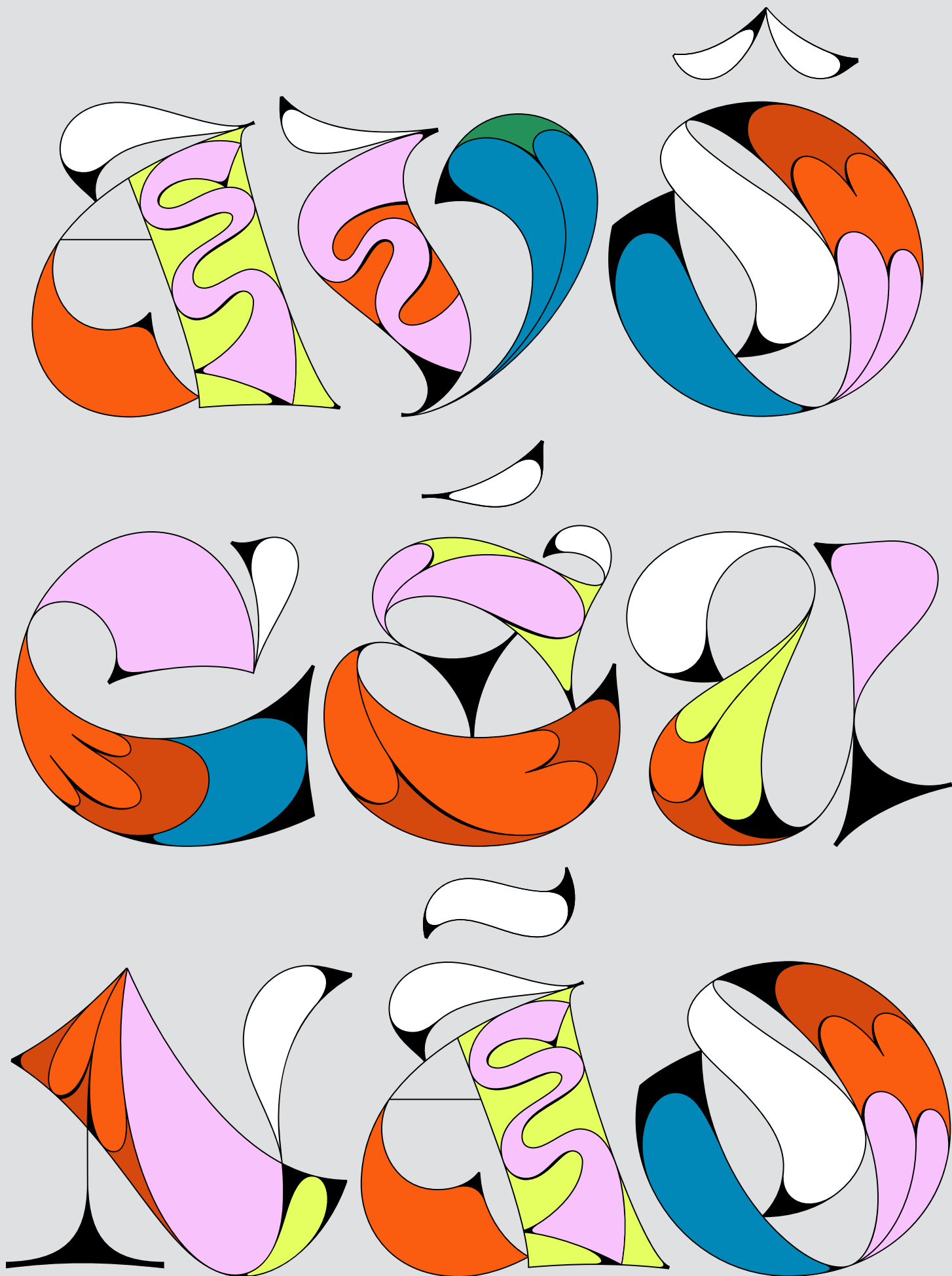


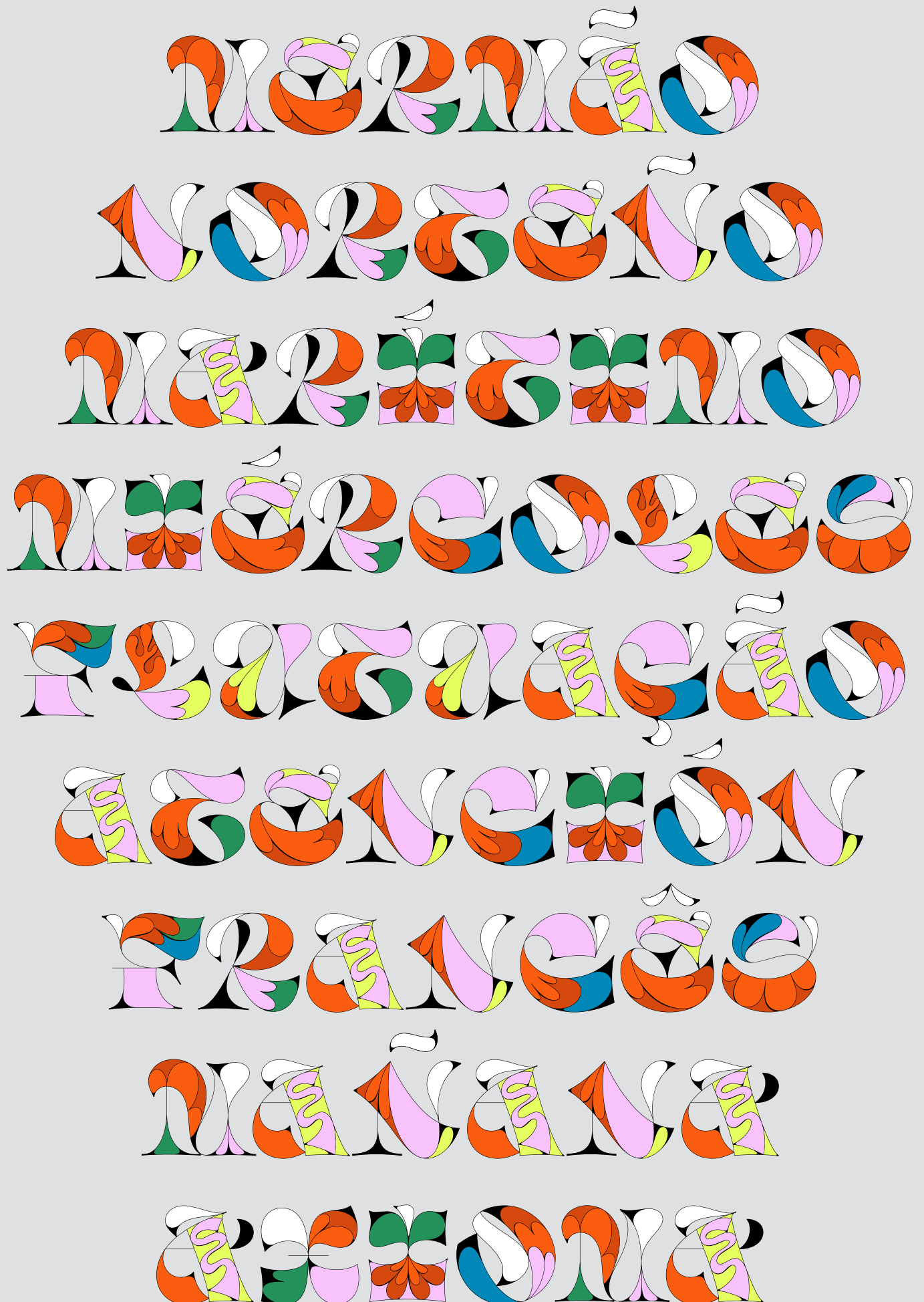


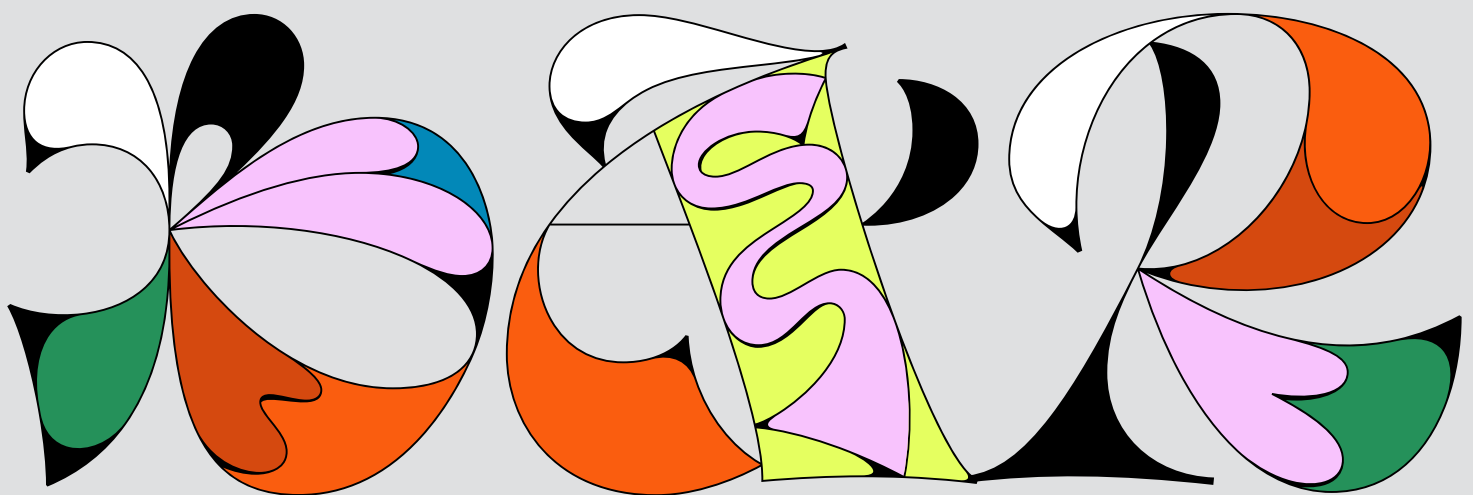
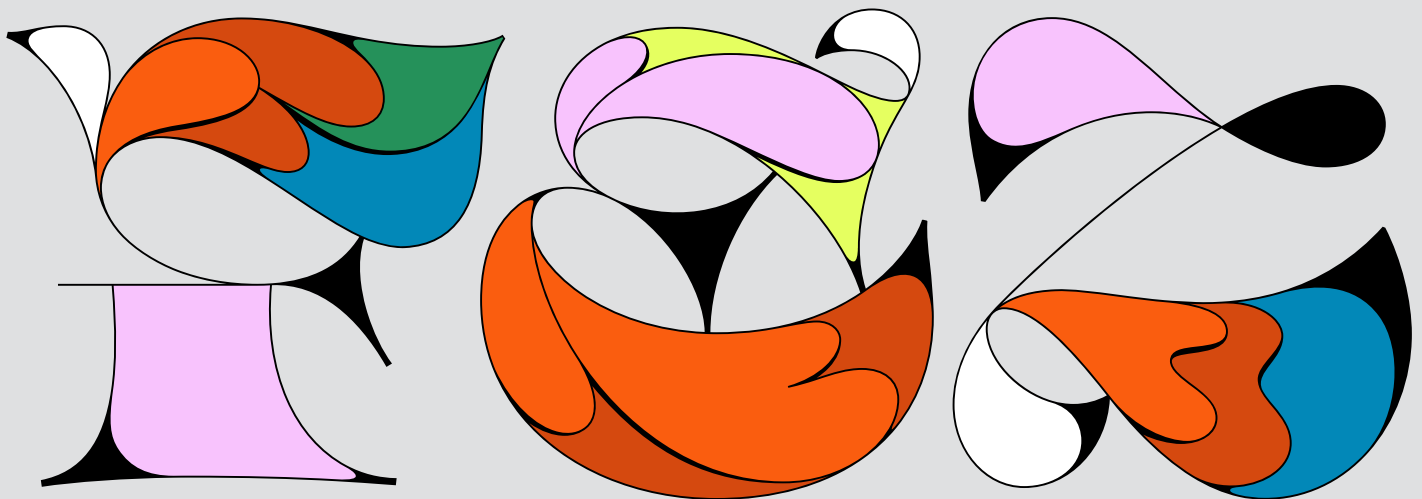
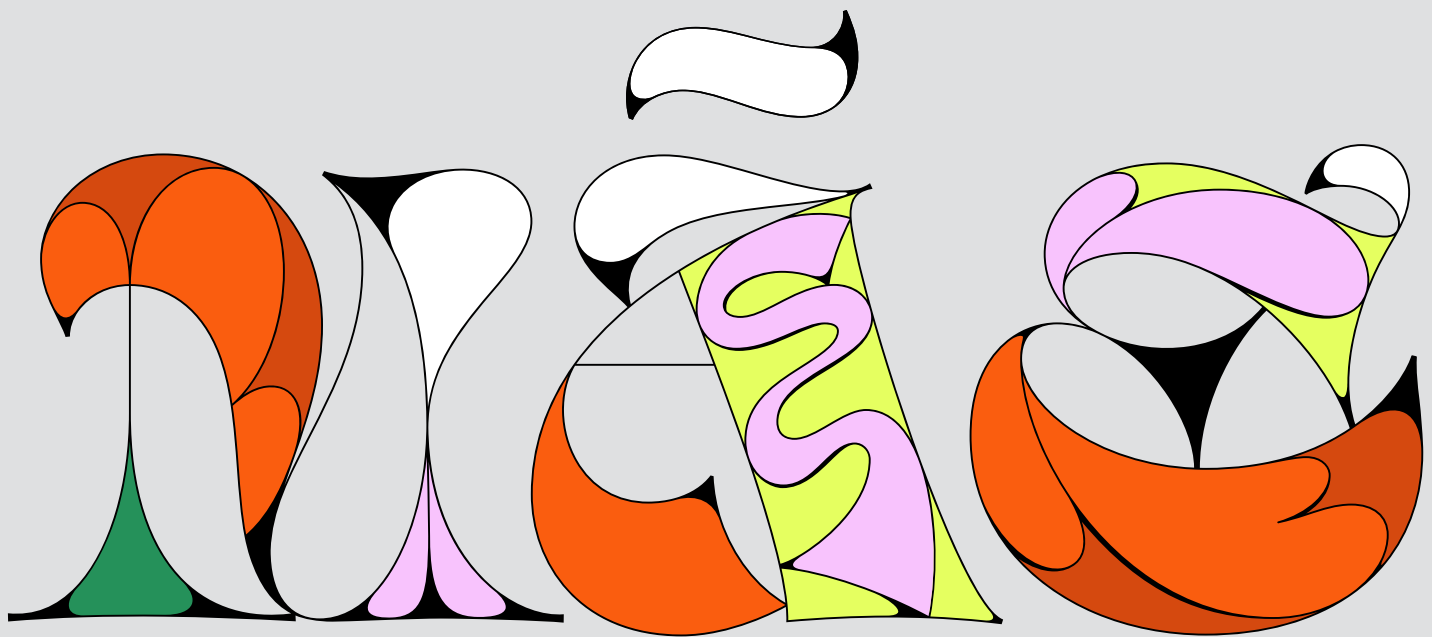
Para todo mal, Mezcal.
para todo bien, también.

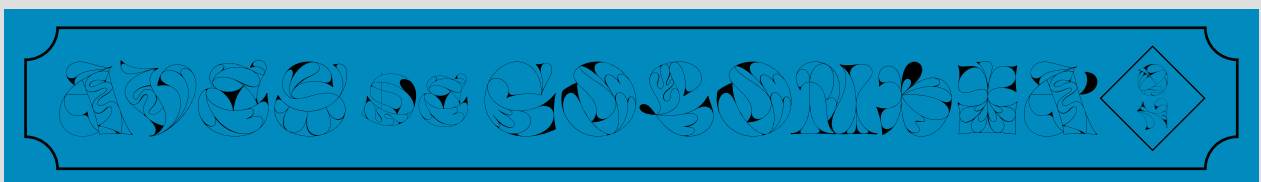
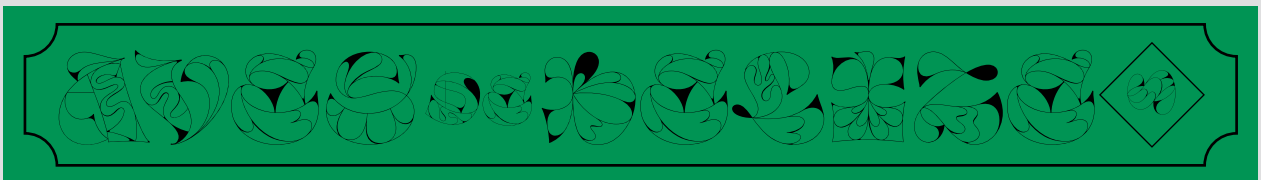
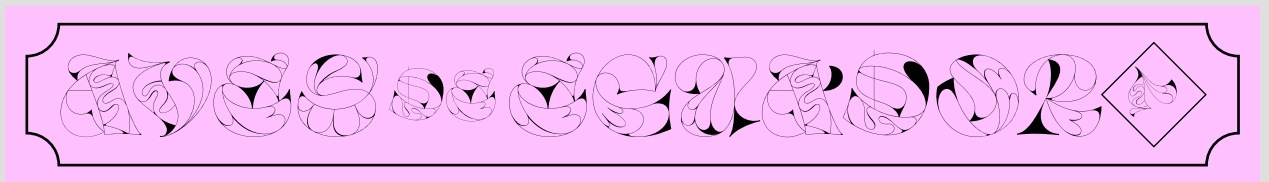
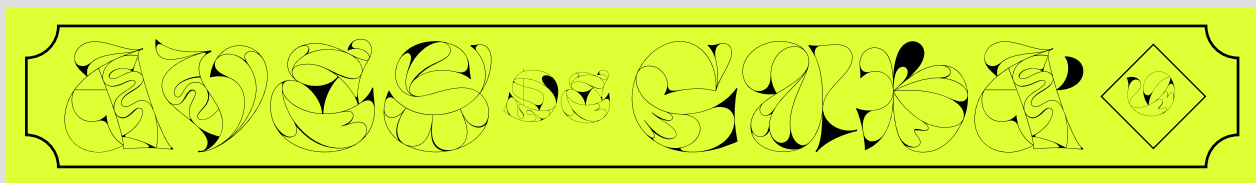
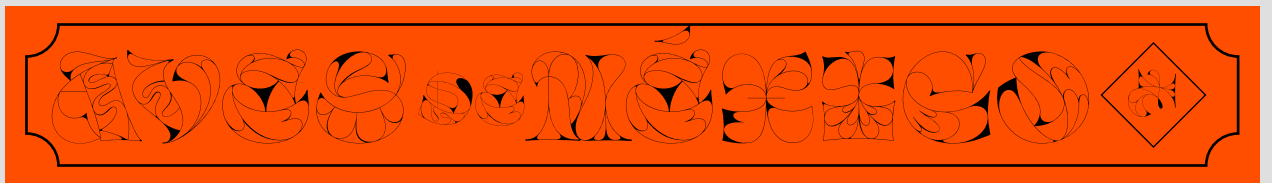
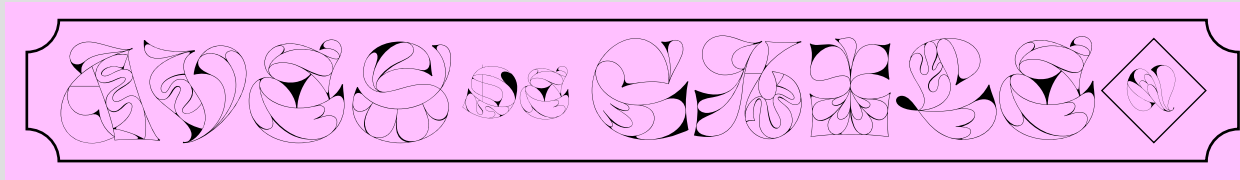
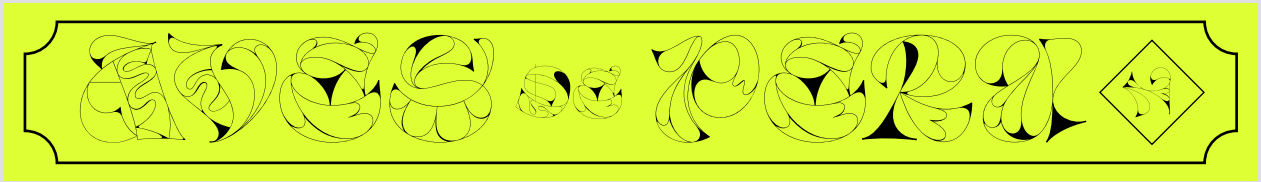
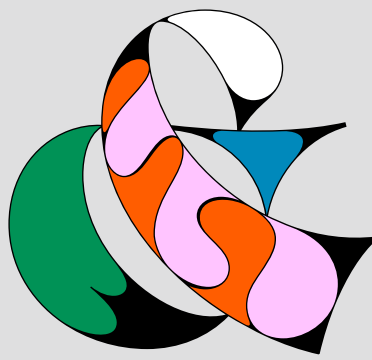
750ml HECHO EN MÉXICO 42% ABV

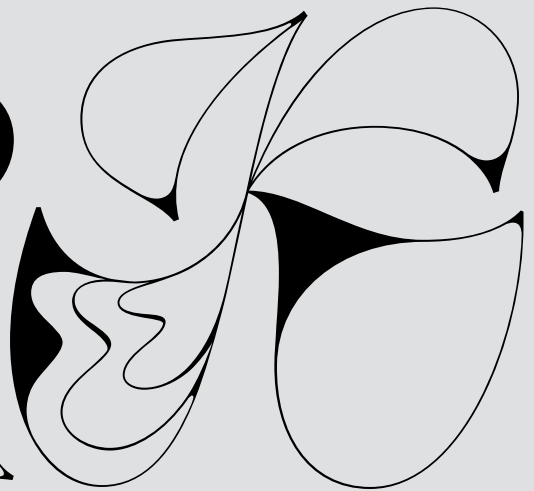
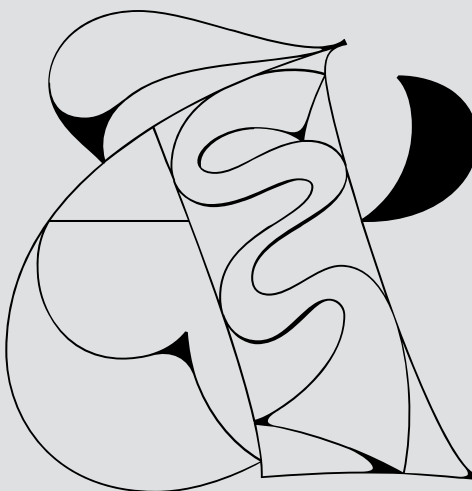
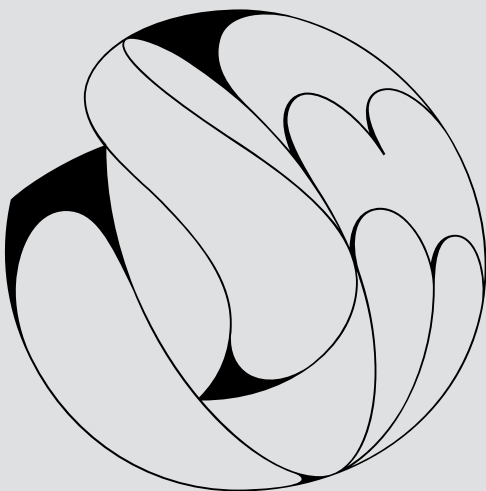
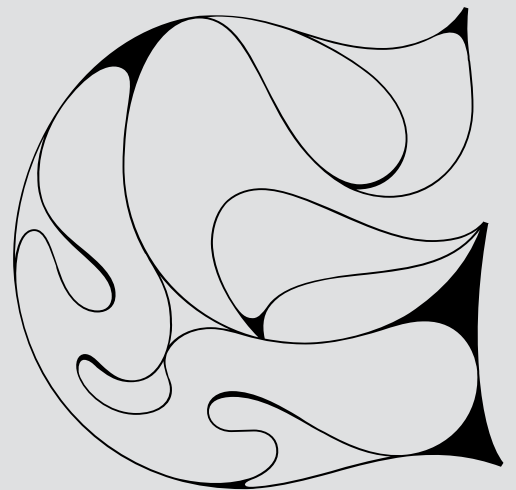
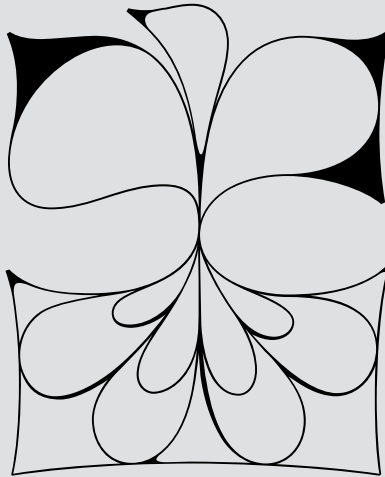
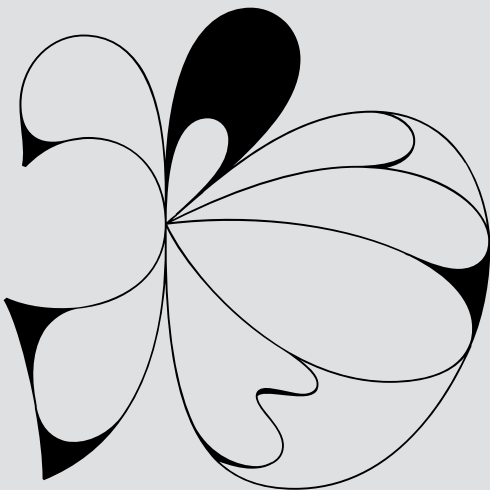
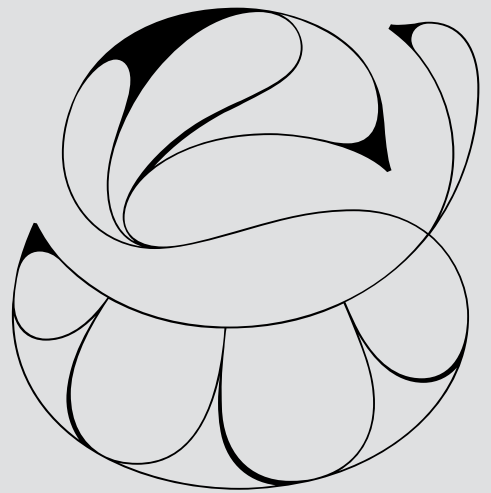
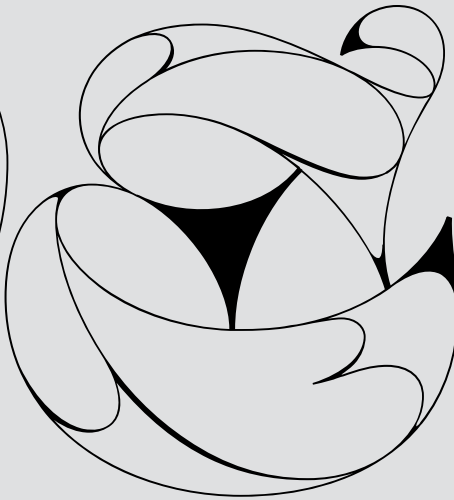
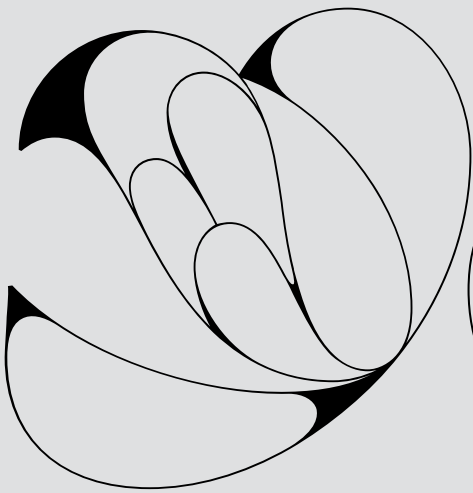












F O R G E

A P L S A S

G N É F F B O

K L M N O P Q R

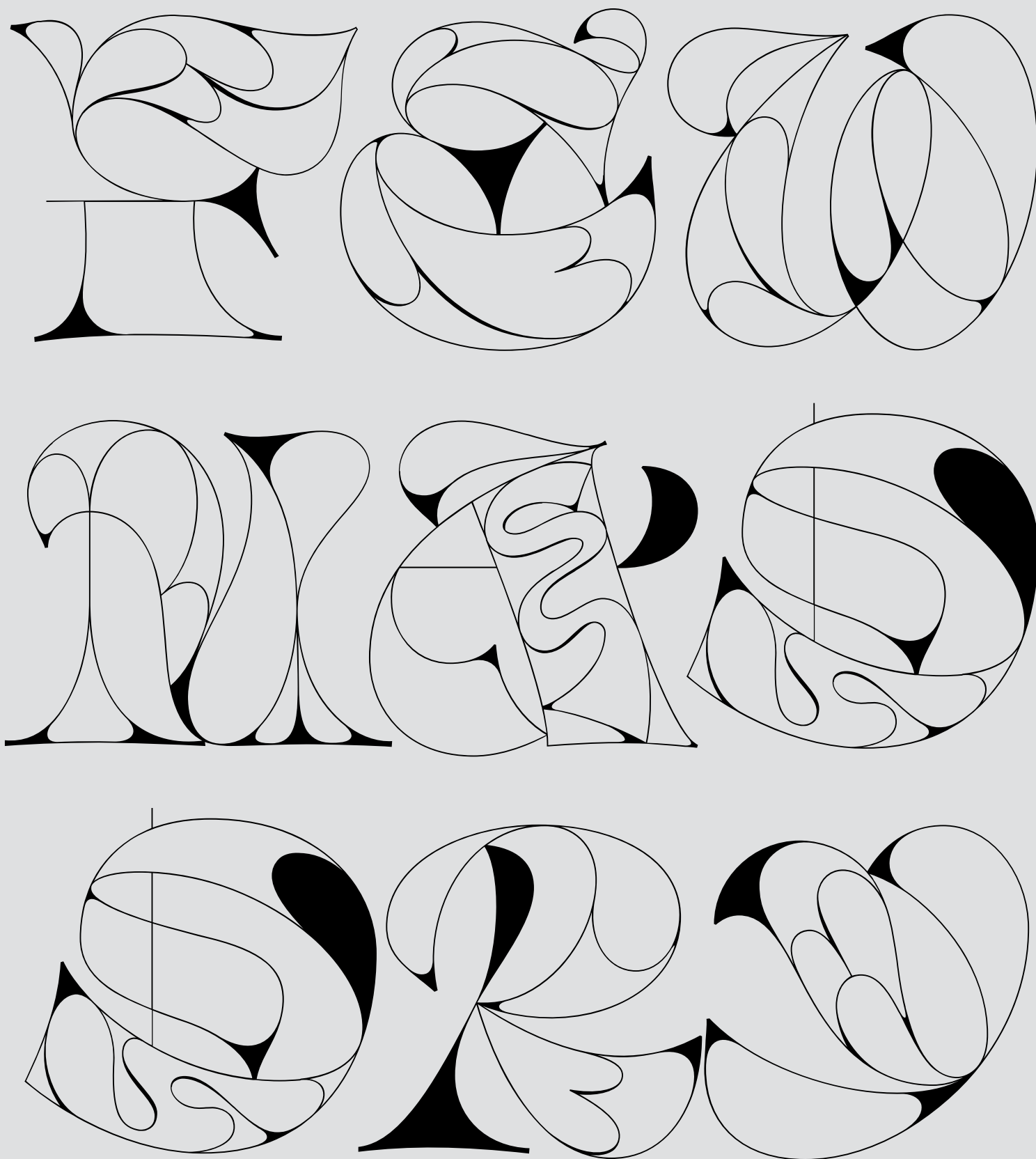
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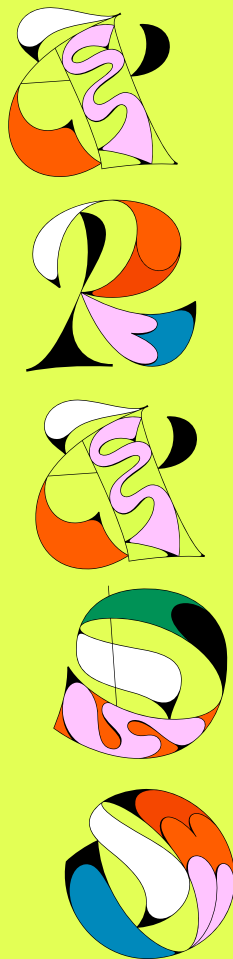
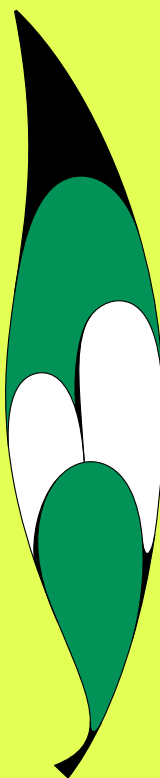
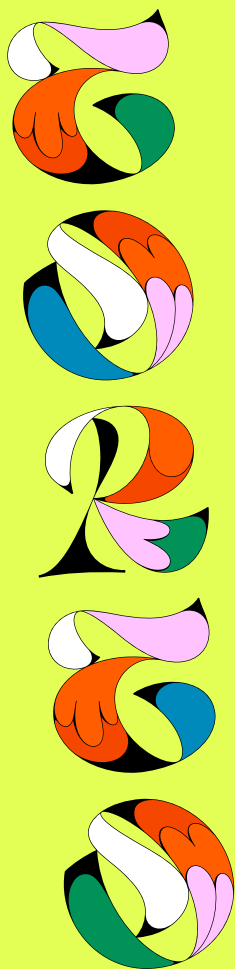
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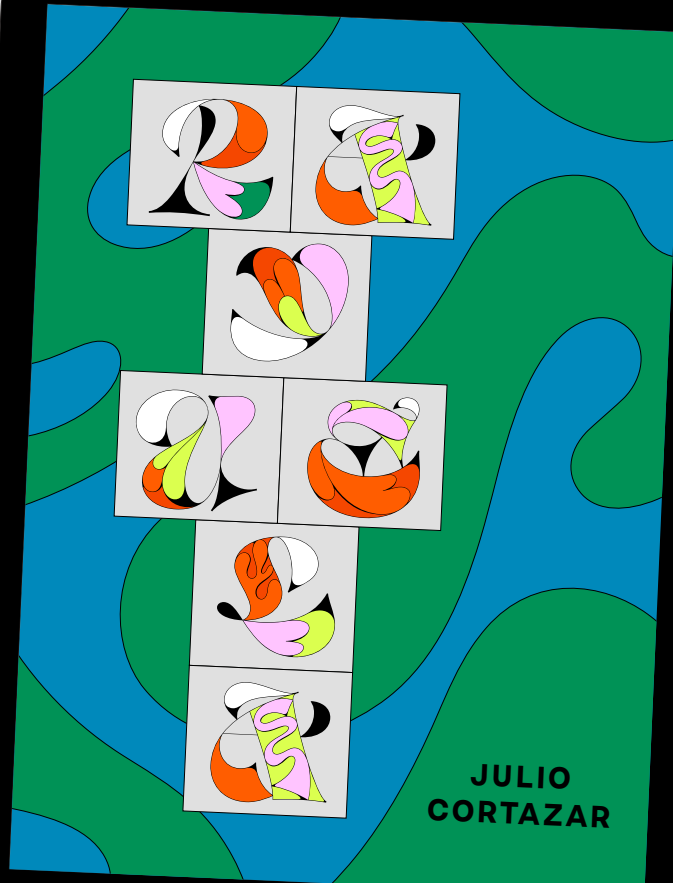
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y z





**ITAMAR
VIEIRA
JUNIOR**



TORTO ARADO



Quando retirei a faca da mala de roupas, embrulhada em um pedaço de tecido antigo e encardido, com nós escuros e um nó no meio, tinha pouco mais de sete anos. Minha irmã, Belonísia, que estava comigo, era mais nova um ano. Pouco antes daquele evento estávamos no terreiro da casa antiga, brincando com bonecas feitas de espigas de milho colhidas na semana anterior. Aproveitávamos as palhas que já amarelavam para vestir feito roupas nos sabugos. Falávamos que as bonecas eram nossas filhas, filhas de Bibiana e Belonísia. Ao percebermos nossa avó se afastar da casa pela lateral do terreiro, nos olhamos em sinal de que o terreno estava livre, para em seguida dizer que era a hora de descobrir o que Donana escondia na mala de couro, em meio às roupas surradas com cheiro de gordura rançosa. Donana notava que crescíamos e, curiosas, invadiamos seu quarto para perguntar sobre as conversas que escutávamos e sobre as coisas de que nada sabíamos, como os objetos no interior de sua mala. A todo instante éramos repreendidas por nosso pai ou nossa mãe. Minha avó, em particular, só precisava nos olhar com firmeza para sentirmos a pele arrear e arder, como se tivéssemos nos aproximado de uma fogueira. Por isso, ao vê-la se afastar em direção ao quintal, olhei para Belonísia.



Acidida a revirar suas coisas, não hesitei em caminhar, na ponta dos pés, em direção ao quarto, para abrir a mala de couro envelhecida, com manchas e uma grossa camada de terra acumulada sobre ela. A mala, durante toda a nossa existência até então, estava debaixo da cama. Eu mesma fui para o quintal espiar pela porta e ver vó Donana se arrastando em direção à mata, que ficava depois do pomar e da horta, depois do galinheiro com seus poleiros velhos. Naquele tempo, costumávamos ver nossa avó falar sozinha, pedir coisas estranhas como que alguém — que não víamos — se afastasse de Carmelita, a tia que não havíamos conhecido. Pedia que o mesmo fantasma que habitava suas lembranças se afastasse das meninas. Era uma profusão de falas desconexas. Falava sobre pessoas que não víamos — os espíritos — ou de pessoas sobre as quais quase nunca ouvíamos, parentes e comadres distantes. Nos habituamos a ouvir Donana falar pela casa, falar na porta da rua, no caminho para a roça, falar no quintal, como se conversasse

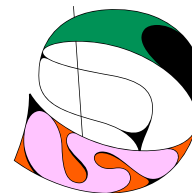
as galinhas ou com as árvores se alarde, e nos aproximávamos sem por perto só para escutar e, de plantas, repetimos o que Donana que minha mãe dizia baixo para o cada dia fala mais sozinha." O pai com sinais de demência, dizia que mesma, a vida toda havia repetido com que revirava os pensamentos.



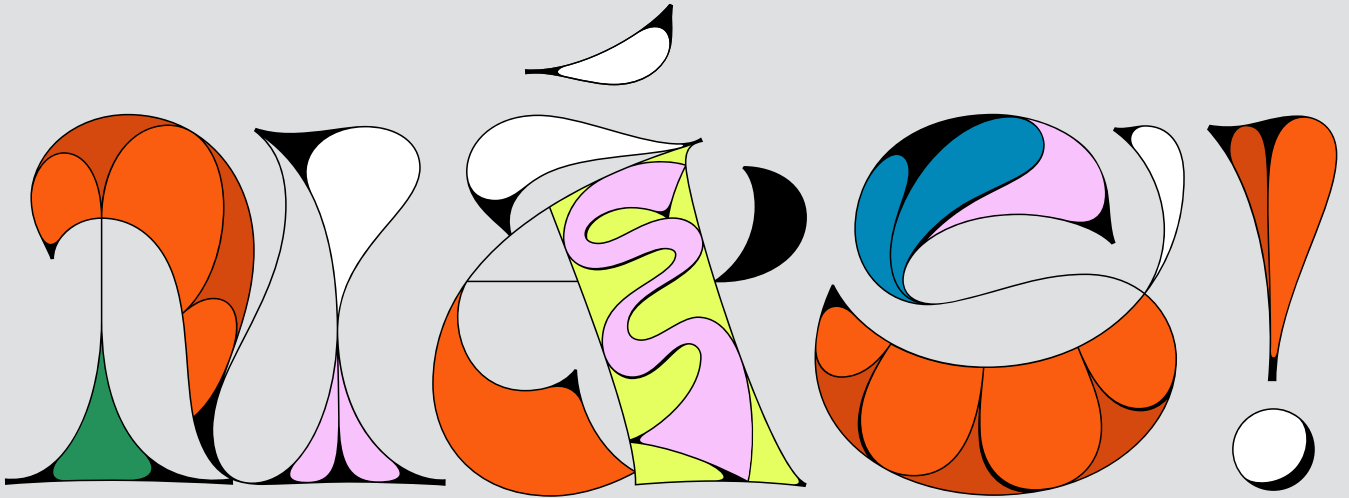
ra como se as rezas vezes não faziam se das para longe, carr ansiosas pela transg Belonísia se enfiou d de caifitu que cobria encolheu sob seu corpo. Abri a mala. Levantei algumas peças de roupa ar guardavam as cores vivas que a luz do descrever de forma exata. E no meio havia um tecido sujo envolto no objeto fosse a joia preciosa que nossa avó quem desatou o nó, atenta à voz de Don



i os olhos de Belonísia ci amos como se fosse um recém tirado da terra. Lev pequena diante dos nos pegar. Não deixei, eu veria rançoso dos guardados de arranhões. Minha reação n era explorar ao máximo o segredo. Naquele dia, a voz de Donana se afastar no espaço do quintal, em meio ao cacarejo e aos cantos das aves.

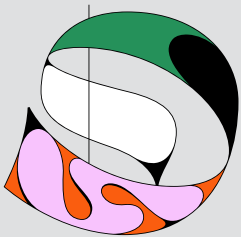


Desde la ventana de su cuarto en el segundo piso Oliveira veía el patio con la fuente, el chorrito de agua, la rayuela y los tres árboles que daban sombra al cantero de malvor y césped, y la altísima tapia que le ocultaba las casas de la calle. El 8 jugaba casi toda la tarde a la rayuela, era imbatible, el 4 y la 19 hubieron querido arrebatárle el Cielo pero era inútil, el pie derecho era un arma de precisión, un tiro por cuadro, el tejo se situaba siempre en la posición más favorable, extraordinario. Por la noche la rayuela tenía como débil fosforescencia y a Oliveira le gustaba mirar desde la ventana. En su cama, cediendo a los efectos de un centímetro cúbico de hipnosol, el 8 se encontraba durmiendo como las cigüeñas, parado mentalmente una sola pierna, impulsando el tejo con golpes secos e infalibles, a la conquista de un cielo que parecía de cantar lo apenas ganado. «Sos de un romantismo inaguantable», se pensaba Oliveira, cebando mate



Ficciones iberoamericanas y la presencia de la mujer en narrativas decoloniales

Eva Sánchez es una investigadora de la **Universidad de Tenerife** • 18 minutes read • **SHARE** ↗



ESDE LA VENTANA DE SU CUARTO en el segundo piso Oliveira veía el patio con la fuente, el chorrito de agua, la rayuela del 8, los tres árboles que daban sombra al

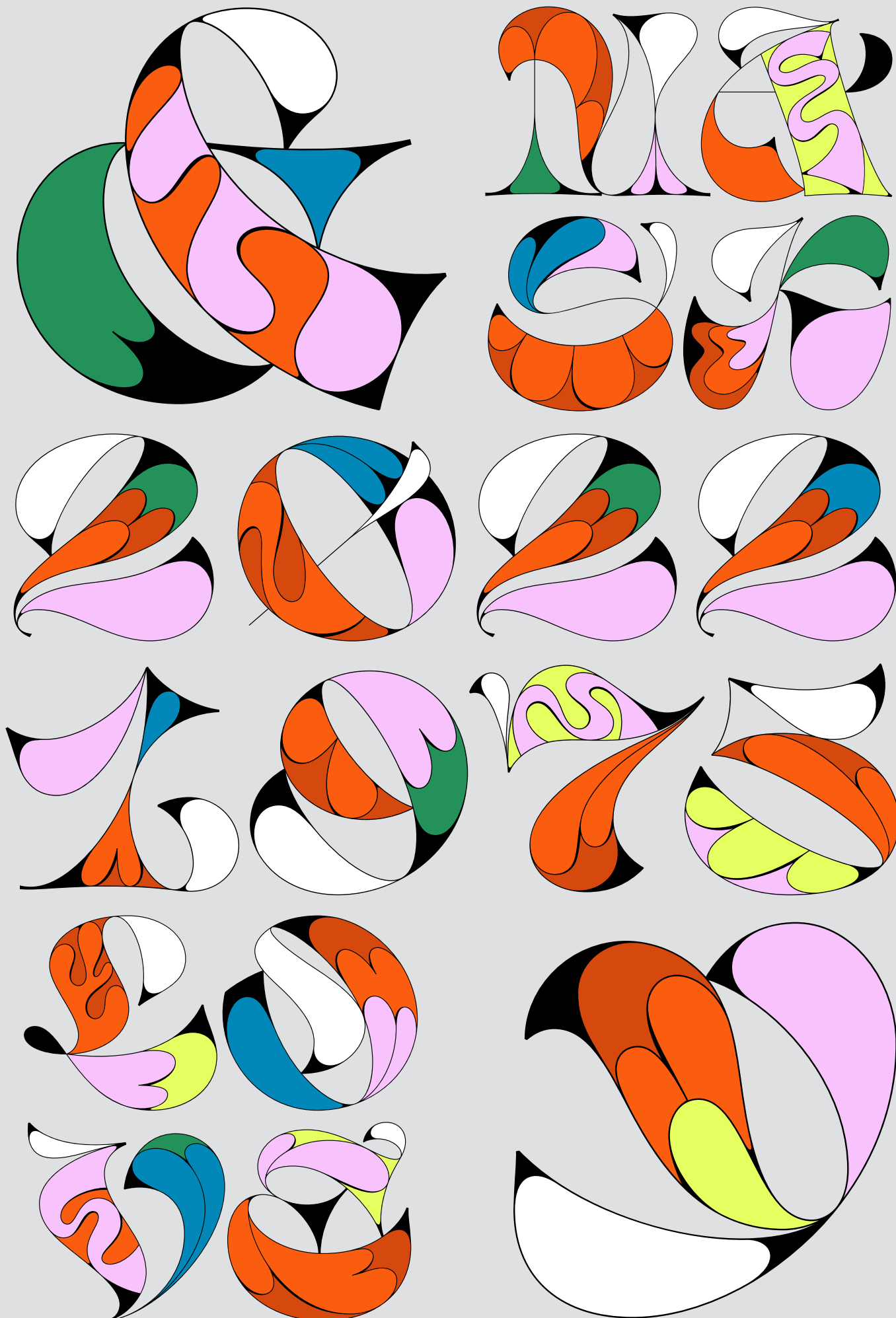
cantero de malvones y césped, y la altísima tapia que le ocultaba las casas de la calle.

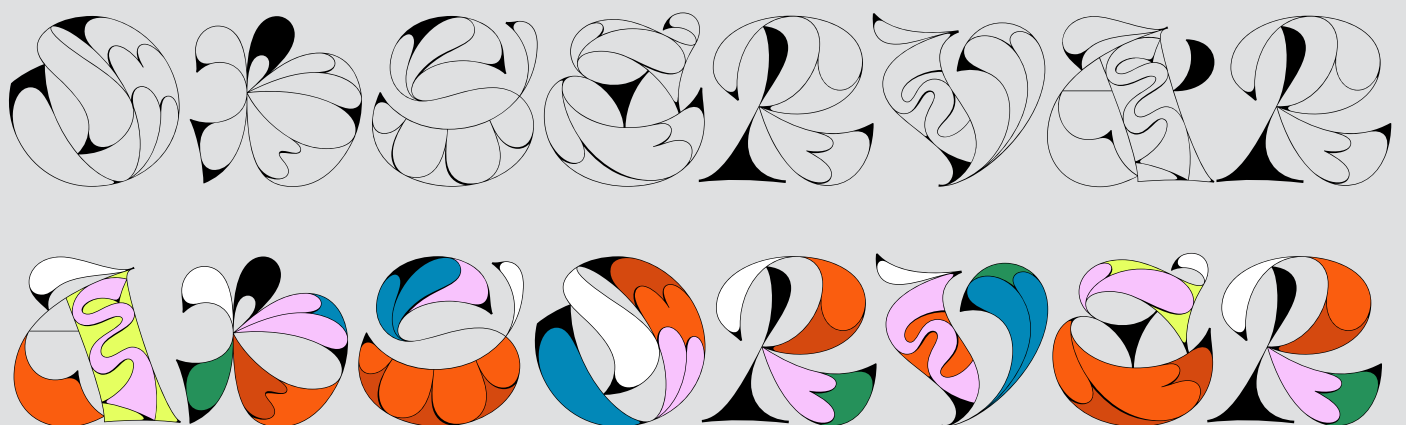
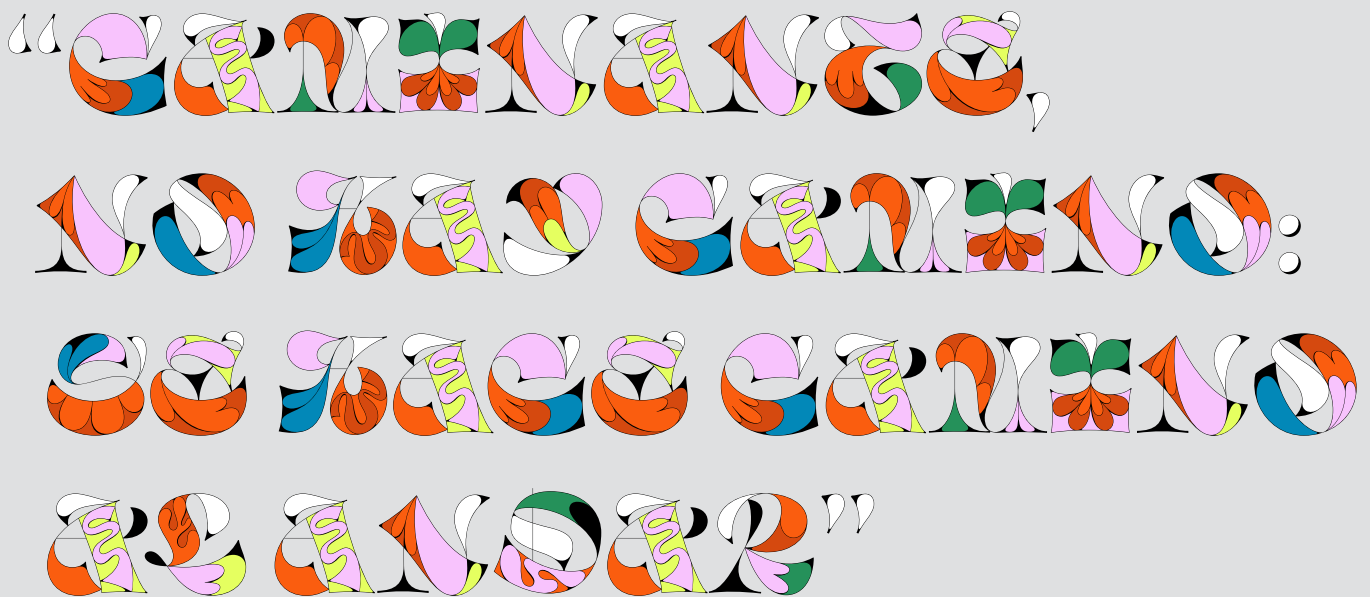
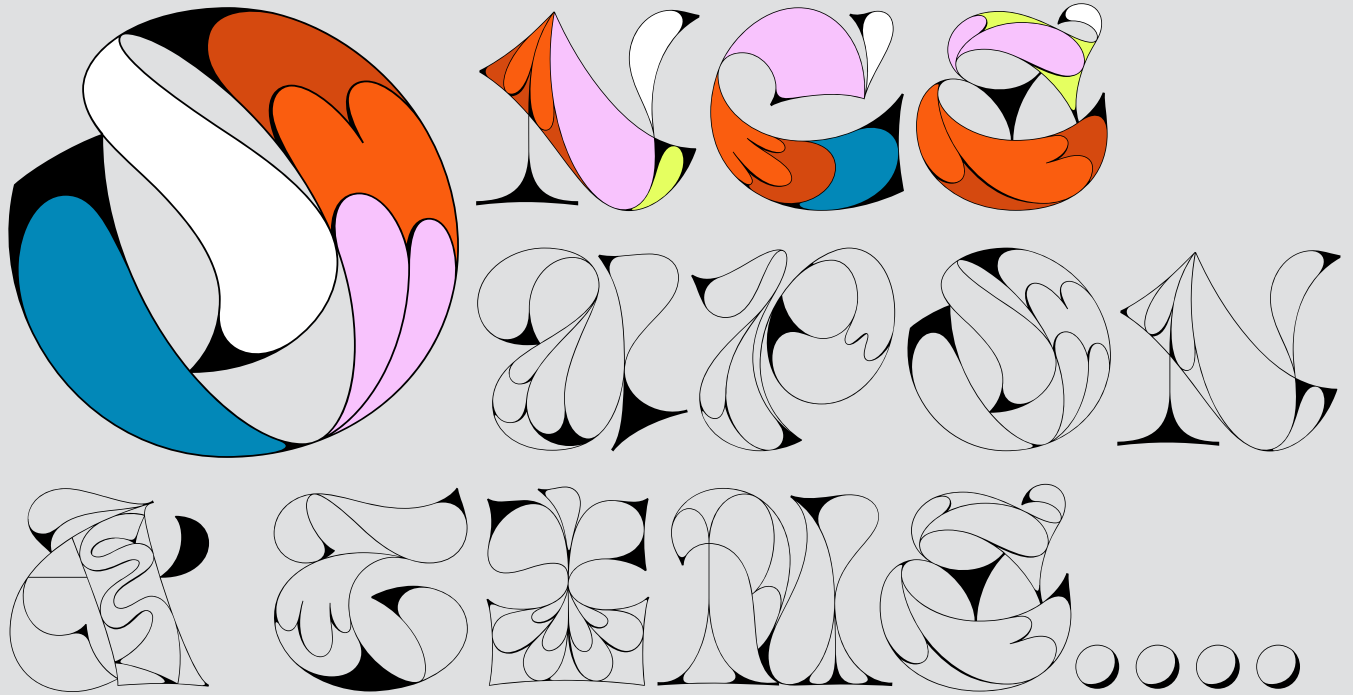


IN EMBARGO EL 8 JUGABA casi toda la tarde a la rayuela, era imbatible, el 4 y la 19 hubieran querido arrebatarle el Cielo pero era inútil, el pie del 8 era un arma de precisión, un tiro por cuadro, el tejo se situaba siempre en la posición más favorable, era extraordinario. Por la noche la rayuela tenía como una débil fosforescencia y a Oliveira le gustaba mirarla desde la ventana.



N SU CAMA, CEDIENDO A LOS EFECTOS de un centímetro cúbico de hipnosol, el 8 se estaría durmiendo como las cigüeñas, parado mentalmente en una sola pierna, impulsando el tejo con golpes secos e infalibles, a la conquista de un cielo que parecía desencantarlo apenas ganado. «Sos de un romanticismo inaguantable», se pensaba Oliveira, cebando mate.





Juma has smart *OpenType* features that let you easily access alternate characters

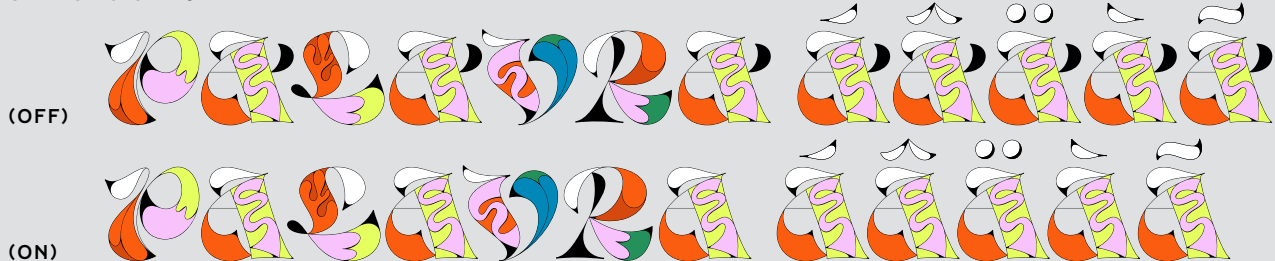
CONTEXTUAL ALTERNATES: ALTERNATE A IS USED AUTOMATICALLY TO IMPROVE SPACING



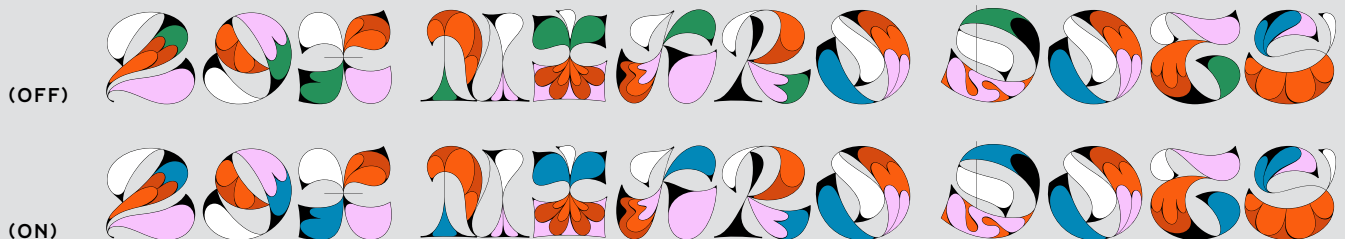
STYLISTIC SET 01: ALTERNATE &



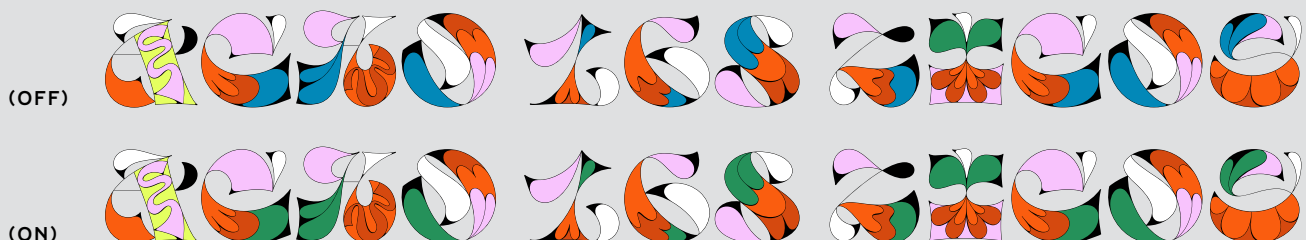
STYLISTIC SET 02: ALTERNATE A



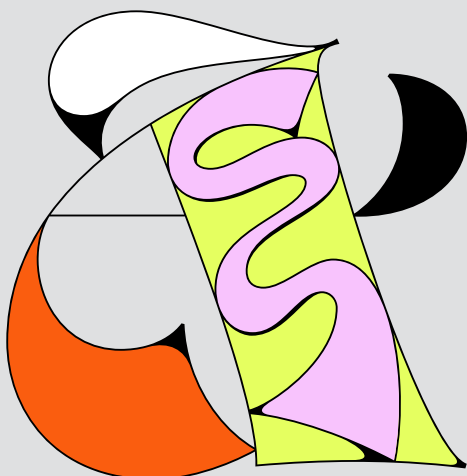
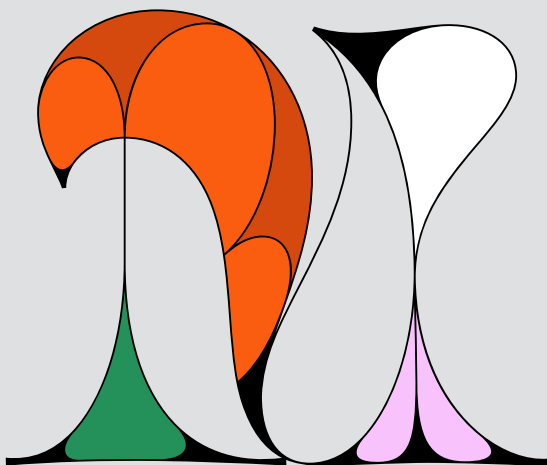
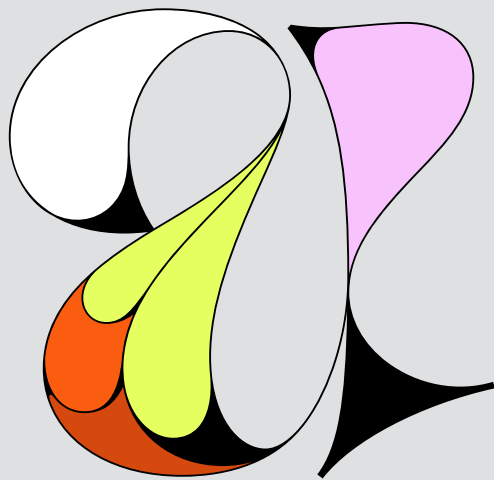
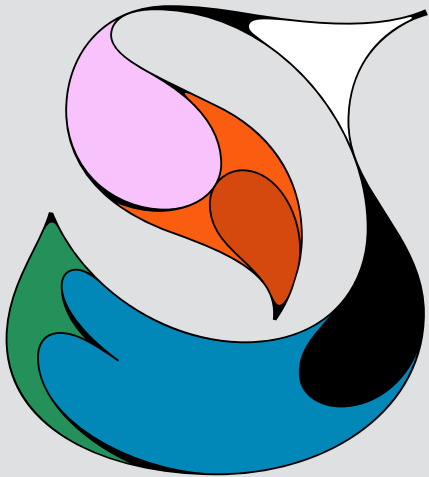
STYLISTIC SET 03: BLUE ALTERNATES



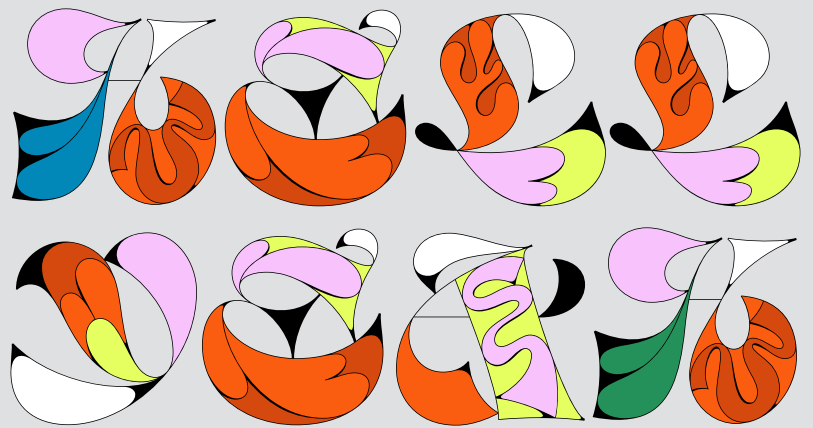
STYLISTIC SET 04: GREEN ALTERNATES



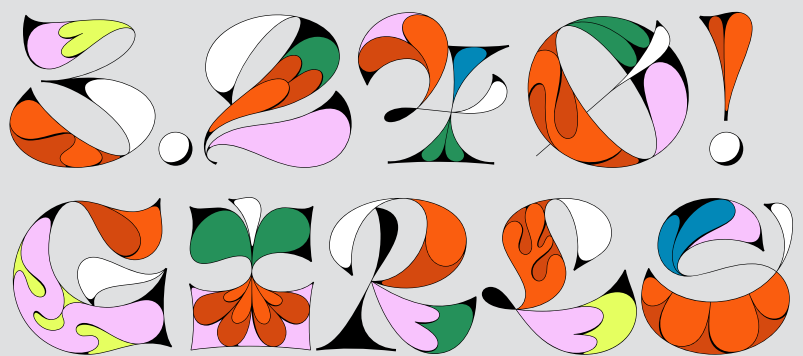
235 PT COLOR



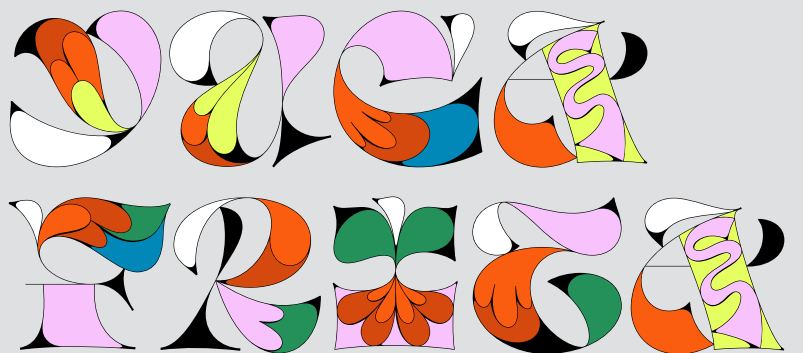
96 PT COLOR



78 PT COLOR



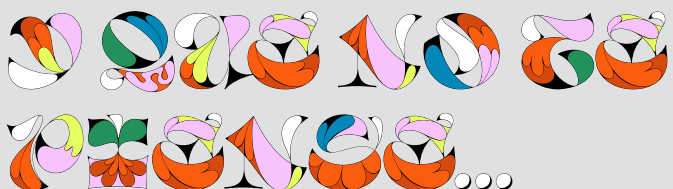
78 PT COLOR



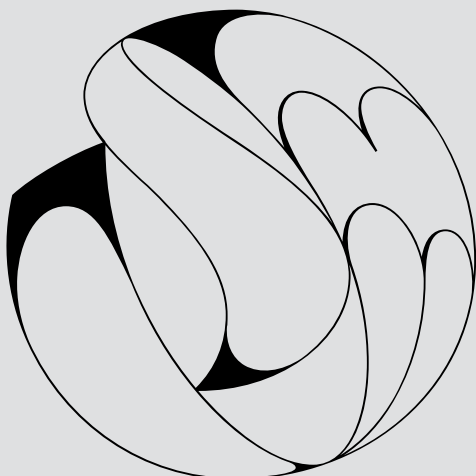
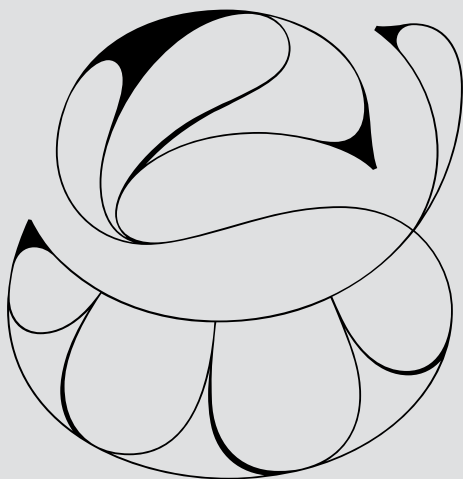
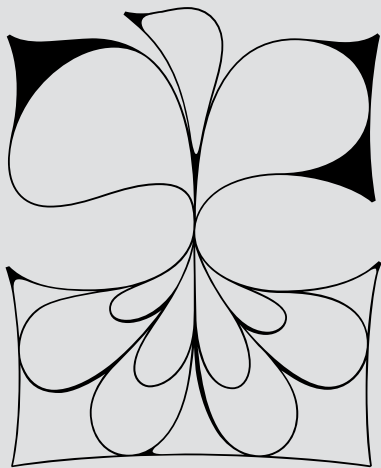
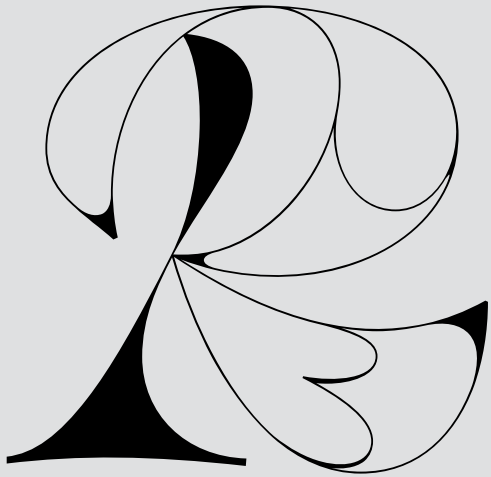
38 PT COLOR



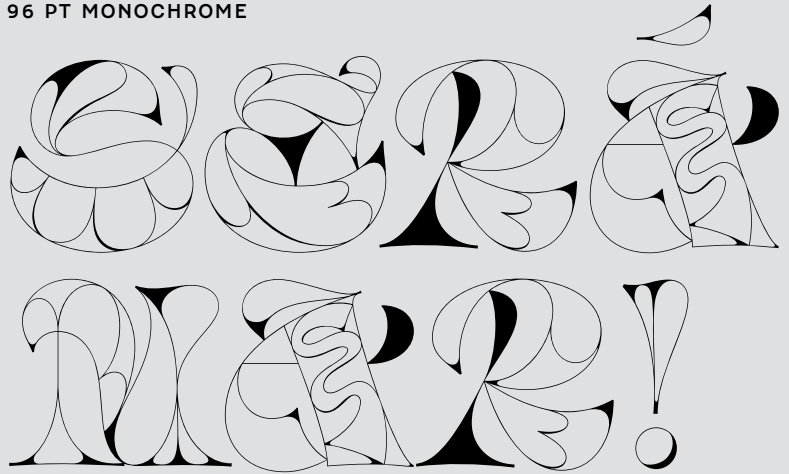
38 PT COLOR



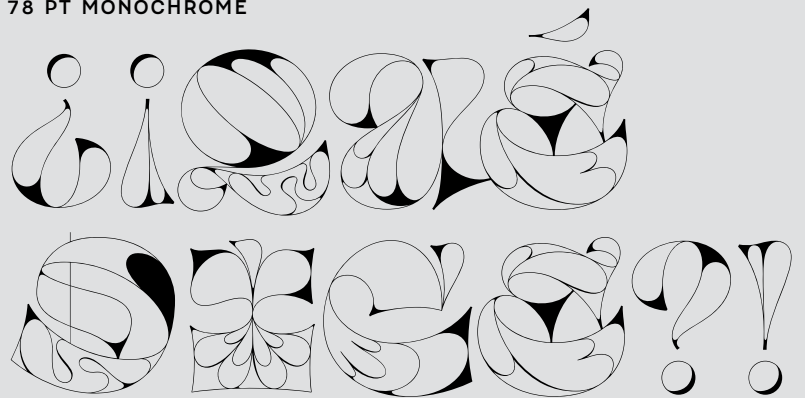
235 PT MONOCHROME



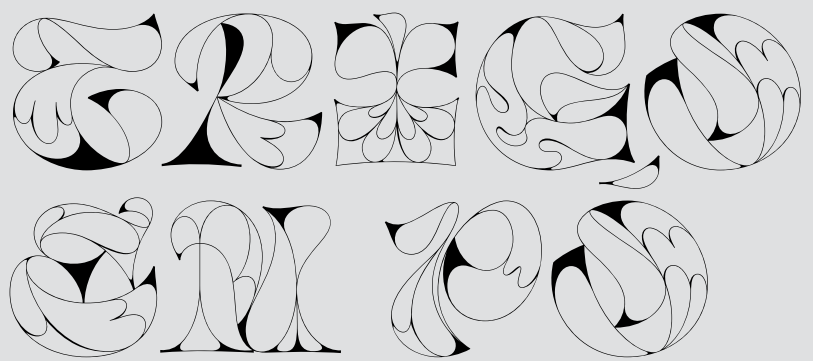
96 PT MONOCHROME



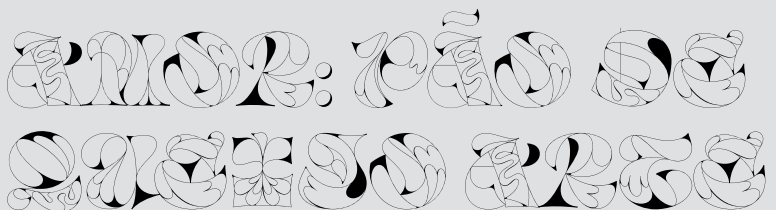
78 PT MONOCHROME



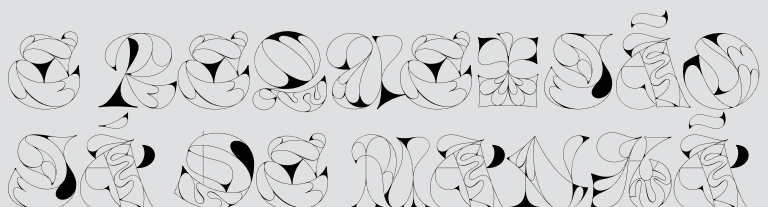
78 PT MONOCHROME



40 PT MONOCHROME

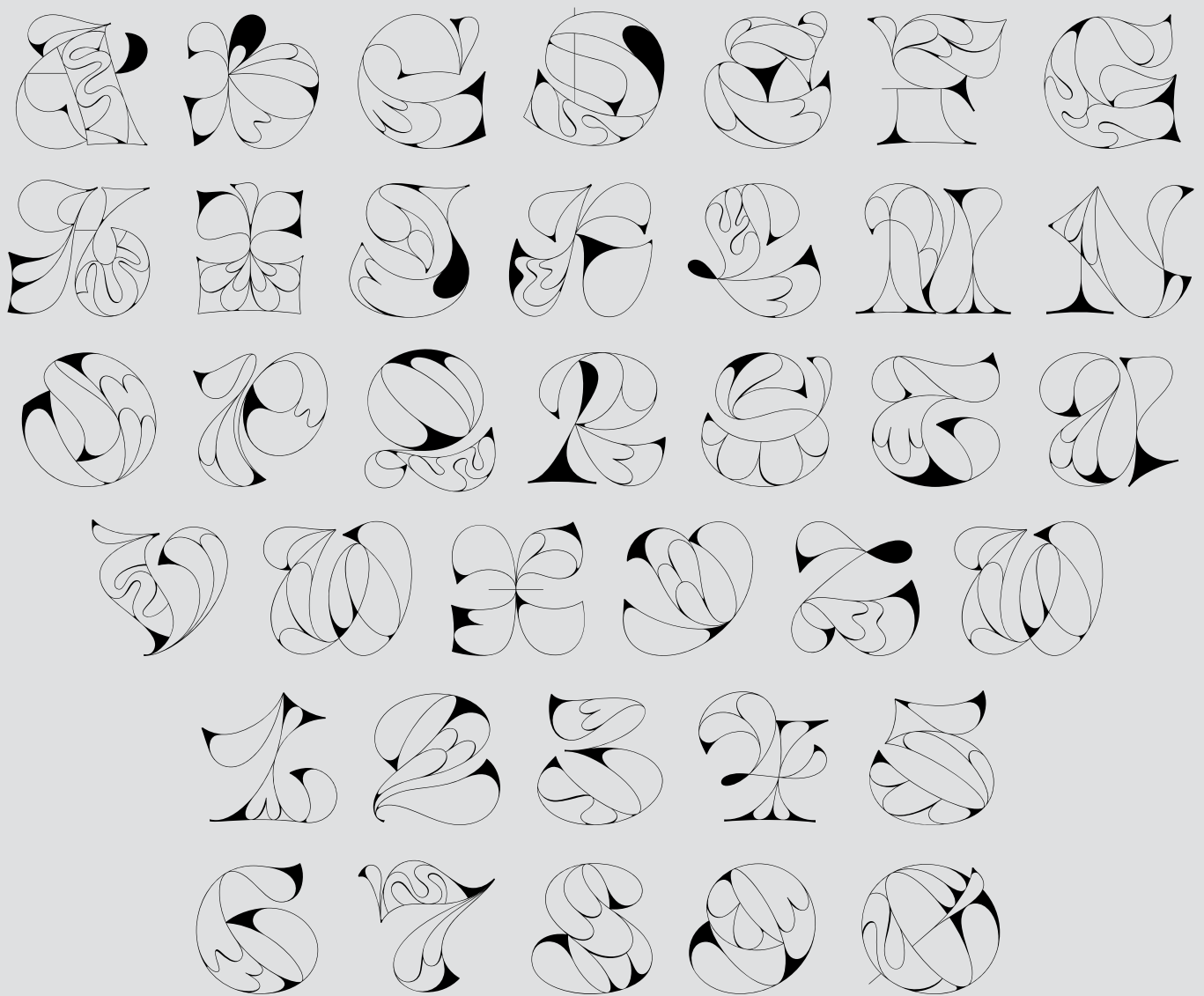


40 PT MONOCHROME

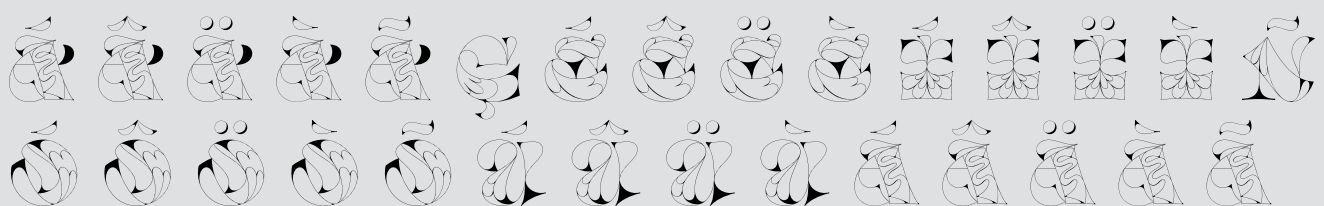




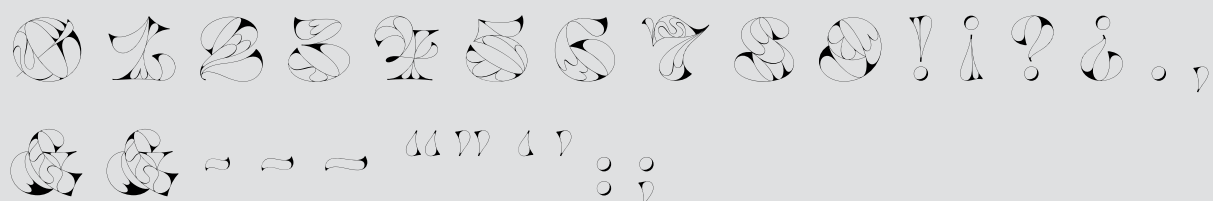
BASIC ALPHABET: MONOCHROME



LANGUAGE SUPPORT



PUNCTUATION & SYMBOLS





naïpe