

MILTON GUAPO

ON THE THRESHOLD

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MILTON GUAPO

ON THE THRESHOLD

 **Conceito Atual**

Florianópolis – 2022

MILTON PEREIRA DE PINHO

Pseudonym **Guapo**, is a musician, researcher and writer, born in Cáceres, Mato Grosso state, Brazil. He descends from the old Pantanal strain that formed the state. He inherited from his father, a physicist/mathematician, analytical observation, and from his mother, a laundress and storyteller, empirical curiosity, which makes him prolific and meticulous in his art. He has been a musician for over 40 years and has sung, composed and recorded CDs, tracks for cinema, plays, and nativist themes for the Mato Grosso State Orchestra. In 2010, he published his first book, *Remedeia co que tem* [Get by with what you've got], a historical mapping of the formation of the music of Mato Grosso, which today it is a major reference for anthropological knowledge of the music of the state. In 2017 he was recognized by the Ministry of Culture with the Leandro Gomes de Barros Award, as a Master of Popular Culture. In 2018 he published *Um pé de verso... outro de cantiga* [A foot of verse... another of songs], his second book of memoirs and chronicles based on Pantanal sayings, written in the native vernacular dialect of the Pantanal and Baixada Cuiabana regions. In 2019 he released his first novel entitled *No Limiar* [On the Threshold].

JOHN MILTON

Birmingham UK, 1956, is Titular Professor in Translation Studies at the Universidade de São Paulo, Brazil, and also helped establish the Postgraduate Programme in Translation Studies. Among his publications are *Agents of Translation* (2009) (ed. with Paul Bandia), and *Um País de Faz com Tradutores e Traduções: a Importância da tradução e da Adaptação na obra de Monteiro Lobato* [A Country is Made by Translators and Translations: the Importance of Translation and Adaptation in the Work of Monteiro Lobato] (2019). He has also translated poetry from Portuguese into English.

*A new threshold is the rising up in the midst of the storm at sea,
an unlit lighthouse, beckoning both the boats and those
who are shipwrecked, but the latter only discover its
brightness when they hit the rocks.*

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Part 1

Chapter 1

THE MEETING WITH THE ENIGMATIC MESSENGER AND THE INDIAN GIRL

After the 2014 World Cup the Marechal Rondon airport in the town of Várzea Grande in the state of Mato Grosso became very well-known for being part of the unfinished public works of previous governments and was also considered one of the worst airports in all Brazil.

Marx saw every airport, bus station, bus stop and train station as a vortex where destinies and all kinds of behaviour and attitudes increased his anguish and also celebrated the end of an anatomy of pretence, whose beginning he could not perceive. Seeing things this way, he preferred the “railway and road vortexes” to the airport.

After checking in, he sat in the airport lounge and opened the page of the novel he was just finishing, *The Festival of Insignificance*, the latest work by Czech writer Milan Kundera. He soon finished the last chapter of the novel and began, as is the custom of all who love literature, to move from appreciation to an analysis of the work. As he had already read almost all of Kundera’s other works, he thought that this one was very synthetic and, above all, “shadowed” by catchphrases of the great novelists and

philosophers, which added nothing to the core of the theme, an exaggeration of an unnecessary surrealism or perhaps abruptly placed to “sediment” something loose or unresolved, like “Stalin’s punch on the table” and the “shot in the park at the end of the work”. That Kundera, who shook the foundation of poetry in the form of prose and extracted events from the fissures of a lapse of emotion of his characters, was numb and monosyllabic, bordering on a custom-made contemporary visual art painting;. In other words, it was a novel critical of the insignificance and mediocrity of current life; however, the conducting object, that is, the novel, was also corrupt in its production, as if the unblemished denouncer were part of the fact that had taken place.

“What will become of poetry and poets? It seems that life is becoming too predictable, static and insipid to the point of invading and trivializing the magma of inspiration!”, he thought on his way to the departure lounge, listening to the voice of the female airport announcer. Already settled in his seat on the aircraft and still contemplating the nuances of the novel while the seat beside him was still empty, he was a little distracted by looking and listening in the aisle of the aircraft to the conversations of the passengers who were settling down, some focused on their WhatsApp; younger ones smiling, talking loudly and spreading cheerfulness. Suddenly, he heard a young female voice asking permission to sit beside him; he straightened in his seat without looking sideways. The voice was that of a dark-skinned girl looking 17 years old, with a huge head of black hair, smiling and showing her beautiful shiny teeth. He replied without looking aside:

– Of course, young lady! Well, I’m traveling with young people.

– Don’t you like old people? – asked the young woman, putting her backpack in the storage compartment above of the seat.

– I do, but not to talk to on a plane trip; they complain a lot.

– That’s the first time I’ve heard this from a *Tuyá*—said the girl. Marx frowned a little in surprise, looked straight at her and realized that he was facing a young Guaraní indian woman, who smiled again, amused at his astonishment.— *Mbae plate where rera?* Marx asked the Indian girl what her name was in her language. Now she was surprised.

– *Che rera i Kunhahendy* [My name is Kunhahendy],— she replied, already sitting beside him and still smiling.

Marx, curious, insisted on the fact that she had the name which means “woman of light, fire, flame, and splendour”.

– *Mba’ere Kunhahendy?* [Why Kunhahendy?] At that moment, she noticed that they were both enlivened and talking loudly, attracting the attention of the people beside her, so she winked at Marx; both lowered their voices and began to speak in Portuguese.

– My mother says that, a few days before I was born, she was on the banks of the Paraguay River. The sun was setting when she heard a noise in the cabin beside her, and, looking into the foliage, she saw the *Pombero Achanhendy* [firehead goblin, a Guaraní mythical character], who told her that the child to be born would be her protégé. Hence my name, – concluded the girl.

– When the *Pombero* appears to the pregnant woman and doesn’t harass her, it’s a sign that the soul that is about to be born is going to be a great person, – stated Marx, looking into Kunhahendy’s eyes.

– You have great knowledge of our culture... Are you going to São Paulo? – asked the young woman, changing the subject.

– Yes, I’m going to work and meet friends I haven’t seen for a long time. And you?

– I’m also going there for the Indigenous Culture and Envi-

ronment Congress that will take place at Ibirapuera this weekend. I'm on the organizing committee.

– You are so young and already taking part in politics... I'm curious and also pleased to see a *mita* [teenager] taking part in such an important thing, – said Marx.

– I was born for it, sir. Since I was little, I've felt like the wind, which is always taking part in everything that moves, – she said, adjusting the red tiara on her head.

Then came the usual instructions from the flight crew for the flight, the pilot's welcome, and the aircraft took off, heading for the São Paulo. Kunahendy then broke the silence by making an invitation to Marx, who was looking out the window.

– You could go there and take part with our people, after all, you know our culture well.

– We're going to arrive in São Paulo at the end of this afternoon, aren't we? Tomorrow is Saturday, I have an appointment with a friend of mine, who has already bought tickets to see a Latin American music show by a great group I had a lot of contact with when I lived there, over 30 years ago. I can only go on Sunday.

– *Iporã che tea mi!* [Fine, old man!] You'll meet the great Ailton Krenak, it will be the day of his speech. It's going to be good, I'll be happy if you can go, – she said.

– Will Ailton Krenak be there? That's good, I like him a lot. For me, he is an *arandu-ête-yma* [one who knows the secrets of nature]. You've already cheered me up, young lady, – Marx said. – I'd like to ask him one thing, a very important thing for all of us who also have Indian blood, – he said and looked at the Indian girl, who was curious and stopped smiling.

At that moment, the voice of the flight attendant announced the in-flight services, and they both relaxed the conversation

and were silent for a few moments as the snacks were handed to the passengers. Then Kunhahendy asked Marx to find out about the question that would be directed to Ailton Krenak.

– From the way you said it, I realized that this subject is important, and there may even be a certain urgency to take action, am I right? – she asked.

– You are a very smart girl and you can sniff out things; this shows great responsibility.

– Since I was a child, I’ve been used to memorizing information during the oral activities of our tribe, and this has always made me pay attention when I hear someone speaking, whether white or indian, and you show wisdom and seriousness when you speak.

– Well, I can even summarize this subject for you, because, in fact, there are two situations that come together as one and point to a third, as complicated as the proposal to change habits in our technocratic society in order to save the planet, – Marx said.

– I understand! It would be a vain attempt, like what is happening with certain indigenous groups that are becoming corrupted by the money from multinationals, across the continent, due to the exploration, appropriation and devastation of still virgin areas. Would that be more or less it, sir? – guessed Kunhahendy from the events she knew about.

– Let’s say that this event that you have just mentioned comes from a certain focus, which no one questions because they think it’s a true statement that is not questioned because, as the world is the world, things have always been like that.

– I’ll get to the heart of the matter: I know you’re the right person to deal with this with your leaders and especially with Krenak. I remember the day I read an interview with him, in which he said: “The indian spends his life on earth like the flight of a bird crossing from one cliff to another, without leaving a

trace, unlike the white person who marks his presence on Earth by building tremendous works, fearing oblivion". For me, it was the greatest explanation of the true reason for the indigenous existence, which is opposed to that of the whites. It is the same concept as other mammals, which are also a reference for life on the planet as they seek only food and procreation according to their needs and live in function of nature and the universe, having a cycle in which mutations only take place gradually because of changes in the environment and the natural obviousness of things, – said Marx, looking at the young Indian woman.

– This is exactly what we have been trying to clarify for centuries to whites, or rather, to all men because today it is no longer just whites who diverge from the true meaning of life; it seems that there has been, all over the planet, a kind of collective tendency towards *nhurrah* [betrayal] of the meaning of existence, – added the girl.

– This collective *nhurrah* has taken place at other times throughout the historical development of the human being on Earth; it even appears in the chronicles of various cultures, and the best known was that of the Old Testament book of Exodus, where the patriarch Moses returns from Mount Sinai with the Tablets of the Ten Commandments and finds his people worshipping the golden calf. If you look, you will find this *nhurrah* both in the official history and the mythologies of every civilization. It unfortunately seems to suddenly dominate the unconscious of a community. This *nhurrah* turns things around when there is a new situation, and if you look closely, you'll see one thing in common that motivates the *nhurrah*.

Marx stopped talking for a moment, turned, looked the young Indian woman in the eye, and said: – *Itayu!*

– Gold! – exclaimed Kunhahendy, startled,.

– Yes! Now, I can tell you one of the questions, which would be for Krenak. I'll pass it on to you because I might not be there

for the Sunday meeting at Ibirapuera. So, let's use the old way of speaking to get my question to your leaders: throughout the history of civilization, throughout the world, the formation of empires has been based on the accumulation of gold as a symbol of wealth and power. When I say throughout the world it's because this fact is scientifically proven in the history of Asia with the Mongols, Chinese, Indians, and Japanese; in Europe, with the Greeks, Hittites, Aryans, Latins, and Slavs; in the Middle East, with the Semites, Turks, and Sumerians; and in America, with the Incas, Mayans and Aztecs.

Marx paused and then continued:

– Now think and answer me: why did the Indians who lived in the forests of the Americas and the blacks in the forests of Africa, the aborigines of Australia never bother to create empires or huge cities, and why did they never give importance to gold and other minerals that they always had in abundance on their land? Why were they primitive, not evolved? He paused again and went on: – So! Who are these peoples who made their way of being so different from that of the forest peoples of the planet? Why were their gods different? And why did these gods support them in their destruction? Would the minority peoples of the forest then be the true earthlings because they always lived in function of the universe and with the same way of life as other animals on the planet? – concluded Marx, looking into the eyes of the Indian girl.

– Really, it has everything to do with the quote from the Krenak interview, – she said.

– So who were these gods who, at the beginning of time, spurred these other cultures on to embark on this way of operating, based on the triad of sovereignty, defence and prosperity and aiming at obtaining the opulence of gold and empires?– Marx insinuated, looking again at Kunhahendy.

– Honestly, I don't know. I was not brought up on Christian

principles, and I have no idea about it. Our origin, taught by our *Aracuaá* [sage or one who penetrates time and space], is that we came from *Areguá* [the bottom of time] and that *Canendiyú* [that yellow macaw] taught us to speak. We didn't have what they call the "myth of creation".

She thought for a few seconds, looking sideways, and wondered:

– It is really necessary to think about this historical anthropological dichotomy of the human phenomenon and also about the future of this thesis and antithesis, from which a balanced synthesis must emerge, isn't it?

– I would be very naive to believe this, knowing that 67% of human beings think men are at the centre of the universe, such as those who supported the idea of the biblical "golden calf" – considered Marx and apologized for referring to a biblical passage as the indian girl had just told him that she didn't know anything about these things. – So, – he emphasized and went directly to the heart of the matter: – Why do these people believe that the universe and nature were made by their God for the delight of their children and take this as an absolute truth, why is the difficulty of changing habits to save the environment a vain attempt; this is where I want to go, which was the beginning of our conversation, remember?

– And this estimate of 67% of humans following this definite position? Who gave you such statistics? asked Kunhahendy.

– Well! I confess it's not mine, it was a military kabbalist named Plínio Rolim de Moura, who told me about this percentage, when I lived in São Paulo, more than 30 years ago. He showed me other aspects of his work on numerology and the characters of people, future events, etc. replied Marx, looking out of the window and announcing – Look, we're arriving!

His alert coincided with the speech of the pilot, who gave

the weather report.

When they came out in the lobby of Cumbica airport, they were still talking until a person with the name Kunhahendy appeared on a cardboard, and the Indian woman told Marx that she was the person who came to pick her up.

– *Ya pitá o peicha jha che aha'arônde ruvaiti* [We stay like that and I hope you go to the meeting] — the beautiful Indian girl said, smiling at him, who also smiled at her.

Kunhahendy took a few steps, turned to Marx and said aloud in Portuguese:

– You didn't tell me your name, *Karái Guaçu* [Great Sir]...

– Nde rera... [Your name...], – she repeated eloquently.

– My name is Marx, but I liked it better when you called me *Tuyami* [old man], Marx replied smiling at her, as he saw her youthful silhouette already blending in with the airport crowd.

He was enchanted by the young Indian for a brief moment, with the knowledge and fullness of consciousness about her destiny in the struggle for the ideas of her people – in his 64 years of life he had never met anyone like that. He was smiling in the hall, and something came into his head that he hadn't thought of for a long time, and he muttered to himself – I've always wanted a daughter like that.

Chapter 2

THE BLUE, BLACK, AND GOLD VORTEX OPENS

Marx boarded the almost empty bus to Avenida Paulista, where he would be rescued by his friend Sonia Otahime, a beautiful Japanese-Brazilian woman whom he had met at Cumbica airport nearly nine years ago and had contact with in Cuiabá during all this time. She was a sensitive person, well-travelled, happy, smiling, extremely connected to music and literature and, above all, fluent in three languages. Her air of an adventurous and experimenting girl infected everyone, both at work and in the friendships developed during her stay in Cuiabá, the capital of Mato Grosso state, working as a civil servant.

Marx was a self-taught musician and “free-thinker in his spare time”, as he called himself, but his poetic vein was somewhat neglected due to his work of researching and registering textbooks for schools. When reading Sonia’s poetic writings, in a small publication she brought out while still in São Paulo, he began to feel sparks of the poetry he had abandoned more than 30 years before, just when he had returned to Cuiabá.

Sonia’s poetry was provocative, sensual, startling, but above all inquisitive to a brutish and tired poetic soul like that of Marx. He had never read anything like it, and each poem was like a Koan

of Zen poetry, which began to stir the dormant viscera of his singer/songwriter's soul. This idea took some time to develop, and he, too, admitted that those small words of the bubbly, laughing girl were moving him a lot more than he could have imagined. A few years before, he had begun to respond to Sonia's Koans with a kind of shadow of her own poem. This prompted him to reluctantly create a Facebook page to communicate with her.

Years passed and Sonia's work forced her to travel a lot within the state and abroad. She found herself in several complex situations that helped her to mature her youthful spirit, but she never stopped writing poems and always shared them with Marx, who, in turn, sent his songs to her, and the reciprocity of the two artistic souls was immediate. They seemed like two spontaneous shoots that had sprouted, driven by an ineffable need to celebrate together a hierogamy as if it were a meeting of a young hare seeking shelter and an old rabbit that didn't know where its shelter was on a cold dark night.

When the bus entered the old central area of São Paulo, the afternoon was grey, and Marx began to feel the tenor of the words of the writer Mário Reis, who says: "São Paulo is a city that does not allow indifference". It seems that he also meant that the city creates a "numinous experience" for everyone who lived there because Marx began to have insights into the time when he roamed those streets, which still had their old buildings of the same colour, and soon he felt that he was entering a vortex of four decades of memories, as if he had rediscovered his old habit of buying books and drinking mate tea on the corner of Ipiranga and São João avenues, then he would catch the bus home, right there in front of the same store, or sometimes he went into the Marabá or Ipiranga cinemas and watched the double session, waiting for the rush hour to end.

At that time Marx had smoked a cigar and a pipe, but when he was on the streets of São Paulo, he preferred a cigar and a

good brandy to warm up and watch the afternoon dissolve into a cold night drizzle, which bewitched him, seasoning him to go to the house of one of his girlfriends whom he never forgot; he had a consensual relationship with all of them without ever having any disagreement because they also acted in the same way. They were enlightened, sincere, engaging, studied, and, above all, conscientious women. He called these moments in his life the “plurality of feelings” as they no longer practiced the old “Via Crucis” of committed dating. He remembered:

“It was the late 1970s and early 1980s. At that time, I was a civil servant of the state during the week and, at the weekend, I was a singer of Mato Grosso and Latin American music and, to top it off, I still found time to take part in the Solidarity Committee for Latin America and the Caribbean, an NGO made up of important sociologists such as Paulo Schilling, Paulo Canabrava, professors at the University of São Paulo; journalists like Francisco Hardy, from the old tabloid *Pasquim*; and Helena Quadros, niece of the late Jânio Quadros, former governor of São Paulo and president of Brazil, the late Jânio Quadros; the psychologist and composer Maria Thereza [Teka], a woman from whom I learned many things; Eduardo Suplicy, the Workers Party politician; and others whose faces I remember but not their names.

We sent letters of support to the new Sandinista government in Nicaragua, to the guerrillas of El Salvador, and helped promote concerts by Cubans Pablo Milanés and Silvio Rodríguez, by the Argentine Mercedes Sousa, and so many others. It was the happiest time of my life, which was shaped in those streets, in vinyl record stores, in used book stores, in Chinese pastry shops, in bars where I started to enjoy drinking. I was there alive in my memories, even hearing the sounds of cars when the green light came on, my girlfriends’ screams of orgasms, which always coincided with mine; the pages of books open on the bedside table, and, in between sex, we would start commenting on the novel or poetry; the glass with the leftover

wine that sometimes spilled, staining the carpet and ending in laughter from both of us – it all resonated in my ears, and an endless gale throbbed in my skin, like sweat and the lovely smell of my girlfriends' vaginas. It glowed like the embers of my cigar when I lit it while looking at the affectionate and sensual smile of my loves.

The drizzle began to fall on the window of the bus that reached Avenida Paulista, and Marx was still steeped in his memories. As soon as he got off, he looked at the corner of Avenida Consolação and Avenida Paulista and saw the building where one of his lovers, Angela Savazzi, lived. For a brief moment he remembered her green eyes, her lovely smile, and the times they'd crossed Consolação to watch films at the Belas Artes Cinema.

Once off the bus, Marx started making a call to his friend Sonia Otahime but didn't get through. When he was about to try again, his cell phone rang, and, on the other end of the line, her nasal voice, already well known to him, said:

– Marx, where are you, have you arrived?—it was she who, intuitively, anticipated his attempt, like so many times when their impulses were synchronized.

After ten minutes she arrived, they hugged and got into the car. Sonia, still perplexed to see Marx beside her, remembered almost nine years ago at the airport, when she asked him and someone else they were talking to: “Are you going to Cuiabá?”. Then she said:

– I'm hungry! Have you eaten?

He said no, looked at her, had a rush of tenderness, hugged her and kissed her on the forehead, like two children meeting.

– There are several restaurants close to home, let's eat there, let's go!

Marx was so happy to be in São Paulo and with the friend he most admired that he wasn't even hungry, but even so they sat in

Benedito Calixto square, which he knew very well, and his memory went to the Lira Paulistana theatre and the Rua do Chorinho street, near his house in the nearby Butantã district, where he would join musicians every Sunday afternoon in jam sessions.

After eating, they went to Sonia's apartment, which was very close. As soon as he arrived, Marx took a guitar of hers, which he liked a lot, started to play and sing some songs; relaxed a little before going to a show in the evening at a bar called Jazz B, located in the former "Boca do Luxo", a prostitution area from the 1970s and 1980s in the city centre. Sonia said she had discovered the bar because she had taken the wrong bus.

* * * * *

Kunhahendy moved among the other ethnic groups that were arriving at the accommodation near Ibirapuera; it was already 7:00 pm. Her cell phone rang and, on the other end of the line, it was the teacher and writer Daniel Munduruku, an important figure in Brazilian indigenous culture.

– Kunahendy... How are you?

– Hi Daniel! Where are you?

– I'm in Brasília, and I'll only be there tomorrow morning. I had to go through here, because my flight has a transfer through here. As the flight continues at 10:15 pm, I'd get there late at night, so I decided to change my ticket for tomorrow at 5:30 am. I'll be there at Ibirapuera at 8:00 am, don't worry...

– OK, I've been looking for you because I want to talk to you about something very important for the congress, and, as it's important and will take time, I'd prefer to wait for you to arrive.

– The talks will start at 10:00 am; we'll have time to talk about this subject, which seems to be very important, coming from you.

– When you arrive, call me then. *Yá pitá opeicha che cape.* [We are thus arranged, my friend].

– *Nei neipá!* [Okay!], – Daniel replied, hanging up.

After turning off the cell phone, Kunhahedy went to the canteen to eat something and was delighted as there was all kinds of indigenous food. She exclaimed aloud, like any starving teenager:

– *Tuichá rembi-ú! Yaha yakaru! Che vare-á!* [Lots of food! Let's eat! I'm starving!]

* * * * *

Sonia took a shower, and Marx played the guitar, recalling the old Latin American songs of the 1960s and 1970s, from the time when armed struggle was exported by the Cuban revolution, and politically engaged songs were the hits of the moment, both in Brazil and in other countries.

Marx sang 'Los hermanos' [The brothers], 'Lo único que tengo' [The only one I have], 'Zamba del Che', 'Te recuerdo Amanda' [I remember you Amanda], 'Le tengo rábia al silencio' [I'm angry about the silence] and 'O plantador' [The planter], by the Brazilian composer Geraldo Vandré, among others. His voice, still full of nostalgia and feeling, seemed to be making a psychological empathy with the time when these songs were called "subversive", a word no longer used.

For a moment, he remembered a show at the São Paulo Catholic University, organized by the Committee in 1980, in which, before entering the stage, he was stopped by DOICOD secret police agents, who asked him:

– Are you the singer and songwriter Marx?

– Yes, that's me!

– You won't be able to sing the song 'For the guerrillas of

Araguaia' or 'The Planter' by Vandr e, do you understand?

– I do, sir.

– When their turn was announced their turn, their entry onto the stage caught the attention of the entire audience. Guitar in hand, Peruvian poncho, high-heeled boots, jeans and an olive beret with a red star. Everyone shouted at him to sing the music of the Araguaia and Vandr e guerrillas.

Marx sang for forty, minutes and at the end he said that there was another very important song for everyone to know about; he dedicated it to all the exiles in the audience.

The song was his; a simple tune, but with the lyrics implying a typical Portunhol mixture of Portuguese and Spanish of a political exile, entitled 'San Pablo... San Pablo', and the lyrics went:

San Pablo... San Pablo...
I come from afar and
I'm tired.

I've been around for a long time,
I've wanted to exist for a long time.
I want to be here,
Walk down S o Jo o Avenue,
sugarcane juice, cinema
and prostitution.
What does it matter if I'm a remnant of Allende,
Tupamaro or Per n?
I want to live,
"What I want is just to live".

Even if the whistle of my *quena* flute
gets mixed up with the car horns,
and may the lethargy of my tired dream enhance
the stigma of Neruda or Cort zar;
even if one day my body and my poncho lay
inert on the pavement,

a murmur in the drizzle “will say”:
 I just want to live...
 But I confess I haven’t lived.

It was an extremely visceral song, and Marx gave it the vigour it required. After leaving the stage, the audience began to sing the final verses, which were a parody of the widely read book at the time, *Confieso que he vivido* [*I confess that I have lived*], by the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda.

In the dressing room, the agent approached him again, saying:

– I told you not to sing subversive songs!

– You told me not to sing two songs, by Araguaia and by Vandré, wasn’t that what was agreed? That’s what I did!

– You communists should leave Brazil and go soon to Cuba, Russia, instead of giving us work! – he said, and stormed off down the hall, straightening his tie and dark glasses as people entered the dressing room to greet Marx, who was putting his guitar in its case. He had seen his fans in the audience, the model Suzilane and her cousin, Selenita, an old friend who lived in his town in Mato Grosso who had been a classmates at the school where Marx studied. Her father, Mr. Edgar, was a guerrilla trained in Cuba. After living underground, he was arrested and tortured. Released, he still lived and took care of the family until the end of the 1990s. They were friends from the São Paulo nights.

After the compliments and conversation with people on the politically engaged left, Marx lit his pipe. After a few puffs, he left, hugging Suzilane and Selenita, already trying to figure out which bar in the neighbourhood he would go to have a good cognac and enjoy the cold and the drizzle because the night was inviting.

His sweet “Proustian” memories were interrupted when Sonia’s bedroom door creaked, and she came out smiling as always, with her air of a girl already dressed in her simple way

as she captivated everyone with her natural grace and exotic beauty. They closed the apartment and went out talking about the schedule for the show at Jazz B. She said that the Madeira Brasil group was going to play that night. Marx was pleased as he had never seen their show. He commented:

– It will be great, eh! I’ve wanted to see this group for a long time. Just you, eh! Sonia, to surprise me like that! – said Marx happily, embracing her.

– Marx, I’ve never seen a Madeira concert either, but I know they’re good, I’ve already heard some of their songs, – replied Sonia, opening the elevator door.

The location was close, but it was somewhat difficult to park, but they finally found a spot on a corner and walked away like two teenagers, chatting and laughing up to the entrance to the bar. At the reception, they were told that there were no more tables. Even so, they decided to fit in as they could. They didn’t understand why there were so many people, if it was November 20, Black Consciousness Day, a public holiday in São Paulo. Then they learned that the great pianist Nelson Aires and the guitarist Paulo Bellinati were going to take part in the concert.

The concert was ecstatic. They played only songs they hadn’t heard for a long time and, better still, seasoned by the greats of Brazilian music. One of the highlights was the symphony ‘Saudades do Brasil’ [Nostalgia for Brazil], by the celebrated Tom Jobim. It was so marvellous that they didn’t feel like leaving even though they were uncomfortable. Sonia took a picture of Marx in silhouette, which came out well.

As soon as the concert ended, they went straight home as they would have to wake up early to go to the Serra da Cantareira hills, where the Tarancón concert would take place. Tarancón were group that played anthologies of Latin American music that had been part of Marx’s history during his ten-year stay in São Paulo.

– I’m still excited, Sonia, let’s have a beer to relax! – said Marx, already opening the fridge and taking out two cans. Sonia laughed because he seldom drank beer, but she joined him, taking another can.

After drinking and commenting on the wonderful show that still resonated in their ears, they decided to go to bed. Sonia made a request to Marx, which was that she always made:

– Wake me up at 7:20 am, ok? With music! – She told him, smiling and already entering her room. Marx smiled and thought to himself: “What a fantastic woman!”

In the morning, he got up an hour before the time agreed with Sonia and took a cold shower on the apartment’s balcony. The weather was grey and drizzling, and he was preparing the mate tea when he began to remember when he lived in Butantã and spent the weekends at km 15.5 of the Raposo Tavares highway, in the Vila Cláudia District, drinking mate with his friends from São Paulo: his girlfriend Rose and her family, Beto Moskovich, Jaburu, Zé Arruda, his childhood friend Tónico, and Leonardo Halseman, an Argentinian friend of Dutch descent, who lived near his house. They liked to barbecue together for fun on the weekends, with their respective girlfriends.

The mate was ready when it was time to sing to wake up Sonia. He tuned the guitar quietly, slowly opened her bedroom door and sang an old Paraguayan serenade:

My beauty listen to my serenade
 Simple lines I’ve come to sing
 To tell you of all my life
 With all my soul
Roraijhura [my beloved]

Sonia woke up smiling, and they greeted each other, and soon they were sitting outside on the terrace to have “mate in the wind”, as they liked to say. The chilly weather and the

breeze inspired them both, and they seemed to be on an unknown South American pampa. At that moment, Sonia's natural voice, her broad smile, and the warm matte gave Marx an insight, he had a kind of *déjà vu*, and, for a brief moment, her beautiful lips, her hair loose in the wind, transfigured her into an Indian woman in a red coat looking at him on top of a mountain. He appeared to be facing the eighteenth-century Bolivian revolutionary Juana Azurduy.

He returned to earth and took the guampa drinking horn from the Pantanal region from Sonia's hands to pour water again and help himself, thus dissolving the mists of *déjà vu*.

After finishing the mate, Marx said:

– Let's go! This place is on the other side of the city.

– Yes, come on, I'm going to get dressed, – Sonia said, walking to the bedroom. When she came back, he, a little awkwardly, said:

– Sonia! I think it will take us a long time to get there. I know there's going to be that breakfast, but I'm hungry now, my dear, I wanted to eat something, ok?

– I'll make some tapioca with cheese, okay? Sonia laughed at his unexpected wish.

– OK! Of course, I love tapioca! Marx cheered up. Sonia made it, he ate it rather quickly, and they left.

Everything was fine, the GPS was turned on and off the two of them went, talking and laughing, to a show that, for Sonia, was a continuation of the wonderful music after discovering the Tarancón group. For Marx, it was going back in time and feeding back into the vortex of a glittering past, which had become a corrosive absence. He had not expected that, over time, this historical retroactive pleasure would be as necessary to his soul as food to his body. He remembered that, in 1984, he resigned from his job to go back to Mato Grosso, breaking with everything that

was tied up in his life and in his day-to-day in São Paulo. “A time when my thinking ego decided for me”, he remembered, something it doesn’t do anymore. Over these years, he found that following his body and letting circumstances help is better, as long as he was symmetrically okay with his things, with his friends, his loves (who in the past he had abruptly left) and especially with the mysterious longings of his soul. Realizing this, there was no longer any need to let the thinking ego take the decisions.

Sonia got a little distracted and drove straight past the turn-off, instead of leaving the expressway according to the GPS. Conclusion: she had to take a long detour. Result: a lot of laughter for two. When they were going up the hills, Marx began to talk and reveal things about his secret eroticism to Sonia. They didn’t know why the conversation went in that direction, and she, in turn, showed no embarrassment; she answered and asked too. He was very excited; Sonia noticed but didn’t worry, and, once again, missed the turning. Marx spoke again and said:

– I don’t know why I’m telling you these things. I see that it’s giving you problems to drive!

She didn’t answer and tried to find her way around the GPS again. After a few minutes, they got precise information from someone and arrived at the show.

* * * * *

– *Anaiauê! Anaiauê!* – announced Chief Raoni, using a very common expression already known by the ethnic groups, which means: “Hail! I join the equals, we are all gathered”, and the large auditorium at Ibirapuera was filled with various peoples. At the lecture table, the leaders Kaká Werá, from the Txucarramãe; Davi Kopenawa, of the Yanomami; Kanue Kallapalo, Kojo, Aritana and, finally, smiling Daniel Munduruku. Only Ailton Krenak was not there, and he, according to reports, would arrive after midday, because the tragedy near the town

of Mariana in the state of Minas Gerais had meant he had to go to an emergency meeting the previous day with shamans from some ethnic groups. They needed a message from the land and the unseen world about what had happened to the town, which had suffered with the collapse of the dam and which destroyed the entire valley, and the Rio Doce, the Sweet River, was now threatening other regions in the valley.

Chief Raoni opened his speech attacking the government for the construction of the Belo Monte hydroelectric plant. His remarks were wise, and there was no way to dispute him. The Indians respected him and also supported him. He spoke for only ten minutes, and the great leader ended by saying that the construction of Belo Monte would be a worse genocide than what was happening in Mariana because as soon as the hydroelectric plant was ready the waters would be angry and would not obey men, bringing floods, destruction and also drought, putting the entire region in a tragic situation which had never been seen before in Brazil. He said he was now too old enough to fight whites; he needed new people with the skill and wisdom to convince the government of the absurdity of its own ideas.

Kunahendy watched from afar. She was part of the organization and committee of the meeting. She was a girl whom everyone liked and respected for her intelligence and maturity, always willing to help the indigenous cause because she was aware that the people of the forest needed to live so that everyone could live. Hearing such a fateful statement from Raoni, she muttered to herself in Guarani with her eyes beaming:

Tuichá hara! [This evil is very big!]

After parking the car, Sonia and Marx walked to the entrance of the farm. They were supposed to be there at 10 am, and it was already 11 am. According to information from the

guy who was at the entrance, the show hadn't started yet because a lot of people were late.

As soon as they entered, the leader, of the Tarancón group, Emílio de Angelis, recognized Marx from far off and shouted:

– Where's the beret? Now you've switched to a Panama hat?

Marx laughed, and he hugged and kissed him because they hadn't seen each other for about 25 years. They were all sixty-year-olds, with white beards and grey hair. Marx was very happy, and a phrase from a Gaucho poet, Glênio Fagundes, whom he admired a lot, came to him to celebrate their meeting:

“There is no distance greater than transformation”.

Emílio and Marx continued to hug and soon sought out the singer Miriam, who had been married to Emílio since the group started up in the 1970s. As always, she was charismatic, friendly, and, above all, a great communicator. Now she was now wearing glasses but soon recognized Marx, gave a smile and they both hugged. It was as if a field of tenderness and remembrance was overwhelming the meeting.

Miriam told Marx that she had kept the lyrics to a song he had given her in a wooden box. She didn't remember the title, but she knew it was his and said that she had done so because she could never remember things and people. Her box was a kind of “concrete link”, like activating a key to open an imaginary door, which allowed her to bring something back from the past and shape it into her current existence. Marx was intrigued because he couldn't remember this thing which was so important and so connected to his compositions although his memory had always been crystal clear. He felt he was getting older.

Miriam said that when she went to play for the first time in Campo Grande in the state of Mato Grosso do Sul she met Almir Sater, who was still very young. He saw her at the show playing the charango, a small Bolivian guitar, which he wasn't

familiar with and asked her to see the instrument. Picking it up, he gave a show in front of her and started to laugh.

An hour after Sonia and Marx arrived, the anthological concert began. At that moment, it seemed that the place had been taken over by a mist of miasma and transcendence, as Tarancón started the show with the song 'Promessa do sol' [Promise of the sun], by singer and composer Milton Nascimento, and songwriter Fernando Blant.

It seemed that a kind of synchronicity was taking place between the Tarancón concert and the speech of Chief Raoni, who was on the other side of the city, at Ibirapuera. The force of instruments from the Andean highlands, such as the quena, zampoña, bombo leguero and charango, along with the guitar, double bass and the group's impeccable voices put the audience into ecstasy, singing along with the vocalists. It was as if it were a deep prayer performed by instruments of the indians of the Andes Mountains and the theme of the song was a drama of the Indians of the Brazilian forest.

You want me strong
and I'm no longer strong.
I am the end of the race, the old man who is gone.
I call for the silver moon to save me; I pray
for the forest gods to kill me.

You want me beautiful
and I'm not beautiful anymore.
They took everything a man could have;
they cut my body with a knife without finishing;
they left me alive, without blood, to rot.

You want me just
and I'm no longer just.
Promises of sunshine no longer burn my heart.
What tragedy is this that befalls us all?
What tragedy is this that befalls us all?

There is always a transcendental link by which the most telluric peoples communicate in a certain way without needing instruments, especially when something ordinary is looming. For the Indians, this is commonplace in their village and beyond, but the ordinary person in the city does not conceive of such a phenomenon and has learned to simply call it “coincidence”.

Tarancón played its anthological hits, such as “A mi palomita” [To my dove], “Chacarera de un triste” [Chacarera dance of a sad person], “Canción y huayno”, [Song and huayno] “Papel de plata” [Silver paper], “Zamba de las Tolderías” and many other works of Latin American folklore that everyone knew by heart. Halfway through the show, Miriam was asked to make her cameo appearance as she had now been following her solo career for several years.

In his heart and mind, Marx could hardly conceive that she had left the group as he hadn’t been following what had been happening. He felt like a child who has been away from his parents for a long time and hasn’t seen the separation – it was as if everything was as he had left it.

Miriam Miràh entered, picked up the guitar and began to sing with her voice that seemed to be the trademark of the group, and continued with “Jenecheru” from Bolivian folklore, “Señora chichera” [Mrs Chicha drink] and “Canción con todo” [Song with all], by the poet Armando Tejada Gomez and, of course, “Gracias a la vida” [Thanks to life] by Chilean Violeta Parra. Reaching the end of the show, which seemed more like a session of religious praise, singer Maite Gonçalves, Miriam’s daughter, began to sing “Tinku”, from Bolivian folklore, in Quechua. Marx remembered that he had heard Miriam sing it before.

The group began to make a kind of cordon for the final number, following the singer Maite, heading out of the area in a line, and there went Emilio playing the quena flute, Farinha the zampoña pan flute, Moreno Overá the guitar, Jorge the small *charango*

guitar, the youngest was playing the *leguero* bass drum, and a boy of about twelve years impressed everyone by playing the *zampoña* accompanied by all those who sang Andean songs in the chorus. It was an apotheosis that of all the other groups of its kind that played in the capital of São Paulo only Tarancón could do,

Sonia, in her attractive crimson blouse, was overwhelmed by everything and was taking pictures with her beautiful smile, enchanting everyone. She circled spontaneously and went back to Marx, who was talking to Miriam and it is not known what she said about the Guarani language. Miriam said:

– Ah! I remembered! The lyrics of the song you gave me were something in Guarani...

Marx thought and said:

– I know, it's part of an unpublished work of mine called *Mbaeveraguaçu*. To be more precise, an operetta written in Portuguese, Spanish and Guarani. I hadn't finished it back then and I gave you the lyrics; the part I gave you is a kind of *plegaria* [invoking chant] entitled "Ave Maria Guarani". – Miriam confirmed this.

The day will withdraw
into the dark veil of night.
Jacy [the moon] will be reborn,
Guaracy [the sun] will go into hiding.

After the sun and work,
my hands are tired,
returning my soul to God
through this sweet *purajhei* [song].

Tupã Yara tecovê, [God the Lord of Life]
Ru yepe michimi, [Father of the little ones]
aico seva nde rejhe [I want to be with you]
jha nde che rejhe [And you with me].

Awakes in my prayer
 in dreams that light up my being
 in these moments begins
 the lament of this *cuiamba-ê* [man].

After many hugs, Marx wanted information about the others who were no longer playing in the group. He asked about Halter Maia, Turcão, Juan Falú and the percussionist Jica. Emílio told him what they were doing and said he would meet Jica later at another show, of which Jica was the producer. The conversation with Senhora Margot Quedas, a collector of the group's LPs, was also very important.

Saying goodbye and leaving was complicated for Sonia and much more for Marx, who felt he was saying goodbye to them forever. His heart pounded; he was reluctant and tried not to look back as it seemed that part of his life was disappearing, precisely the happiest part which had been linked to everything he had experienced in the group's heyday. He acted in the same way, with his singing and political struggle with the Solidarity Committee of Latin America and the Caribbean, with his loves in the polygamous web, to all of which the music of Tarancón was a sort of transcendental and timeless soundtrack.

The vortex of that sound portal was lagging behind.

He still couldn't find the exit. Sonia showed him:

– Marx, it's this way, let's go!

On his way back, the group's sound still reverberated in Marx's head and heart. He became quiet, and Sonia drove guided by the GPS. As soon as she was on the expressway, he felt like the sorceress Morgana when she stepped out of the fairy world in American writer Marion Zimmer Bradley's novel *The Mists of Avalon*.

* * * * *

Ailton Krenak arrived and went straight to his accommodation. He was tired and disturbed by the things that were happening in Minas Gerais and also by the result of the meeting with the shamans; it was 3:00 pm. and cold and drizzling. He sat down on a sofa, lit his pipe, began to analyze the situation and think about the instructions they had given him for his speech the next day. The theme proposed by the commission was “Harmony and Construction of the Third Millennium with the Participation of the Indigenous Peoples”. He was almost dozing on the couch when a girl’s voice surprised him:

– *Carai* Ailton, my name is Kunhahendy; I’m from the congress committee, I’m Guarani, I’d like to speak with you. I know you’re tired, but what I have to tell you is very important for your speech and your topic for tomorrow. Can we talk?

– It’s always exciting to talk to young and beautiful people. I hope that what you have to tell me will really help me tomorrow, because the meeting I had yesterday with the shamans in Minas was not encouraging at all, – replied Krenak.

The Guarani girl sat on the other side of the sofa, fixed her tiara and her hair and began to recount all the conversation she had had with Marx on the flight to São Paulo. Ailton listened, puffing on his pipe, without interrupting Kunhahendy. She gestured, frowned, her eyes widened, and, after having explained exactly what she had heard from Marx, said that she had invited him to see Krenak talk on Sunday and that Marx had a deep admiration for him. After a pause and a deep puff, Ailton spoke:

– Money, power, etc., are the fuels that have always set people on fire since the world began, but you can also add drugs, weapons, oil, which are the new *itayu* [gold] of the moment, my friend. At the shaman’s meeting, he was alerted about this situation, and the message of this *Tuyami* corroborates the so-called “Deadline”, unveiled a short time ago by the followers of the great spiritist Chico Xavier, and which is not encouraging

neither for our people nor for the world," Krenak emphasized, watching the smoke from his pipe disappear into the air.

Turning his eyes to the girl, he said he would change the subject a little and provoke people to see the reaction of the ethnic groups on the matter. He concluded by saying that "this confrontation against those who believe in the human centred universe and the creation myth began a long time ago", but there was no formal statement, and the incident near Mariana would be the turning point to cut short the confrontation in the coming years of these two factions: "on the one hand, those who believe and live in terms of the universe, which are us, the people of the forest; and, on the other, those who think the universe was made for their delights and act as outcasts of nature, which is the majority of people on the planet."

– I hope your friend Tuyami is there tomorrow. It will be interesting to meet a white man with ideas and thoughts so close to us, won't it,?—reinforced Krenak.

– I thought so too, *Carai* Ailton. He seemed to me to be very knowledgeable about the Guarani culture and even speaks our language. We didn't talk much in Guarani during the flight because we were attracting the attention of other passengers.

Seeing the tiredness in the his eyes, she said goodbye.

– *Eké te Carai... Pytu'u!* [Sleep, sir... Rest!] —said the young indian woman, who got up and left accompanied by the look of Ailton, who felt that he had met a future great warrior.

* * * * *

When Sonia's car entered the Tietê Ringroad, Marx wanted her to ignore the GPS as he wished to drive through some districts he hadn't seen for a long time. Sonia was reluctant to accept his wish though it was not clear, but she already knew what Marx wanted. Finally, she gave in and they entered Barra

Funda, then Sumaré, and soon arrived home. They left the car in the garage, walked towards Benedito Calixto Square to see the Saturday market. As soon as Marx arrived, a man a stand full of CDs and LPs looked at him and said to the other man beside him:

– It’s him! Look, it’s him! – At first Marx didn’t answer, and then he remembered that, a long time ago, he had been with them at the Museu da Voz, the Voice Museum, owned by the respected Luís Ernesto Kawall, a retired journalist who has the largest collection of recorded voices in Brazil. His voice was also there, and these men had witnessed the recording, so Marx hugged him, greeted the other and remembered that he had bought from him a copy of the song ‘On the Black Sea’, a gypsy tango by the Romanian composer Georges Boulanger, which he had been looking for for a long time, before the Internet came to Brazil.

Sonia smelled food but didn’t want to taste it as they had initially agreed to go to a restaurant. Marx wanted to eat shrimp pastry and Sonia bought one for him and one for her. He suddenly struck up a conversation with a very pleasant lady who said she had been in Campo Grande a long time ago and was studying Japanese. Marx left the two of them talking and went ahead to find a stall selling pastries; he bought two big ones, with the intention of getting rid of Sonia’s idea of going to a restaurant. It worked. She ate, said goodbye to the lady, walked a little further, bought miniature flower vases and a book on indigenous literature. Marx saw the book and remembered the congress, which he thought about visited. He commented to Sonia:

– Sonia, are you aware of the Indigenous Culture and Environment Congress that’s taking place at Ibirapuera?

– No! I’ve been working a lot this week. I barely had time to look at the news, – she replied, with an air of curiosity.

– I learned yesterday, on the plane, from an indian girl from the commission, who told me that it would start today, and I even told her that I might show up there on Sunday, or rath-

er, tomorrow, as there will be a number of indigenous leaders there, especially the anthropologist and writer Ailton Krenak, who I respect a lot.

– It would be good to go there tomorrow, after all I was this year at the Kuarup Festival in Xingu, remember? I even stopped by your house in Cuiabá. I really like indigenous cultures, you know that, – Sonia encouraged him, with her captivating smile.

– So let's go! said Marx.

– On the way back, they stopped for cappuccino after they had bought fruit from a grocery store. At Sonia's place they lay down to relax a little. Sonia entered her room and slept. After a few hours, at night, they got up, and she called some friends to come to the apartment to hear Marx sing. She really wanted them to meet the friend she had such a great fondness for. They were both very happy as they were covered by a halo of fortuitous events, with the night being cold and drizzling, Sonia opened a bottle of wine and they toasted.

A guest soon arrived: Mr. Romero, the building manager, a well-mannered northeasterner, smiling and pleasant. Marx started to sing some northeastern songs, and Romero accompanied him as he knew all the lyrics. Sonia was happy, so she asked him for some songs. Marx always loved to sing his songs for her, and the night wore on. He then asked for the song "Cuando vivas conmigo" [When you live with me], a Mexican classic, which he had sung to her on other occasions. He sang it again, but this time she paid attention to the lyrics, and the three of them laughed, because it hints at the power of an older man over a young woman.

It was almost 2:00 am when another friend arrived, Reinaldo, with a small guitar, an already opened bottle of whisky and another of wine. The drizzle and the wind had stopped, and Sonia suggested that they sit outside on the terrace. By that time, Marx's voice was getting hoarse as he had been singing

since the beginning of the evening, he couldn't reach the trebles, and the wine was not good for his voice. He felt embarrassed for failing Sonia's friend, so they went back into the apartment, and Senhor Romero said goodbye as he had an appointment the next morning.

Reinaldo preferred to continue drinking whisky. He played a little on his little guitar, and they started to talk. Marx had already shown that he could no longer sing. Sonia was a little frustrated, because she wanted Reinaldo to hear him, so she opened another bottle of wine and drank with Marx.

Reinaldo was an enterprising businessman, well-travelled, distinguished and welcoming. He had been the boyfriend of a friend of Sonia's, for whom he had a certain still unresolved attachment, because, in this world of affections, human beings sometimes grope through their entire life and only discover that the person most in tune with themselves has already passed by and is now in another situation – a subject frequently explored by novelists, especially contemporary ones, who show the acidity of the human soul, sometimes consumed by pride or by what the Hindus call Maya, the illusory ego-representation of the senses, which entails loss and disagreements from which existentialist writers often weave their "touchstones" into their works.

Reinaldo was a friend of Henrique, Sonia's last boyfriend, and they brought up the subject of their breakup. He was at a stage in his life when he wanted a home, a wife and maybe a child; he was now a settled person tired of late nights and no-strings-attached sex. Reinaldo's relationship with Sonia's friend Keiko had left him frustrated.

Attempting to promote harmony, he tried to get Sonia to forgive Henrique, since their breakup had been difficult, but she was furious and began to say what she thought. Marx, who listened in silence, was frightened, as he had never seen her this, saying unpleasant things about men, talking about her past loves

and mentioning the few scraps of happiness she had had with them. She was drunk, speaking in a slurred voice, and her outrage at the male figures in her life was remarkable. Suddenly, she left them both at the table and lay down on the living room sofa.

Marx and Reinaldo were talking for a short time until Reinaldo got up, walked to Sonia, said goodbye to her and left. Marx closed the door and turned to Sonia, who was crying. This was the first time he'd ever seen her so upset. It was as if her dark side had been exposed to him, and he had never seen her complain about the boyfriends she had had and who had gone away.

There that night, lying on the couch, drunk and touchy, was Sonia Otahime, an attractive, well-travelled woman who wrote poetry that stirred his depths, always wanting to try something new, never complaining about anything. She wasn't vain, but she was 34 years old, a phase in which both men and women suffer from the instinct for self-preservation of the species, as had her friend Reinaldo, who was now aware of this and wanted a new kind of life.

In the depths of the female soul, there still lingers the old archetypal kitsch of living a great love and having a perfect marriage. Because of western education, this idealism preached by Christianity always remains there in the background and has become a game of chance, a lottery with small chances of winning; on the other hand, many lives have been eroded and consumed over the centuries as they had bet on this static psychosocial proposal, which needs blind faith, which is also a luxury nowadays, and to tame yourself and live the hypocrisy of good family customs.

How to share two souls, two bodies, a family and an extremely globalized world which is also weakened by the paranoia that the very technology of the "hyperfreedom" of communication has created? But people still bet on this old kitsch and suffer as they attempt to fit in with it.

Choosing to live a great love is to enjoy the lightness of the fragrance of pure feeling; to get married is to live the extract of that feeling in a closed glass jar. That is the question.

Sonia was no different from other women. When it came to relationships, she wanted a companion like herself and to fit into this kitsch. But, at the moment when her maternal instinct became apparent, she had already summarized for Marx and Reinaldo her case history and saw that she had only managed to receive little pieces of this “ideal companion”, and this troubled her, because all the examples of relationships of people around her were in tatters, hanging like the last dry leaf of a tree waiting for a breeze. on the edge of an abyss.

A cold wind coming through the balcony door chilled the apartment, but inside Marx there were two sources of heat: one from wine and the other from sapiosexuality, which he knew existed between him and Sonia, although it had remained latent, configured in a form of hierogamy over all these years as neither of them had been aware of it.

* * * * *

The egregore is spontaneously composed when the mutual admiration between two people from the literary, musical, artistic, legal, scientific, etc. environment begins. It is fed by the energy of both during coexistence and becomes so obsessive, forming an intense field of pleasure in the depths of the soul of each, and the couples behave like happy children, discovering the world together; they become accomplices and are always wanting to enjoy each other’s presence to do something – and they often exchange gifts such as music, DVDs, books, drinks etc.

As long as there is no distance and no shortage of time to interfere with their coexistence, they are asexual, and the main factor is sometimes being together, and it doesn’t matter even if both have their official relationships with other people or are

traveling; what feeds this egregore is that they are visiting each other, reading, writing, singing, drinking together, in short, having fun and loving each other subconsciously.

This explains Sonia's obsession, in recent months, with a line of a song of Marx, which says: "[...] I felt that life was a labyrinth of rebirth...", to which she began to pay attention later after she suddenly moved to work in São Paulo.

This abrupt distancing between them generated a kind of threat in the vibratory field of the egregore caused by the barrier of time and space that was now between them, making it difficult to meet. A corrosive action then began, transforming and transmuting the feeling of each of them at an unconscious level, but, with the passage of time, this action began to infiltrate the consciousness of both.

Sonia, obsessing over the fragment of Marx's song, showed a kind of subconscious regret at feeling his absence, and the same happened with Marx, who felt her absence deeply and began to reread her writings. He then wrote poems for her, and, before travelling to see her, took the final part of her poem, 'Cemetery in Bloom', a fragrance that resulted in another poem that Marx complemented with some lines he called 'Infinite goodbye':

".....
Full seeds
that expect nothing
guided by the hands of the winds."

Sonia Otahime

Infinite goodbye

It sounds like the high-pitched sound that fades into the glow of the evening
scorched by the absence of ill-fated intentions.
It lacks the seminal moisture

that it is reluctant to be
 even before it breaks.
 It's a blow of cold
 emptiness
 and...

Hierogamy and sapiosexuality are complementary, as if it were a positively charged cloud of energy ready to discharge a ray onto the negatively charged earth. When there is no storm, nothing happens, but that morning, when they were going up into the Cantareira hills to go see the Tarancón concert, "a black storm" started, and Marx out of nowhere began to talk about things erotic. At that moment there was the catharsis, the imbalance, he became excited and was made fully aware of his sapiosexuality by Sonia.

* * * * *

Marx approached Sonia and asked her to sit on his lap. She didn't refuse, so he began to tell her that these same things that happened to her had already happened to him in his early youth. He gave a very didactic report, with all the details, including the absence of his only daughter, whom he had ended up not raising, and she had become a stranger to him until then.

She smiled again. She was still crying, and Marx kissed her forehead and began to stroke her feet, then her back, and began taking off her clothes. She felt cold; he covered her in and continued until he had undressed her. Sonia didn't show any sign of refusal, so he told her, looking into her eyes:

– Sonia, I want to suck you, I can't hold this urge anymore.

She smiled and nodded, then Marx got up, closed the door to the terrace because of the wind and the drizzle were returning stronger, and he also stripped naked and carried her to the sofa, he lay her down and began to kiss her navel and slowly

went down to her vulva, which was wet from the previous caresses, and then began to suck it.

Marx's body trembled when he heard the first sigh of pleasure of Sonia, who, with enjoying Marx sucking her cunt, felt a new sensation coming from the tongue of the man in his sixties that consumed her and gave her such pleasure as she had never felt before. That mouth, which always sang songs to her, had delighted her for so many years and had conquered her with its songs from the beginning, was now giving her a new silent pleasure, coupled to her vagina without emitting any musical note.

He felt in his mouth the taste of Sonia's vagina, and he felt that he was tasting the most visceral poetry coming like the sap of a tree of incomparably pleasant flavour, which he had never known.

After a few minutes, Sonia felt a wave of pleasure invading her body, which began to tremble, and it took over her completely as if it were a somatic earthquake. She closed her eyes, let out a half-deaf cry, lifted her pelvis and her head, then fell back; she had reached the climax and was prostrate for a few seconds.

Marx, sweating, had already removed his mouth from her vagina, lay down beside her and kissed her. Sonia opened her eyes and smiled at him as if she was seeing him for the first time.

Yes, for the first time, they had written a poem together, a venereal poetry that was engraved on their bodies, registered in their souls, an ineffable and unique poem.

Every remnant of the feeling contained and stored in the egregore was revealed on that chilly night. Finally, they were aware: they loved each other like salt and water.

Like two children again, Sonia, already aware of her sapiosexuality for Marx, took his erect penis and began to masturbate it, smiling at him. She said to him:

– I want to return the same pleasure you gave me. We've

always been like this exchanging gifts, exchanging poems and songs!... Isn't that right?

– How long should we have been enjoying ourselves like this, my dear? said Marx, looking at Sonia, who continued to quicken her movements.

The wave of pleasure began to take over Marx, who moaned and grabbed Sonia's other hand. Soon, he let out a cry of pleasure, looked at her, smiled and closed his eyes. For a brief moment, Sonia, with his sperm in her hand, kissed him. Marx didn't react, and she kept looking at him, who was still smiling, so she said:

– Eh! You filled my hand! Look at that!

Marx remained motionless. She, frightened, saw that his breathing had stopped suddenly and then discovered that Marx was dead. She was petrified for a moment, then started to weep and speak softly, looking at his body and regretting why he left her when they found out they loved each other. Why was all this happening to her? He was the only man who, although he was almost twice her age, had understood her in every way, the only one who responded with poetry to her poems, and there had never been any misunderstanding between them.

Sonia was shaken for a few seconds by the avalanche of events in one night and, suddenly, she made a woman's decision moved by the instinct of self-preservation: she opened her legs, gathered all of Marx's sperm that was in her hand and introduced it into her vagina trying to get close to the uterus. Afterwards, she lay there beside his body until she fell asleep.

The blue-black-gold vortex closed in a silence assisted only by the eyes of a dark night of drizzle and cold wind.

Chapter 3

A SUNNY SUNDAY AND A DISMAL FATEFUL TWILIGHT

On a bright sunny Sunday in São Paulo, Ibirapuera was busy from early, the reporters here and there, indians giving interviews, selling handicrafts, traditional foods, and people taking pictures – it was the last day of the Indigenous Culture and Environment Congress, and the leaders were already on their way to the auditorium. There went Ailton Krenak, calmly looking at all the movement around him, posters written with phrases already well known in the indigenous ecological milieu such as:

Their world is square, they live in houses that look like boxes, they work inside other boxes and, to get from one box to another, they enter boxes that travel. They see everything separately, because they are the People in the Boxes.

Kaingang people

Only after the last tree is cut down,

Only after the last river is poisoned,

Only after the last fish is caught,

Only then will the white man discover that money cannot be eaten.

Cree people

Krenak was almost at the entrance to the auditorium when he came across the last poster with the following phrases. He started to read because he wasn't familiar with these maxims:

Why does a single man need so much money in the bank today? Tomorrow, when there's no more food, he won't be able to buy any because he made other people's food and his own turn into a pile of paper money, with pictures and symbols that only fuel the fire.

Guarani people

He laughed and remembered Kunhahendy, who appeared in front of him as if she had answered his mental call. The smiling indian girl approached him and said:

– *Mbae chapa nde reico carai Krenak?* [How are you, Mr Krenak?]

Ailton, somewhat thoughtful in his little knowledge of the Guarani language, answered her and added:

– *Tecope!* [As always!] I don't know Guarani, girl! Let's speak Portuguese or I'll speak Burun¹ with you, right? – Both laughed and headed to the auditorium.

On the ramp up to the large auditorium, Ailton asked Kunhahendy about the Guarani phrase that was on the poster at the entrance, and who the author was. She answered:

– I think it comes from *Areguá* [The Depth of Time], from where we came from and that makes life beat in all of us. I remember, I was twelve years old, and on school holidays in my grandmother's village, I felt tired because I had worked a lot, and that day I went to get *caá* [grass] so she could prepare a *ca-a-guy* [mate-chimarrão] near a source of crystal clear water in the

1. Language / man in the ancient language of Macro-jê.

village. I heard those words resounding in the trees, in the water, on the land, and I never forgot them again, – replied the indian girl, half serious and looking up. – Yesterday, after I spoke to you, when I left the accommodation, that phrase came back to me again, and so I decided to write it on the poster you saw.

– I think I'll start my talk with that phrase, – Krenak stated, moving on.

– *Anaiiauê! Anaiiauê!* – announced Daniel Munduruku when Ailton Krenak and Kunhahendy entered the auditorium. After the greetings, the speaker-writer of the day was called to the table and walked along the central corridor, greeting the ethnic groups, the journalists, in short, everyone who was in the crowded room.

Kunhahendy settled into a small space that the committee had reserved for those who worked on the organization of the event. Before sitting down, she glanced back and forth, trying to spot Marx among the crowd of heads. Not finding Tuyami, she sat down and concentrated on Daniel Munduruku's talk. She remembered that she wanted to speak to him about the conversation she had had with Marx, but this wasn't possible as the writer was surrounded by the publishers of his books and the press.

Daniel spoke about the importance of the spontaneous life that the indians live, and that it would be very important for people from the cities to dedicate at least two hours a day and the weekend to relaxing, valuing the little things in nature such as watching the flight of the birds, the bees, and the swaying of the branches of the trees. He was much applauded by the listeners. Then, he handed the microphone to other leaders, and the event became a palate of colours full of positive vibrations; after all it was a meeting that brought up the indigenous proposal for the future of an environment which had been devastated through the corrosive technology of the white man, which points to the fact that contemporary society is not responding to

the scientific warnings of the greatest sages of the planet, who support the indigenous proposal; but this is still ignored as society based on the human being is still the basis of society

At noon, the plenary speech of the long-awaited writer Ailton Krenak was announced. He was given the microphone, drew heavily on his pipe and began to speak:

– I think all things have already been said here today, so I have little to say. Outside, there is a Guarani saying that goes like this: “Why does a single man need so much money in the bank today? Tomorrow, when there’s no more food, he won’t be able to buy any, because he made other people’s food and his own turn into a pile of paper money, with pictures and symbols that only fuel the fire”.

He heard collective laughter and applause from the audience. To Kunhahendy’s amazement, he repeated exactly what was written on the poster and kept talking:

– What this congress is in need of is a policy to unite all people who do not want to live in ostentation or accumulate money, nor in hypocrisy moulded into a mediocre and wasteful lifestyle as the great majority of people believe that the Earth was made for their enjoyment and exploitation... I’m tired of the hypocrisy of bureaucrats who put us here like a bunch of idiots to discuss proposals and write up ideas that are nothing more than “letters to the dead”, – and again the audience laughed.

Krenak took a drag on his pipe and continued: – Think of the life of Mário Juruna, who fought for the citizenship of we indians, and what resulted from his struggle was a huge incentive for indians like Daniel Munduruku and so many others here at this congress, who became writers and began to be read... It was very important for those who do not want to live in ostentation, waste and hypocrisy, but our community is still being massacred and plundered by the laws created by the white man.

– Another important man who should be mentioned and whose ideas became a “letter to the deceased” was the Guarani Marçal de Souza Tupa’i, who ended up being murdered in his home for fighting for the land of his own and other indigenous peoples. You can see that the problem there in Mato Grosso do Sul keeps getting worse every day.

He paused and continued: – So! I suggest that you do not call me, from now on, to write a “letter to the dead” and I suggest to all the ethnic groups present here that feel invaded or pressured by those who believe that “the land is for their own and their children’s pleasure”, in other words, the anthropic people. So if you feel your land has been invaded, burn their soy, corn and cotton plantations, and only in this way will we be able to attract the attention of those behind all this, including those who are sponsoring this congress, – underlined Krenak vehemently and continued speaking:

– I’m coming from Minas Gerais, where the greatest example of environmental damage in Brazil has just taken place, near the town of Mariana, and I ask you: Has anyone been arrested? Will the company be held responsible for the damage? – he asked bluntly, as he gestured with his pipe in hand, looking at all the audience. – Of course not! We are at the end of November 2015, the company has already disappeared with all the money it had in the bank, and so far it has not responded. So, my friends, just answer this question to bring this meeting to a close: Why are the laws of the white man not enforced or taken seriously to punish white men in this country, and why are those involving indigenous people strictly enforced?

Krenak’s question caused a momentary silence, but soon the audience clapped their hands, and then he concluded by saying that we are on the threshold of sociocultural and economic transformations, and, after the event near Mariana, you can no longer believe anything coming from white peo-

ple, much less from the National Congress, which he believed to be a nest of entrepreneurs with petty interests to plunder and destroy what little of the environment is left because they know they will never be punished. Then he puffed on his pipe and got up from the table.

Finishing his speech, he received a minute-long standing ovation. The reporters became busy, rushing back and forth, and Krenak was surrounded by journalists.

In the middle of the crowd, Kunhahendy was surprised by and also pleased with the controversial closing of the congress. She felt that Marx's message passed on to her and then to Ailton was the final twist of the screw to stir up radical action, in both the indigenous community and other sectors attending the event.

She walked to the exit of the auditorium and then saw the back of a man wearing black clothes, with his grey hair tied back. She ran and shouted:

– *Tuyami! Che ra'arö na!* [Old man! Wait for me!]

The man did not look behind him. She ran, dodging other people, until she managed to reach him gasping and smiling, grabbing him from behind. The man was startled, stopped, and turned to her in surprise, but then she saw that she was wrong, apologized to the man, who smiled at her and walked away again.

Kunhahendy was a bit upset, stopping at the exit while the man was walking away. She then remembered that, when Marx asked her on the plane to use the technique of orality, she saw a glimmer in his eyes, known in Guaraní culture as *tembí jokuái* [one who carries the message], so she concluded that her meeting with Marx was just for him to convey the message, perhaps coming from the same source she had heard when she was twelve years old on the outskirts of her grandmother's village and which resulted in the writing of the poster, motivating the

change in Krenak's speech in the congress. She was somewhat taken aback by the coincidence and then walked slowly back into the auditorium.

* * * * *

The sun was strong and it was already past 15:00, the cars on Rebouças Avenue showed that the Corinthians fans were going to the Pacaembu football stadium. It was the final of the championship, and the big team from São Paulo were nearly champions.

Inside her apartment, Sonia, silent, looked at her guitar on the shelf, remembering that Marx liked it a lot. She woke up early, called the police and the ambulance, made sure that Marx's death did not put her in a difficult position and took care of everything, arranging his body on the living room mat, putting shorts on him and covering him so that the police and the Coroner's Department wouldn't open any investigation into what had happened.

After the forensic police ruled out everything and any suspicion of murder on her part, they verified and discovered, through Marx's documents, that he had a brother who lived in São Paulo, who was soon called by the police formally recognize the body in the Coroner's Department. He came and was surprised, asking Sonia why Marx hadn't called him the day he arrived. She replied that he had never told her that he had a relative in São Paulo.

After confirming the authenticity of the deceased to the police, he became sad and informed the rest of the family that he was going to arrange for the transport of the body to Mato Grosso. He knew of the wish of his brother, who had previously asked them all that his body be cremated and the ashes thrown into the Paraguay River.

Sonia wasn't crying anymore. As an oriental woman, she had a better view of death. She was still shaken; her memories were strong. For a moment, she remembered the forensic police who had been at her apartment to check out the location of the death. After the autopsy, they found that there had been a cardiac arrest. Marx was hypertensive, and this may have resulted in his death. He remembered the comment she had heard from a coroner who was also in his apartment, who thought Marx was dreaming of something very nice and exciting as there was some sperm in his urethra and shorts, and he had kept the smile even after death.

She smiled remembering this fact. She got up and went to the terrace, looked at the city, which was dazzling in the sun, the shower mounted on the wall of the terrace that Marx liked and which he always used, picked the small eggplant that had grown on the terrace, in the small vegetable garden that she had planted when she had moved.

The sunny afternoon continued until dusk, with the sun leaving a streak of color on the buildings of the city of São Paulo, at the end of a Sunday. The Indigenous Culture and Environment Congress had ended at noon, with the tough resolute speech of the indigenous writer Ailton Krenak.

Across the city, at dusk, desolate, Sonia was still contemplating her act of the night before, seeking to protect herself after Marx's death, hoping it would be the continuation of the spark of pleasure and happiness but also felt a rapid and bitter detachment that her life should move on. She believed this was a reluctant factor in a fateful and dismal future.

Chapter 4

THE *MACRO-JÊ* DECISION AND THE BUTTERFLY OF ANNUNCIATION

Monday. At the accommodation, the ethnic groups were preparing to return to their villages. In the lobby, Ailton Krenak sat puffing on his pipe. He seemed in no hurry to get back, and Raoni and Daniel Munduruku also appeared, talking and gesturing. As soon as they saw him, they approached and greeted him. The latter, in turn, responded to the greetings and invited them to sit beside him. Raoni was the first to speak:

– What you said yesterday was very important.

– We do not have much time. The land has already signalled there in Mariana, that the time has come for us to react against the culture of genocide or we will all die; you can't talk to white people anymore. We have to fight! – said Krenak, puffing on his pipe and looking at them both.

– And how are we going to defend ourselves from this? – asked Daniel, a little confused.

– I still don't know, Daniel. When I return to the village, I will meet with our people and see what our defensive and attacking positions are like. We will be able to communicate later

with other ethnic groups to hold a big meeting and develop the strategy for our struggle, – concluded Krenak.

Kunhahendy arrived, both hands holding four plastic cups of coffee and already greeting everyone in their language:

– *Mbae plate part?* [How are you?]

Everyone says the most common greeting known to the entire community:

– *Anaiiauê!*

– And Tuyami, didn't he come, Kunhahenhy? – asked Krenak, looking at the girl.

– No. he didn't come... And we won't see him again, – she concluded.

Why? How do you know? Who was he? asked Daniel, with an air of profound curiosity.

– I hadn't noticed the look in his eyes when we were talking on the plane, but right after the congress ended, I remembered that when he asked me who the gods were who encouraged other cultures around the world to worship wealth and power at the expense of other cultures that have always sought to live according to nature, I noticed a glimmer of *tembí jokuái* [one who carries a message] in his eyes, or rather, he was a messenger from from *Mimbipaguaçu*², who alerted us – she stopped. After talking for a few seconds, she looked up, touched her hair and then spoke again, looking at the three of them:

– Tuyami must be dead by now, and we won't see him again, – she concluded with a serious look and a sad face. She opened her arms as if to say: that's it.

The first to speak was Raoni, who had listened to everything with some concern, and Raoni, who had listened to ev-

2. Mythical Guarani city.

everything with some concern, and, with his native awareness of a leader, immediately commented: – My girl, I think Tuyami meant that all these years we hadn't been discussing the heart of the matter, which Krenak warned us about and made clear in the congress yesterday

– Then we'll do what has to be done, Chief Raoni. You gave an interview some time ago saying that you would be willing to take your warriors to stop the construction of the Belo Monte Hydroelectric plant, right? Krenak emphasized, looking to the Caiapó indian.

– Yes!! Megaron and I said that, and we are willing to do so. And you, when you stated in the press, in April this year, that “if the animal advances, we'll stand up to it”, are you also willing? – Raoni asked, looking at Krenak, who blew out some smoke and smiled at him.

Daniel and Kunhahedy, who were listening, didn't say anything, and soon the indian girl excused herself as she still had a lot of unfinished business at the congress.

* * * * *

A month had already passed since that weekend's event. Sonia Otahime returned to her routine of intense work, which left her tired at the end of the day, but she still had time to write some poems every now and then.

There was no longer the “interlocutor in the abyss” of her koans, as she called Marx, but she now intended to publish her writings.

Her poems had already undergone some changes in shape and form, her face and countenance had lost their youthful sweetness, giving way to a sublime introspection that left her with a questioning air, especially when she was talking or asking questions to others in lectures at conferences or even

among co-workers.

It was Saturday morning, and she had finished watering her small hanging vegetable garden on the terrace when she decided to go have tea at the bakery near her house.

Unhurried, hair in the wind, she crossed Avenida Rebouças and arrived at the bakery. She went in and sat at the counter, ordered tea and some muffins and looked over at the newspaper headlines that were in front of her on the shelf. She read one of them, which said: "Indians from all over Brazil gathered at the Xingu". She got up and went to the shelf to better see the details of the news and found that it was the largest gathering ever of indigenous peoples. She suddenly felt unwell, sat down again, finished her cup of tea, paid her bill, and headed back to her apartment. As soon as she came in she felt sick, went to the toilet, threw up and then lay down on the sofa in the living room. After a few minutes, she got up, went to the fridge, drank some water, and, when she looked in the kitchen window where the only thing from Marx she had kept – the metal straw and the mate and tererê³ drinking horn, the guampa, and she noticed that it was turned upwards. She remembered that, after using it, he always placed it face down on the pump, so that it was dry and free from mould; this was an automatic gesture. But then something inexplicable happened.

When Sonia picked up the guampa, she was surprised by a little blue butterfly that came flying out of the gourd. She followed its flight as it circled around her several times and disappeared out the window.

The gastric discomfort from earlier had made her wonder. After seeing the guampa turned over as if it were a small amphora and the little blue butterfly circling around it, she started to smile, ran her hand over her belly, realized she was pregnant

3. Cold mate tea with medicinal herbs.

and had a rush of joy. She picked up her guitar and started singing some songs she had learned from Marx; her nasal voice, charged with memories and joy, filled the apartment.

* * * * *

The mystery of life is an unfathomable abyss, it is greater than any god because it is able to bring forth in any place the active principle of various species of life in different circumstances even if the parental action has been improvised, as it was Sonia's self-grafting at the time of Marx's death.

This "insistent mystery of wanting to be alive" is the shadow of human understanding, which has appeared out of nowhere over the millennia, without anyone ever thinking that it is the only miracle that exists, and what human beings call miracles are no more than arrangements and disorder performed by some mystics who know the minimum of the minimum of this great miracle that is life.

* * * * *

Sonia sang "Old *Chamamé*", one of Marx's songs she liked best. The lyrics of this song brought a kind of ambiguity from native Pantanal musical poetry, putting everything on the edge of a sequence of ellipses, in which even the author is a creative shadow and glimpses things in the middle of the verses, such as firefly sizzling in a night with a new moon. It was the melody of the moment she was living, because "the insistent mystery of wanting to be alive" was inside her.

I come "from the border"
singing this *chamamé*.
Over time it got older, but
it saw me be born.

4. A folk music style popular in the Pantanal area.

I am the son of a *boiadeiro*⁵,
 born in the *bamborrall* grass;
 in the marks of my path
 there's a stone that doesn't break apart.

I don't sing to please,
 nor do I have a place to stop.
 life is like a sting
 that is born anywhere.

I've already learned that a dry branch
 is like a coward: the
 branch weakens the trunk and
 the man his dignity.

The day they shut me up
 it won't be because I want to;
 it may be for saying
 "the things that must be".

With this one, I'm already going
 following this *chamamé* that
 one day someone sang,
 and it saw me be born.

Inside Sonia throbbed a new being that was conceived in the form of contraband and despair, when her soul was in chaos and her only true love lived its time like the prolongation of a few seconds of an unfinished song, like the swift flash of lightning on a dark stormy night. But a new life was there inside her, and this made her even more enthusiastic to sing and celebrate power at that moment because only women have access to this greater mystery, and this is why the indians consider every woman a superior being because they have the power to conceive, generate and place a new being on Earth, just like other mammals, and males cannot do this.

5. Cattleman.

* * * * *

Mammals are different from reptiles, birds and fish, which are generated in eggs, and most hatch without any physical contact with the mother. This implies that in the development of a new being there is a lack of congenital affectivity. While in mammals, this phenomenon is part of its original ontology.

The first act of affection of the female mammal towards her offspring in this world, and, following instinctively during nursing, is an event that has been lost in the mists of time and space. The proliferation of this act has generated a field of compassion and magnetism, giving rise to tenderness, which is a peculiar benevolence in which the mother feels happy looking at what came from her, when the infant is feeding, starting to walk, talk; she automatically develops the protective instinct for the new being.

From this remarkable conjunction of very remote affectivity, a new vortex opened up at the origin of the history of the human phenomenon on the planet. Over the millennia, these female mammals have become aware that they should believe in their descendants and in the only miracle that comes from this conjunction, life. Thus was born love, a constructive and harmonic energy, the most subtle, and also the most intense, resulting from affection, tenderness, and compassion because only love will induce human beings to become aware of themselves before the universe they live in and wish to transcend physical death and give rise to the "perpetual motion" of the "mystery insistent on wanting to be alive".

At the beginning of the formation of the first civilizations, several religious sects were created, which maintained this belief of believing in life here on Earth and also after physical death. And this cultural belief remains today.

In the past, the scientific-intuitive thought of the great Lavoisier gave more security to this act inherent in the formation of the human race within this "insistent mystery in wanting to be alive",

by stating that “in nature nothing is created, nothing is lost, everything is transformed”.

* * * * *

We can see that the physiological parameter of existence *is transformed* after this assertion, which was fundamental in the late 18th century, and that four new thoughts departing from it would become a vital axiom for the next epistemology in the march of civilization in the 19th century.

The most controversial was that of Frenchman Alan Kardec, who codified the epistemology of the Spiritism sect and saw that people’s lives *are transformed* into spirit after physical death, at the time creating a syndrome of skepticism within Positivism.

The German Jew Karl Marx proved that all human work *is transformed* into a particular commodity because it can produce wealth.

Sigmund Freud proved that the content of lived experience which is accumulated in people’s unconscious *is transformed* and results in a social type of human being of different facets and attitudes, and this content *is transformed* into psychosomatic diseases, and that when this content is sublimated, it promotes the creation of the arts.

The physicist and mathematician Albert Einstein proved that all accelerated matter *is transformed* into energy, and this, when slowed down, *is transformed* into matter.

A great leap for humanity came from Lavoisier’s observation and statement, practically creating a hegemony, both for the development of science and for “the insistent mystery of wanting to be alive”.

The late great master, José Gabriel da Costa, from the Amazonian Vegetal Union spiritist sect, when answering a ques-

tion about the origin of the spirit, in his humility and spiritual candor said that it primarily originated in every animal that suckles, explaining that the anatomy of affections developing between the mother and the offspring, from the moment the child conceived and through the stages of pregnancy, child-birth and lactation, *is transformed* into an attachment between the offspring and the mother, creating a bond of tenderness and deep, immeasurable love that transcends physical death.

Chapter 5

THE LAST GREAT GATHERING OF THE FOREST PEOPLES

There was a great movement of various ethnic groups arriving by boat, car, and those who came from far away arrived by plane in the Camaiurá village, in the Xingu Indigenous Park, in the north of the state of Mato Grosso.

It was the gathering of them all to decide on the new proposal to fight the common threat, the march of progress, which was nothing more than a genocide in droplets promoted by the government, agribusiness entrepreneurs, and international interests, who were preparing the final blow for the destruction of the environment and the remnants of the natural resources of the last forest reserve in the world.

It has been more than sixty years since this ecological warning was made by all sectors regarding the devastation of the Amazon rainforest, and nothing has been done to this day.

In a Third World country such as Brazil, history reeks of shit, as poet Ferreira Gullar wrote in his 1960s poem “Dentro da noite veloz” [Within the Quick Night], and which singer-songwriter Vital Farias also underlined in his greatest work, a protest song entitled “Saga da Amazônia” [Amazon Saga]:

Once upon a time, in the Amazon, there was the most beautiful forest.

Green forest, blue sky, the most immense forest.

At the bottom of the water, the Iara mermaids⁶, caboclos⁷, legends and sorrows and the rivers pulling the waters.

Parrots, parakeets, took care of their colours.

Fish thriving in the rivers, curumins full of love.

The *jurupari*⁸, the *uirapuru*⁹ smiled, their future was fauna, flora, fruits and flowers.

Every forest has a caipora¹⁰ to watch over the forest.

Caipora came from outside to wither the forest and brought an iron dragon, to finish with the capoeira¹¹, and brought it in a gigantic way, to end the capoeira.

They made the project right away with no one seeing,

for the dragon to cut wood, and all the woods fell: if

the forest, my friend, had a foot to walk,

I am sure, my friend, with the danger it would not have stayed there.

Does what is cut in seconds take time to take revenge, and do the bunches of fruit that grow for us to eat?

Then there's the bird, the nest, the air, the inlet,

down the river, there's a stream and this river that is a sea.

But the dragon continues to devour the forest,

and those who live in this forest, to where are you going to move?

6. Iara, a figure from Brazilian mythology based on ancient Tupi and Guaraní mythology.

7. Mixture of indians and whites.

8. A devilish mythological figure representing evil.

9. A very colourful small bird.

10. A mythical figure who is an indian child who is a guardian of the forest.

11. The clearing where crops are cultivated.

Run indian, rubber tapper, sloth, anteater,
tortoise, light foot, run run tribe of the Kamaiurá.

In the place where there was forest, today there is per-
secution.

The *grileiro*¹² kills squatters just to steal their land.
Chestnut collectors and rubber tappers have even be-
come labourers,
apart from those who have died as migrants.
Zé de Nana is proof, in that place there is a grave,
people buried in the ground:

And they killed the indian, who killed a *grileiro*, who kil-
led a settler.

A chestnut collector told a rubber tapper that a foreigner
stole his place.

It was then that a guitar player, arriving in the region,
was so saddened that he wrote this song and,
perhaps, desperate with such devastation,
he took the first road, aimlessly, without direction.
With watery eyes, he disappeared carrying that pain in-
side his heart.

Here ends this story for worthy people
For people who have memory, a lot of belief, a lot of love,
to defend what's still left, bluntly, without edges.
Once upon a time there was a forest on the Equator Line.

It was Damião Paridzane, Xavante leader, who convened
this meeting because he had already suffered a lot in the strug-
gle against the construction of the BR-158 road in 2012. His pro-
test at Rio-20 was for the Marãiwatsede region, which belongs
to his people and was invaded by squatters and foreign compa-
nies, to be vacated. He was also betrayed by his brother Rufino,
who had been expelled from the village and had become an

12. Land grabber.

employee of the National Indian Foundation (FUNAI), getting support from other indians, which left Damião indignant, and he claimed in the press that he would die for his land.

After the greeting, Damião started talking about the approval of the amendment to the PEC-215 Brazilian Constitution, which was now the greatest threat to all peoples, both indigenous and *quilombolas*¹³, as well as to all environmental conservation units in Brazil.

– I want to conclude by saying that what we are witnessing today is the consolidation of the plan of former minister Hélio Jaguaribe, who stated that it was necessary to end our race by the year 2000. If we are alive today, it is a sign that we will still be able to fight for many years against what is to come, – he finished to great applause.

After greeting everyone, Chief Raoni began his speech highlighting the anthropological values that the indian has together with the forest, of his umbilical relationship with nature:

– From when we are born, our whole life is the forest. It is a relationship of interaction and healing. We are not like white people, who need a priest to put fear into people, a philosopher to direct their thoughts, a psychologist to help mend their souls, a lawyer to enforce their civil rights, and, as if all that isn't enough, they even have the police to arrest and punish.

– We've always had our shaman, the forest, who teach us everything, so we cannot lower ourselves to people who need many guides to live in this world. I ask all of you: who is in need of improvement? If everything that comes from them only brings difficulties and illnesses... We have to start fighting now, or we will be slaves to people who are their own slaves, – he concluded.

13. Those who live in the *quilombas*, villages which were originally settlements of runaway slaves.

At that moment, one of the indians in the audience asked to ask a question and was given the microphone. He greeted everyone and began to speak:

– White people have guns, cars, computers and so on. Even this microphone for this meeting is their thing, so how are we going to fight them if, today, most of our people depend on their things?

Raoni responded from a more socially wise perspective:

– Our confrontation is with the ideas of whites, who do not understand each other, because of their psychopathological neurosis, which causes a great waste of money in their daily lives, from their illnesses to their addictions. They are now becoming a threat to all of us by creating articles in constitutional laws to benefit rich people in exchange for the genocide of our people. Or do you doubt it? replied the chief, to warm applause.

– Who is he? – Kunhahendy, who was in the middle of the audience, asked another indian beside her.

– He’s from the so-called “Cortez strategy” people, he’s the stooge of Rufino, brother of Damião Paridzane, – the indian replied, turning to her, smiling and complementing the information. – They’re traitors, they came to spy on the meeting and take away information to those people expelled from Suiá-Missú in 2013 and...

– ...and, on the other hand, are they paid by the ruralist caucus that managed to take the vote on PEC-215 forward? – the indian girl interrupted him and added with a smile, holding out her hand and introducing herself: – I’m Guarani, my name is Kunhahendy, and yours?

– Obajara! I’m Munduruku.

– *Mbaere korera?* [Why this name?] – seeing that both had the same Tupi-Guarani etymological origin, the indian girl

asked him curiously, wanting an answer because she found the Portuguese translation of the interlocutor's name, "Ser do Contra" [Being Against] somewhat strange.

– When I was born, my parents were waiting for the Funai¹⁴ midwife to arrive and also the priest who would come to baptize me shortly after my birth. Conclusion: I was born before they arrived, and the tribe's shaman said that I would be against everything that came from the whites, so they called me Obajara, – he replied, smiling broadly.

– You seem very much aware of the things that are happening around here, – pointed out Kunhahendy.

– Yes! I am, because I am against all this; this idea of white people, which they call "sustainable development", for me is another sham expression they have been using since the beginning of the invasion and killing, five hundred years ago.

Then Sônia Guajajara, leader of the Guajajara people, one of the most combative indian women, born in Maranhão and forever active in the struggle for indigenous rights, was announced. She entered in a blue and red headdress, began her speech by giving a history of the invasion of European peoples since it began during the Renaissance, and pointed out the various beliefs and justifications for such actions that both the Catholic Church and monarchs had used over the last five hundred years. With much applause and rallying cries from various ethnic groups, she took the microphone and began to speak:

– Today I want to look back on this farce that is the Brazilian state and our rights, – she looked at all present and continued: – After the largest division of land in the world, carried out by the Portuguese and Spanish Crowns in 1494, historically known as the Treaty of Tordesillas, began a new history of humanity called by philosophers the "march of humanity". This pact was

14. Funai: Fundação Nacional do Índio [National Foundation of the Indian]

accompanied by the papal bull, which gave Christians the right to enslave, exploit and seize all land, wealth and human labour of peoples that existed outside Catholic Europe. This included, in addition to us indians, black Africans, and Asians. The Catholic Church considered that these people “were not faithful to God” and that this sovereign right had to be exercised “in the name of God” and their respective Catholic kings, – observed Sônia, continuing her speech full of indignation and with her characteristic gestures:

– In 1517 the Protestant Reformation began in the European kingdoms and the movement was consolidated before the end of the century. This revolution was extremely daring, to the point of crossing the Atlantic Ocean and reaching South America in a mission designated by the Swiss reformer Johann Calvin, who developed a Protestantism cell, in 1557, on one of the islands of Guanabara Bay, in what is now Rio de Janeiro, then a colony of Portugal. The papacy was afraid that this Protestant revolution would affect the Jesuit Reduction of Guairá, commanded by the Jesuit priests, who no longer obeyed Vatican laws.

This search for sovereignty, defence and protection of their religious conquests, provided for in the psychosocial plan promoted by the papacy, encouraged the creation of the Bandeirantes movement on the Piratininga plateau (currently the city of São Paulo). This was because the papacy feared that the Protestant Reformation could also harm their movement, called by historians *Entradas e Bandeiras* [Entrances and Flags], who went in search of indians to enslave and gold in the interior of the continent, and which guaranteed the possession of the colony of Brazil by the Portuguese and, what’s more, they extended the Portuguese colony beyond the newly created Treaty of Tordesillas.

– They always want *itayú*, as Tuyami said, – murmured Kunhahendy beside Obajara who, not understanding what she said, asked her:

– *Mba-ê pico nde hu-ê?* [What did you say?]

– It’s a long story. Maybe someone will detail it here, so you’ll find out... Did you? – replied Kunhahendy, smiling at him.

Sônia Guajajara continued her historical, didactic and, at times, eloquent explanation, showing her awareness as a leader:

– These Bandeirantes were as murderous as their white fathers, as they were neither indians nor whites, but bastard sons of priests and noblemen with slave indian women. They were raised from childhood in the village with their mother but were protected, baptized, and registered under the name of their white father. They were illiterate, did not speak the white man’s language but were trained to act as whites, seeking to prey on and enslave indians, and to exploit and extract all the gold and precious stones they found in the interior. They never wore clothes. This image you see in the history books is just a painting to emphasize their association with the figure of the “civilizing white” and also with Moses and the Semitic god of Abraham of the Bible. Obviously, it was all part of the prior psychosocial plan of domination by the papacy,” stressed Sônia sarcastically. – One of these half-indians was a historical assassin named Bartolomeu Bueno da Silva, who, after taking part in the destruction and expulsion of the Spaniards, indians and Jesuits from the Jesuit Reduction of Guairá, from 1628 to 1641, headed for Araguaia, around 1673 or 1682.

– Shortly after passing through Mato Grosso and entering the territory of Goiás, the Bandeirante came into conflict with the indians of the region, and there happened the episode “of fire in water”, when he set fire to a container with cane rum, leaving the indians frightened by his threat to set the rivers on fire if they didn’t take him to the gold and emerald mines. That’s why he received the nickname “Anhanguera”, which means “evil spirit with long hair”. Bueno da Silva returned to São Paulo with great wealth, and from this epic, along with

his stories told by word of mouth, the legend of the Hills of the Mine of the Martyrs, or El Dorado, was born. From then on, the imaginary of the Bandeirantes became more fierce and, the number of adventurers in search of the fateful dream in the west of the continent increased. Today, these killers have given their names to avenues and highways in various parts of this country. In the city of São Paulo, the Government Palace of the state of São Paulo is the Palácio dos Bandeirantes, – joked Sônia. She paused for applause and continued:

– As early as the 19th century, positivists and social evolutionists brought into vogue the idea of the inexorable march of history, that is, there is no going back to fix it: what has already been done is either right or wrong because white people see history in a linear and non-concentric way, not the concentric way in which we see the world. So, whatever the policy adopted by the whites, the indians would be doomed to disappear, both physically and culturally. We fortunately realize today that indians were reborn and are here to stay. History is not made by itself. They are people, communities that make history and their actions; this obviously has consequences. To conclude my talk, I'm going to say that, from now on, I will be enraged by any ideological debris that comes from white people! She breathed a sigh of relief and proclaimed:

– It's time for us to enter the fray!"

Sonia left to applause and chants from those present, in several languages.

Obajara and Kunhahendy looked at each other and nodded with an air of complicity at everything Sonia had said.

As soon as the indian master of ceremonies took a break from the speeches to announce the arrival of other ethnicities, Kunhahendy told Obajara about her encounter with Marx and his accurate reading of men's obsession with wealth and power, which had never been the ambition of a minority of the

planet's population.

Obajara listened to her carefully and told her that there was a shaman he knew who had always warned him about this, that this obsession is the great mystery for the indians themselves and it had also already ruined some indigenous cultures, and that these ideas have prevailed to this day in the souls of most men.

The meeting stopped for lunch and then restarted with other leaders who emphasized their decisions and that a radical stance should be taken against PEC-215, Belo Monte and the events near Mariana at the end of 2015.

The most thoughtful speech was that of Daniel Munduruku, who began by describing the anatomy of the situation:

– This biodiversity and social diversity, according to the French anthropologist Lévi-Strauss, is a peculiar and invaluable capital of the sociological imagination, a source of knowledge. On the other hand, a world without diversity is a dead world as there will be no interaction between things. It is in the interaction of diversity that something new is created and then continues to solve the problems that will arise in the future. – He stopped the sentence and continued:

– As for the pact with the Brazilian population, which I urge, it is based on the following observation: the indians, who have until now conserved the forest, the biodiversity of the Xingu National Park, are all the time subject to great pressure from loggers and various other economic agents, and, if we look closely at the maps, the region is a green island in a sea of devastation. With the approval of PEC-215, no one will guarantee, in the near future, that people's living conditions will be safe and that the Brazilian law will not change, as is happening today. Because if this happens, we shall be no more than fossils of an epic and romantic story that took place in the 20th and 21st centuries on the line below the equator in South America. – He paused, looked at the audience and continued.

– This is what will happen if everything continues along this path, – he affirmed with conviction. – Brazil urgently needs an active forest conservation programme, and for this a pact with the indigenous populations is essential, – concluded Daniel, to great applause.

The leader Macuxi Jaci de Souza, considered one of the defenders of the recognition of the Raposa Indigenous Land Serra do Sol, in the state of Roraima, was announced as the next speaker.

– When we Macuxi fought against gold miners and managed to set up the Indigenous Council of Roraima. I became aware that we were just beginning a great battle for the survival of our peoples. All this time I tried to find out what was going on with other indigenous peoples in the world and discovered that Brazil is the most backward country of all, – he said, looking at the whole audience, and continued: – According to Professor Manuela Carneiro da Cunha, even in the United States the problem is not as bad as here, and the indian population there is larger than ours. In Canada, since December 1991, a semi-autonomous territory, larger than Amazonas, Amapá, Acre and Roraima together, has been created for the Inuit people, who are the Eskimos, and the best part is that the Inuit have absolute control over natural resources and they have their own government, – said Jaci, and continued: – I didn't come here to talk about indigenous rights, nor to discuss what is or is not our right. Over these years, I have realized that culture is being or not being; there is no democracy when it comes to culture: either you impose your own or you are willing to become the market for another culture. The moment we are living through is one of fighting for and imposing our culture. There is no more time for another meeting. We have to go to the fight, as has been said by other leaders. Thank you for listening to me, and right from this moment I am beginning this long war, and I have no idea when it will end, and I don't even know whether I'll be alive

then – Macuxi left the microphone to applause and shouts from the ethnic groups, took his bow and arrow, raised them above his head and shouted a battle cry in his language.

Next, the Guarani leader Avá Verá Arandú, also known as Tónico Benites, a psychologist, anthropologist and who had long been suffering from the slaughter of his people and the interests of religious groups in Mato Grosso do Sul state, was announced. He also spoke about the imperialism of the Semitic religions at the expense of the culture of his people:

– During all these years, I studied the religion of white people and realized that, in practice, all religions of Semitic origin, whether Catholic or Evangelical, are political and authoritarian. They are not very different from the Islamic State of today; they don't kill because they don't have weapons, but they order killings, they persecute, they discriminate, just like any other coming from the Semitic culture

– We indians are the true owners of the land of America, before the arrival of the whites with their crosses and corny stories “of a carpenter's son who was crucified 2000 years ago on the outskirts of Jerusalem”. I ask everyone: what do we indians have to do with the story of this “so-called prophet” from another time and on the other side of the world, who could not even foresee his own death, giving an example of weakness to his followers? Nothing! America and we indians owe nothing to this culture of weakness; his representative was absurdly idolized for dying on the cross for his own people. This same so-called sacred book, the Bible, common to the three religious factions – Judaism, Islam and Christianity – should be the supreme unifying guide of their race, and yet they do not understand each other to this day! Look at the wars of Israelis, Palestinians, Syrians, and the Islamic State, and I ask: what morals do they have to talk about love? And this is the only purpose of a religion that I know of; the rest is politics. – Applause and

rallying cries from various ethnic groups erupted from the audience. He paused and then began again: – Our gods *Nhande-ru* and *Nhande-ru Pavê* are much more important than the story of the “carpenter’s son and this Bible”, which is nothing more than the culture of people of the desert, an inhospitable place that has never had anything green. Unlike our America, where there has always been a forest with so many riches and plenty of food for our children. No indian, whatever their ethnicity, should have to listen to these people! – He finished to cheers.

The shaman and Yanomami leader David Kopenawa, one of the Brazilian indigenous leaders of international prominence, better known abroad than in Brazil, took the microphone and greeted the ethnic groups. Instead of speaking, he looked at a paper he had in his hand and began to look at the message:

– I was with Ailton Krenak last week, and he told me he wouldn’t come to the meeting, because of the problem there in Minas Gerais, precisely in Mariana, is making him very angry. He sent this letter, which I read in advance and I agree with everything he said. I’m going to read it now so that everyone is aware:

– True peoples from all over Brazil and the planet Earth. We are dealing with beings who are apparently human, but have an unknown soul. What I am saying seems strange, but it is from the bottom of my heart and glimpsed by the protectors of my shamans, and it was also confirmed by protectors from other ethnic groups.

– We are not going to enter into any more agreements with the rulers of this country. This beautiful country, as we know it, is being commanded by forces that operate in other parts of the world as well, and our rulers in Brasilia are mere subordinates of this invisible government that, since the beginning of the formation of so-called civilizations which have imposed themselves, with the result that the most important values of this planet, such as water, land, forest, fauna, and air were ap-

propriated as “things” and are out there to be used, abused and wasted to the detriment of what they call progress – which is nothing more than a model of life that conspires against the true essence of living in function of nature.

– These unseen pariahs of nature, who are on this planet, have already distorted the awareness of 67% of the entire population of Earth. Brazil is the last frontier for the predatory actions that began with the search for gold and other minerals for the formation of empires in ancient times; then wood, oil; today, the agribusiness.

– Brazil is the only place in the world where there are still all the riches of these three stages and also the fourth, which is agribusiness, the most modern and the most devastating, much worse than drug trafficking. Our country continues to export ores abroad. Until today, Brazilian laws have not given possession of the subsoil to the owners of the land, leaving it at the mercy of speculation by these pariahs. The same happens with the “promised Agrarian Reform”, which throughout the world has already been resolved, and here in our country our congressmen continue to use the idea as a bargaining chip for politicking and the speculation of large estates, both nationally and internationally. That’s why the PEC-215 project was created, to further consolidate this corruption and give more powers to a bunch of “white-collar bandits from Brasília”, who are nothing but pawns for foreigners, and these, in turn, obey what I call the “enemies of life here on Earth”.

– I know there are many non-indian men who, if they had a piece of land, would use it in the best way to live and take care of their offspring. They would live with what the land gives them, as we indians do today. But our government, which receives orders from the “enemies of life here on Earth”, makes it difficult for all of us to migrate to the city and become, along with others who are already there, slaves of the system, a herd to

consume the products produced by the other class, that of businessmen, who are also part of the hegemony of these “enemies of life here on Earth”. In addition to being exploited by them on the meagre salary paid to work and not earning what would be fair, they disguise the well-known “slave work” very well, and this official slavery is also guaranteed by constitutional law. Observe things and see that the great metropolises of the world are just a “desert in disguise”, where you have everything and also nothing because you have no money. And what is money, if not just a piece of paper that has figures and symbols and that, in the middle of the forest, only serves as a wick to light a fire? In cities, men kill each other because of it.

– I remember that, in the 1960s, I was a child during the Cuban Revolution, and, as soon as the Argentine revolutionary Ernesto Guevara, known as “Che”, was appointed by the then head of state Fidel Castro to be president of the National Bank of Cuba. Since he had no banker profile, he found a way to ridicule the currency symbol of capitalism by signing the Cuban currency with his nickname, “Che”.

– I think you’re all aware of the big plot that has been played with us all this time, a dirty game of marked cards, which the outcome is already known.

Let’s summarize: over these seven thousand years of the white call of Adamic civilization, the children of Earth have been alienated by the “enemies of life here on Earth” and began to move away from nature, or rather, from the true essence of life: they began to process food, they built cities creating magnificent works, exploiting out of lust, vice and frivolity the ores of places where there was an inexhaustible source of food and pure water, all in the name of their kings and gods of old. Today, they do the same in the name of the law of progress, of food production, of the hoax they call “sustainable development”.

– Over these millennia, in various parts of the world, many

martyrs have tried to make the human race aware of the need for a harmony to live better here on the planet because we do not know and are not aware of the mysteries of life or the universe. For any sage, the common sense of living in peace with one's neighbours, sharing food, is preferable to war.

– I will mention some that became very popular in history and some that even became idols of religions, such as the avatars: Moses, Solomon and Jesus Christ, from the Semitic culture; the economist Karl Marx, from Europe; statesman Mahatma Gandhi of India; black leader Martin Luther King in North America; Mao Tse-Tung from China; Nelson Mandela and Patrice Lumumba from Africa; the revolutionaries Simon Bolivar, Che Guevara, and the environmentalist Chico Mendes, from Latin America. Most of them were murdered for wanting the good for humanity and living in harmony with their neighbours and with nature.

– There are thousands of these small anonymous heroes, who, throughout history, died for the same cause and continue to die today. Just remember our indigenous and religious leaders murdered over the years by the tentacles of these “enemies of life here on Earth”.

– They will continue killing and destroying everything that is natural in order for humanity to live in cities and become a herd of slaves, as you see in the newspapers today, and, as I said, to work in companies and live a miserable, hypocritical life of vices, consuming their poisonous foods and drugs, which they call medicine.

– After this meeting, I know that there won't be another one, let each of you organize yourselves as guerrillas or even terrorists; Let's stop being warriors who fight head-on against the enemy as we've done until today, because they have better weapons than us and corrupt justice to protect them. But remember that we are going to fight against beings that look like humans, but

inside them is what, in antiquity, for lack of scientific knowledge, was called the devil, but which in fact was nothing more than terrestrial human beings who suffered a genetic alteration in their human chromosome made by people who are not from Earth but who are neither supernatural entities or demons, as the religion of white people wrongly tells us to this day.

– We indians know that there is nothing supernatural in the world; only the white man cannot see beyond his psychic limits, as we do.

– We, forest peoples, are the real earthlings because we have no transgenics with these “enemies of life here on Earth”, who do not live for nature and treat nature as a commodity to produce another commodity. Gold, for us, is an ore like others; we adorn ourselves with bird fibres and feathers, now prohibited by IBAMA¹⁵, but they do not prohibit the devastation of forests and the destruction of lands made by the “enemies of life here on Earth”.

– Therefore, I want this letter to no longer be a “letter to the dead””.

At that moment, David Kopenawa’s reading was halted by the laughter and shouts from the audience. He paused, waiting to finish reading:

– [...] as has happened several times in other meetings that ended in nothing, know that we are *Burun* [human being, in Krenak], *Uwe Uptabi* [authentic human being, in Xavante], *Thëpë* [human being, in Yanomami], *Avá* [human being, in Guarani]. In any language, we are 100% human beings, inhabitants of planet Earth, and we have to defend our planet to the death... Because the “enemies of life here on Earth” have already destroyed almost every continent on the planet, and they have

15. O Instituto Brasileiro do Meio Ambiente e dos Recursos Naturais Renováveis [Brazilian Institute of the Environment and Renewable Natural Resources]

long been travelling around the Amazon, the Pantanal, the Araguaia and the Xingu, where the last strongholds of the Earth's biological richness and diversity are located.

David finished reading the letter to applause from all the ethnic groups. The meeting was gradually dispersed, there was the buzz of the voices of different ethnic groups, who talked and gestured.

Obajara and Kunhahendy walked side by side in deep silence. In the magnificent sunset on the banks of the Araguaia River, the landscape of the village of Camaiurá began to return to its original form, and, in the distance, the glint of silhouettes announced the arrival of night.

This evening was the sum of all the others, for in the minds and hearts of those indians who were leaving for their villages, a vortex opened where anguish, fear, and uncertainty were welcomed on a dark coloured carpet.

Chapter 6

WHEN UNCERTAINTY HAUNTS THE INEVITABLE

– We need to see that process there in Mato Grosso that has stopped – said Sonia Otahime to Jackson, her co-worker.

– We do! I'll arrange it for next week, Sonia.

– Yes, that's enough for today!... After all, it's 8:30 pm! Let's go, right?–Sonia said, turning off her laptop and taking her things from the work table, announcing the end of her workday to her colleague, who also did the same.

– Are you going up Consolação Avenue, Jackson?

– Yes, I am.

– Can you give me a ride to Paulista Avenue?

– Oh, of course, Sonia, but I have to pick up Lúcia, who's waiting for me near Copam Building, at the end of Ipiranga,– Jackson replied, smiling and picking up his backpack.

Sonia did not go to work in her car because of the traffic, which made her take more than half an hour to travel a stretch that would take at most ten minutes, so she used the rapid transit buses as it was quicker, and, on the way home, which was always

after 8:00 pm, she did the same thing or often took a taxi, but this time she wanted to walk and have a beer on Avenida Paulista, stop by a bookstore before going home, after all it was Friday, she wouldn't work the next day and wanted to take a break.

After leaving, they soon met Lucia. Jackson then proposed that they have a beer. It seemed that he was guessing the wishes of Sonia, who nodded, so they headed for the bars on Avenida Paulista. They went nearly halfway along the avenue and found a quieter one on a corner, parked on the side street, and sat down at a table at the back.

– Draft beer for three! Jackson asked the waiter as he approached the table. “Do you want to nibble something?” he asked.

– OK! – replied Lucia.

– And what would it be? asked the waiter.

– A portion of salami, right? – Lucia suggested, looking at Jackson.

– Fine, – he replied. – And you, Sonia? – she agreed nodding.

Lucia placed her small bag and the magazine she was reading on the table, and the headline on the cover that caught the attention of Sonia, who soon asked to look at it, asking:

– What magazine is this, Lucia? Can I take a look?

– Of course. It's a futuristic and esoteric news magazine, – she replied, handing it to her.

She quickly flipped through it and went straight to the headline that caught her attention and read it aloud:

– “Company launches drone to transport people. The idea that drones are ‘unmanned aircraft’ may change. Chinese company E Hang presented, at the CES 2016 electronics fair, the EHANG 184 drone, which has space for one occupant. The company says

that the vehicle is capable of supporting a person weighing up to 100 kg and can reach 100 km/h, which would even make it a new model of transporting people. The trip is all programmed by an app: just get on and off. The company says that the product has a system that triggers security procedures in case of any failures. Obviously, the drone is still not on the market, but it should cost between US\$ 200 thousand and US\$ 300 thousand”.

– Yes, it would be the end of the automobile era and that horrible traffic... Isn't that right, folks? – Sonia commented, excited and smiling at her friends, while the waiter placed the three glasses of beer on the table. – Even I would go back to driving a drone to go to work... Ah! Ah! – she said, joking and laughing after taking a sip of beer.

– It would be a relief... Eh! – Jackson smiled, hugged Lucia and suggested: – We could get married and fly away, looking at the people down below and saying goodbye, couldn't we, dear? – he joked, smiling, drinking and looking at Lucia, who looked at him and then replied:

– I'd have “my ass in my hand” going with you in such a thing. Today, in an ordinary car, when we take the road to the interior, you drive at 160 km an hour... Imagine in a thing like that, which has no track, and the sky's the limit!–She concluded, looking and smiling at her boyfriend.

After the second round, Jackson and Lucia got up to go to the toilet. Sonia saw another piece of news in the magazine that caught her attention: “Sanctuary of Serra do Roncador, in Mato Grosso, is becoming popular with people from outside Brazil”.

She remembered that she had been close by the year before, when she returned from the Kuarup ceremony in the Xingu reservation, and the place had impressed her a lot, especially when she visited Lagoa Encantada, where the waters are crystal clear and there are no fish or aquatic life.

She was thoughtful and wondered that her child could be born in a new world, with a flying car and great development of the hidden side of people, in a new era in the history of the human race. Her thoughts were soon shattered by the laughter of Jackson and Lucia as they returned from the toilet. The waiter arrived at the table bringing more beers and a portion of salami.

– Let’s make a toast so that, in the “flying car”, I don’t go over 80 km/h... Isn’t that right, Lucia? Jackson boasted, chuckling and lifting his glass to toast with them both.

– I think so too, Jackson. After all, you are too young and smart to take these crazy things to the future and remember that we will be in a new age, – warned Sonia.

After having another round, they decided to leave, paid the bill, and Jackson said to Sonia: – I’ll drop you off at home, Sonia. It’s right near here and today I’m going to Lucia’s apartment there in Butantã, so it’s on the way, isn’t it?

– Thank you; I’m already dead tired, – replied Sonia, smiling and yawning.

Arriving at her building, Sonia got out of the car, thanked them for the ride and walked slowly towards the entrance. She announced herself to the night porter, who immediately opened the front door, exchanged a few words with him, who was inside the guardhouse, and took the elevator.

After entering her apartment, as usual, she opened the door to the terrace and looked out over the city. The night was hot; it was March, but there was a cool breeze that kissed her face and ruffled her hair. Then, she ran her hand over the belly that was beginning to change and felt the flow of purity and affection of a mother-to-be who feels the throb of a new being demanding through her a path to exist in this world.

She sat on the sofa, smiled and sighed as she was sharing “the insistent mystery of wanting to be alive” and that she was

just another woman taking part in this great mystery.

She fell asleep on the sofa and dreamed of seeing the scene in which she was an indian girl who wanted to cross a river, and an old indian, whom she identified as Marx when he was still alive, took her by the hand and led her through the shallow part of river, where she found several indian children playing to music. She didn't know where the music came from, but the child's play moved and enchanted her to the point of forgetting the origin of the music and why she wanted to be there.

She had already seen this scene when she participated for the first time in the ayahuasca cult of the União do Vegetal sect in Cuiabá, at the beginning of the previous year, but in the dream it appeared as an insistent feedback, as if it were "an obsessive take" or something spectral giving a boost to the new existence that was inside her.

The things that were happening to her were gently coming out in her deepest self like the breaking of an eggshell from the inside by a new baby bird that wants to be part of life here on Earth. She also felt as if she were one of the prizewinning passengers on the Malcolm ship in the novel *Los Premios* [*The Winners*] (1960), by Julio Cortázar, who have no idea where the mysterious and sinister voyage will take them.

This "mission/mystery" was given to her as if it were a piece of white paper that had fallen from a table somewhere, and the moisture that was on the floor spontaneously sketched on it a figure or a map with a certain direction to move in. The paper was handed to her as abruptly as the old indian gave her his hand at the ayahuasca cult and helped her cross the river, or, was it the autonomous reaction of her hand that night in the apartment, masturbating Marx and having his semen in her hand, with which she impregnated herself?

Sometimes our hands automate acts in our existence and decide for us, as happens with an organic dysfunction that sud-

denly triggers a series of problems that we weren't expecting. Sonia woke up smiling and felt that she was a creature that was being reborn and giving life to another creature.

* * * * *

Of this great mystery – the generation and birth of a being, the only great miracle that provokes our chronic curiosity and also suffocates our existence – there is no way to know its direction or whether there is even a direction, but for all mothers in the world this enigma does not seem to exist when the maternal instinct becomes part of their existence. It is inevitable that we do not know when it started, nor how and where it started, like the perennial perpetual motion hinted at in the refrain “life is like a sting that is born anywhere” in Marx’s song.

The sum of all this is the corrosive lack that consumes us socially, as Albert Camus said in his conception of the absurd, and that always hovers like a shadow and follows the discovery of the mystery of existence. This perennial beat that touches us even when we are in the social environment, this anguish, is always lurking, and, in fact, we tend to always look for the collective or the mediocre comforting of the mammalian herd so that we do not think that we are heading towards an archetype made up of various silent unknowns which will never be revealed to us but understood and ineffably conceived by the need to embark on this “insistent mystery of wanting to be alive”, which only women are capable of satisfying.

In short, only our mothers’ hopeful drive keeps us alive in the face of this inexorable fate. It is they who have the added ingredient that echoes in our soul like the spectral canon of a rhizome, like a mantra giving strength to the hegemony of believing in life and existence. Yes, just believe... Believe... Believe..

Chapter 7

FIRE, ASSASSINATION, KIDNAPPING, STRANGE LIGHTS, AND AN UNEXPECTED FLIGHT

After that meeting in the Xingu, Obajara and Kunhahendy became friends. Several months later, they were working as volunteers in the Alto da Boa Vista municipality in the state of Mato Grosso, helping indian families who had been victims of violence in the Suiá Missú region. The sun was setting when they got out of the truck that had given them a lift to the entrance to the small town. They took their backpacks, thanked the driver and continued talking while walking along the road that led to the town centre.

– I think they’ll be fine now, – Obajara commented, referring to the work they did with the families on the reservation.

– I don’t know, – Kunhahendy replied.

– Why?

– I don’t trust these Funai people. In that organization there are snakes, lizards and cockroaches.

– Well! If you want, we’ll stop by tomorrow, before we leave town, to make sure they’re carrying out the promised arrangements, OK? – proposed the indian girl.

Suddenly, a black, double-cab Hilux sped past them, throwing up dust and also heading for the town centre.

– It’s the ruralists¹⁶!... They must have discovered something and have got suspicious. Let’s have a beer at that little bar over there, we might sniff out some information, – Obajara said, pointing to the bar and crossing the street, followed by the indian girl, who exclaimed in Guarani: – *Mañeipa! Yajha yauta kau’i!* [All right! Let’s have a beer!]

They entered the bar and sat at a table near the entrance. They asked the man who looked like an indian, probably the owner, for a beer, two glasses and a matured cachaça cane rum from the little barrel on the counter.

– Why did you choose to sit at the table here by the door?
– asked Kunhahendy, observing Obajara.

I had military guerrilla training in the army with my elder brother’s friends, so when you are in a place where you smell danger, the instruction is to always stay close to an exit, to escape... Answered, *kuñatai porã?* [pretty girl] — he smiled and caressed Kunhahendy’s face, who smiled back at him.

– So you know how to handle weapons of all kinds, don’t you? – she continued, as he moved his chair as the drink was coming.

– Are you from here? Or are you from somewhere else? I’ve never seen you around here... – asked the bar owner.

– We’re from the west! We’ve been working on a reservation. We’ll be leaving tomorrow, – replied Obajara, looking at the man who was curious about them.

– Things aren’t going well around here. A few hours ago, a field was set on fire, some indians were attacked, and it seems

16. “Ruralistas”: a political group and their followers defending the interests of large landowners.

that there were injuries because the police went to the scene just now, – reported the owner of the bar.

– Where was that? – asked Kunhahendy, shocked.

– On the Marãiwatsédé reservation, – the man replied.

She looked at Obajara and then at the bar owner, and the three were silent for a few seconds. At that moment, one man in a hat and a second in a cap entered the bar, talking quietly. They sat at the back table. The bar owner left the couple, went to them, talked in low voices and looked at the table where the two indians were. Soon, he took a beer and two shots of cachaça and put them on the table, the two men toasted by clinking their glasses together and drank in one gulp. Then they sipped their beer, lit cigarettes, and smiled at each other.

Obajara winked at Kunhahendy and said quietly: – Don't look at them or we'll be in trouble. They're hired gunmen, and they've just executed someone, – he warned, squeezing her hand on the table.

– How do you know? – asked the astonished indian girl.

– Whenever they kill a person, they celebrate by drinking, – Obajara whispered.

Kunhahendy controlled herself, and they continued talking quietly while the bar owner, who looked afraid, brought them another beer.

– Yes! It really looks like things got heated up there on the reservation...

– You're right... – Obajara said to the bar owner in a low voice, hinting at the presence of those who had just arrived.

– Bring our bill, please, we have to find a place to sleep here, – said Kunhahendy.

– There's a very good hotel nearby, it's just around the next

corner, – the bar owner replied, pointing in the direction and saying the amount of the bill, which Obajara paid. They picked up their backpacks and then left the bar, somewhat wary. It was very dark outside, and they didn't notice that the black Hilux was parked a few meters away.

They walked towards the hotel that the bar owner indicated and saw in the distance some lampposts illuminating the street, near the centre of the town. They hadn't gone more than two hundred meters when the black Hilux, which they hadn't seen near the bar, pulled up close to them, and the man in the hat came out, already pointing a gun at them, telling them to get in the pick-up.

Taken by surprise, Obajara and Kunhahendy didn't react and did as he asked. Inside the vehicle were the driver, the one wearing the hat and the one wearing a cap on the front seat. Soon they left the town and drove along a track. After about twenty minutes they stopped and ordered the two indians to get out and walk to the edge of a creek. The driver remained inside the vehicle listening to music on the radio, with the engine on and the headlights off, while the man with the hat and the man with cap followed behind the indians.

In the darkness of the night, the one with the cap turned on a strong flashlight, handcuffed the two of them, placed them kneeling together on the sand of the small beach of the creek and, keeping the flashlight focused on their faces, immediately said:

– You were on the reservation these days, weren't you?

– Yes! replied the two indians.

– Which one of you two set fire to the field near the reservation? – asked one of them.

– We don't know! We were there helping families. We're not from here, we're from the west, and we left the reservation

after noon, – replied Obajara, unable to look at his capturer because of the strong light of the torch on his face.

– It all happened when you left the reservation, – said the one with the cap, slapping the indian, who remained silent. He continued to ask, and Kunhahendy spoke:

– We walked until we got a ride at the junction of the main road. We didn't go to the plantation.

– We've already questioned all the indians from there on the reservation, and they haven't said anything, the only ones missing are you two, and they said you disappeared as soon as the fire started. One of them played the tough guy with me and was killed, so you better say what you know or we're going to have to finish you off now, – threatened the one with the hat.

– We don't have time for small talk, – said the one in the cap.

– As soon as we passed you, we saw you in the rearview mirror as you crossed the avenue and entered the bar. I was told that you'd been on the reservation and that you're not from here.

– His cell phone rang, and he let his guard down to answer it, also taking the light of the flashlight from Obajara's face and moving away to the side of the creek. It was the opportunity Obajara had been waiting for. He kicked the man with the hat in the belly, and he fell down on the sand writhing breathlessly. His weapon landed near Kunhahendy's feet. Even with his hands tied, Obajara picked up the pistol and shot the one with the cap, who had turned his phone off and was walking towards him. He then fell to the ground, with the flashlight and the keys to the handcuffs.

Meanwhile, the third man, the driver, was in the car with the engine running, twenty meters away from the scene, and oblivious to what was happening. He heard the shot but

thought it was just the execution of another indian and continued listening to music.

Obajara, after removing his handcuffs and those of Kunhaheny, went to the man in the hat who, after the kick, was still writhing in the sand because he was out of breath, whipped him with his gun, and he fell back to the ground.

They took the flashlight and the two cell phones. The other one was not dead but was wounded and unable to speak. The indian girl put his cap on his her head, Obajara took the other's pistol and hat and they walked to the vehicle, which was still in the same place.

Taken by surprise, the third man didn't react when he saw the pistol to his head, so Obajara ordered him to get out of the car and hand over his cell phone. He obeyed, with his hands in the air, pleading for his life and saying that he was only their employee. Obajara asked him who gave the order to take them, and the man replied that he didn't know anything, that he only heard the one with the cap talking on the cell phone with someone else when he was in the pick-up next to the other one with the hat, at the entrance of the bar, and that the bar owner had already suspected them and confirmed it at the time, saying that they were the only ones who had come from the reservation and that they were not from there or from the region either, – informed the driver, wide-eyed and terrified.

– OK! The night is very dark, you won't be able to reach us anyway and I recommend you to go to the creek. Your friends are there, not dead. Today, you are in luck, because we are not murderers, so you have gained some more time in your miserable life of conniving with murderers and supporting the predators of nature.

The two indians checked their backpacks, put them in the back of the pick-up, everything was in order, got into the ve-

hicle, and left. After a few kilometres, they entered the town relieved and did not stop. They went towards the main road and continued.

– Have you checked that we’ve got enough fuel to get us out of here? Kunhahendy asked Obajara, who was still driving intently.

– The tank is full! These bandits always keep it full around here, – he replied, looking at her and smiling.

– If no one gets in our way, tomorrow morning we’ll be in Nova Xavantina, and we’ll see how we’re going to get rid of this vehicle, the cell phones and reach Cuiabá, – Obajara reassured her, kissing her cheek. Kunhahendy shifted in her seat, leaning against him

Before taking the BR-158 main road towards the village of Alô Brasil, Kunhahendy shook her head, looked at Obajara and said in a low voice:

– I thought it wasn’t a good idea to set fire to the plantation, but you’re always against everything, and you took on all the suffering of the people on the reservation... look at what happened! We almost died! – She paused and continued: – Well, at least we’re still alive, and we haven’t killed anyone. The police still don’t know, do they? – she guessed, hugging her companion, who continued smiling and driving.

– I’m a lucky Mundukuru! – smiled Obajara, hugging Kunhahendy. – I have a beautiful Guarani at my side, who is also my accomplice, – he said aloud, his fright disappearing and comforting Kunhahendy.

In the Xingu region, on a night with a new moon and a cloudy sky, everything is so dark that any small spot of light seems ghostly. When they entered the BR-158, after an hour, a spot of light appeared on the horizon on the road. It didn’t seem to be from a car and was rapidly coming towards them.

– What kind of car is that coming this way? – asked the indian girl.

– I don't know, – Obajara replied. – It looks more like a ruralist's drone!

– Who would be using a drone at this time of night, in the dark? – Kunhahendy asked, looking at the approaching light.

Obajara slowed down and pulled out to the side of the road, and the object passed with a high-pitched noise similar to the sound of a violin, with an intense glow of various colours.

The couple were astounded as they had never seen anything like it. They took the road again, and Kunhahendy was the first to comment: – I think it was a flying saucer... We are close to the Roncador mountain range, and they are very common around there, I've been reading about it.

– I know an old Munduruku shaman, there in Nova Xavantina, who claims to make contact with them. If you want to clear up your doubts, let's go there one of these days, – he suggested.

– Let's go, yes! I want to ask you something about that man, that *Tuyami* [old man] who I told you about when I met him on my flight to São Paulo, to the indigenous congress in Ibirapuera, and who passed on the fateful message about the obsession of whites for wealth and power, – commented Kunhahendy, accepting the proposal enthusiastically and smiling at her companion.

After the scare with the lights, the trip was smooth. After passing through the municipalities of Ribeirão Cascalheira and Serra Azul, they entered Água Boa and decided to stop to buy something to eat at a gas station outside the town. It was already morning and there were a number of cars at the petrol station.

* * * * *

In the small bar at the entrance to the town of Alto da Boa Vista, the three men were sitting on the chair, and the owner of the bar was bringing them breakfast. The one with the cap (now without a cap) was bleeding from the belly, but he was out of danger, as the bullet had passed through him and had not pierced any internal organs; he had to be carried by the other two all night from the creek.

– I told you it was them! From when you came in, but you wanted to get proof, and look at the result! – commented the owner of the bar looking at the three, who were drinking coffee with tired and sleepy eyes. – And what are you going to do now?

– We have to at least get our vehicle back, – the driver replied, worried.

– So we do! – said the other.

– Those two indians must have gone to Xavantina, because one of them told me they were from the west,” the other deduced.

– What do we do? Notify the police about the theft of the vehicle? – asked the wounded man.

– I don’t think so. They could be arrested and claim that they were kidnapped by us and that they escaped. – He paused and continued to discuss the problem: – The worst thing is that they have my pistol. Unfortunately for me, at that time, I didn’t use the other one, because I was out of ammo, I was going to kill them with my knife, – lamented the one in the hat.

– I think you’d better rest, wait for some information from the Highway Patrol to see if they’ve found the van, and you, — said the bar owner looking at the injured man, — have to see to your wound, — and advised the three to leave, to he could attend to other people who were arriving at the bar.

It was around 11:30 am when two policemen entered the bar

and asked for coffee. They seemed to be friends with the owner of the bar, who soon attended to them, talking confidentially.

– So, how are things going around here? – asked the bar owner, trying to fish for some information. The policeman took a sip of his coffee and said smiling:

– Quiet! Apart from the death of the indian, yesterday, there in Marãiwatsédé, and the fire in the field that has already been put out, it's been quiet.

– And who killed the indian on the reservation? Have you caught the killer yet? – asked the bar owner.

– No! We only know that they found the vehicle of one of them, a black Hilux, double cab, and three cell phones set on fire on a road outside Xavantina. It was confirmed that the van belonged to one of them, because one of the indians on the reservation, who was beaten by them, had taken the license plate number, gave it to me, and I sent the information to the Highway Patrol, who confirmed it just now," he replied. the other policeman.

The bar owner frowned, showing a sign of surprise, left the two to have their coffee and went to attend to other customers who were arriving at the bar.

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– Do you want to take anything else? Let's get rid of the car in Xavantina...–Obajara asked in a low voice to Kunhahendy inside the gas station's convenience store, and she listened to him sleepily, adjusting the red headband on her hair.

– I'm not hungry, but let's get a pack of milk, water and biscuits, in case you need to get something in your stomach, before we get to Nova Xavantina, which is less than an hour away.

He took what she asked for, paid at the cashier, left the

store, and went towards the pick-up. They got in and straightened up, when they saw a beautiful woman, about thirty-seven years old, with a child of about two years old, making a sign for them to lower the window. Obajara looked at her, opened the window, and she asked:

– Are you going to Xavantina?

The two nodded, and she continued:

– Look! I am a government worker, and my car broke down; it's there, you can check the number if you want. I need a ride to Xavantina. I'm a lawyer and I have to be there at 11:00 am, at the Municipal Forum. Can you give me a ride? – she asked.

Obajara looked at Kunhahendy for a few seconds, they said something to each other and then accepted, opening the car door for the woman with the child, who immediately got into the vehicle with a bag with the child's things and a briefcase with personal papers and documents.

During the trip, the boy began to interact with Kunhahendy, who was delighted with the small, smart and playful child. After half an hour after leaving Água Boa, the woman looked for something in the child's bag and couldn't find it, so she lamented in a low voice:

– Today everything's difficult... I just needed this! In the rush to ask you for a ride, I left this boy's milk bottle on my car seat!

– Don't worry, we bought milk, it's there on the seat. Let's stop so you can give the boy his milk, – said Kunhahendy, smiling at her.

Obajara stopped at the side of the road. Kunhahendy got up, took the carton, opened it, handed it to the lady, who thanked her and poured it into the glass of the boy, who drank it smiling, and then they were on their way.

When they entered Nova Xavantina, Obajara told the lady

that they were in a hurry and asked her to guide them to the street of the Law Courts, where he would leave her, because they were going on. Arriving, she got out and thanked the couple:

– Look! I live in Água Boa, I'm a lawyer for the Ministry of Labour. If you need anything around here, you can look for me, – said the beautiful woman, smiling together with the boy who continued playing with Kunhahendy.

We don't know your name, – said Kunhahendy.

Sonia... Sonia Otahime.

Chapter 8

MATERNITY, THE ARCHETYPICAL JOURNEY, AND A PRECOCIOUS BIRTH

– What time are you leaving today, Jackson? – Lucia asked her boyfriend on her cell phone. He was very busy and answered on speakerphone, without stopping to type on his notebook.

– Hey my Love! What time is it, Lucia?

– It's already seven o'clock! I left work at six, but I had to see to some things, and now I'm free. Why?

– I'll take another half hour. I have an emergency to deliver tomorrow, wait a while there at Copan and, in a little while, I'll pick you up... OK? — Jackson finished, without taking his eyes off his text on the computer.

After about forty minutes, behold, he appeared at the entrance door of the Copan building, looking tired. Seeing him arrive, Lucia said: – Looks like you've done the whole month's work today, eh?

– That's more or less how things are there, –he replied, kissing her forehead.

– So they haven't sent anyone to help you yet, have they? — Lúcia continued to comment and asked about her colleague

Sonia Otahime, who had gone on maternity leave a month ago:

– And Sonia, when will she come back?

– I don't think she'll come back anymore. They say she might ask for a transfer, – Jackson said, looking aside.

– And where to? – asked Lucia, curious.

– Nobody knows! Nor did anyone know she was pregnant!
– Jackson replied with an air of mystery.

–Yes... Only time will tell us what will happen and how people's decisions turn out — summarized Lucia, walking and holding her boyfriend's hand.

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Sonia, after taking maternity leave, reluctantly traveled with her parents to Japan to see her mother's relatives who had never been to Brazil.

From the time her parents found out about the pregnancy, their relationship deteriorated as they wanted to know who the father of the child was, and Sonia lied saying that she did not know, because she had had sex with three people in the same week, and two of them were foreigners. Her mother, not accepting this enigmatic explanation, insisted that she at least take the test with the one who lived in São Paulo, which made her irritated. She refused, sulked, and if the three tickets hadn't been purchased nearly a year in advance, she wouldn't have made the trip.

With all seriousness, the three ended up travelling, with only forty days to go before the date the baby was due.

They had been in Chiba City for a week and Sonia went out alone to learn about Shinto culture. She started by visiting the Katori shrine. The next day she also went to Ibaraki, visiting the Kashima Shrine, where she was enchanted by the statue of the

god Take-Mikazuchi-no-Kami.

According to legend, this god was born from the drop of blood from the samurai sword Ame-no-Ohabari. The Japanese say that this drop was spilled when one of Japan's creators, the god Izanigi-no-Mikoto, beheaded Kaguzuchi, the god of fire, also his son.

After being an adult warrior, they also say that the warrior Take-Mikazuchi-no-Kami, when he was taking part in the pacification of the country of Ashihara-no-Nakatsu, facing the confrontation between the gods of Amatsu-Kami [from Heaven] and Kunitsu-Kami [from Earth], stuck his sword in the ground, with the point facing upwards, sat on it without hurting himself, making a kind of demonstration of samurai power, which proved his invulnerability to all weapons.

Thus, all the gods made peace, and this act was the culmination of the power of Take-Mikazuchi-no-Kami as a martial deity, and he was considered God of Martial Arts, Army, Sword and Archery in the Shinto tradition, and he is venerated in this shrine to today.

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Sonia kept thinking about the drop of blood that gave rise to the god Take-Mikazuchi-no-Kami and the drops of Marx's sperm that she impulsively introduced into her uterus at a decisive moment and which also sought to give life to a new being. She then remembered that in various cultures and mythologies that she had read about the great characters who are part of the historical sagas of cultural pantheons around the world were of born in situations of risk, sometimes even similar to her case of self-grafting. These origins are sometimes so fantastic that they are conceived as legends. They are generally considered to be holy by their community of origin and bring with them some special qualities, and for this reason they are later elected leaders and

placed at the front of decisive battles or even become avatars in other cultures and in other peoples, throughout their epic lives.

She was moving away from the statue of the samurai god when a little black butterfly began to approach her. She smiled and remembered the similar event in her apartment in São Paulo, almost eight months before.

In the Japanese tradition, the appearance of this small, charismatic insect symbolizes a new life coming from another older life. Black is a strong color, and, after a period of transformation, it takes on subtle qualities for the samurai. The black butterfly is an emblem for a new life, strong but also subtle. On the other hand, they are also seen as travelling spirits that announce the death of a person when they appear.

Unaware of this symbolism in Japanese culture, Sonia walked towards the exit of the shrine. Then, a Japanese girl, looking about two years old, appeared, let go of her parents' hands and ran up to her smiling, stopped, looked at her and put her little hands on the belly of Sonia, who felt a shiver while the girl, smiling, said :

Kami! Kami! Kami!

The girl's father called after her, but she continued. After a few seconds, she said something else in Japanese, which Sonia, even though she was a Japanese descendant, couldn't understand. Her father arrived apologizing in English, which made it possible for Sonia to ask what his little daughter was talking about as she felt her belly. He said it was childish talk, nothing important, but Sonia insisted on knowing, so he said, a little awkwardly and smiling:

– She said you have a little god in your belly, and he's going to be a great warrior. – Smiling and somewhat disdainful, the man carried the girl away, apologized once more for his daughter's chatter and took her away while the girl, in her father's

arms, kept waving to her and saying:

– *Sayonara, Kami!... Sayonara!*

Knowing that she would soon give birth to a boy, the event was for Sonia a kind of “annunciation”, as had happened with the upside down guampa and the little blue butterfly, almost eight months before, in her apartment in São Paulo.

After this strange event, she pondered but failed to remember that the last name of the god Take-Mikazuchi-no-Kami, from Shinto mythology, was what the child was referring to. She muttered to herself, already leaving the sanctuary:

– Kami! It’s a good name for my son, after all it was said by a child before he was even born... It will be his first name, – she decided, looking at her womb.

Two days later, the Otahimes were back in São Paulo, and Sonia, already feeling the discomfort of the pregnancy, realized that she should go to the doctor. To her surprise, she found that the baby would be born premature at eight months, and she was hospitalized that week.

Her parents left the problems aside and gave her full support.

Without much pain, the child was born at 11:56 pm on July 20, 2016, on a cold night, at Hospital das Clínicas, São Paulo.

Sonia’s maternity leave was crucial for her to make a decision about her life and also her workplace. That’s what she did, after returning from leave.

She asked for a transfer to move to another state and was only able to get to the Ministry of Labour in the municipality of Água Boa, in Mato Grosso state. The department there was in need of a professional in the legal area who would also be responsible for the “slave labour” problem.

She was also thinking of bringing up her son in a new

place, away from family intrigues, and this opportunity came when she was still working with Jackson, in São Paulo, on an agrarian issue related to the municipality of Água Boa.

Two days before the move, she went to the São Paulo registry office to register the boy, with Jackson and Lucia as witnesses and giving support though they were still surprised by so many changes in their friend.

When the registration was made, Sonia felt a chill and had an insight into the vision she had had when she drank ayahuasca tea in Cuiabá. She saw the little indian girl who wanted to cross the river and was helped by an old indian, whom she identified as Marx.

She took a deep breath and regained her posture, listening to the repetition of the voice of the clerk of the registry office, who asked her the name of the child. She replied with all the conviction in the world: – Kami Ava Otahime.

Everyone looked at her and, smiling, told them that it was the name of people in her family on the Japanese side and that there was nothing wrong, after all it was just a name.

Chapter 9

KUNHAHENDY'S AMBIGUITY SURPRISES OBAJARA

Inside the Nova Xavantina-Cuiabá bus, in Mato Grosso, in the last two seats, the two indians, Obajara and Kunhahendy, were asleep, after escaping from the kidnappers, burning the black Hilux and the cell phones so as to make any evidence about their escape disappear, and boarding the bus to Cuiabá. It was almost 6:00 pm, they had already passed through Barra do Garças and were on their way to the municipality of General Carneiro. Kunhahendy was the first to wake up, smiling as usual, fixing her hair and nudging Obajara:

– Eh! We're almost in General Carneiro, let's stretch our legs at the next stop?

– Yes! It's already getting dark! Or does it look like it's going to rain? – asked Obajara, rubbing his eyes, looking through the window of the bus at the landscape, which seemed to be moving.

– I don't know! I just woke up now too, – replied Kunhahendy.

A few minutes later, the bus slowed down and passed a Federal Highway Police barrier, on the BR-070 highway, where there was only one policeman sitting in the guardhouse, and he

followed the passing bus with his eyes.

Kunhahendy, observing this, remembered that Obajara had taken the pistol of the man in the hat when he burned the Hilux in Nova Xavantina. Concerned, she asked him in a whisper:

– What did you do with the gun of the man in the hat?

– I’ve got it, why?

– Isn’t it risky to get caught with a clandestine weapon and end up in jail? – she pointed out, worried.

– I’m going to take it with me to find out who owns “this beautiful Remington automatic”, which was “travelling in the Araguaia” in the hands of a gunman, – replied Obajara.

She sat up in the bus seat, looked at him curiously, and asked:

– And how will you do that?

– I have some contacts, I’ll tell you later... Ok?

They continued talking for another ten minutes, when the bus driver announced the arrival in General Carneiro and told everyone to get off for a snack.

As soon as Obajara and Kunhahendy got out, they walked around the restaurant to stretch their legs. She was the first to return to the subject of the gun, which had been interrupted on the bus as their conversation had already taken another turn.

– So you’re an undercover government agent who takes care of indigenous security, if that’s what I understand?

– That’s about it, *che cape!* [my friend]

He explained that the political measures taken by the government in recent months had created greater tension in the agribusiness sector as land was demarcated for indigenous use, but the ruralists would not let go; they were getting organized,

and the prospect of starting an armed confrontation was just a matter of time. The worst of all was that Xingu and Araguaia would again be the stage for the beginning of the confrontation.

They saw the passengers were already getting on the bus and walked towards it. Meanwhile, Kunhahendy was looking seriously at Obajara, who smiled and stroked her beautiful hair, which, in the moonlight, made her more beautiful and seductive, even with her worried mind and serious look.

The rest of the trip went smoothly. As soon as they sat down, the driver put another film on for the passengers, and they both slept until they arrived in Cuiabá, at around 1:30 am.

When they left the Cuiabá bus station, they went to look for a nearby hotel so they wouldn't have to worry the next day, as they would have to continue their journey – she was going to Ponta Porã in the state of Mato Grosso do Sul, and he to Porto Velho in Rondônia.

They entered the first hotel and it was full. They went to another, where there was only a double room, and they asked the attendant to put another mattress in the room and charge for it. Then they paid as they would be leaving early.

Everything settled, they went to the room accompanied by the attendant and took off their backpacks; then they looked at the each other and intuitively together said: – I can't sleep!

They laughed and went out to talk and have a beer because the bars in Cuiabá were always open until dawn. It seemed that every bar owner in town was bohemian. They sat in a little bar near the hotel and ordered a beer.

– I see you were worried about our conversation about the way things are going, aren't you? asked Obajara, looking at Kunhahendy who showed an air of concern.

– Since I was a teenager, I've fought for everything to go

a different way. After knowing all that you told me, I feel that I've failed and that all the time I've been "writing letters to the dead", as Ailton Krenak said, – replied Kunhahendy, staring at Obajara, who also became serious, got up, pulled his chair next to her and hugged her, leaning his head on hers.

Late at night, in the small bar, tenderness took hold of them, and fear, uncertainty, and, above all, the paranoia of the extinction of their races was what united them. Kunhahendy's full lips were trembling when Obajara unashamedly kissed her. They had a few more beers, paid, and went back to the hotel as it was well after 2:00 am. Entering the room, they saw the mattress that the attendant had placed at their request, looked at each other's faces and laughed. Unable to contain their excitement, they quickly took off their clothes and began a long, delicious kiss.

Bodies naked, both began with the most ardent caresses; Kunhahendy took Obajara's penis and sucked it with all her fervor, feeling the lubricating liquid run down her breasts while he moaned with pleasure. Soon after, they lay down and began a sixty-nine. Only the greedy noises of tongues and groans could be heard. They went on to penetration, and Kunhahendy preferred the position of the "roasted chicken", that is, with her lying on her back on the mattress, Obajara penetrated her kneeling on the floor, looking at Kunhahendy, who then had a long orgasm. He continued until he felt he was going to come. Kunhahendy, noticing him, asked him to stop. Not understanding his companion's request, but respecting her because she might want to avoid an unexpected pregnancy, he did as she said, took his penis out of her vagina and sat on the bed.

She got up and hugged him; both were sweaty and breathless. Kunhahendy lay down on all fours on the bed and asked him to penetrate her anus. Obajara was kind of thoughtful and surprised, remembering his own past and, with even more excitement, when looking at the beautiful little hole that was

already blinking and waiting for his penis, instead of penetrating it, he crouched down and started to suck. it. Kunhahendy sighed with pleasure at each lick and then insisted:

– Put it in my ass, my dear! I want to enjoy it there with you. Obajara very slowly penetrated he anus of Kunhahendy, who cried out with pleasure and as soon as the penis was fully inside and the back and forth movement began, and in less than a minute they were both screaming and came together. He lay down on top of her, and the two stayed for a few minutes like that, panting, until he took his penis from the indian's beautiful ass, from which a lot of sperm dripped and wet the bed.

Both got up, still trembling, Kunhahendy smiled and hugged Obajara, who also hugged her, and they kissed tenderly. Tired, they bathed and then lay looking at the ceiling. Obajara, curious, asked, without looking at her, why she didn't want him to come inside her vagina, if it was just for fear of getting pregnant. Kunhahendy looked at him and said no, but it was a long story and asked if he wanted to hear it. He nodded, and she began her story:

– I was born in Paraguay, in a village near Arroyito. Before I was born, my mother saw the Pombero Acãhendy [head of fire, a Guarani myth] so my name is Kunhahendy, because I have a connection with this entity linked to eroticism even before existing.

– I studied in Ponta Porã, Mato Grosso do Sul state, and my parents died when I was five years old. I was raised by my grandmother until I was ten years old.

– One day, a Paraguayan couple appeared in the village, who were known in the region because they helped many indian children with their studies, Señor and Señora Benitez, a nice middle-aged couple, and they wanted to adopt me so I could study; they owned farms in Ponta Porã and had a lot of money, and they were also the parents of two children who were studying at university in Buenos Aires. My grandmother didn't

object; she always wanted the best for me.

– I went to live in their house, and they treated me like a daughter. Only my birth registration couldn't be changed because I had already been registered in Concepción, Paraguay.

– There was a large library in their house and I immersed myself in studies, both at school and from what was in the library at home. I learned Portuguese very quickly, and I was soon the best student at school, and I received lots of gifts, however, during school holidays, I would go back to Arroyito to stay with my grandmother, who was getting very old.

– When I turned fourteen, they threw a party for me, and the Benitez children showed up for the party. I didn't know them, but they already knew that I had been adopted by their parents. They always came to the end-of-year parties, but I was in the village with my grandmother.

– Pablo and Carmen were their names, and they were finishing university; they were doing their residency in Medicine and, as they were very hard-working, they only went to visit their parents when their days off coincided.

– Now my erotic story begins.

– The moment we met, it was as if the mist of the *mo hagiî rõ* [sexual desire] of the Pombero¹⁷ had taken hold of the three of us. Soon, they hugged me fervently and began to stroke my hair, which was even longer, saying in Guaraní: “*Mbaecha kunhatai iporã!*” [What a beautiful girl!].

– Carmen was twenty and Pablo twenty-one, and their parents were happy to see that their children didn't repudiate me, which is what often happened in rich families that adopted indian children from villages in Paraguay.

– That same night, after the party, they insisted that I sleep

17. Mythical creature of the night in the Guaraní culture.

in their room. It was a very large room, with two huge beds, hammocks, a large bathtub with a shower and even a fridge.

– The weather was hot, and Carmen proposed that the three of us get in the bathtub. There we went. I took my clothes off and left only my bra and panties on, and Carmen did the same. Pablo stayed in his swimming trunks. We were laughing while Pablo pulled his sister’s hair, and she pulled mine until, in one of those manoeuvres, I felt Carmen’s hand trying, as a joke, to take my panties off. I thought it was funny and I also tried to take hers off, but she didn’t care and laughed, on the contrary, she took my hand and put it in her vagina underwater. I felt a shiver of excitement as those hairs filled my hand. Soon after, it was Pablo’s turn, who hugged me from behind while his sister tickled the sole of my foot. I laughed, asked them to stop, but they continued, until Carmen let me go. That’s when I realized and felt Pablo’s hard penis in the hollow of my legs. It hadn’t been the first time I’d seen a penis; in the village, it is common, on hot days, in the afternoon, for us indians to bathe naked. You know that, don’t you? – she insinuated to Obajara, who nodded. — I saw the couples who went out to have sex right there, I got tired of seeing these things. But when I saw that hard cock in the hollow of my legs, I got really excited, and they both noticed. It was then that Carmen came out of the water already totally naked and said:

– Do you want to be our true sister?

– What do you mean by that? – I asked her, and she was hugging me, caressing my small breasts that were already coming out of over my bra, and she replied by licking the back of my neck:

– Me and Pablo are lovers! We are not true brother and sister.

– Señor and Señora Benitez adopted me too, – Carmen said, and continued: – Only Pablo is their son, but we’ve been raised together since we were little. My parents always came

to visit me while I was growing up and studying, they never hid anything from me. Pablo and I have been having sex since your age. I grew up with him always eating my pussy, my asshole, sucking me and me sucking his dick too because we would get porn movies, watch, get excited and then we would practice by imitating the movie. It's always been like that. I like girls too, so I got excited when I saw you.

– Everything that Carmen was telling me, – she continued, – all that was a big revelation to me, it surprised me, but then I felt better. I was also enjoying it, after all it was just a proposal of erotic complicity for us to live better as siblings. After all, I was a little indian girl who was starting to feel the first signs of puberty, I had already masturbated a few times, but they were adults who were experienced in the sex stuff.

– At that moment, I remembered a passage in the village, when I was about seven years old and the shaman was advising a newly married couple who were going to move to the capital Asunción. He would say to the boy: “*Nde nhe nhangareko ndivê revi nde kunha, mbae rapa ava paraguayguá ayhu puru-u!*” [You have to watch your wife’s ass, because men from Asunción like to fuck her].

– I didn’t understand because I was a child, I thought that advice from the shaman was strange. But after that night, I began to understand these things better.

– Carmen then kissed me on the mouth and told me to crouch down on all fours with my vagina, which was starting to grow hair, coupled to her mouth, and she was already lying on the bed. I did what she told, she then started sucking my cunt while her brother started sucking my ass. I went into delirium, I came several times with both of them sucking me. Pablo didn’t penetrate me that night, they did it little by little, over a week. Every night, they both poked their fingers into me, stretching me. I was deflowered little by little, without pain, and I also

learned to suck vagina, ass, penis and receive cum in my mouth.

– I had already read the book *Gente Pantaneira* [People from the Pantanal] by the writer from Mato Grosso, Abílio Leite de Barros, brother of the great poet from Cuiabá, Manoel de Barros. I remember that, in an excerpt from the book, he talks about the involvement of an indian woman with a white man and categorically states that after an indian woman has sex with a white man, she doesn't want anything to do with an indian man anymore. What the writer meant is that we indians, most of the time, only have sex for procreation, not to explore the erotic pleasure of the body.

– The “initiation” with Carmen and Pablo made me understand the statement by the writer Abílio Leite de Barros and also the reason for the advice of the village shaman for the couple who were going to move to Asunción.

– I can say today that Pablo and Carmen helped me to open up all my erotic possibilities and also my mind in the face of things in the world, because once you expand your erotic limits, everything becomes easier, you stop being afraid and learn to face any situation. From then on, I became a more secure teenager with the boyfriends I had, I understood why white teenagers suffer from the awakening of sexuality. I understood one of the main curses of Christianity called “original sin”, which only serves for people to carry a virtual guilt that had never existed, as well as the most striking and most important thing of all, which is the obsession with conjugal fidelity that white women carry as if it were a burden for a lifetime, subjecting themselves, after a while, to living a conjugal and social hypocrisy that often ends in abandonment or tragedy.

– Before Carmen and Pablo returned to Buenos Aires, after my “initiation”, we performed a ceremony, which they both call “sperm communion”.

– What's that? asked Obajara, curious and all excited again.

– As usual we had a threesome, but with a difference: we started with Carmen and I alternating blowjobs on Pablo, then he penetrated my ass, while I sucked Carmen’s vagina. I was having multiple orgasms when Pablo said he was about to come in my asshole. Then he took his penis out of my ass and came in the mouth of Carmen, who kept all the sperm in her mouth. So the three of us got up, and, standing, holding hands in a circle, she passed some of the sperm into my mouth, then into Pablo’s mouth, the three of us hugged and swallowed the sperm all together, in one go. Afterwards, the two of them told me that it was an oath of complicity with pleasure for the rest of our lives, no matter how much time passed, nor the commitment we could have with other people around us, such as marriage, courtship or any other; from then on, we were true brother and sisters and committed to erotic pleasure above all else. From that day until today, every time we meet, we have our orgy to kill the longing. – Kunhahendy ended her story by lightly kissing Obajara, who was already very excited.

It’s a very crazy and hot story and look how I am, *che roray-jhu* [my love]—said Obajara, showing his penis, which was all sticky and moving. Then Kunhahendy said: – Let’s take another shower, it’s very hot, right! So that we can also do our “sperm communion”, after all we are now lovers and you already know the other side of me: you know that I am also a *kunhá potahá* [lesbian], so we have to seal our pact of pleasure without the traditional Christian commitment, OK? —she proposed, taking Obajara’s hand and going to the bathroom.

When the two left the bathroom, she began to give him a blowjob and then lay down on all fours, already asking him to penetrate her anus. That’s what Obajara did: before coming, he took out his penis and released the sperm in her mouth; then they divided the portion, both swallowed it smiling and went to sleep.

* * * * *

The pact of the relationship proposal between Kunhahendy and her “brother and sister”, was also made with Obajara that night, a relationship that, in the near future, would commit them to pleasure, regardless of any parallel relationships.

* * * * *

The number of different types of erotic swing clubs that are spreading around the world today is the closest thing to the “communion of sperm”. Despite this liberal development that is taking place, the “patchwork” of the social hypocrisy of monogamous couples still manages to postpone their separations.

In these precincts a new type of erotic freedom is developing, never experienced by any spouse, and, in this experimentation, the traditional couple will be light and free as if they had participated in an erotic play in Augusto Boal’s Theatre of the Oppressed.

Everything that we call the instinct of our unconscious, mainly our exacerbated and sometimes dubious eroticism, which we think has already died out or is no longer there, still exists. Those who do not believe have ignored Lavoisier’s maxim: “In nature nothing is created, nothing is lost, everything is transformed”. This axiomatic wisdom of his could be completed by adding that: That which is not transformed, does not survive in this world. We are still the instinctual troglodyte who has sex like any mammal, but we have the free will to choose pleasure or procreation, regardless of the social and/or religious rules that were created to make us unilaterally and “socially organized as so-called children of God”. Throughout history, this has only served to create, in every social class, rapists, pedophiles, psychopaths, sociopaths, in addition to the proliferation of psychosomatic diseases caused by treating instinct and the various facets of sexual desire as an evil that had to be excised from the human soul.

What is being shaped today in couples’ relationships, mainly in

the BDSM clubs, completely escapes the previous culture modulated on the Judeo-Christian morality, with the result that there is no need for a gay couple to ask permission from a priest, judge, pastor or any other religious entity to get together. After all, the "feeling" belongs to them. By asking permission, they are demeaning themselves and clamouring for this authorization, demonstrating unnecessary dependence on a failed system that will not add anything substantial to couples' lives

These new erotic social possibilities will put an end to the old and exhausted form of the traditional family, as well as traditional marriage, blessed by religious entities and approved by a legal body. Obviously, all the rancidity of racism, homophobia and sociocultural egocentrism that still hinders and sickens our society will now disappear with this new proposal of "plurianticonventional" erotic freedom, if we may use this neologism.

Part 2

Chapter 10

CONFLICTS AND SONIA OTAHIME'S NEW AFFAIR

It was the end of September 2018. The turmoil of the campaign for the elections for the president of the republic, senators, state and federal deputies shook the entire country, especially in the rural areas, where crime and corruption was increasing alarmingly.

After the last meeting of indigenous peoples that had taken place in the Xingu, in 2016, things began to take certain unexpected paths, as well as drastic courses of action coming from both the indians and the squatters and ruralists. The latter, as they had a majority of representatives in Congress, had in the previous three years manipulated the basic laws of the Federal Constitution, which protected the people of the forest for their own benefit, ignoring any kind of moral scruples and compassion towards the true owners of the continent.

* * * * *

In the small municipality of Água Boa in the state of Mato Grosso, after a rainy night, the morning was sunny, and a child a little over two years old was looking at the birds that moved in

the trees in the backyard of his house. The boy smiled, gestured, made noises imitating birds. Suddenly, he spread his little arms forward and the birds came, one by one, to land his arms, others on his head; he squealed, and the birds all flew up and started circling around him, and then he smiled in amusement.

His mother watched everything through a slit in the window, and, every day she became more enchanted, hardly understanding these unusual feats of her son Kami, a child who was born premature, how he seemed to know things and delve into the mysteries of the things of the world and, above all, to have familiarity and power over them.

After silently observing the little boy for a few minutes, she heard the doorbell ring. Knowing that this tender moment had come to an end because the boy's nanny had just arrived, Sonia took her eyes from the slit and went out to open the door. It was time to start another day of work, which promised to be a busy day for Sonia Otahime in the Ministry of Labour.

– Good morning, Sonia! – greeted the beautiful girl, as soon as the door opened.

– Good morning, Carol! Let's go in... – Sonia said and told Carol: – Kami has been in the backyard since early morning playing with the birds.

– This boy is a wonderful! – exclaimed Carol, smiling and heading for the kitchen. – Sometimes he talks to me making signs as if he were grown up.

– He sometimes even surprises me, his mother...

– Carol! Today I'm not coming back for lunch, I have to leave the town, and I won't be back until the end of the afternoon... OK? – and Sonia told Carol the things she would have to do, besides taking care of Kami.

After having breakfast with Kami, Sonia told him that she

wouldn't be there to have lunch with him and that when she got back she would have all the time he wanted. The boy smiled and made gestures that only she understood. She grabbed her things and drove to the Ministry.

When she was nearly there, she noticed a certain commotion in the small town: people going to and fro, and groups of indians with painted faces. She continued until she approached the entrance to her office building and saw that it all had to do with some kind of labour issue because the local and federal police were there.

As soon as she got out of the car, a ministry worker came to meet her, immediately saying:

– I'm glad you arrived, Sonia, these men wanted to go to your house because of the indians who are on the warpath as the Federal Police have arrested an Indian and some *jagunços*¹⁸ and also freed ten indians who were imprisoned and working as slaves in that mine near Cocalinho. The Police Chief wants to talk to you to get them to leave. Everything happened this morning, and they've been here since early morning.

– Well, Afonso, my arrival time here is at 9:00 am, there are still ten minutes to go, and there would be no point in going to my house because the paperwork for them to fill in is here in the office, – Sonia replied, and added: – Okay! Let's see it all.

She grabbed her things, locked the car and walked to the entrance to the building. In her office, she turned on her computer, waited a few minutes and then motioned for the clerk to let the police chief in.

– Good morning, Ms Otahime, I'm Commander Josino de Souza, from the Federal Police, in charge of the municipality of Barra do Garças.

18. Paid mercenaries, usually violent.

– Good morning sir. Come in, sit down, let's see your initial report so we can examine the case, shall we? – said Sonia, looking at him and showing him good will.

– Certainly, Ms Otahime!

He handed her the report, and Sonia began to read it while the police chief waited, a little uneasy, drumming on the table with his fingers. With all the calm in the world, she learned about the events that had taken place at the mine and soon came across something that caught her attention. She stopped reading and turned to the police chief, who was anxious to say something.

– How was that possible, sir? Did you see it?

– Positive, ma'am! Well, I got there, and it was already happening!

– So you arrested this indian too?

– Yes, we arrested him! He's in the local police van, and he'll be with the police here until it's decided what to do with his case. As for the other prisoners, they'll go to Barra do Garças.

– Let's do the following: we'll take a copy of this report of yours, and you wait for me to see how we're going to do it. You and your team must be tired, you'd better go to Barra, and I'll call my department to start making a report and indicting the person involved... Right?

Commander Josino agreed, so Sonia phoned the clerk Afonso asked him to make copies of the commander's paperwork.

With the copies in hand and the originals with the captain, Sonia accompanied him out of the room, and he thanked her and pointed out the indians in the building.

– Thank you, Ms Otahime! But how are you going to deal with the indians out there? – asked the police chief, referring to the various ethnicities that were in the lobby of the building.

– Leave it to me, I get along with them. You can rest assured

that as soon as something is decided and I need your testimony, I'll call you myself. Have a good day.

– Thank you ma'am, and have a nice day too! – said the police chief, heading towards the door that led to the lobby, – then he turned, looked at her and said, winking: – I hope so! – referring to the tumult that was starting in the ministry lobby.

Sonia smiled and went out to see what was happening. She soon came across Afonso, who said that the indians wanted the prisoner to be released immediately. She saw that it wouldn't be possible because it wasn't up to her. She asked their leader to go into her room to talk. Afonso went to the lobby to find out who was in charge of the ethnic groups, and, once identified, she was taken to Sonia's room.

– Their leader is here, can I send her in now? – asked Afonso, with his face towards the half-open door of Sonia's office.

– Yes, you can! – she replied, looking at her computer monitor.

– Good morning, Ms Otahime, – greeted the indian leader.

– Good morning, miss, but aren't you the indian who, along with another, gave me a lift to Xavantina? – She recognized her as soon as he entered her room.

– That's me, Ms Otahime. I never imagined that I would find you after almost a year, in a situation I didn't expect, – replied Kunhahendy, fixing her red headband.

– Please sit down! – said Sonia, pointing to the chair.

– And your handsome little boy, how is he? – asked Kunhahendy, seeing a framed picture of Kami on her desk.

– Kami is marvellous! Every day I am more impressed by his games.

– Well... Tell me what really happened there at the open

mine and why there is all this fuss here in the ministry building? – asked Sonia, looking steadily at Kunhahendy, who looked weary.

– They arrested Obajara, that fellow indian of mine who was driving the vehicle, remember?

– Of course I remember! I didn't know that he was the one in the local police van when I spoke to the Federal Police chief just now. So tell me really what happened, okay?

– Ms Otahime, the story is complicated, but I'll summarize it so you can understand.

– I am Guarani, from Paraguay, but I have lived in Brazil for eight years. Obajara is Munduruku, from the northern region, Rio dos Peixes, municipality of Juara, from here in Mato Grosso.

– A fortnight ago, Obajara and I went to work, with permission from Funai, as volunteers in a reservation near the municipality of Cocalinho. After a week of work, one night, the reservation was attacked by jagunços, who kidnapped several indians and raped some indian women. I managed to escape and hide. My companion Obajara was one of the indians they took.

– That very night I decided to follow the jagunços, hiding in the forest, because if I left it for another day, I wouldn't be able to know which way they were going, and I would never find out where Obajara and the other indians were being taken and which direction they would take.

– They walked about five hours through the forest, up and down a hillside, until they came to a mine.

– I didn't go any closer, because I would be spotted before I arrived. The place was full of guards, so I decided to ask for help from someone who could notify the police and Funai.

– I came back and found, in the late afternoon, a person

from Ibama¹⁹, who had his cell phone via satellite and communicated with the Federal Police in Barra do Garças.

– Soon, a commando group was sent there supported by the local police. It took about three days for them to locate the mine at night in the middle of a downpour. There were shootings, arrests and the death, or rather, the “burning” of one of the jagunços. Now, they are accusing my companion of murder, and the jagunços were the ones with the guns.

– That’s all I know, Ms Otahime. If there’s anything else in the police report that I didn’t say, I don’t know and I haven’t seen it either, so that’s what there is, but Obajara is not a murderer, I can assure you of that.

Sonia was thoughtful and made a decision: – I’ll ask the local police chief to let me talk to him, – and then she asked Kunhahendy to talk to the indians who were in the lobby to get them to stop the commotion and leave. Kunhahendy left the room, went to the lobby, talked to the indians and promised that Obajara would be released soon. They complied with her request and began to leave.

As soon as things became calm, Kunhahendy went with Sonia to the police station and talked to the police chief, who allowed them to enter without any restrictions. Upon opening the cell, Kunhahendy ran, hugged, and kissed Obajara. Sonia, smiling, joked with them saying:

– Eh! Young lady, I know he’s a handsome man, won’t you leave some for me too? – And she laughed to see so much emotion between a couple.

– Obajara! This is Sonia Otahime... Do you remember her? – asked Kunhahendy.

19. Ibama, Instituto Brasileiro do Meio Ambiente e dos Recursos Naturais Renováveis [Brazilian Institute for the Environment and Renewable Natural Resources].

– Of course I do! She’s the mother of that lovely little boy who went with us to Xavantina, – replied Obajara, smiling, and, releasing himself from Kunhahedy’s embrace, he shook Sonia’s hand.

– So Ms Otahime wants you to tell her how the jagunço died at the mine because the Federal Police report says you burned him... – Is that right? asked Kunhahedy, looking at both of them at the same time.

– It was the strangest event of my life, but I didn’t burn that man although I should have killed him when I had the opportunity, there that night, in Alto da Boa Vista, – Obajara replied with an air of astonishment and anger.

Kunhahedy interrupted him and asked in amazement: – So he was the man in the hat? The one who kidnapped us?

– That’s him! And also the other one in the cap who was with him. They were among the jagunços who took us to work in the mine, – he confirmed, looking at Sonia, who was getting lost herself in the conversation and so interrupted them, asking a little suspiciously and impetuously:

– So you both already knew each other?

– Yes, Ms Otahime! replied the two indians together.

Obajara went on to tell her what happened that day of the escape when they had taken her to Nova Xavantina and then burnt the pick-up. Sonia listened to everything and then repeated the unanswered question, whether he had actually “burnt” the man, as stated in the police report. Obajara reported in detail what had happened at the mine:

– Well! Once at the mine, the man in the hat recognized me and started hitting me, asking me about his pistol. I said that I had left it inside the van that had been burnt, but he didn’t believe it because it hadn’t been found, he told me I was marked

out to die, but he wouldn't kill me at that moment because he didn't decide what happened in the mine.

– We worked like slaves all week so we wouldn't die. Those who tried to flee were killed by the guards. Then, with the remaining indians, I set up an escape plan to be carried out that last night.

– Everything was arranged The strategy was for one of the indians to provoke the guards and attract the attention of the others, while I ran away to seek help. I didn't even know that Kunhahendy had already made it, and that's when the confusion and the "strange thing" happened.

– What strange thing? Sonia asked, frowning at him.

– I'll get there! Obajara interjected, staring at her. – You saw the heavy rain last night. At the time of the escape, this rain helped a lot because when the police surrounded the place, I had already left. I was running away, and I heard the sound of shots and the noise in the mine. I didn't stop because I knew that one of the jagunços was tailing me, but when I arrived in a small clearing, a strong lightning bolt fell nearby that lit up everything, and, to my surprise, I saw that my pursuer was the man in the hat, who was about ten metres behind me with a flashlight, and he yelled at me to stop when he was in the middle of a clearing. I noticed that I would easily be shot at that distance as he was carrying a 12 gauge shotgun.

I stopped, but he hadn't noticed that I had loosened the rope before leaving the mine, and in the dark I pretended I was still tied up. Then he came over and told me to kneel. When I realized that he was going to execute me, I jumped on him, the flashlight escaped from his hand, the shotgun went off, but it didn't hit me and landed by his side. We got into a hand-to-hand fight until he punched me, and I fell.

– At that moment, he picked up the shotgun again and aimed

it at me, and I was still recovering from the blow. Then, I heard that sound that we had heard, Kunhahendy and I, at night, on the main road, from that object full of lights. The light and sound were so strong that I didn't see anything else in front of me; the object passed over us, disappearing into the darkness. When I returned to the man in front of me, he was already on fire, and the flames immediately spread over his entire body. The shotgun was on the ground, he ran screaming and running towards the forest; I stood there stunned, not knowing what had happened.

– Then the police arrived, and they found the man on the ground, still on fire, already dead, in the middle of the rain, and I was half petrified looking at all that. They arrested me, took the shotgun and ordered me to go to the other prisoners who were in the mine, and they were then freed.

– I asked the captain why I was being arrested, and he said that I had killed the man in the hat, on suspicion of “extreme cruelty”. We were brought here, and you already know the rest, – Obajara concluded, looking at Sonia, who didn't seem to believe anything he had told her.

– Well... – she said, looking at the two indians: – Let's wait for the ballistics exam and see what the coroner says about what caused the dead man's “combustion” – decided Sonia and prepared to leave the cell, when Kunhahendy intercepted her and said, touching her shoulder and appealing:

– Ms Otahime, I know you didn't believe him, but could you at least speed up the process so that it can be verified that he didn't fire the gun that killed the man, or set him on fire? – Sonia paused as she turned to look at her, who continued saying: – Can you do this for us? – she begged.

– Yes! I'll see! she said, looking at them both. – I'm going to see to that now and get it sorted out as soon as possible, – said Sonia, heading towards the exit of the cell, but then she turned

around, looked at the two of them and said:

– I have to go, just this morning, to a small district close by to see some things. I'll be back in the mid-afternoon. If I already have any results from the ballistics and the autopsy, I'll give you a call. Give me your phone number so I can communicate with you... Right?

Kunhahendy gave her her cell phone number, but Sonia was confused and smiled when asking her to spell the name. Afterwards, the two left, still talking, while the jailer closed Obajara's cell.

After a few hours, it started to rain again. Kunhahendy was sleeping in the small hotel in town, for she was tired and had been awake since early in the morning, when a loud clap of thunder woke her up. She sat on the bed, and, after a few minutes, went to the window, which was open, looked at the rain and saw Sonia's car going down the street. It was about 4:00 pm.

The rain lessened but did not stop, and she went back to sleep. It was already 7:00 pm, and it was still raining when her phone rang and, on the other end of the line, Sonia spoke with great enthusiasm:

– Kunhahendy! I spoke to the coroner, and he said they didn't find any bullet holes, and there's also no evidence of fuel or anything else that could have been put onto the dead body to set it on fire.

– Oh! Ms Otahime, what good news! Didn't I tell you he's innocent? – She was glad to hear it. — And now, what will be the next procedure?

– Let's wait until tomorrow, so I can talk to the judge of the district to release him, since there was no technical proof of the crime, – answered Sonia, asking where she was at that moment.

– I'm at the Hotel Serra Verde, here in the town centre.

– Would you like to come see my house?

– Oh! Ms Otahime... It would be nice to meet your little boy—replied Kunhahendy, all happy.

– This hotel is close to my house, so settle the bill at the desk and I'll pick you up and you sleep here at home today... OK?

– Fine, Ms Otahime!

Sonia's house was simple. In addition to the large living room with a toilet, there was a breakfast room and a large kitchen, a double bedroom for guests and a suite where she slept with Kami. The backyard made the difference, because it had an outhouse with a small library and the orchard, which provided an inviting shade of several fruit trees native to the region.

As soon as Kunhahendy entered the house, she smiled when he saw Kami sitting on the sofa, and when he saw her, he ran to her with his arms open, saying:

Sy!... Che sy!... Che sy! [Mother!... My mother!... My mother!]

The indian was startled by what the boy said, and, as soon as he got close to her, he hugged her legs. She felt the child's caress and bent down, backpack and all, to hug him properly and pick him up.

– Sonia was surprised and perplexed, because the boy had never acted like that with other people; not even with Nanny Carol, who stayed with him all week.

– Aunt Kunhahendy came to visit us and is going to sleep here, okay?

– Now, let your aunt put your things in the guest room, and let's have dinner, sonny, – Sonia said, taking him from Kunhahendy's arms though he was reluctant.

– What a beautiful child, eh, Ms Otahime! exclaimed Kunhahendy.

– I confess one thing: I’ve never seen this boy act like that with anyone, saying strange things – said Sonia, her oriental eyes perplexed, looking at Kunhahendy, who risked a guess:

– Was it something he got from his father? – she asked, looking at the child, who was on his mother’s lap and wanting to get back to Kunhahendy.

– I don’t know... His father died before he was born — replied Sonia, with an air of sadness.

– At that moment, the doorbell rang, Sonia put Kami on the floor, went to her bag, which was on the sideboard, and took her wallet, as the pizza she had ordered for dinner had arrived. After paying the delivery man, she said:

– Let’s eat before it gets cold, on this rainy night.

The three of them sat down in the breakfast room; Sonia got the plates and cutlery, while Kami and Kunhahendy played with each other, laughing.

After the dinner of pizza with wine, Kami was sleepy and was taken to his room. Then Kunhahendy and Sonia began to get to know each other better, talking and drinking more wine. The rain had lessened, only the sound of thunder in the distance could be heard with the reflection of lightning, which flickered in the windows.

– So, are you a Paraguayan indian and Brazilian at heart? – asked Sonia.

– An indian can only understand him or herself in this way after a long time outside the forest because there are no limits or borders. It’s as if the forest were an extension of our body, of our spirit, something very difficult for white people to understand, Kunhahendy replied, smiling.

– I remember this psychological state when I attended the Kuarup festival in 2015, there in Xingu. I also felt it when I drank

ayahuasca tea at the Vegetal Union in Cuiabá. You really feel a complete sense of freedom never experienced before, – said Sonia, looking at Kunhahendy, who smiled and tossed her beautiful black hair, which shone in the reflection of the lightning.

– So, do you know a little about indigenous culture? – asked Kunhahendy.

– I know little that I learned from Kami’s father, who knew more, – said Sonia, a little reflectively.

– Kami’s father seems to have been a very important person to you, – Kunhahendy suggested.

– Yes, he was! – she replied, still looking thoughtful.

The rain had stopped, the air was fresh, and the warmth of the wine helped Sonia to invite Kunhahendy to see the backyard, and so she turned on the light. They went out and walked towards the orchard with their glasses of wine. However, before reaching the first trees, Kunhahendy asked, looking at Sonia:

– And there, what is it?

– It sounds weird, but it’s my little library.

– Great! I spent part of my adolescence with foster parents always inside the library in their house – said Kunhahendy, happy and hugging Sonia, who felt the her energy invade her body.

– I’d like to see your books, Sonia, I love books! – she proposed, smiling and looking around the room.

– So let’s go! I always leave the door open, – Sonia said, putting her hand around Kunhahendy’s waist and walking towards the room.

Upon entering the room, Kunhahendy returned to her childhood in the Benitez house and was amazed. She began to look at everything, placed her glass on a small table, took one of the works in the poetry section from the shelf and sat on the

sofa, smiling, while Sonia watched Kunhahendy's spontaneous childishness. She felt a fascinating attraction to the young woman's native beauty.

Sonia had already felt this languid energy from other women when she was still living in São Paulo. She had been with a few, but at that moment, she seemed to have ignited a new excitement for the indian girl.

Kunhahendy picked up another book of poetry, while Sonia continued to observe her. She didn't even realize that she had picked up her first book of poetry, released in 2008 in São Paulo.

After leafing through it, Kunhahendy stopped at the poem entitled "From the same inside" and read it aloud looking at Sonia, who seemed to be under a spell:

pregnant moment we gravitate to the embrace
Where
in one body (belly)
we are two hearts out of step.

When Kunhahendy finished reading the poem, both were embraced and looking into each other's eyes; the glass fell from Sonia's hand without her realizing it. Kunhahendy let go of the book too and, greedily, they kissed in a long frenzy. The mists of *mo hagiû rō* [erotic desire] took over the two women, who quickly stripped. Kunhahendy took the initiative and lay down with Sonia on the sofa, spread her thighs and started sucking her, while she moaned stroking her long, silky hair.

After a few minutes, there was a muffled cry of pleasure from Sonia, who shuddered, clutching the head of Kunhahendy, whose mouth was sucking her vagina, which was overflowing with its lubricating secretion; she savoured everything, even the residue, that was flowing into her partner's anus, as every more experienced man does. Sonia was delirious with so much pleasure.

– Well! How crazy, eh, Kunhahendy! – she pondered, slowly moving her head away from her legs, recovering from the long orgasm, getting up and sitting on the sofa next to Kunhahendy, who continued to stroke her.

– I was horny for you too. I was afraid of getting frustrated, but when I read your poem, which shows “the mismatch of souls in this world of mismatch”, I felt a thread of your erotic absence, which set me on fire to give you pleasure.

– At that moment, my dear, my protector, Pombero Acahendy, from whom my name comes, gives me conviction and strength to satisfy myself and him too, – said Kunhahendy, kissing the mouth of Sonia, who, even without understanding the explanation, began to suck her breasts.

Kunhahendy let out a sigh of pleasure and lay down on the sofa, opening her legs so that Sonia could attach her full mouth to her vagina. She began to moan and caress the brown hair of the Japanese mestizo, who increasingly flexed the genitals of Kunhahendy, who soon came like crazy, scratching Sonia’s back, which she didn’t even feel as she was relaxing after a long period of absence from such magnetizing sex.

With this new partner that night came the awakening of a singular desire. November 2015 was long gone, that sweet and mordant night in São Paulo when Marx sucked her and gave her the deepest orgasm she had ever had from a man. From then on, Sonia stopped wanting to control her impulses towards her male and female partners, but she only had erotic pleasures with little quality, just to complete nights with whoever was with her.

After she moved to Água Boa with little Kami, she stayed “dry” all this time, as the proposals that appeared were from men who just wanted to “eat her” or from others who wanted a serious commitment, which exasperated her.

Chapter 11

REVELATIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS

– Well, Mr. Obajara, the technical exams didn't find any bullet holes nor any indication of an attack with flammable material on the victim's body, so there is no proof, in the first instance. You will not be indicted as a criminal by the district judge, – the chief of police informed the indian, who listened attentively, sitting in the chair in the police station; he continued to instruct him about his provisional release: – I will release you, but you will be in custody for three days, here in the town. You will not be able to leave the municipality during this time. Sign here, and we are finished! – concluded the Police Chief.

– Thank you sir! I'll be at your disposal, – replied Obajara while the jailer came in with his belongings and placed them on the chief's table; he said nothing and left. The police chief saw a little black wooden sign with something written on it, attached to the necklace of tiny coconuts, and asked him: – May I ask you what is written on that tag?

– I got the tag from my grandfather, it's written in ancient Munduruku. I was a child and I can't tell you what is written, sir, – replied Obajara, putting the necklace around his neck and picking up his documents from the table. – After all this is over

and before I come back here, I'll go to the village and ask the shaman what's written, so I can tell you, okay, sir?"

The police chief nodded in agreement, answering the cell phone and signalling to the indian that he could leave. On his way out, he asked the receptionist at the station to call Kunhahendy's cell phone number, let her know he was free and ask where she was. The girl told him that Kunhahendy was in town and that he should go to the nearby bus station, that she would be waiting for him there. Obajara thanked her and left the police station.

As soon as he managed to find a payphone, he opened the little black tag attached to the necklace and dialled the number written inside it. He spoke in a low voice to another person, whom he seemed to know well. If someone were listening to the conversation, they would not understand anything, because the communication was monosyllabic.

Kunhahedy was anxiously looking and walking around the lobby of the town's bus station when, out of nowhere, Obajara hugged her from behind and said:

– *Che ajuhu nde che rorayjhu!* [I found you, my love!]

– *Oh! Che ahá arö nde anhandu pytumbó!* Oh! I was waiting for you in anguish!] – replied Kunhahendy, smiling, turning around, hugging him and kissing him on the mouth.

Sonia, who was standing in the car on the other side of the street, watched everything with a smile and honked playfully, signalling for the two to cross the street soon.

– Did everything go well, Obajara? – she asked the indian, who shook her hand and said that, for now, yes, and that he was in custody for three days. After they both got into the vehicle, they immediately left the police station.

– I'll drop you off at home with Carol and Kami. Today is

Friday, I don't work in the afternoon. It's 10:00 am, I'll go to the Ministry and come back to have lunch together, okay? – Sonia proposed, heading towards her house.

The two got out of the car in front of Sonia's house. After the bell rang, Carol immediately opened the door, Kunhahendy introduced Obajara to her, they went in and chatted in the living room. Little Kami appeared from the backyard with two starfruit from the orchard in his hands and handed them to the couple, who took them smiling. Kunhahendy said:

– Thank you so much, Kami!

The nanny, seeing the boy having fun with the indian couple, left them and went to the kitchen.

– *Ha-e uguache!* [He's here!] — said Kami, pointing to Obajara, and repeated: – *Ha-e avá techá cuaá!* [He's a spy!]

Obajara was surprised by the fact that the child who could barely walk already knew that he was an undercover agent; as a bonus, he spoke the Tupi-Guarani language, common to many indians.

The boy sat in the other chair next to Kunhahendy. The three talked in Tupi-Guarani and, to the astonishment of the two indians, Kami spoke in his child's language, informing them about the future, other events to come, and he told them not to worry because there is no way to change the larger trend of the shape of things, but the lesser evils can be avoided – it is only necessary that they take care of themselves.

Kami's eyes gleamed with intensity as he spoke, and he also gave an enigmatic smile to the couple, who listened to him and asked him some details.

Nanny Carol made a stomping sound as she walked to the entrance of the room, subtly announcing her presence to ask if they wanted water or juice while they waited for Sonia

to have lunch; they replied no and thanked her. She asked if the boy was disturbing them. Kunhahedy replied that they were talking to him.

The nanny smiled and left thinking to herself that the boy was very smart; he could barely speak and yet was talking to both of them. She shrugged and went back to the kitchen.

Kunhahedy remembered the day before, when she had entered the house and he had come running and calling her mother in Guarani. He asked him why and Kami replied: – *Ara anhete pe!* [Just in time!] — And he smiled at her holding her hand. He said goodbye to the couple, walked to the door that led to the backyard and said in Guarani: – *Aha-ta mache!* [I'm leaving!]

The indian couple were perplexed. They looked at each other in disbelief and then felt that, if the boy's mother had found out about this, she would have been shaken, and so they agreed not to say anything to Sonia. They got up, went to the kitchen and asked for some water from Carol, who served them smiling and commenting: – Kami is a child that I love, but sometimes I find him doing certain things that I prefer not to tell his mother.

– What for example? – asked Obajara, curious.

He collects empty matchboxes, then takes ten, stacks one on top of the other without any falling down, then asks me to blow. You don't believe it! I get tired of blowing the boxes, they don't fall, and he's laughing!

– After I give up, he blows from a distance, and the boxes all fall and pile up, one on top of the other on the floor, as if they had been put there by invisible hands, – she continued, seeing the surprised look on the couple. – He doesn't know how to talk properly, but sometimes he pulls me by the hand and says that people are coming here, but I hadn't heard hear the doorbell ring, nor had I heard anyone call, but soon someone was pulling up in a car. I don't know how he finds out, – she said,

wondering if the couple believed her.

Sonia arrived, and soon lunch was served, with some typical foods from the region. The indians didn't stop praising Carol's cooking:

– Pork ribs with pequi and rice, how marvellous! It's been a long time since I ate anything like it! – exclaimed Obajara.

– Tropeiro beans! If I stay in this house, I'm going to become a "pregnant tapir", said Kunhahendy.

– After all, we met for the first time without stumbling over and without problems. We deserve all this and more, don't we, my friends? – Sonia said, smiling and hugging little Kami, who looked at the couple with an air of complicity.

Kunhahendy, still eating, proposed that they go to visit an indian Obajara had said he knew in Nova Xavantina, who could clarify the appearance of the lights seen by the two of them on the main road; then again, by Obajara, the night before at the mine, which, according to his account, was what had "burned" the man in the hat.

– The three of us could go this afternoon! It's close, and we would go back in the evening. I'll ask Carol to hold on a little longer and give her a day off another time if she needs it, how about that? – Sonia proposed, excited by the idea.

– So let's go! Obajara decided, rising from the table accompanied by the two women.

Sonia had a quick chat with Carol and Kami and told them that she would be back in the early evening. She picked up the car keys, and the three of them went out to the vehicle parked at the door of the house. The 87 km that separate Água Boa and Nova Xavantina were completed in 45 minutes, and soon they were entering the town and went straight to the bridge over Dead Men's River, crossed it and turned right, along the track that follows the

river. After five minutes, they arrived at the house of an old Munduruku indian, who soon noticed the car entering his property and smiled, knowing it was his friend Obajara.

– How are you, my friend Guarã? – Obajara greeted his friend while still inside the car.

– I’m fine! Come on in, I see you’ve brought friends!

Obajara parked the car under a tree because the sun was very strong. Everyone walked towards the house of Guarã, a shaman of the Munduruku ethnic group, who, after his children had been murdered in Pará, decided to come live in Mato Grosso. His house was modest, with several medicinal plants at the entrance, and inside, there was a space to sit on the floor, where he received people.

After being introduced, Sonia and Kunhahendy entered, accompanied by Obajara, and sat down in the place that Guarã showed them. The two women were delighted with the many things that the shaman had inside his house.

– My friend Guarã! – Obajara opened the conversation. – Last year, it was me and this Guarani indian, – pointing to Kunhahendy, – running away from some jagunços, and when we entered the main road heading this way, we saw some lights on the road. There was a new moon. She wanted to know what they could be so I told her that only you could tell what the sighting of those lights could mean, and that’s why we’re here, – he told the old indian, who lit his pipe, listening. Soon, he let out the first puffs and, after a few seconds, looking at the indian girl, said:

– They are the guardians of life. They always appear to someone who will take care of a great spirit already existing in this life. – He took a breath, looked at the river he could see from his window and continued: – The guardians appear to someone because that person is under their protection, and, looking at you, my friend, it seems like they rescued you from

death three nights ago.

The old shaman spoke and looked at Obajara, who, surprised by the accuracy of his friend's clairvoyance, nodded his head in confirmation, while Sonia was flabbergasted.

– There will be difficult times for the three of you, – said the old shaman, blowing smoke over the heads of all, who were listening in silence. Then he focused on Sonia: – You have a very special boy. He is the son of a great spirit that has already left Earth, but his gesture of wanting his essence in this existence was great! Your son is protected by the guardians here and also by his offspring, from where the sun rises.

Sonia shed some tears and sobbed.

Kunhahendy, beside her, took her in her arms

Guarã sang in ancient Munduruku, swinging the small maraca and releasing more smoke on to the three of them, who continued to sit and feel the energy of the old shaman for a few more minutes, until the old indian said:

– *Opama!* [It's finished!].

Guarã asked the women to get up and leave because he didn't have anything else to say to them, but he asked Obajara to stay. As they were leaving, he said something in Munduruku in Obajara's ear, and Obajara looked at him in astonishment and then at Sonia. Obajara became serene again and went out with the shaman, talking in Munduruku.

Back in Água Boa, already on the main road, it was still 4:30 pm, and the sun was strong, Obajara suggested they bathe in a small tributary of the Rio das Mortes that he knew, to relieve the heat, and the women agreed. He left the road and entered the track; soon they saw the river. He stopped the car and, like children, the two indians ran out, taking off their clothes and entering the crystal clear water, Sonia looking on at them, who

got out more slowly, while the two called her shouting to take off her clothes and enter the water, because it was delightful.

– Come, Sonia! You need to bathe! After the shaman’s message, it’s good for the soul! shouted Kunhahendy, encouraging her friend.

Sonia smiled and took off her clothes slowly, a little embarrassed, because she wasn’t used to doing so, but soon she was in the water laughing and revelling in this sudden freedom.

Kunhahendy approached her, hugged her kissing her on the mouth. Reciprocally, she responded, under the gaze of Obajara, who joked:

– I want some too, Kunhahendy! – and laughed.

– Wait for the next time, I got here first–commented Kunhahendy, smiling and kissing Sonia again.

Back on the main road again, Sonia decided to let off steam, telling her about her deep unconscious love and that when it became real that night in São Paulo, it only lasted a few minutes, the self-grafting she made with Marx’s sperm, a gesture that meant wanting his essence, as Guarã had said. The trouble with her parents in wanting to know the boy’s father, the trip to Japan, and the boy’s name, that of the Japanese mythological god suggested by the Japanese child at the exit of the museum, to which she had added Ava, which means “man” in Guarani, because the father had Guarani forefathers. She ended up talking about the Saturday afternoon, after returning from the show with the Latin American music group Tarancón, when Marx told her about a meeting he needed to go to on Sunday morning at Ibirapuera, to meet the great indigenous leader Ailton Krenak, whom he admired. He would take her too, because he had traveled with a young Guarani indian woman, who had invited him to go there.

Upon hearing the end of the report, Kunhahendy remem-

bered what happened on the flight to São Paulo, in November 2015, and exclaimed with eloquence:

– Tuyami!... Kami is Tuyami's son! – she turned around looking with astonishment at Sonia, who was looking sad, hugging Kami and bewildered when she finished her outburst as she couldn't understand why Kunhahendy was so thrilled.

Chapter 12

A NEW PACT OF PLEASURE, SOBS, TEARS AND MOMENTARY CRUCIAL GOODBYES

Saturday, at Sonia's house, after breakfast, Obajara had left to go to the ATM to get some cash and do some personal things over the phone; he said he would be right back. Kunhahendy was still surprised by Sonia's revelations the day before and asked her pointedly:

– Did you notice whether Tuyami died smiling?

Sonia was surprised by the question about this detail and replied:

– Yes! I had never seen anyone dead smiling. How did you know this happened?

– I don't know! In my Guarani tradition, when someone dies smiling, it is a sign that they were doing what they wanted most in life, they were very happy, to the point of overcoming the fear of death and letting that happiness be seen by people close to them, – replied the indian girl, remembering that, at the end of the 2015 congress in Ibirapuera, she had had an insight when she confused a man with Marx, and, shortly afterwards, felt that he had died when the leaders asked him about Tuyami.

Sonia fell silent and called Kami, who was in the backyard as usual, playing with the birds.

– Kami! Come here! We’re going out with Mom and Aunt Kunhahendy, we have to go to the supermarket, Carol won’t be able to come on Monday, so we have to do the shopping today. Right, Kami?

The boy heard her and went looking for his shoes. Soon, he was ready and smiling at his mother, who picked him up him tenderly, hugging and kissing him.

The supermarket was quiet, and the shopping was soon finished. On the way out, Sonia saw three ruralists she already knew, greeted them and went forward to the parking lot, opening the car door. Kunhahendy put Kami in the back seat, while Sonia put the shopping from the trolley into the boot of the vehicle. The two women were getting into the car when one of the ruralists came towards them, beckoning and asking to speak in private. Sonia put on sunglasses, got out of the car and walked away, knowing that the conversation was confidential.

– Ms Otahime

– Senhor Garcia asked you to go to his farm to talk about that old case that you had been dealing with for about five years, when you were still in São Paulo, do you remember? – said the young man in the cap, with a smile on his lips and also wearing sunglasses.

– Senhor Garcia talked to me last week, back at the Ministry. I can’t help him, and he already knows that I’m not the one taking care of his process any longer, and our conversation would be useless, – replied Sonia to the young man, who smiled and agreed with her.

– Fine, ma’am. I’ll take your message to him. Thank you very much and have a nice weekend. – Then the boy walked away, Sonia went back to her car and left slowly, under the eyes of the two

ruralists who were with the boy at the door of the market.

Arriving home, after taking the groceries out of the car, Sonia went into her room and called São Paulo to talk to Jackson about Senhor Garcia's case. He answered the phone, and she said:

– Hi Jackson! How are you? It's me, Sonia!

– Eh! Sonia! How are you? replied Jackson, with an air of tranquility.

– And Lucia, how's she?

– We're fine and "almost engaged" ... Eh! Eh!

– Sorry to call you on Saturday, but I need to know how that process from here in Mato Grosso by Senhor Garcia, representative of the Xingu farm, in the municipality of Canarana.

Look, Sonia, their headquarters here appealed against your opinion, about the survey that was carried out there in Mato Grosso in 2012. Why? – Jackson said, already curious about Sonia's concern.

– I met his people just now and they asked me for a meeting.

– Be careful with these people, because they can be dangerous in other states, – he warned.

– What do you mean by that, Jackson? – asked Sonia, curious.

– Perhaps they want you to review, in quotation marks, your opinion. That's what I felt when they came to talk to me and our superintendent, – Jackson clarified, somewhat taken aback.

– Thank you, Jackson, for everything. I'll see what I do with them here. Give Lucia a hug... won't you?

Jackson said goodbye, and Sonia hung up, left the room, went to the window and saw the ruralists' white pick-up slowly passing along the street, turning the corner and disappearing.

Kunhahedy volunteered to make lunch. She was in the kitchen drinking *tereré* and making *puchero*, typical food from the Brazilian border with Paraguay, Bolivia and Argentina. Sonia arrived and, relaxing after the conversation with Jackson, joked:

– Does this food “turn you on” later, indian girl? – she laughed and hugged the beautiful Indian.

– If you eat it with *kumbari* [a type of pepper], it makes you *racú etereí* [very erotically aroused] – replied Kunhahedy, licking the *tereré* metal straw, insinuating oral sex and smiling.

– So let’s see! We bought some wine, didn’t we? It’s already in the fridge for tonight, right? – Sonia cheered up, leaving the kitchen and walking to the backyard where Kami was playing with some ants.

– Kami! After lunch, we’ll go to that waterfall you like and come back at dusk. Do you want to go with us?

– He said yes, but he wanted Kunhahedy to go too. Sonia agreed and the deal was made.

– Lunch ended at 1:00 pm, the two women ate with gusto, as the *puchero* had been delicious, especially with the *kumbari* that Kunhahedy had kept in her backpack and used. Only Obajara ate little; he was a little worried after he returned, making Kunhahedy apprehensive, and she asked him what had happened. Looking at the two, he said:

– I’ll have to go to Porto Velho on Monday, after being released by the police chief, to see to Colonel Jaime on Wednesday. They are calling me to get the reports from here and also giving me some confidential information. I’ll have to retrain in Manaus, then stay in the region where I was born, Rio dos Peixes, in the municipality of Juína, until further notice,” – he said, looking at the two women, who listened to him in silence.

– Well! Work is work, my dear, – said Kunhahedy, smiling

and stroking his head.

The afternoon was peaceful and fun. After bathing by the river, they returned home at dusk. Kami was sleeping in Kunhahendy's arms, and Sonia was dozing on the car seat.

They arrived home, and Kunhahendy took the boy to his bed in the room of Sonia, who was also dying of sleep. Both slept and so did the indian couple in the guest room.

– It was 11:00 pm when Sonia knocked on the couple's room and said:

– The night will begin now, indians! Let's have some wine in the backyard, there's a nice breeze!

– Fine! We just have to get dressed and we'll be there! – replied Kunhahedy.

Indeed, it was a beautiful night with a cool breeze and a full moon, the town was quiet, and Sonia, in a transparent nightgown, showed her beautiful Nissei silhouette, sitting at the little table which she had brought from the library and placed in the backyard with two more chairs, an ice bucket, some bottles of wine, and glasses.

As soon as they entered the backyard, she greeted them by raising her wineglass and toasting:

– Long live life and true friends!

After sitting down, they all took their glasses, and Sonia insisted on serving them. Then, they started drinking, talking and laughing, until Kunhahendy raised her glass to thank Sonia for the welcome at her house and their "colourful friendship"²⁰.

Obajara also raised his glass and thanked the two women, saying that he was a lucky indian to be in the company of two such marvellous women. He stood up, approached Kunha-

20. A Brazilian expression for an "open relationship".

hendy, hugged her, and they kissed her mouth for a long time. When they finished, Kunhahendy looked at Sonia and said:

– Now, he got there first, my sweetie, but today, let’s celebrate like true friends, as you said yourself, right? – Kunhahendy and Obajara gave each other another long kiss and said in unison:

– Want to? Join us, my hot woman!

Sonia went to them as if hypnotized, separated them and kissed Obajara on the mouth while Kunhahendy licked her neck, starting a mad frenzy in the three of them right there in the backyard, until Obajara suggested they go to the guest room.

They drank some more wine and went into the room. Everyone got naked and Obajara, his penis hard and wet with excitement, was sucked by the two women. He couldn’t resist, and soon he came in their mouths, and they swallowed all the sperm smiling. While Obajara was recovering, Kunhahendy and Sonia made a “sixty-nine” and both came, moaning.

Obajara got excited seeing the two having sex. His penis hardened again, and he penetrated the vagina of Sonia, who was lying on all fours after the orgasm she had just had with Kunhahendy; she was hoping to be penetrated first. When she felt his penis entering her, she exclaimed, with great excitement:

– I’ve needed this for a long time! How nice it is to feel a prick throbbing in my cunt! Go on, don’t stop, I want to enjoy it! – Obajara moved, holding back so as not to come, because Kunhahendy got under him and started sucking his testicles, alternating with Sonia’s clitoris, which made her crazy with excitement, and suddenly Sonia started to come and shouted: – Like that! Strong! My hot indian... Oh!... Oh!... I’m enjoying myself! — Obajara held his orgasm until Sonia finished, and then he took his penis and stuck it in Kunhahendy’s anus; both came together, hugging Sonia, who was prostrate.

They rested for about ten minutes, and then Sonia com-

mented on the pepper that Kunhahendy put in the *puchero*:

– Yes, really, that pepper made me so horny that I woke up with my cunt on fire!

The Indian woman laughed and then talked to her about the open relationship she had with Obajara and also with her brother and sister across the border. She proposed a “sperm communion”, to seal the erotic pact between them. She told how it was done, but Sonia said that she wanted to do it with vaginal penetration, because she had never had anal sex. Kunhahendy then explained to her that “sperm communion” is a commitment to erotic pleasure and could not happen through vaginal penetration because then it would be a commitment to procreation, and she already had a child. Therefore, when it came to bringing a new being into the world, the commitment was to pleasure but also included motherhood.

Sonia looked at them, still with misgivings, and decided, saying:

– Of course my love! We will be a threesome for pleasure and sharing everything in this life, until death.

They both began to alternate giving Obajara a blowjob, and his penis soon hardened as never before. Sonia took it in her hand and spoke, looking at Obajara:

– Will I be able to put up with this log in my ass?

– Relax, my sweetie! I’ll be participating, sucking you and guiding you so that you feel pleasure and not pain, – said Kunhahendy, already lying down so Sonia got on all fours and put her vagina in her mouth.

Obajara then began to suck and enlarge Sonia’s anus with his fingers and Kunhahendy was performing cunnilingus on her genitals. When she began to feel excitement in her anus, then Obajara lubricated his penis with her abundant liquid and

began to penetrate her anus, and she groaned a little when he entered the glans. He was moving little by little; when she was in pain, he took it out; he started again until Kunhahendy stopped sucking and helped her to relax and focus on the sphincter muscle, which was closest to the entrance to the vagina.

And everything started to work out. After being penetrated again, Sonia felt an increasingly strong excitement in her anus, accompanied by Kunhahendy's cunnilingus. Then, she moved her pelvis, her bum hitting Obajara's thighs, and then she came, screaming:

– Ouch!... Ouch!... Ouch! Delicious! Don't stop! Stick it all up my ass! My hot man and my hot woman! I want to enjoy it even more!

Obajara could no longer stand the movement with the tight anus sucking his penis, and he felt the emotion of having "broken the gourd of the anus" of the Nissei. He took his penis out of the anus of Sonia, who soon got on her knees next to Kunhahendy, with her mouth open to receive all the sperm that Obajara released into her mouth. The women got up, shared the sperm with Obajara and swallowed it, thus sealing the erotic pact between the three of them.

They kissed, said goodbye to each other, and went to sleep.

* * * * *

What proclaims the "communion of the sperm" is a silent revolution that ended the corrosive hypocrisy of monogamous couples, homophobic discrimination, and, above all, the hegemony of religion over the feelings of each individual. It is the profoundly spontaneous release of the senses and pleasure, without the ghost of the Christian romantic commitment of the 20th century, which says that you are responsible for whatever captivates you.

There is no conquest or captivation in the new proposal; just satis-

faction of male/female mammalian instinct. Over the millennia, courtship and marriage have been associated with social welfare “blessed by God”, as priests demanded, to support the state and the clergy.

In those days, this kind of commitment was threatened by the fear of the supernatural, and the hell created by Christianity, resulting in a farce that worked very well. Men and women then began, during a long period, to take more responsibility for their offspring. Later, legal marriage was implemented to stop a certain irresponsibility and intolerance that began to permeate the family, harming the woman when she was abandoned by her partner, leaving her alone to take care of the children. This generated many social problems and dragged on for further centuries. These were the first sparks of freedom that the unconscious was releasing to undermine the false old farce of the model promoted by Christianity.

Today, there are more than seven billion people on the planet, and the traditional concept of this relationship does not match reality as in all the continents we no longer need to worry excessively about emergencies as most countries have increasingly socialist laws which will pay for such emergencies.

*Since this time, at the end of the nineteen fifties the beatnik movement initiated the concept of free love; the bestseller *Eros and Civilization*, by the Frankfurt School philosopher Herbert Marcuse; followed by the widespread use of the condom, the introduction of the contraceptive pill, the feminist movement, the gay movement, the time had come to get rid of the old culture called “good manners”.*

*In the last decade of the millennium, *Viagra* and the trend of young people to have temporary partners practically decimated the mother cell of society, leaving it crippled by all the bizarre family relationships, which are far, far from being sacrosanct.*

The things that have happened since then have been to consolidate the need for a new position for these old failed institutions to accompany this “libertarian paraphernalia” produced at the end of the millennium, thus heralding this new era: the Era of Pleasure.

* * * * *

The next day, they woke up late, all felt lethargic, took a cold shower and Sonia prepared breakfast while Kunhahendy took some fruit peel to little Kami, happy in the backyard because of the butterflies that had appeared. Obajara got up early and was getting to know Sonia's library.

At lunchtime, Kunhahendy's cell phone rang, she answered it and spent ten minutes talking in monosyllables and limiting herself to answering while looking tense. A few minutes after hanging up, Sonia hugged her, and she suddenly burst into tears, sobbing quietly.

– What is it, my dear? I know it's not good news, but tell me! After all, you are more than my friend; we made a pact yesterday for everything in this life... didn't we? Sonia asked anxious and worried, kissing her and moving to the sofa in the living room to sit her down.

– My adoptive parents died this morning, – Kunhahendy informed, sobbing and hugging Sonia.

– How was that?

– They were returning from their biggest farm and had an accident on the road with an articulated truck that was on the wrong side. Not even the driver was saved.

– I have to go there today, my brother and sister are needing me. Carmen was the one who called me. I need to see how I'm going to get to Barra do Garças, there's a chartered plane at my disposal, which my brother Pablo has already hired.

– Why didn't he charter one here in Água Boa, wouldn't it be easier?

– He didn't know and thought I was close to Barra do Garças," replied Kunhahendy, sobbing.

Then Obajara carried the smiling Kami in through the backyard door. As soon as he learned what had happened, he called a number on his cell phone and gave a code. He automatically offered to take Kunhahendy to Barra do Garças.

– But aren't you still in custody? Sonia reminded him, looking at him.

– Yes! But I spoke to my army superior, and he's going to talk to the local police chief to release me as long as I report back tomorrow, without fail. When my cell phone rings, a code will appear. If I reply that I received it, everything will be ok, – replied Obajara, smiling, hugging and kissing the two women.

In less than five minutes Obajara received the signal, answered, and signalled for Kunhahendy to start getting ready to leave.

On the way to Barra do Garças, they hardly spoke. Kunhahendy leaned her head back on the seat and fell asleep; Sonia had given her some soothing tea to make the trip go smoothly. The 230 km were covered in two and a half hours; they entered the town and went straight to the airport.

Kunhahendy presented herself; she was taken to the plane and boarded immediately; she would have to change planes in Campo Grande and would only arrive in Ponta Porã at night.

Obajara returned to Água Boa, arriving at dusk at Sonia's house, and she was waiting for him playing with Kami in the backyard. Upon entering, he felt tired, and Sonia brought him some guava juice, which he drank in one gulp, and commented:

– It all worked out, Sonia. She boarded on time and will call us when she arrives, – he said, stroking Sonia, who was somewhat shaken by what had happened.

* * * * *

After their erotic pact, it seems that they became a single organism, a single soul, and, above all, sincerity, complicity and supreme love rose among them when they were hand in hand. The unwavering attitude to moral ethics dictated by social, economic and archaic religious class no longer threatens this harmonic pact of pleasure, which is beyond good and evil.

When the mask of the persona falls, the propriety of the character is annihilated, the stage of the theatre collapses, and the luminescence of reality makes a twelve-tone chant that corrodes the residues of the masks addicted to the consonant harmonies of social falsehood. It's like listening to drums in the distance without worrying whether they are for war or peace; There is nothing to fear. Liberated souls know that, above all, it is music that is being heard, and if it is music, we will sing and dance as the universe does.

* * * * *

Sonia put Kami to bed at 9:10 pm. She was sitting at the backyard table talking to Obajara when his iPhone rang, and Kunhahendy answered. He put it on speakerphone, they both heard Kunhahendy say that she had arrived and was fine. The three chatted excitedly, feeling that Kunhahendy had regained her composure. Then they said goodbye and turned off the phone.

Sonia was happy and sat on Obajara's lap, who began to caress her. Soon, they were kissing tenderly, and excitement came. They went into the guest room and started having sex. Sonia wanted vaginal penetration, she said she had liked it a lot the previous time. Obajara penetrated her in the traditional "missionary" position, and she had a short orgasm. Then, she stopped, still very excited, and asked, looking into the eyes of Obajara, who was on top of her:

– You didn't come, did you! So, eat my ass, indian. You opened it and liked it and it liked you! I felt your scrotum hitting it, and I'm excited... come inside, because I'm crazy and

horny to feel what Kunhahendy felt yesterday, when you did it with her, – she said and positioned herself on all fours on the bed, to receive his penis.

Sonia was feeling a psychological empathy because of the absence of Kunhahendy. This is very common after the pleasure pact: the bond that forms between people is so strong that any excitation by one of them generates a phenomenon similar to the spontaneous discharge of milk from a mother's breasts when her baby is waking up and feeling hungry though she is far away.

Obajara was trembling with excitement and granted her wish. They came together and he filled her anus with cum, which oozed out as she got up to go to her room.

On Monday morning, Obajara went early to the police station to arrange for his release as he still needed to travel in the morning.

So Senhor Obajara! Here is your release. If there is any doubt on our part, leave your contact, so that we can locate you. I know that you went to the neighbouring municipality of Nova Xavantina last Saturday, but as you were accompanied by Ms Otahime, it was OK. Yesterday, I learned that you are also part of this country's security force. I hope everything goes well and that we don't have to bother you anymore, – informed the police chief, asking him to sign the release and gave a card with his phone number.

– Thank you very much, sir! I'll be at your disposal, if you need it, – reinforced Obajara, shaking the delegate's hand and leaving.

He went back to Sonia's house to get his things, arriving along with Carol. He greeted the nanny, and they rang the doorbell, talking.

– Did you enjoy bathing on Saturday? – Carol asked him. He said yes and added:

– When an Indian sees water, a river, he can't resist, be-

cause he feels he's going to be purified again to stay alive, – he replied smiling at the nanny and looking at Sonia, who was still wearing her nightgown, opening the door.

It was 8:30 am when Obajara came in, took his things from the guest room, looked at the bed, which had been the scene of yet another pact of uncompromising pleasure, felt an anticipated absence of the two women and became serious. Then Sonia came in and spoke in a plaintive voice:

– I'll be alone again! Why is it always like this? It seems that fate has condemned me to an existence of fleeting joy and happiness. Is it not, my dear?

– Everything has its time, my love. Now what the shaman Guarã foresaw is taking place, remember? replied Obajara, hugging her and kissing her forehead.

– I'll do anything to be with you again, you bet. Never in my entire life have I felt better than in the moments I spent with you. There is nothing more important for a Munduruku than feeling friendship and sincere love from people. We Indians care for harmony much more than the laws created by white men based on bankrupt religious superstitions and epistemology, – said Obajara kissing her on the mouth, picking up his things and going to the living room, where Kami smiled and looked at him, saying:

– *Roroecha peve avá techá cuaá!* [See you later, spy!]

– *Roroecha rey peve mita will see!* [Goodbye! See you again, brilliant child!] — replied Obajara smiling at the boy, who left Sonia a little confused and curious, wanting to know if Obajara was understanding what Kami was saying to him, and he said yes, that the boy spoke their language very well.

Sonia was amazed and looked at them, who both smiled at her.

Chapter 13

A PROMISING INVENTORY AND THE FEEDBACK OF OBAJARA'S INITIATION

The entrance to the Benitez house in Ponta Porã was filled with cars. It was 10:00 am, time for the funeral. One of the local funeral homes was taking care of it, according to Pablo's arrangement, with the wake take place in the family home.

Kunhahendy was talking to Carmen: – Things are going to change now, my dear, because Pablo and I will have to speed up the construction of our clinic here in the city and also manage all the assets we inherited. Our parents didn't make an inventory when they were alive. And they didn't expect this disaster! – Carmen looked at Kunhahendy, who was looking downcast and turned to her sister in dismay.

* * * * *

When we do not die in this life from the thin and painless blade of existence itself, it gradually corrodes us in the form of a pernicious disease, or we suffer from something unexpected, as was their case.

* * * * *

– And what will happen now, Carmen? – Kunhahendy asked her sister, looking at the two coffins.

Pablo and I returned here more than a year ago. We finished our course, as you know, more than two years ago. So, in order to be close to Mom and Dad, we started to have a clinic built to work together here in Ponta Porã. We didn't expect all of this to happen, – said Carmen, hugging her sister.

– I was sorry and embarrassed when I heard from you about what happened yesterday in Água Boa, then I realized I couldn't have done otherwise. When I finished my Social Anthropology course, I had to do an internship all this time, and there was no way I could come here because in Xingu and Araguaia they needed my work the most, – Kunhahendy said, hugging her sister.

– I know what an internship is like, Kunhahendy, we can't make other commitments. Remember that Pablo and I only met you in person on your fourteenth birthday? And you'd been living here with Mom and Dad since you were ten? – Carmen remembered, stroking Kunhahendy's hair.

– Of course I remember “those unforgettable nights of my initiation” – replied Kunhahendy, with a slight smile and with upturned eyes triggering the sweet memories.

– We're going to need you here to help organize the inventory and also to be together for a while, won't we, my little sister? Pablo and I miss you so much, – said Carmen, hugging and kissing Kunhahendy on the cheek.

– It will be a pleasure to be with you, because you know that I love you very much.

The priest arrived to perform the farewell ceremony. Then, the movements for the burial began. Pablo arrived wearing sunglasses. After kissing his dead parents, he also kissed his two sisters, went to the head of the coffins and spoke: – My father and mother were much more than parents to me. They

taught me many things, from how to write to how to talk to people in their circle of friends. Now, it's the three of us who are going to take care of the inheritance I saw them build since I was young. They worked together in their humility, benevolence, and, above all, always helping people who wanted to study and progress in life, whoever they were and of whichever race. Harmony between people was what they valued most, – he declared, tears streaming down the rims of his sunglasses as Carmen and Kunhahendy hugged him.

– We shall always be together, – added Kunhahendy quietly, stroking the hands of the her brother, who continued:

– My life, what I am today and much more I owe to them and also to you, my sisters, – he ended his speech embracing them, who were crying along with him.

At that moment, there was a movement in the room because Don Ramirez, a strong man from the frontier, a close friend of the Benitez family, arrived, wearing sunglasses and a black suit. He went ahead of his security guards, placed his hand on Mr. Benitez's forehead and said in *Portunhol*, a mixture of Spanish and Portuguese:

– This man was the greatest person I met in this world, I'm alive thanks to him as he paid for the hospital that took care of me when I was a kid, and I was sick, and my parents couldn't afford to pay. We were very poor! May God take care of your soul and that of Doña Benitez too.

After the tribute in by Don Ramirez, the two coffins were loaded onto the hearse, which led the procession to the *Cristo Rei* Municipal Cemetery, the oldest and most traditional in the town.

Pablo and his sisters went together, until Carmem broke the silence and commented on Don Ramirez's speech: – I would never have known that our father was so dear to Don Ramirez, let alone that he helped him in his childhood! She looked at the

brother, who was driving.

– My father was never one to comment on those he helped because he knew that people gossip and damage the goodwill of any benefactor over time. If he had told someone that he had helped Don Ramirez in his childhood, today they would be saying that he gave life to the snake that was going to die; they forget that nobody is born ready in this life, after all it was a child who was in need of help. If today he has become what he is, it was because life suggested a single way out, and he had to accept it. Whether that's good or bad depends on who sees it. As for his ideology of life, who are we to judge? On the other hand, nobody knows anything about the circumstances he faced when he had to play the “ace of spades of his life”²¹, – Pablo said, taking one of his hands off the steering wheel and stroking the hair of Carmen, who smiled and kissed him back on his face.

Back from the cemetery, the brother and sisters went to have a well-deserved rest as they had stayed up all night without sleep. The afternoon remained monotonous. On Monday at the border, even the casinos in the neighbouring Paraguayan town of Pedro Juan Caballero were sleepy.

They slowly woke up in the early afternoon. Pablo proposed a three-way conversation with the sisters about the inventory, before they talked to the family's solicitor. The Benitez-es had a large amount of wealth and also a lot of responsibilities for their workers, in addition to needy institutions that they always helped, rented properties, petrol stations, etc..

It is well-known that the lethargy of death does not share the rapid pace of daily life of those who are alive. A lost day, for an entrepreneur of Senhor Benitez's importance, was a big loss, so the decisions and solutions had to be quick so that the chain

21. The “ace of spades” decision is a Tarot card configuration. When it appears to the client, it means that they will have to make a crucial decision in their life, such as killing the expectant mother to save the child, or vice versa.

of business could start again.

The decisions and arrangements went on for the rest of the week and then by two were not yet over. They had to hire another accountant and a financial lawyer, and, even so, the slowness and the sluggishness of Brazilian bureaucracy made them divide the administration of things into three parts, in order to be able to have an overview and know how they would act in the new situation.

Many things would be sold because there would be no one person to take care of them since Carmen and Pablo were doctors and would have little or no time to manage them, and, with the clinic under construction, their responsibility was even greater.

The end of the year was coming, and there was still many things to sort out from the inventory. Kunhahendy took care of the administrative part during the process, scheduling meetings with the people, receiving, paying and making reports to the solicitors so that they could decide what to do and also check, study and conclude what should be maintained.

During this whole time, she was only able to speak to Sonia on the phone three times. As for Obajara, none, because he had said that he would remain incommunicado until further notice from his superiors.

During the second half of December, the brother and sisters took a break because of things that depended on the public bodies, which stopped working that week, delaying the issue of certain documents by these bodies, and so they had to wait.

Carmen and Kunhahendy were sitting at the table talking in the main hall of the Benitez mansion, while outside summer rain was falling. It was 8 pm.

– Kunhahendy! Our brother Pablo is thinking of passing on part of the properties as an inheritance to you: there are two closed condominiums with ten houses each. You will have a

legal source of income and will not need or depend 100% on salary from any government agency where you work. What do you think? – proposed Carmen, smiling and caressing Kunhahendy's hand on the table.

– It's fine for me, Carmen, but I think just one would be great.

– I know you like your work, your travels, the fight for your people, that I also have a little bit in my blood, my great-grandmother was a Kaiowá from the Bela Vista region. We are sisters, I love you and I always want to see you well even though you are far away. Therefore, accept both, and this will take some of the fiscal and administrative responsibility from myself and Pablo here in the town, in addition to government taxes, because the more they see assets in our name, the more expensive the charges become, – concluded Carmen, smiling and getting up from the table to get them both a drink.

Kunhahendy considered and remembered that she might also need resources to help Indian people in difficult times, as in several cases she had witnessed in the Araguaia and Xingu regions. She knew that, right there in her own Guarani region, her people suffered from a lack of support to defend themselves from the aggressors, the ruralists and the *jagunços* with their continual genocidal actions.

Carmen returned along with Pablo, who had just arrived. The indian girl gave her beautiful and captivating smile and went to hug her brother, who immediately noticed her as if he hadn't seen her in a long time and commented:

– *Mbaecha iporã nhande reindyra miri!* [How beautiful our little sister is!] Look, Carmen! She has grown into a beautiful woman, and her hair, which looks like silk, hasn't changed since she was fourteen, when we first met her. She must be having sex with people of high spirits to keep herself beautiful and

with a healthy mind, right?

The three of them toasted with a good whisky, eighteen-year-old malt, then sat down. Kunhahendy began to tell them about Obajara and Sonia, saying that they were really good people and that they were also part of her erotic pact.

Pablo got another round of whisky to toast the new supporters of erotic freedom, and they said they had also met a few more there, in Ponta Porã.

Afterwards, they went out to enjoy themselves but didn't stay until late because of the non-stop rain, and their bodies also needed to unwind after the tension of the three months after their parents' deaths during which they had had to solve many outstanding things.

The night was marvellous for them. They seemed to be having having the same orgies as when they first met Kunhahendy, but with one difference: the skinny, shy little Indian girl from those years ago had become a beautiful woman, with breasts and an ass to be envied.

* * * * *

It was 6:00 am, and, on the bend of the Mainã creek, in the region of the famous "Damned Square", Obajara was commanding the training of new recruits in the water and was re-training under the orders of his commander of the 17th Jungle Infantry Brigade of the State of Rondônia.

There was dark water that was scary just to look at and it was also infested with *candirú*, an Amazonian fish that is attracted by the smell of urine and penetrates the urethra canal or vagina, even if the person is wearing clothes.

Obajara had already completed this training; he was just following orders because the conversation he had had with the

Colonel was that they should prepare for the worst. He, an infiltration intelligence agent, who had been periodically undergoing retraining since he was fifteen years old, when he had been recruited in the Munduruku village of Rio dos Peixes, in the municipality of Juína, in the state of Mato Grosso, to train as a soldier for jungle warfare, had always been part of the military. Twenty-eight years old and a captain, he practically felt as if half of his life had been spent in this kind of activity, so taking this refresher course was for him was fun and enjoyable.

When he arrived from Mato Grosso and reported to Colonel Jaime Alves dos Santos, at the end of September, in the 17th Jungle Infantry Brigade of Rondônia, he was immediately sent to Manaus, and, during the months of October and November 2018, he stayed there training the new soldiers and retraining until, at the beginning of December, he was called back to Porto Velho to the 17th Brigade's headquarters, to report again to Colonel Jaime, his instructor and "protector" since he had been chosen among teenagers from the Munduruku village, thirteen years before, to join the Brigade, made up almost entirely of indigenous ethnic groups from the Brazilian Amazon.

Colonel Jaime had been moved to Boa Vista, capital of Roraima, during the last three years, and, with the rank of Colonel, he was brought back to Porto Velho as the General found his presence important because of the situation that was taking shape in the Xingu and Araguaia regions. As a good strategist and someone skilled in organizing the information service the General would now have an important commander used to considerable responsibility.

As soon as he was announced in Colonel Jaime's office, Obajara felt as if he was going to see his second father, even more so. After the salute and a strong hug between them, Obajara sat down, and the colonel placed on the table the automatic Remington pistol taken from the man in the hat in the escape

from Alto da Boa Vista, Mato Grosso, two years before, whose origin Obajara had asked him to discover. The colonel was telling him about the weapon, saying:

– This pistol is part of that batch of 47 weapons stolen from the 62nd Infantry Battalion of Joinville, state of Santa Catarina, in 2012. In recent years, most robberies that have taken place in military arsenals have been to supply guns and explosives to gunmen hired by ruralists, squatters and indians, and also for the command of bank robberies known as the “new *cangaço*²²”, which has operated, in recent years, in the north of Mato Grosso and in the south of Pará state, – informed the colonel, looking and smiling at Obajara

– I see! I wonder how this will turn out in the future,” said Obajara, half seriously.

– I’m waiting for new reports from a meeting in Brasília of the Joint Chiefs of Staff of the Armed Forces, in which our General is taking part, to see how we are going to reorganize our national security work from now on because of the new situation in the Xingu and the Araguaia, – the Colonel concluded.

– Let’s wait, then, to see the General’s position. As for that pistol, you know what to do, don’t you? – said Obajara, both of them now saying goodbye and saluting.

Obajara was about to leave the office when Jaime said to him:

– Come over tonight and have dinner with us, Rosana and I miss you.

– Fine! Thank you! I’ll be there at 9:00 pm, OK? – he replied smiling, turned, and left.

Once outside the office, Obajara went straight to his jeep, which was keeping cool under a tree in the barracks parking lot.

22. The *cangaço* refers to a movement of outlaws in rural areas of the Northeast of Brazil at the end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th centuries.

He got into the vehicle, thought of Colonel Jaime's invitation, as he knew what it meant, and began to remember his past, when he entered the Jungle Brigade.

He was an indian boy who had been to white towns only a few times before. As soon as he was recruited, he was happy to know that he would be with his brother and friends who were already in the Brigade, and with other indigenous groups.

Before starting military training, he went through a period of schooling although he already knew Portuguese, which he had learned very well at his village school, but he had little knowledge of other school subjects such as Mathematics, Physics, and Biology.

One day, when classes were over and he was urinating in the barracks toilet, Jaime, who was a sergeant at the time, appeared. He entered and looked at him with his cock in his hand, already withdrawing it to salute his superior. Jaime, smiling, said to him:

Calm down, boy! It doesn't have to be formal here in this room, after all we are alone... Why so much formality? – and he approached Obajara, who continued with his penis in his hand while Jaime got very close, looked at him and asked permission saying: – Can I take it? Wow, what a marvellous prick!

Without understanding anything, Obajara let him take it and soon felt his penis harden in his superior's hand, so the sergeant asked him to put it away it and said that he would ask the commander to order him the following week to help with the party for the fifteenth birthday of his daughter Soraia, at the Military Club. A little embarrassed, they stopped talking, but a complicity had already begun between them.

Complicity is the most important definitive contract that develops between two human beings. It has the same subtlety as the energy of corruption, but the difference is that, in complicity, there is no way to easily undo the link due to the fact that it originates spontaneously and

in mutual feelings and not in material interests such as corruption.

On the day of the party, everything went smoothly. Obajara did everything correctly, and, at the end, Soraia said she was going to sleep at the house of her boyfriend of the moment, and Jaime, as a good modern father, didn't worry about his daughter's decision; only her mother, Rosana, from Rio de Janeiro, a beautiful 35 year-old well-preserved mulata, said to her:

– So, my darling, come and have lunch with us tomorrow, OK?

– Yes mom! I'll be there with Carlos at lunchtime, – replied Soraia, already leaving.

Jaime and Rosana left and called Obajara to give him a ride to the barracks. He accepted and got into the vehicle with the couple. They left the Club and, on the way, Rosana looked at her husband, who was driving, and said: – This little Indian is very cute, eh, Jaime?

– He's the best of all these new ones who came from Mato Grosso, replied Jaime.

– Want to have a drink with us and see our house, big boy? – proposed Rosana, turning and smiling at Obajara, who replied:

– I'm sorry, I have to report to Captain Maurício tomorrow morning.

– If it's just that, I'll call now and ask him to release you; I say you worked all day and at night, cleaning up at Soraia's party, – reinforced Jaime, turning around, smiling at him and already reaching for his cell phone. The indian accepted, so the sergeant asked Captain Maurício to release him. With everything in place, they continued.

Arriving at the couple's house, after entering, Rosana told Obajara to make himself comfortable, while Jaime got some beers, put them in a bucket and went to the backyard saying

that they were going to take a shower outside. If he wanted to, he could accompany them.

The Indian noticed the manoeuvre and was dazzled by Rosana's gait, swinging her immense ass against the dark dress she wore at the party. After less than five minutes he went into the backyard to find the couple naked, each with their beers in hand. They greeted him:

Welcome, Big Dick! Join us!—Jaime said, together with Rosana in his arms, toasting and laughing.

The Indian, seeing Rosana wink at him, took off his clothes, leaving only his shorts on. He went to the bucket, took a beer and drank it in one gulp while Jaime laughed and joked to his wife:

— Let's take care of this boy, so he won't be led astray by others.

— Let's do so! — agreed Rosana, approaching Obajara, taking his penis out and giving it a kiss on the glans. The boy trembled all over.

Rosana said that she was going to bathe him, and Jaime watched. After removing his shorts, the mulata took him by the hand and put him under the shower, starting to soap him. He shuddered with excitement, his cock going rock hard. The woman then, after removing all the soap from his body, squatted down, brushed her hair back and began to suck him, driving him completely crazy as no one had ever done that to him.

The beautiful mulata took the penis out of her mouth, masturbated it, put it back in again until he came in her mouth; sperm trickled down her hair and breasts as Jaime watched clapping. Then he asked them to sit at the table.

They said their marriage had got boring and that they needed some excitement to improve their relationship. As it was difficult for someone Jaime's social standing to get a pro-

fessional from the town, they decided to adopt Obajara because it was safer as he was in military training and would keep the secret, which is one of the oaths of every Brigade soldier.

By mutual agreement, they went to the bedroom and, on the bed, Rosana got on all fours and began to give a blowjob to her husband, who lay on the head of the bed while her wonderful ass was bared to Obajara. She asked him to suck her anus and then stick his penis in. He found everything that was happening strange, as he knew what comes out of everyone's anus, but his excitement was such that he stopped thinking about the standard functions of the human body.

He hesitated for a few seconds, after all he had never done that, but when she saw her anus winking at him, she soon bent down and started sucking it. Rosana moaned with pleasure with the licks, while she sucked her husband, until she couldn't take it anymore and asked:

– Boy, put your dick in my ass, I can't wait any more!

The indian began to penetrate that beautiful ass. Rosana sighed with pleasure and continued to suck her husband, who began to come in her mouth. Soon after, Rosana shouted that she was going to come. Obajara accelerated his movements, and they came together and fell on the bed along with Jaime, who was already prostrate.

After recovering, Jaime explained to Obajara how the ménage à trois was done and suggested they all do it, with one difference: Obajara would have to penetrate him, and he, in turn, would penetrate his wife's vagina.

As soon as Jaime felt Obajara's hard and wet penis enter his anus, he moaned with pleasure, and his penis also jumped and became very hard, so he penetrated his wife's vagina, who was already lying on all fours. The trio's back-and-forth movements then began until Jaime and Rosana came first, and

Obajara continued thrusting for a few minutes, as he had already come twice. Then there was a surprise for the couple: because of Obajara's delay, Jaime had a new erection, got off his wife and got down on all fours, came again masturbating and being penetrated by Obajara, who then came, filling Jaime's anus with sperm.

They rested for a few minutes and got up to celebrate the marvellous swing, toasting with the beers that were in the bucket in the backyard and taking a shower.

For nearly ten years, the threesome performed this orgy at least twice a month. The memories were still vivid in the mind of Obajara, who didn't want to say anything to Kunhahendy or Sonia because of the military oath, but he thought they should know as, after all there was no harm in it, only pleasure, he thought, just like the other two erotic pacts he had already made with them. He started the car and slowly left the barracks, heading to the hotel where he was staying in the centre of Porto Velho.

There had been significant changes over these thirteen years in the household of Jaime and his wife because of his recent promotion to Colonel. His house was now more up-market and with twenty-four-hour security, guarded by internal and external cameras, apart from the pair of armed soldiers who guarded the entire area of the house – an obligation because of his new rank.

Punctually at 9:00 pm, Obajara parked the jeep in front of the house, after having checked his documents with the security guard, even though he was in uniform. He got out, and Rosana opened the door for him with a smile, beckoning him in. She said good evening to him, went in, closed the door, and, in the corridor, grabbed Obajara, and they grappled in a long kiss. When they let go, she said to him:

– Me and Jaime were missing you so much. I'm fatter, Jaime's older, as you can see, but we still love you a lot, especially now that my daughter Soraia has decided to get married

and move out, – Rosana said, smiling, not letting him go and walking through the hall. – So, how are things there in Mato Grosso? They say they're getting worse every day, after the conflict at Posto da Mata in 2012, – Rosana commented and asked, stroking Obajara's hands.

– Rosana, my dear! As I said to Jaime this morning, I don't know what it will be like from now on, I don't see good things with our new president.

At that moment, Jaime entered the room smiling, said good evening and sat down with the two of them at the table in the living room. He suggested a few beers to continue the conversation. As Rosana went out to get them, Jaime, who had a paper in his hand, winked at him, handed him the paper asking him to read it.

It said that the entrance to his house and the living room were monitored 24 hours a day, as required by army security. Only the hallway, bedrooms, backyard and bathrooms were free. After reading it, he handed the paper to the Colonel and returned to his position, keeping his usual distance so as not to arouse suspicion. Then, Jaime clarified that the audio in the room was not being monitored and that he could say whatever he wanted because sometimes he had to talk about military secrets with someone at work, and information might be leaked through the person responsible for monitoring. Due to this detail, he was able to dispense with the audio transmission from the room.

Rosana came back with the beers and called the two of them into the backyard, to make themselves more comfortable.

These things are annoying, aren't they, my dear? – she said from the backyard, which now had a beautiful pool.

– Things around the world are increasingly tense, it seems that there is a collective paranoia–replied Obajara, – already sitting with the couple at the small table in the backyard, which was the same as before.

– And then! How are you all this time? Obajara asked them.

– Taking Viagra and fucking with my little black woman every now and then, – Jaime replied, hugging his wife.

– I missed you, after all we are a family, – said Obajara.

– There’s a door over there that goes straight into our room, – Jaime said, pointing and suggesting that it would be safer to do things there. And the three of them laughed, toasted with beers and walked towards the well-known room that held many memories.

Inside, they were naked. Rosana, seeing Obajara’s hard penis, began to suck him, making Obajara moan with pleasure. Jaime said he just wanted to watch it because he couldn’t get excited without Viagra, and, on the other hand, Obajara’s visit was like an early Christmas present for his wife, who needed it, after all she was almost 48 years old, practically in her menopause.

After sucking Obajara for a few minutes, she stopped and said: – I needed this, my dear.

She got on all fours and asked him to penetrate her vagina, because she wanted to come there, and Obajara put his penis inside the vagina of the mulata, who screamed with pleasure when his penis began to thrust in and out; soon, she came moaning loudly and so did Obajara, assisted by Jaime, who began to move his soft penis.

Without leaving the position, seeing that Obajara’s penis was still hard, she asked him to penetrate her anus and began to move her pelvis and also her anal orifice, making him more excited.

– My dear boy! Put it in my ass very slowly so I can feel your dick inside, I want to come with you! – and invited her husband to participate by sucking her vagina under both of them, as they had done before.

Then, the bonding began and Obajara slowly penetrated the woman's anus while she sighed with pleasure because Jaime's mouth was attached to her clitoris.

After a few minutes, the two started to come. Rosana screamed and thrust her hips, making his penis enter her anus; Obajara felt her buttocks hit his pubic hair, provoking his orgasm, which filled Rosana's entire anus with sperm, also spilling it into Jaime's mouth, which was beneath them both.

The three of them lay down, then started talking.

– You filled my ass and my vagina, I hope I don't get pregnant at 48 years old, my dear, – said Rosana, sitting on the bathroom toilet expelling the sperm from her vagina and anus, smiling happy with what happened.

The chance of you getting pregnant at that age, my little black woman, is 2%," said Jaime, looking at her along with Obajara, who was sitting next to her on the bed.

– What if it happens? – asked Rosanna.

– We've created a being! replied her husband, smiling at her and betting on the possibility. – Aren't we a family? – He appealed to the definitive contract between the three of them.

– Yes! We will be both parents and grandparents! Won't we, my dear husband? – Rosana commented, harbouring the possibility of the fantasy happening as she left the bathroom.

Obajara, who listened the entire time and did not speak, decided to make his rather auspicious comment: – In our culture, when a woman at her age gets pregnant, even if it's not her husband's, because sometimes he can't have a child anymore, a great spirit is born, considered a great inspiration for the couple who are already middle-aged. After growing up, the child always becomes a great leader for the nation, – he concluded, hugging them both tenderly.

Chapter 14

RETURNING TO SURPRISES

After spending the end of 2018 with Kami and her parents in São Paulo, Sonia Otahime was back in Água Boa and was already working at the Ministry. It was a Monday in February, and things were moving slowly because of the change of directors in Brasília. And in Mato Grosso the new governor was still in the process of replacing the appointed positions of the last administration with those of the new one. As usual, this always hindered the progress of work in public agencies.

– Good morning, Sonia! After you left last Friday, these documents arrived from São Paulo, – said Alfonso, putting the paperwork on the table while Sonia opened the blinds and turned on the computer.

– Thank you Alfonso! Good morning! – she replied, looking and frowning, already knowing more or less what the package from São Paulo was about.

It was the paperwork of the old process of the Xingu farm, in the municipality of Canarana. The superintendency in São Paulo wanted her to review her opinion, which she had made in 2014, trying to coerce her to suspend it, alleging an error in the procedure.

After the conversation she had with Jackson, her friend and former co-worker, she was expecting that the São Paulo headquarters would attempt to force her to change her decision.

When she opened the envelopes, she became fully aware that she was being put under pressure as, along with her 2014 opinion, there was a new blank form and a cheque for the amount of five hundred thousand reais, issued by an unknown person. Getting increasingly annoyed, she put everything in her locker and from her cell phone called Jackson, who immediately answered somewhat awkwardly.

– Jackson! It’s Sonia! What does all this I’m being sent mean? – she asked him vehemently.

– Sonia! I don’t know what you’re talking about, will you explain please? – he replied.

She explained what she had received and told him that she wasn’t corrupt and that she wasn’t the least bit willing to change her mind in the face of that kind of coercion and bribery from a bunch of shameless slave drivers, and that she would return everything via registered post.

– It was me who sent it to you, Sonia. I received the sealed envelopes from the boss with the order for me to send them to you. They didn’t ask the messenger boys to do it but me. If there’s anything I can do, I’ll be happy to, I warned you of what’s going on you last year, if you remember? – Jackson reported.

– How can I speak with Superintendent Ezequiel?

– He’s on vacation! He didn’t go on holiday at the end of the year, as usual.

– I’ll see if I can get through to him from here and then I’ll call you back. Good Morning! She finished and hung up.

As much as she tried by cell phone and Whats App, she didn’t manage to talk to Ezequiel. She gave up, sent him an

email and went back to taking care of the local work, leaving the new problem to be seen to after she got in touch with the superintendent.

Sonia was an experienced woman and had the sensitivity both to feel the nuances and beauty of a culture and to perceive the invisible claws of injustice and corruption.

She knew that corruption is a web in which the spider is unknown; it is a root that does not show the tree; it's a deaf-mute, but with invisible tentacles, which appears when least expected.

The day ended, and she came home, released Carol and went to play with Kami, who came running when his mother arrived, saying he wanted to talk to Aunt Kunhahendy. Sonia called Kunhahendy, and she answered immediately; both were missing each other and began to exchange compliments:

– My hot indian girl, I can't wait to hug you, kiss you, suck you, – she said to Kunhahendy, with enthusiasm and nostalgia.

– I'm dying to see you too, but now I'm in serious trouble with the family inventory. Maybe in a couple of months I'll be free. The Funai people have already called me too, – replied Kunhahendy, with equal passion.

– And our indian boy? Have you spoken to him? – asked Sonia, showing how she was missing him too.

– No! I've tried several times, but I couldn't speak to him. He told us he was going to be incommunicado, remember? – she pointed out .

– Until when? We'll have to have the famous "patience of Job" – said Sonia quietly and seeming somewhat afraid, which Kunhahendy noticed and said, concerned:

– My dear! Something is happening? Tell me or I'll be worried too. Is it Kami? Is he fine? – she asked in an inquisitive voice.

– Yes my love! He’s here by my side, and he asked me to talk to you.

– So let me talk to him!

Sonia passed the phone to the boy, who immediately exclaimed:

– *Che Sî! Mbae chapa where reiko?* [My mother! How are you?]

– *Aiko porã itê jha nde?* [I’m fine and you?]

– *Ñande rareko hina salvola, che sî!* [We have to save her, my mother!] – Kunhahendy felt that something serious was happening to Sonia. The boy continued talking to her and appealing, in his little child’s voice: – *Rehe lo ete ko ára!* [At least today!].

Taking the phone back from her son’s hand, Sonia looked for a brief moment at the boy and felt that she hadn’t yet realized who was that tiny creature that was born out of her urge for self-preservation, but who was revealing himself and incorporating himself into the name with which he had been baptized.

When they were speaking again, Kunhahendy forced her to tell her what was going on, and she said she might be able to help her even though she was far away.

Sonia then decided to tell her everything about the case, from the opinion she made in 2014, when she was still working in São Paulo, the approach of the boy in the cap on leaving the market the previous year, when Kunhahendy was present, and, finally, the pressure she’d been under with the paperwork, the cheque, and the conversation she’d had with Jackson that morning.

Kunhahendy asked her to give the full name of Superintendent Ezequiel and Jackson, in order to verify what was really going on, and told her that she would inform her as soon as she had everything in hand. Then they said goodbye, desiring and longing for each other.

Sonia sipped a glass of wine, meditating at the table, which spent more time in the backyard than inside the small library. That table with the three chairs became a symbol of pleasure for her, just like the old sofa in the apartment in Pinheiros, in the city of São Paulo. Two tears flowed from her eyes and reflected, in the backyard light, a mixture of tenderness and anguish.

Memories and longings are like two tears from each eye that run down the face but never meet; they just show a bitter and listless absence that appears in the brightness of the look.

At that moment, there was no transparency in Sonia's eyes; from a distance, there was only the silhouette of a woman who was drinking a glass of wine at a table, alone.

* * * * *

Obajara was on the BR-364 highway, from Porto Velho, state of Roraima to Juína, Mato Grosso state. It was 10:00 pm, and he pulled his jeep over to the roadside restaurant, in the municipality of Vilhena, still in the state of Rondônia.

After getting out of the vehicle, he went into the restaurant, ordered a beer, and began to think about everything he had received for his next mission.

He had been instructed to first go to the region of the municipality of Juína, to check how the work of the Kosmos mining company, which had recently been set up in the region, was seen, and to inform Colonel Jaime. Then, to wait in Rio dos Peixes, district of Juara, where he had been born, and then go east and stay in Água Boa, because the possibility of conflict was greater in that area.

He was given a civilian gun permit, a jeep and a Satellite Spot device to talk to his superiors whenever necessary, wherever he was.

He thought about calling Kunhahendy and Sonia but de-

cided not to because there would be many questions, and his desire and longing would betray him, might weaken him and hinder the mission. He had another beer, ate some fried fish and went to sleep in the modest room he had rented.

The next day he left early, went straight to Juína, taking his time on the BR-174. He stayed there for a week and then went to Juara.

In his parents' village, he had the privilege of participating in *timbó* fishing, held in the summer season, and listening to the traditional *parasuy* flutes, played only by men, which show the musical culture of the Munduruku people. He talked to the shaman, who told him that, in the middle of the year, he would confront spirits never seen close up by men.

At the beginning of March, he was ordered to head east to Água Boa, where he would have to keep an eye on ruralist movements in the region as the predicted frictions were beginning.

In September 2011 the federal government began to implement the Low Carbon Agriculture Emission programme, managing cattle, pasture, crops and forests in a more sustainable way, integrating them so as to have gains in production and reduce greenhouse gases in the rural sector.

At that time, eight years before, many ruralists had adhered to the new proposal, except for the largest producers, which had become a problem because of the new government's goals.

One of Obajara's missions with Inca²³, Funai and the Ministry of Labour in the region was to observe and inform the Ministry of Defence Staff about what was happening.

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23. Inca: Instituto Nacional de Colonização e Reforma Agrária [National Institution for Settlement and Agrarian Reform].

Kunhahendy talked to her brother Pablo about Sonia's problem and asked him to contact Don Ramirez to help investigate what was going on and why that cheque in the name of a stranger had been sent to Sonia without her asking for anything. A month after the event, Kunhahendy received the reports, which made her even more worried, because the situation was much more complex than Sonia had imagined.

Superintendent Ezequiel had received three million reais from the Xingu headquarters in São Paulo to make him change its opinion and shelve the process, and he, in turn, passed on one million five hundred thousand reais to Jackson to ensure that everything went well. Obviously, in a cynical and idiotic gamble, he was trying to corrupt Sonia with the cheque for five hundred thousand reais,

The worst thing that can happen in a chain corruption is when one of the parties bets on corrupting a person of incorruptible morals with an unblemished record. It's like cutting off the end of a snake's tail and leaving it alive.

After obtaining the information from Sonia, Kunhahendy became even more worried about her, because she had been brought up on the frontier and knew how these things were there.

Kunhahendy received her share of the inheritance, as proposed by Carmen and Pablo, and signed a contract with the local real estate company, owned by the Benitez family, to manage the rents for the two buildings. Every month, she would be there to meet with them and catch up on how things were going.

The trio had a farewell party for Kunhahendy, obviously in the big house where it all started, and their orgy lasted twenty-four hours, without their even leaving the room.

The next day was Friday, and Kunhahendy's flight to Água Boa was in the late afternoon, arriving at night. Sonia was waiting for her at the small airport. The meeting was hugs and tears

in the car until they arrived at the house. Kami was with Sonia and was very happy to see Kunhahendy.

After the first sex, the two women went to shower together. Sonia asked about Obajara, and Kunhahendy told her that she hadn't been able to talk to him until that moment, but that she knew he would be arriving soon, because she had started, a week before, to wake up with a sticky vagina. Sonia told him that she was waking up like this too. The two laughed and got out of the shower to have more wine in the backyard.

– My dear, how did you solve the problem of the cheque?
– asked Kunhahendy, breaking the mood of the moment and apologizing for being so worried.

– I gave everything back to Jackson, why?

– My brother told me that these people are real thieves, so you should be careful, even if you accept, because they have a habit of “burning files”, – pointed out Kunhahendy, looking at her seriously.

– The superintendent sent me an email asking me to speak directly with Senhor Garcia, who is the manager of the branch in Canarana. I sent word to him to look for me at the Ministry. He didn't come. It wouldn't have done any good either, because I've already registered my opinion at the local registry office before returning it to Jackson, – she said, stroking Kunhahendy's hair.

– I always want to be with you every day so that nothing happens to you, my love. When our big indian boy arrives, we'll tell him about all this; then we'll be three instead of one, – said Kunhahendy, stroking the pubic hair of Sonia, who began to feel aroused. They went to their room to end the night with a delicious cunnilingus.

The next morning, Sonia got up and saw a moss green jeep, all dusty, parked in front of her house. Seeing no one in the place, she went to look to see who it was. When she ap-

proached, she saw that the number plate was from Porto Velho, Roraima. She ran back, woke up Kunhahendy and they were left wondering why Obajara had left the jeep there.

They walked back into the house, when they heard a noise in the jeep. They checked again by looking inside the vehicle and, to their surprise, Obajara was sleeping inside the vehicle. They approached, and he said:

Good morning, beautiful ladies!

Chapter 15

THE NEW SOCIAL APPEARANCE OF THE XINGU AND NEWS FROM THE 21ST CENTURY

In the municipality of Canarana, there had been a confrontation between ruralists, squatters and indians. These latter two had been united in a bloc for two years, for the same cause: to defend their lands and their families, after the failure of government justice, which had deteriorated and been inoperative in recent years. With the rise of the new government and recently elected members of congress in Brasília as a result of the previous election, there was no alternative for indians, squatters and others, who were only looking for land to live on with their own peoples.

As they were not part of the anthropic hegemony of the rural entrepreneurs, who only sought power and individual wealth for their own enjoyment, in the Xingu region the new bloc did not share the egocentric thinking of the ruralists.

The nascent social configuration formed by the lower classes worried and provoked a kind of dichotomy in the ruralist milieu, especially among the more hardline groups, who still preferred to think along the lines of the “march of progress” of the 20th century.

The more cultured and open-minded agribusiness producers preferred to bet on nature conservation and harmony with their different neighbours rather than “war with them”. This generated a disagreement between the entrepreneurs in the region.

Sonia was called there because it involved labour issues. Obajara and Kunhahendy, who had been working for three months at the Ministry of Labor in Água Boa, also went with her

The skirmishes ended, but they had to meet with the leaders of the parties that entered the confrontation, in order to be able to investigate the case.

Sonia had previously asked the Federal Police to organize the participants in the skirmishes and take them to an appropriate place for the meeting.

Soon, everyone was gathered at an Ibama outpost, and Sonia was talking by cell phone with the Superintendency in Água Boa to check the data on those involved.

Josino, whom she already knew, was in charge of the operation and had “calmed down the leaders’ spirits”; he was now waiting for her to get there. She arrived still talking on her cell phone, then said goodbye to the caller, turned off the device, apologized, and started talking:

– Well, gentlemen, the Superintendency of the Ministry of Labour wants to know the reason for this conflict since these lands have already been demarcated. According to information from Funai and INCRA, you all have deeds and possession of your respective lands, – she said, looking at everyone. – I want each of the leaders who are here to explain what happened and the reason all this conflict, – she intimated, looking at all those present, who were sitting on the floor, some with minor injuries.

The leaders of the squatters and the indians raised their hands and asked to speak. Police Chief Josino, conducting the meeting, told them:

– One at a time, please!

– An indian signalled to the leader of the squatters, allowing him to speak, because the cause was common to both parties.

– My name’s Malaquias, and I know about the demarcation made by Funai and also about our rights, but that wasn’t the problem, Ms. Otahime. We had been farming the land for many years together with Xavante indians, but then the water in the creek began to go down. I called comrade José Xavante to see what happened. We followed the river on foot and discovered a small dam that Mr George Lynch, the farmer upriver, had built on his land, damming the stream to make a fishpond. Now! We all know our stream is small, but there’s fish for all of us, so why did he do that? We went to talk to him and received a death threat from the foreman who is here. So we got together with other squatters downstream and the indians from the reservation and went to destroy the dam. They retaliated by shooting, wounded our people, then the conflict began, – the squatter finished his report and left, while Josino asked Mr Lynch’s representative to speak for him.

– I’m José Farias, I’m the foreman of the Buriti farm, owned by Mr George Lynch. My boss started investing in fish farming, a new activity, since the market has grown a lot in the last two years. So, he decided to build the dam so that we can raise the fry that were acquired; we didn’t catch any fish from the river, and the pond has an outlet back to the stream. The dam was just a way to get water for the fry to develop. When they went there to destroy the dam, we had to defend ourselves, – informed the foreman, looking at Josino.

At that moment, the SEMA²⁴ inspector interrupted his speech and asked for the permit for the construction of the

24. SEMA: Secretaria do Meio Ambiente [Department of the Environment].

dam, released by Rima²⁵. José Farias handed it over, the inspector checked it and asked for more documents. The other farm worker went to the car, immediately brought a folder of documents and handed it to the inspector, who checked all the paperwork for a few moments and then said:

– This license doesn't say that the tank would have to be filled by building a dam on the river, so the dam is illegal, – he concluded, looking around at everyone present. There was a silence, and he continued: – The dam will have to be dismantled immediately, or the owner will be indicted for environmental crime and misappropriation of the national water resources; he may face daily fines after the process, – he concluded, handing the papers back to José Farias.

There was a general shout from squatters and indians cheering the inspectors, while the ruralists slowly left, being booed and cursed. Police Chief Josino asked them to stop the insults and return to their homes as the case was already resolved and declared that the meeting was over.

Sonia, Kunhahendy and Obajara were leaving too, because priority in the case had been given to the SEMA regulation, but as they were walking towards the car, Josino took Obajara aside for a private conversation.

Half surprised, the indian went talk to him under a tree, and Josino immediately apologized for what had happened at the mine almost a year before. Then he asked Obajara if, by chance, two foreigners in dark glasses and black suits had been looking for him in Água Boa three days after the event.

– Sir! I stayed only one day in prison. After the technical experts failed to find any evidence of my participation in that man's death, I was in custody for two more days, and then I went to Cuiabá, – he replied, finding the question strange and

25. Rima: Relatório de Impacto Ambiental [Environmental Impact Report]

also asking Josino: – Who could they be? Did you talk to them? What did they want from me?

– I don't know! They were strange, spoke little and had a foreign accent with an echo when they spoke. That's what I noticed, but they were in a car with a Brasilia license plate, – informed Josino.

Well... It's been almost a year. It was the end of April 2019. I've been in Água Boa for two months, working for the local Ministry of Labour. If these men show up there, I'll talk to them and let you know, is that OK?

– Affirmative! I will wait for your reports, and good luck!
– Josino said goodbye, and walked towards his men, who were already waiting in the vehicle.

Obajara was somewhat perplexed by the mystery of the men in black looking for him. He soon realized that he had been the only witness to the “strange thing” that happened on that rainy night of the mining escape in the clearing because the other witness had been be the man in the hat, who was dead.

On the road, in his jeep, along with Sonia and Kunhahendy, heading back to Água Boa, Kunhahendy was the first to ask if there was any problem after the conversation with Police Chief Josino.

– What did Josino want, Obajara?

– He was still wondering about that man's death, – he replied, looking at her.

– These federal people are way too obsessed. Just think, after you left last year, two of them showed up at the Ministry asking about you. Some strange guys, with sunglasses and black suits, – said Sonia, a little indignantly, and looking at the road.

Obajara listened to her information and saw that it was similar to that of Josino. Saying nothing, he continued driving.

* * * * *

It was morning on the Buriti farm, the sun was shining, and the owner, Mr George Lynch, was having breakfast in the entrance hall of the farm with his foreman and commenting on what had happened the previous day, the disappointing result, and the SEMA threat.

– I gave a lot of money last year to fund the election of the Party and elect a federal deputy and a senator precisely so that I would have a guarantee for the dam, because those bad-ass biologists from Rima didn't want to give me the license, and this is what I get! – he said to his interlocutor, who was eating a little hastily and drinking coffee, looking at the anger on his boss's face.

– But sir! What was the strategy of the agreement with SEMA? – asked the foreman José Farias, wishing to understand what had gone wrong.

– I ordered the head of inspection to be bribed and sent one of our inspectors there so we wouldn't have to spend any more money, and look what he did to me! – said the indignant ruralist.

– I hear, sir, that most of the inspectors have been changed this year. Some were transferred to other regions.

– So I should have been notified in advance by “our Party wiretappers” who work in the department, shouldn't I? – complained George, now angry.

– Of course! We should have been! – agreed the foreman.

– We'll try to embargo the inspection mandate as I have not yet received any official communiqué. Go to “our judge” in Canarana, José, and “prepare him”. I'll see here how I can control the squatters and the indians, – ordered George, getting up from the table with the foreman, who put his cap on and went out.

– Right, sir! I’ll be back after lunch. I have to stop by the bank to see to some things, – replied the foreman, getting into the vehicle and driving off, accompanied by the boss’s restless gaze.

George Lynch, from Santa Catarina, widowed, father of two children, sold his lands in the south of Brazil at the end of the 20th century, migrated to Mato Grosso, and entered the soy, corn and cattle business. His past in the south was not at all commendable, neither as a rural producer nor as an honest person as his record included bribery, corruption, racism and even suspicion of being the mastermind of a murder.

When he had started farming in the Xingu, he had a property of 35 hectares, and now he already had around 15 thousand hectares. He gave support to the ruralist caucus of the National Congress as soon as it began to grow, in exchange for benefits and hiding his dirty tricks, just as he had done in the south. He was a well connected man, with the support of businessmen abroad. His parents had come from Europe after the Second World War and settled in the interior of Santa Catarina, but he maintained ties with the old continent. He had always been a staunch evangelical, and for him the only book of value was the Holy Bible, especially the book of Exodus, with the passage of the search for the Land of Canaan, the land promised by God, a romantic depiction of his megalomania transferred to the present times. He wanted to conquer the maximum amount of land possible in the Xingu after he settled there, and he didn’t care how he got it, as in what is hidden to us in the book of Exodus, which fails to say that there were already people living “in the Canaan valley given by God to the descendants of Abraham” and that, to dislodge them, there were bloody battles between the Jews, Canaanites, Philistines, who are also descendants of the Semitic race, and other peoples not yet clearly defined by Archeology, but the scribes of the Bible often discriminate against them by calling them Gentiles.

After the foreman's car pulled out of the outskirts of the farm, Mr. Lynch's blue eyes turned towards the breakfast table, still laid in the dining room. Then his daughter Larissa, a beautiful twenty-five year-old blonde, entered, said morning, and kissed her father, who was still looking concerned.

– Good morning, Larissa! And is your brother awake yet?
– he asked, also kissing his daughter.

– I think so. His room is open, maybe he's on the computer working on something, – replied Larissa smiling and sitting at the table, taking a cupcake and starting to eat. Soon her brother Cleber appeared in the lobby, still in his pyjamas and with his iPhone in hand. He was twenty years old, but his premature intelligence made him look thirty.

– Good morning Dad! Good morning Larissa! – He greeted them with a smile.

– Dad! Did you see what was unanimously voted on and approved yesterday in Congress? – he asked, looking at his father, whose mind was still on the conversation he had had with his foreman.

– I haven't had time. I've been busy with the problems down the river, why?

– The Executive and Congress accepted and decided to pass the opposition project, the one that had been shelved for a few years, which proposes a tax increase for industry and agribusiness, – he said, with a smile in the corner of his mouth.

– Every day that passes, it becomes more difficult to believe in people, even when paying them. I don't know where we're going to end up like this, – commented George, looking at Cleber, who continued to inform him that the reason for this pact was the only way the Executive found to justify the salary increase of the two bodies.

– It’s always like that! They only think about themselves when they win the election, – George commented indignantly, looking at his two children.

– Dad! Things are not going well in all other countries, and the government tax burden increases every day, there’s no way to make as much money as in the past, – Larissa commented, smiling at her father, who looked at her disapprovingly.

While Cleber and Larissa were having breakfast, George showed his annoyance as he had recently had no time to watch television, and he commented on the problem downstream. With the direction things were going, he felt cornered. His children got up and patted their father, which took his mind off the problems, and he asked Cleber about other news. He consulted his iPhone and said:

– Look, father! This is a good one: – They are already selling the new drones, which can be manned by up to two people. They are very good for work in the field as the foreman and the boss can inspect and have a more direct control of the entire area of their property in just a few minutes, – Cleber looked at his father, who began to consider getting a drone. Larissa looked at them both and commented:

– These are the new times arriving! After all, before, two thousand years ago, to inspect the entire property, farmers had to walk; sometimes they took half a day. Then came the era of the horse, which took a few hours. Then the car, which also takes a few hours. The manned drone will take a few minutes. It’s the future arriving! – Larissa concluded, stroking her father’s head and kissing him, with her brother’s smiling.

Chapter 16

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST

A few months had passed, and Senhor Garcia asked for a meeting with Sonia Otahime, to discuss the impasse of the process. The meeting took place, but there was no agreement. Garcia left the Ministry angry, got into his white pick-up with his staff and returned to the Xingu farm in Canarana.

After working at the Ministry, Sonia invited Obajara, who was staying at the Serra Verde hotel, to join her and Kunhahendy at her home. It was Friday, and Sonia wanted to show them her Japanese culinary skills.

Kunhahendy was delighted with the herbs and spices that Sonia had in her backyard, making Kunhahendy feel a psychological empathy with her childhood in Arroyito, when she still lived with her grandmother. This strengthened the link between Sonia and Kunhahendy both in love and similarity of customs.

The table was full of sashimi, sushi, motsunabe, and narezushi, together with a fine bottle of sake. After enjoying themselves and praising Sonia, they decided to go outside to talk.

– Obajara and Kunhahendy, my great loves! These days I'll have to go to Mr. George Lynch's Buriti farm. It seems

that, after the episode of the dam, he wants to consider the possibility of bringing in outside labour for his new ventures. I thought his atypical act was strange, but it seems that his wonderful children are changing the old troglodyte of the last century. I would like you to go with me. He's invited me to dinner but wants to talk first because other people have been invited. We'll leave here at five in the afternoon. As you know, it's close; in an hour we'll be there.

– So, do you want to go with me?

– When will it be, dear? – asked Obajara.

– Next week, Friday the 19th.

– We'll go together with you! After all, aren't we a family? – confirmed Kunhahendy, kissing her forehead and caressing her breasts, whose nipples soon became hard.

– And the next day is Saturday. We'll have a little party for Kami, because it's his birthday, he turns three. My parents should come from São Paulo; they've confirmed, – said Sonia.

It will be great to meet your parents, for having brought into the world such a sexy and lovely person as you, – said Obajara, untying her from Kunhahendy's arms, pulling her, placing her on his lap and quickly kissing her on the mouth.

– Tomorrow we can visit a beach close by, after all we're in the middle of a severe drought, and the sun's hot even though it's winter. What about it? – proposed Kunhahendy, hugging Obajara from behind, who was sitting with Sonia on his lap. They stood, for a moment, all staring straight ahead, like brother and sisters in an old photo frame because of their slanted eyes and straight dark hair.

– Let's go to the bedroom. My dick is about to burst my pants, – invited the very excited indian and trying to take Sonia off his lap.

– Me too. My cunt and my ass are so crazy for your cock, Obajara, – said Kunhahendy, caressing the indian’s chest.

– Let’s go! I can’t stand sitting here any longer feeling this cock poking me and wetting this hot indian’s pants! I want you too, my hot indian, – Sonia provoked him, getting up from Obajara’s lap.

– Come on, my sweeties! – he encouraged, getting up and hugging the two women.

* * * * *

In the erotic universe of the “communion of the sperm” there is an instinctual connection as in every mammal. When one begins to feel hunger or sexual desire at the same moment, an unimagined principle of synchronicity takes over. It is as if there is a connection of a quantum web of desire.

* * * * *

The night at the Buriti farm was cool, and Mr. George had set up lights for the 200 metres before the entrance to the farm. He thought it would help security, providing light for the dozens of nearby cameras. The image seen from afar made it look as it was a sunrise or a sunset.

The father and his two children were sitting looking at the drone they had just bought to help with the farm work. The new aircraft could accommodate a crew of up to two medium-weight people, better than a helicopter, lighter, more economical and faster, as it was smaller.

Sales were only available for rural areas as they did not pose a danger to the air traffic of helicopters and planes. On the other hand, it would be necessary to create new urban traffic laws for this recent invention to be used in large cities. In the

country, however, the density of aerial vehicles was lower, and this new mobility device was more comfortable and practical to manage observation work. And now the old trucks were only used for transporting heavier material.

Cleber and Larissa hired an instructor, who would come the next day to teach them how to pilot the drone.

They talked with their father about the dinner he would give the following week to his friends and, in particular, to Sonia Otahime, with the aim of consulting her on the new venture.

– By next week I'll be a skilled pilot of this drone, – Cleber boasted, smiling and looking at the device that gleamed in the farm's car park forgot to tell you, Cleber, – Larissa said.

– What?

I bought a high-resolution 3D camcorder, – she told him, delighted. – Shall we test it during the day and then at night, to see the quality of the images?

– Great! Of course! Show me... It must be a beauty! – replied Cleber, with a smile.

– Well... It's already 10:30 pm! I'm going to bed, my children, – George announced, receiving kisses from his children, getting up and walking into the house. Suddenly he stopped, turned to where the children were and looked scared. The two young men saw their father's strange behaviour and asked:

– Dad, what's happened?

– Can you feel something?

George didn't answer and stood as if frozen, staring at the lights and the soy field on the horizon for a few seconds, then turned to his children with wide open eyes, as if he'd seen something supernatural in the field. Recovering, he began to speak, looking up:

– It seems like I saw it all on fire and a demon arriving in a big helicopter and stealing the drone.

– Calm down, Dad, you’ve been working hard. Do you want me to make you some lemon balm tea to relax? – Larissa suggested, getting up a little worried, heading to the kitchen.

– Yes, Larissa! I really need it. – Then George walked over and sat next to his son, who hugged him and adjusted the chair.

After drinking the tea and regaining his composure, George went to his room and began his nightly habit of reading the Bible before going to bed. That night he read the passage about the prophet Elijah in the book of Kings, who is taken to heaven in a chariot of fire: “As they were walking along and talking together, suddenly a chariot of fire and horses of fire appeared and separated the two of them, and Elijah went up to heaven in a whirlwind²⁶.”

George thought about it and fell asleep, while Cleber and Larissa were talking about their father’s health. They thought that Larissa, who had already graduated in Business Administration, should spend more time with him since she practically managed the farm and should deal with the financial side and manage the cattle sector by herself. But no decision had been taken, and they went to their respective rooms.

* * * * *

A sunny Saturday morning in July, and there were few people bathing, and although the sun was shining, the water was freezing cold. The indians loved the water, behaving like children, diving, laughing and splashing each other and had not left the river since they arrived.

Sonia sat on a rock by the water and played with Kami,

26. 2 Kings 2:11, New International Version.

who was in the stream, splashing water with his little hands on the ants he saw on the rock where her mother was sitting. After they fell into the water, he stretched out his little hand and the ants climbed up his little fingers while he laughed.

– Come into the water, Sonia! Coming to the river and not getting in is being selfish! – shouted Kunhahendy, swimming and smiling with Obajara.

– It’s so cold! I’ll be in soon!

They stayed there at the beach until noon. Then they returned to the town, had lunch at the Avenida steakhouse, and went home.

As they were tired after the trip to the beach and the orgy of the night before, Obajara stayed at his hotel, and the two women went home. They slept the rest of the afternoon and didn’t see each other again that weekend. On Sunday, Sonia and Kunhahendy had lunch; Sonia took the guitar that she hadn’t played for a long time and sang some songs to Kunhahendy and little Kami, who was shouting and clapping with his little hands listening to her mother’s beautiful nasal voice interpreting an old Caribbean lullaby, in which the black woman threatens the child saying that if he doesn’t sleep, “a white devil will appear and eat the child’s foot”. Here are the lyrics:

Sleep, sleep, little black boy,
 Your Mommy’s in the field, little black boy...
 Sleep, sleep little black boy,
 that your mother is in the field, black ...
 She’ll bring you some quails,
 She’ll bring you rich fruit,
 She’ll bring you some pork.
 She’ll bring you many things
 And if the black boy doesn’t fall asleep,
 the white devil is coming
 and wham! He eats your leg

chacapumba, chacapumba, chacapumba, chacapumba,
chacapumba!

Working, working hard, working yeah
working and they don't pay her, working yes,
working and coughing, working yes,
working and mourning, working yes,
for the little black boy, working yes,
for the little black boy, working yes,
he is in mourning yes, he is coughing yes, harshly yes²⁷.

27. Duerme, duerme negrito,
que tu mama está en el campo, negrito...
Duerme, duerme negrito,
que tu mama está en el campo, negrito...
Te va a traer codornices para ti,
te va a traer rica fruta para ti,
te va a traer carne de cerdo para ti.
Te va a traer muchas cosas para ti.
Y si negro no se duerme,
viene diablo blanco
y zás! Le come la patita,
chacapumba, chacapumba, chacapumba, chacapumba, chacapumba!
Trabajando, trabajando duramente, trabajando sí,
trabajando y no le pagan, trabajando sí,
trabajando y va tosiendo, trabajando sí,
trabajando y va de luto, trabajando sí,
pa'l negrito chiquitito, trabajando sí,
pa'l negrito chiquitito, trabajando sí,
va de luto sí, va tosiendo sí, duramente sí.

Chapter 17

AMBUSH, DEATHS, THE ABDUCTION OF KAMI AND THE GREAT COMMEMORATION OF THE CENTURY

The week passed in the usual routine, without any new events. In Sonia's work, everything went smoothly. Only on Thursday, late in the afternoon, before going home, did she get a call from her parents saying that they couldn't come on Saturday for Kami's birthday.

– All right, Dad, come next year then. I might even take Kami to have his party there. OK, then? – Kisses! She said goodbye, hung up, and got her things to leave, but as she left, she saw the ruralists' pick-up parked on the street. She couldn't see who was inside, the car started and slowly drove off, and she followed it with her eyes.

The two indians went to the municipality of Nova Xavantina to check on some government business and only returned late on Thursday night, and, in order not to wake Sonia, Kunhahendy decided to sleep in the same hotel where Obajara was staying.

On Friday morning, Sonia called Kunhahendy, who was still in bed, and commented on what had happened in the late afternoon before, about the ruralists' vehicle, and said that she

could not leave the Ministry before 4:00 pm as there would be a meeting to decide the next week's work, but she already had everything in her head: if she was late to go to the Buriti farm, Carol would get little Kami ready, and she would let them know when he was ready to go, so they would stop by and pick them up because she thought they had better go in Obajara's jeep.

After the arrangement was made, Kunhahendy got up, took a shower, dressed and went to the hotel breakfast room to meet Obajara who was waiting for her in order to have breakfast together. He was at the table and noticed her concern and immediately asked:

– What's up, my darling?

– It's hard to hide something from you, Munduruku.

– When you look at a person and they look away, it is because they are hiding something. One of the first lessons I learned in my village.

– Well... Sonia told me that she saw the ruralists' vehicle again yesterday. She had told me other times that they often followed her after she gave an ultimatum to the manager of the Xingu farm, – she said, with an air of concern, squeezing Obajara's hand on the table.

– So I think it's best to take my gun in my holster when we take the road to the Buriti farm in Canarana. From what you're telling me, they're trying to get her, – Obajara warned.

– I'm scared, Obajara! – said Kunhahendy as she picked up a cake, looking at him.

– Stay calm! We shouldn't make Sonia more worried than she already is, – Obajara tried to calm her, looking steadily at her.

In the afternoon, Obajara went to the bank to get cash to travel, find a quiet place to call Jaime and give him the latest information and his opinion on how things were in the region.

He was required to do this every Friday at 2:00 pm, to coincide with Rondônia's time zone, which is one hour behind Mato Grosso. On the other hand, it was Jaime himself who instructed him because at that moment he was alone in the office – these were the security precautions required by the Colonel.

It was 4:25 pm, and Kunhahendy's phone rang. It was Sonia informing them that she was already home, ready, and waiting.

Comfortable in the jeep, they hit the road at 5:00 pm. Kunhahendy went in the front with Obajara driving, Sonia in the back seat with Kami, who was quiet and a little sulky, no matter how hard Sonia and Kunhahendy tried to cheer him up; then they finally gave up.

Maybe it's because today is his birthday; they say that every child is like that. – Sonia tried to explain, looking at Kami, who remained silent.

It was already dark. They were almost at the entrance to the Buriti farm when the boy said a sentence in Guarani astonished Kunhahendy.

– *Hae kuera oh!* [They came!]

– *Mavapa?* [Who, exactly?] – Kunhahendy asked the boy very seriously.

– What did he say, Kunhahendy? – asked Sonia worried, and the boy uttered another sentence:

– *Ava kuera i pochyva!* [Bad men!] – said Kami, at the moment when Obajara suddenly braked the car and stopped because of a thick tree trunk, with all branches, lay across the road, on a high part of the road. He asked Kunhahendy to help him take it away, as it was too big.

When they got out of the vehicle, two men appeared shooting at them. Obajara only had time to jump and push Kunhahendy so that she fell to the ground while he drew his Glock

pistol and threw himself on the ground, shooting and hitting one of them, while the other also threw himself on the ground, firing his automatic. Obajara continued exchanging shots with him, but soon another one appeared, so he asked Kunhahendy and Sonia to try to get the tree trunk off the road, while he fired several times to distract the others.

When she got out, Sonia shouted to Kami to stay inside the vehicle, but Kami didn't obey and ran to where the tree trunk was. Sonia ran after him but was hit by a shot and fell in the middle of the road. Obajara, seeing her fall, managed to hit and injure another of them. The last one put away his empty pistol and cocked a machine gun, which he had slung over his shoulder, and began to fire. At that moment, the boy pointed his little finger at him, and the man burst into flames, dropped his gun and fell to the ground screaming. The last aggressor who was wounded, seeing his companion on fire, was terrified, and Obajara shouted to him to surrender, drop his weapon and raise his other hand. Kunhahendy hugged Sonia, who was still alive, Obajara got up from the ground and was also terrified, remembering the same scene he had witnessed in the mine a year before. He went looking for Kami, and found him standing there looking at him, and he was dumbfounded when he saw that the boy had pushed the tree trunk out of the road himself. He picked him up, saw a gleam in his eyes, and then an unconscious voice of the boy resounded inside his mind, telling him to get his mother out of there as soon as possible.

He went to the man who was shot in the arm and asked him if he'd been sent there by Senhor Garcia from the Xingu farm, but the man didn't want to talk as he was terrified by what he had seen. So he took a rope from the jeep and tied the man's injured arm to the tree trunk, called the Água Boa police chief to tell him what had happened, saying that he would leave the injured man tied to the trunk. He asked him to send an ambulance to help Sonia, who was injured, and told her he was

taking her to the Buriti farm.

He examined Sonia's wound and saw that it was serious. He had to stop the bleeding, or she would die in a few minutes. The bullet had pierced her left lung, near her heart. He carried her into the jeep accompanied by Kunhahendy, who was shaken and crying, took Kami, who was in the same place, next to the tree trunk, talking to himself, started the jeep, and they drove quickly to the farm, about two kilometres away.

As soon as Obajara entered the farm's parking lot and stopped the vehicle, foreman José Farias came running to see what had happened. When he saw Obajara getting out of the jeep carrying a bloodied Sonia, he was a little helpless, but when he approached, Obajara told him what had happened. Sonia then asked Obajara to put her down and told him:

– My dears, I'm dying... Please, Kunhahendy, turn on your iPhone so I can record a message for my parents. Her nasal voice was weak, and, as soon as Obajara approached sobbing with the device close to her mouth to better capture her voice, she began to record the message, in a broken voice:

– Ma...mom and dad... Please take care of Kami... He is not just any child, in him is incarnated a great spirit. I ask you to be patient with him and forgive me for not being correct with you. I can only say that his father is...

A loud, high-pitched sound, accompanied by a glare stronger than all the lights on the farm, disturbed the recording that Kunhahendy was making. The ten guests and the rest of the staff who were there were puzzled, some panicked and ran inside the house. The host, Mr. George, seeing this, remembered the insight he had had a week before, when he was about to go to sleep, and was amazed.

The brightness was so strong that the night in the soybean field was brighter than a day of strong sun, and then a large

object appeared from amidst the lights.

Cleber was filming the arrival of the guests when the commotion started. He was perplexed for a moment and decided to film the surreal phenomenon. So he aimed his camera at the object and started recording, half afraid. Suddenly, he saw something moving near the field, heading towards the object, so he opened the focus.

To his surprise and that of everyone else who was witnessing the event, Kami was walking towards the lights. Cleber managed to record the moment of the abduction, in which the boy made a sign to Kunhahendy and said his last words in Guarani, before disappearing:

– *Arata mache! Roro Topata!* [I'm leaving! We'll meet!]

The boy levitated and soon disappeared entering the object, to the general astonishment of everyone, who were all petrified. Many had already seen similar things TV reports, on YouTube, in the corners of newspapers, and in esoteric magazines.

The object turned around high above the farm, diversifying its glow into various colours and disappeared into space with a high-pitched violin-like sound.

Kunhahendy and Obajara were still kneeling on the floor beside Sonia's lifeless body, and she closed her eyes with an enigmatic smile.

George was flabbergasted and remembered the passage in the Bible that tells of "the abduction of Elijah by a chariot of fire", which he was reading the night he had the insight. He linked the event to that of the boy Kami. Deep inside, he felt something change inside him.

An hour later, the police chief arrived in the car together with the ambulance. Obajara went to him and asked the paramedics to carry Sonia's body and take it to the coroner's office.

The man he had left tied to the tree trunk was in the car, according to the police chief, in a state of shock, and had said he had seen the devil. He confessed saying that the mastermind of the crime was Senhor Garcia. The police chief also said that he telephoned the district judge get him to issue a warrant to the Federal Police of Barra do Garças, in order to immediately arrest the manager of the Xingu farm.

– Ms Otahime’s death is a great pity. She was a very loyal person for those three years. Much of what she did, no one has been able to accomplish to this day because of the corruption that is spreading every day, both in the legal system and in the Ministry of Labour, – lamented the police chief to Obajara, getting into the car and asking him to stop by the police station the next day to help make the report of what happened. But before leaving, he asked about Sonia’s son. Obajara said that he had disappeared and that he didn’t know how it had happened.

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A fateful afternoon. Those who had seen it all had taken part in the emergence of a fantastic reality, when perplexity is just a minor appetizer for the transcendental spectacle, which the witness cannot deny. Worst of all is wanting to report it to third parties because the individual will look ridiculous and be mocked because people are, with each passing day, more skeptical in the face of proven facts, let alone such events as this. We live in an emotional numbness caused by a deep sullen quietude.

* * * * *

Saturday morning, Obajara went to the police station as he had to help he police chief to finish the report.

After making his usual and customary account according to the police regulation, Obajara preferred not to mention the fan-

tastic facts to the police chief as the details of the man who “set on fire” and the boy’s disappearance would not help to close the incident. However, Obajara did not need to go into details because the other gunman, whom he had wounded in the arm and who had already been treated and was out of danger but still under arrest, when giving his account of what had happened, told the police chief “that it had been the demon who set fire to his partner and only remembered seeing the boy point his finger at the companion with the machine gun and that he had set himself on fire as he did not believe the boy had done that”.

So it was left to Obajara to explain the disappearance of the victim’s son. He insisted on saying that he hadn’t seen how it happened because he was helping Sonia, and when he looked up, the boy had already moved away from him.

Faced with such a situation, the police chief, after hearing all these things he considered absurd, preferred to “arrange” the facts in the most plausible way so that he would not owe bizarre explanations to other bodies. He remembered that a similar event had taken place a year before, in which a case of self-combustion was registered by Police Chief Josino, of the Federal Police, of another man in the mine near Cocalinho, in which Obajara was also involved. Knowing that this would trigger more problems for him and, consequently, for Obajara, he registered the boy’s disappearance as a possible kidnapping, stating that he was already working on a rescue. As for the “man on fire”, he recorded it as a fatal accident as at “the same moment he had an open hip flask, which had leaked into his shirt pocket, and, at the time he fired his gun, a spark of gunpowder may have ignited his clothing, the fire spreading rapidly over the victim’s body. Only a pile of ash and burned bones remained when he arrived at the scene. He did well not to bring the remains, only the hip flask and the machine gun with marks from the fire”. With this fraudulent occurrence, only details of the boy’s ransom remained to be seen.

At 10:00 am the search and arrest warrant had already been issued by the Federal Police, Senhor Garcia and three other people had been arrested and formally accused due to the confession of the wounded gunman, already in prison, and the ballistics test also confirmed that the bullet that had killed Sonia had been fired by one of the weapons that the police chief brought from the scene of the crime.

Kunhahendy, who had taken a tranquilizer the night before, woke up half asleep at the hotel. She went to the fridge to have some water and found a note scribbled by Obajara saying he would be right back. She sat down at the table, but Sonia's absence still left her with an inconsolable emptiness. Obajara arrived, hugged her and told her that in the afternoon he would see to it that Sonia's body was transported to São Paulo; she would be buried there at the request of her parents. They couldn't come, because Senhora Otahime, as soon as she saw the photos and the recording of her daughter's voice sent by the police, felt sick and was hospitalized. As for the boy's disappearance, the police chief told Mr. Otahime that the case was under investigation and that when he had any information he would notify the family; they were working with the possibility of kidnapping by one of the men involved in the attack.

Obajara called the Colonel to let him know in advance what had happened and said he had something of high security to tell him personally. So the Colonel asked him to present himself as soon as possible in Rondônia as he knew that Obajara would still have to give evidence in the legal department of Água Boa for his self-defence in the ambush even though he was not accused of any crime.

Kunhahendy requested leave at Funai and asked Obajara to go to Ponta Porã to stay there for a few days; then she would talk to him. She was excused from making a statement in the case as she was only a passenger and a friend of those involved.

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In Brasília, it was 11:51 pm on July 20, 2019. The moon was half full, and all the media on the planet were linked because, in five minutes, the countdown to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the American astronaut Neil Armstrong setting foot on the moon would begin. It was the first time that a man from planet Earth had set foot on another planet – a historic fact for the human being albeit controversial for some.

In the mystical environment of the Kardecist community in Uberaba, in the state of Minas Gerais, created by the spiritist Chico Xavier, on that day, the so-called “Final Date” was celebrated. According to the message:

This was the final date that the galactic spiritual command gave, because of the intervention of the Christ in spirit (He is also part of that command), for men of planet Earth to redeem themselves and stop the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction, also stop destroying the environment because, according to Chico Xavier, there was a period of fifty years for his emissaries to work so that planet Earth would continue to be part of the great brotherhood of regenerated worlds.

In Água Boa, Mato Grosso, the two indians watched the celebration on the old TV in the lobby of the Serra Verde hotel, but they remembered that they were supposed to be celebrating with Sonia the third birthday of the enigmatic boy Kami.

Kunhahendy, still in pain but curious about what had happened to Kami, was meditating and questioning herself, lamenting in a monody to herself: “Who is Kami? What was so marvellous about that boy, who called me *sî* [mother]? Did he speak perfectly in Tupi-Guarani like his father? How did he know the jagunços were coming?” As she pondered, Kunhahendy looked at the original black-and-white images of the celebrations of the conquest of the moon.

Perhaps he was also another *tembí jokuái* [the one who carries the message], like Tuyami Marx, his father... Kunhahendy soon realized that she had forgotten the last words the boy said: – *Arata mache! Roro Topata!* [I'm leaving! We'll meet!] –. She began to understand the dichotomy of the message in the broader sense and soon came another enigmatic question: – Did he say he will meet us again in this life or on another plane? – The enigma persisted as everyone talked about this other plane, but she, a Guaraní indian, did not conceive of his disappearance in that way.

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The image of American astronaut Neil Armstrong appeared at that moment, filling the TV screen with a very enthusiastic commentary from the announcer, making it appear like the beginning of a football game in the World Cup, which took Kunhahendy out of her thoughts.

It was 11:56 pm in Brasília, and the world was turning to the historic moment of man's arrival on the moon. In that brief moment, the Cape Kennedy time zone, NASA's headquarters, became the most connected place to the media on the entire planet. From that moment on, Cape Kennedy was consecrated as the greatest reference in the march of the history of science, as the beginning of the Conquest of Space.

The commemoration of this event, which took place exactly fifty years ago, was greater than anything that has ever been celebrated in the world. It made anachronistic and obsolete other traditional celebrations, such as the entrance of the New Year, which always obeyed the time zone from East to West, sequentially within the order and time zone of each region of the planet.

That particular moment was different as a new threshold was being celebrated and inaugurated in the history of the march of the humanity. The world was freeing itself from the old religious and superstitious traditions, with world-

wide acclaim and confidence in the ability of science to save the more than seven billion human beings, not to mention that, in addition, there were still all the animals of the planet. It was like inaugurating a virtual “Noah’s Ark” for all beings in the world.

A large part of the world’s population was feeling more protected and secure, as had happened at other times millennia ago in small villages in the Middle East, Europe and Asia when a wall was built to surround a castle or a citadel to protect it from invaders of other races, a reason for jubilation and celebration of a greater security and protection from collective fear, the archetype of limits which had developed in the unconscious of these peoples, xenophobia or fear of other ethnicities and living without walls.

This building process, carried out in the first civilizations and repeated over thousands of years, was also amalgamated in the collective unconscious, projecting and beating in the diffuse somatic feeling of all of them. This “safe fence” has always appeared in the study of dreams in Psychology and Psychoanalysis as a reference extended to the body as an inexorable rhizome, which has been consolidated in the axiom of psychoanalysis: “To dream of your home is to scrutinize your own body and your mind, it is to discover new sectors of your being”.

With the passing of time came the “people in the box” – a phrase from the Kaingang ethnic group, written on a poster placed at the entrance of the Ibirapuera auditorium in 2015, at the last indigenous congress in São Paulo.

For the people of the forest, who never built a fence in their villages, this great celebration made no sense. For them, the immensity of the forest was their protection, their real “Noah’s Ark”. For the indian, dreaming of the forest is to scrutinize wisdom, it is to understand the different planes of the

universe and of their mind since they believe that the forest is the extension of their village and their entire body, and is the only wisdom, as this Guató/Payaguá indigenous belief is very clear in the poem of the late Pantanal poet Manoel de Barros:

In the Pantanal you cannot use a ruler. There is too much when it rains.

The ruler is the limit of existence, and the Pantanal has no limits. Here, beautiful is unnecessary, the eye puts the beauty and glory of things²⁸.

This way of seeing the world differs from the way of thinking of whites in relation to the minority of forest peoples, who live according to the universe. It is obvious that, for them, this commemoration goes against their way of being. This anthropic celebration of most of the planet and which takes as its motto the conquest of space is at heart empty. It is as empty as the appreciation of gold, money, and power.

In the view of an indian, there is nothing to conquer in the world but understanding, harmonizing, learning to live with everything that the universe has placed in front of him or her because neither chaff or wheat is an example of good and bad – everything is good. What you need is just to know how to conceive and understand yourself together with everything that exists in this world.

For the indian, to think the opposite is to admit that ecosystems, nature and the universe “create useless things, make mistakes, waste, and leave leftovers” throughout existence, which is absurd for the understanding of indians and for anyone else with common sense and a little study.

The great physicist and cosmologist Stephen Hawking

28. No Pantanal não se pode passar régua. Sobre muito quando chove. A régua é existidura de limite e o Pantanal não tem limites. Aqui, bonito é desnecessário, beleza e glória das coisas o olho que põe.

said in one of his maxims about the magnitude of God: – If anyone thinks that, if one day in the future, God were to appear on Earth only to religious, mystics and good-natured people, it would be a reductive party political act contrary to His immeasurable omnipresence and omnipotence”.

Chapter 18

GEORGE'S REDEMPTION AFTER THE "VISIT" OF THE MEN IN BLACK SUITS

That same night, at the Buriti farm, the mood was one of perplexity. Cleber, George and Larissa were also watching the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of man's first steps on the moon, but George was still thinking about what he had seen the day before and made an apathetic comment while his children looked at the image of Apollo XI on the lunar soil, when neither of them had been born:

– It was an appalling event, and what's worse is that we couldn't even share it with other people who weren't here, – George said, looking at his children.

– But Cleber filmed everything with my camcorder, Dad, didn't he? – asked Larissa, cheering her father up and looking away from the TV images.

– Yes! I filmed it, but if you see what I recorded, you won't believe it, – warned Cleber.

– With the son? Was the battery low? After all, what happened? – asked George.

– No! It was charged! I don't know... I can show it on this

TV now, if you want, – proposed Cleber smiling.

– Do so, Cleber, – agreed the father, getting up and going to the fridge to get some water.

Cleber left and came back with the camera. He connected it to the TV, looking for the recorded images. After making the connection, he turned on the device, and soon the guests appeared arriving, one by one, the smiles, the hugs and then the images of the fantastic event. The fields appeared as normal with the farm’s own light, then the close-up of the boy showed Kami running, stopping and turning to Obajara and Kunhaheny. Then he said goodbye, smiling, levitating, and suddenly disappeared into thin air. All the lights, appearance, and whirling of the flying object did not appear on the recording, leaving George and Larissa even more perplexed. How did it happen? What was that, which even controlled the recording of the most modern camcorder that Larissa had bought?

George remembered the passage from the Tower of Babel: Then they said, “Come, let us build ourselves a city, with a tower that reaches to the heavens, so that we may make a name for ourselves; otherwise we will be scattered over the face of the whole earth.” But the Lord came down to see the city and the tower the people were building. The Lord said, “If as one people speaking the same language they have begun to do this, then nothing they plan to do will be impossible for them. Come, let us go down and confuse their language so they will not understand each other²⁹”.

After that, George began to see what had happened as yet another divine warning for him to change his ways.

* * * * *

This is what has always happened throughout the ages. After the

29. Genesis: 11, 4:7, New International Version (NIV).

Bible was published, people took hold of it as the explanation and salvation for all things. They never remember that such a work is a record of chronicles and the history of the culture of the different peoples of the Middle East, similar to other works on the history and mythology of the Greeks, Chinese, and Indians.

As for the veracity of the facts described in these books, it does not matter to any of us who were born in America, because it is not part of our autochthonous culture and also depends on the faith of each of these peoples for it to be a relevant oracle.

If Samson and Hercules existed and had enormous strength, only Jews and Greeks are interested. If Apollonius of Tyana and Jesus Christ performed "miracles", this is only important for European Christians, Greeks and Turks. Is everyday reality here in South America and not in Europe or the Middle East?

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Just like George or anyone who was at the Buriti farm and saw the abduction of Kami by the unidentified object, if he writes or later tells it to other people, they will be seen as a charlatan, a laughing stock, just like the case of the people involved with the Varginha de Minas Gerais ET case or, if you prefer to see it from the artistic side of cinematic science fiction, it would be the figure of the paranoid Kyle Reese, who alerted the California police about the cyborg killer coming from the future in the Terminator saga.

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The tendency of human beings is bipolar: when faced with a mystery, some try to rationalize everything they cannot explain, using their fears, their lame logic of psychology and so many other references, or even bizarre explanations which only serve to create a halo of greater distortion of the fact, often deforming it greatly. Over time,

historical facts and elements from other cultures have been mixed in the same bag and turned into a third thing with a distorted, commonplace, and banal connotation. A good example of this is the "Trojan Horse", which was a historical fact in the region of what is now Turkey and today has become one of the first computer viruses. The "Achilles Heel" of Greek mythology became the weak point of someone or a system, just as the "Patience of Job" a symbol of submission of a human being before the imaginary god of Semitic culture, became synonymous of perseverance or the quality of a calm person.

The other tendency is to frame a real event in the "eternal Nietzschean return" and find psychological empathy of the true fact with the subject's particular religious creed, making the victim of the event into a character of the creed.

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This was what was happening at that moment in the mind of George Lynch, who saw Kami as the personification of the saga and the figure of the prophet Elijah of the Bible. That is, he was "attributing a new protagonist to an old biblical account" and saw himself, in turn, as the conscious reporter of the new event, a type of neurosis known in Jungian psychoanalysis as projection.

For George it was more comfortable to dress a new participating hero in the clothes of an old fact and to be the new messenger of this "eternal return", even if this is anachronistic and a caricature.

In short, this is how the individual makes familiar the fear of the mystery of any surreal event: they either trivialize or dilute it, or transform and make it all into an unconscious anthropophagy; the essence is filtered by the converter of beliefs, and transferred to a "remake" in the present.

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In the beginnings of civilization, people made totems to be venerated with human or animal sacrifices to safeguard and respond to their surreal appeals as there was still no science per se and fewer speculative sources of knowledge to provide answers to surreal facts.

Love and fear were worshipped at the time and served, along with the totems, as a kind of guardian for anthropic actions and also established the facts in a collective oracle, a practice that gave rise to one of the most primitive axioms of the human race which still remains in the hearts and minds of the majority of the faithful of the major religions as an inexorable superstition: the chronicle known as "fear God above all".

Everything written that has come from ancient history, that we know and study, both on the official side and in the details between the lines, brings, in its midst, this sine wave of behaviour and motor action moved by impulses of cultural values added throughout time.

When human society developed and created empires or citadels, totems went into castles, and cults were no longer necessarily collective. The voice and decisions of the socio/cultural representative became a sacrosanct pronouncement that was obeyed by the majority. It has always happened like this: the ordinary being or a leader has a vision coming from the extra-physical, he becomes a warrior who wants to assert the mandala of the oracle of his culture, in which he feels the incarnation of the anointed, an envoy of his God who must "deliver and save his people". As avatars, they would continually repeat the catchphrases "save" or "deliver", accompanied by the "old fear of God" or "thank God". A major example of this was the surreal vision of Paul of Tarsus and Constantine to consolidate the creation of the Catholic Church, as well as Mohammed's vision for the formation of Islam.

In the formation of Christianity here in Latin America, it was no different as in the traditional faith induced and brought from Catholic Europe here brought a proliferation of various types of the formative "genesis" coming from the "findings" of objects which were automatically venerated as a sign left by the divinity, and soon after a church was erected on the site. Such "facts" were verified in regions

such as the case of Aparecida do Norte and Círio de Nazaré in Brazil, and Caacupe in Paraguay. In Mexico Christianity developed and was marked by the appearances of entities for the Christian natives of the region, the greatest example being Guadalupe in Mexico. In the United States, where the majority of the population is of Protestant origin, the biggest fact was the appearance of the angel Moroni to the Prophet Joseph Smith and the golden Bible which he found.

There are many surreal events, both in Catholicism and Protestantism. However, the faithful never asked who could have made those images and placed them there, why a golden Bible, which is the symbol of ostentation as gold has been the greatest symbol of human greed since civilization began. We know that chance does not manufacture anything and that there is no proliferation of religious policies or preaching in the extraphysical as all the world's religions were created by men and for men. However, when it comes to traditional religious faith induced into the culture, the understanding and procedure is different, and it is not just a question of following the habits.

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The next morning, a sunny Sunday with a mild temperature typical of the month of July, the Lynch family was having breakfast in the living room of the house, which looks out onto the entrance to the farm. On the road leading to the farm, a black car appeared, approached, and parked near the drone, and two men in black suits and sunglasses got out. They were then intercepted by the security guards, who asked them who they were and what they wanted.

After being identified as agents of the federal government, they said they wanted to talk to Cleber – they even knew his name. The guards signalled that they wanted to speak with Cleber, who came out and approached the visitors.

– I'm Cleber Lynch, how can I help you?

– We want the camera you used on Friday night, please, – one of them said, not showing the slightest embarrassment at the request.

– And why would I give it to you and by what authority do you want the camera? – replied Cleber harshly and beginning to get angry.

The second man took another camera of the same model from the car, still in the unopened box, and said he wanted to exchange it for his.

– If you guys have a new one, why do you want mine? – replied Cleber, curious.

– You have something in your camera that interests us, – said one of them, already showing authority in his speech, which seemed to come from a Spynet police voice modifier.

– What if I don't want to give it to you? – challenged Cleber.

– We'll take it anyway, sir. We came by order of the Federal Government and in the name of National Security, – threatened one of them, already handing the box with the new camera to Cleber, while the other one walked towards the entrance of the house.

Cleber was going to shout to Larissa to tell her they were going to take her camera, but one of them put his hand on his arm, and this seemed to hypnotize Cleber. Instead of yelling, he calmly asked her to hand over the camera because he was trading it in for a new and better one, and he shook the box, showing it to her.

After taking Larissa's camera, one of them warned him not to try anything, especially using the drone to follow them. They then left the farm in the greatest calm while Cleber was still hypnotized. As soon as the men's car entered the main road, he woke up from the hypnosis, and, although he had

been told not to follow the men in the black suits, Cleber, with only a week of piloting lessons, started the drone and moved in the direction of the main road. After a few minutes, he saw their car on the road and started to lower it to approach them, but one of them saw the drone flying low, took out a kind of pen, aimed and shot a red thread of light at the drone, which lost power, and Cleber was forced to land in a soybean field, but without damaging the drone.

He spent more than fifteen minutes trying to turn on the drone in the middle of the field, while his father and Larissa anxiously called the drone's iPhone. He answered and said that he was fine and that he needed them to ask the foreman José Farias to go get him because the drone had stopped working.

When he finished talking into the iPhone, the drone turned on by itself, as if programmed. Somewhat startled, he looked to see if anyone was near the drone. Seeing no one, he called his father back to cancel the rescue, raised the vehicle into the air and headed back to the farm.

After parking, he sat in the lounge chair while his sister brought him some orange juice. She told him that George had called a friend from the Federal Police to find out if there was any warrant for his farm, and the attendant on duty said that nothing had been received for that region.

A bigger bundle of riddles was formed, more questions that wouldn't remain silent. Who were the two men in black suits who always appeared when there was contact with a UFO? Why did they know what had happened? And, the most mysterious of all, they knew that the event had been filmed and could be interested in the images of the farm's cameras like any technical police agency, but this was not the case because they knew that the excess light emitted by the UFO would saturate the images, so they went directly to Cleber and Larissa's camera, because these two knew everything. Who had warned them?

Cleber was 21 years-old and, like most young men, he took interest in computers and didn't easily give up. As soon as he regained his posture, he looked at his father and sister and said to them, smiling triumphantly:

I made a copy and put it on an old flash drive.

* * * * *

After a week of events, which were tense and left many people in the Araguaia region worried, things began to change.

Obajara had already given his statement and was free to travel. Kunhahendy was still with him, waiting for him to go together by bus to Cuiabá, and there they would separate, with Obajara going to Rondônia and Kunhahendy to Ponta Porã.

They were having breakfast at the Serra Verde hotel when José Farias, the foreman from the Buriti farm, came in, went to them and asked permission to sit down because he had something to say to them.

– Of course! Please sit down! – said Obajara, with a curious look in his eyes.

– I'm sorry to interrupt your breakfast, Mr. Obajara, we just saw each other in the midst of conflict and confusion, – he said, with a somewhat forced smile. – But today, I have come to invite you and your companion on behalf of Mr. George Lynch and his family, and I inform you in advance that the invitation will also be extended to the other people who were there on the day Ms Otahime passed away, and her son disappeared. I confess it was the saddest and strangest thing I've ever seen in my entire life.

Mr. Lynch wants to bring us all together again, today, at 7:00 pm, since it was he who started it all, and he has even invited Mr. Malaquias and José Xavante from the down the river

and many other indians and squatters in the region, because another event there on the Sunday after made us more anxious.

Obajara asked what happened, and the foreman related the episode with Cleber and the men in black suits, making Obajara more curious. José Farias then insisted that they attend.

– Please accept this invitation as it is a proposal for the good of all of us, here in the region.

Obajara listened calmly, looking into his eyes, accompanied by the fearful look of Kunhahendy. Then he realized that the man was not lying since the last time they were invited to George Lynch’s farm, they suffered the ambush that had resulted in the violent tragedy. As he realized that this was a matter of National Security, he would have to inform Colonel Jaime. So he accepted the invitation, with one caveat: he would be armed at all times.

José Farias agreed, thanked him, and said goodbye. Kunhahendy turned to the still surprised Obajara and said:

– I don’t trust these people, Obajara! Why did you accept?

– I realized he wasn’t lying! And on the other hand, why did these men in black suits go there just to get a camcorder? On the other hand, if Mr. Lynch is inviting even his former opponents, it’s because the meeting is serious, – he assured her, drinking the last of his coffee and stroking Kunhahendy’s beautiful hair.

An hour before the scheduled meeting time, Obajara and Kunhahendy were arriving at the place where the ambush had taken place. He stopped at the side of the road, got out of the jeep and saw that the tree trunk wasn’t there anymore. He looked at the road on the horizon and saw a car coming in the opposite direction. He waited to see who it was, because his intuition as an indian and an alert agent didn’t allow him to turn his back on people in the late afternoon.

The car approached and then stopped in front of them. Oba-

jara reached in his holster for his Glock, until the window was lowered and, to his surprise, it was Colonel Jaime, who stopped, got out, and both saluted; soon they were laughing and hugging each other. Obajara introduced him to Kunhahendy and then they stepped aside to talk. Obajara was the first to ask:

– What a surprise is this, Colonel! I was going to call you tomorrow to give you the information about the meeting that will take place in an hour at the Buriti farm, right there. Did you pass by? – said Obajara, pointing to the road. – And why are you in plain clothes?

– I’m an undercover agent, just like you; order of the high command. I’m substituting a person who “can’t come to the meeting”, – he replied, in other words, he “turned away” one of the guests in order to take his place.

– I wanted to meet you here so you wouldn’t be surprised in the house. Let’s agree: you don’t know me, get there first. For me, it’s better to wait for dark, because it’s scheduled for 7:00 pm, and it’s already 6:20 pm.

– I knew you’d be here, I assume this was the site of the ambush, right?

Obajara nodded with an air of sadness and loss.

– Let’s get to work, – said Jaime, moving away from Obajara, starting the car, taking the main road and driving slowly, letting Obajara’s vehicle pass his.

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For security reasons, George wanted to hold the meeting in the large party room so that there would be plenty of room for everyone and that they would all help him form a kind of “coalition force”, because he felt that there was imminent danger lurking in the region.

After everyone had gathered, Cleber was the first to speak and got ready to project the images of what had happened, which had been saved on the old flash drive. Before this, he gave an oral introduction recounting what had happened and was frequently interrupted.

Then he showed the recording and realized the frustration of those who saw what happened and what was shown. He then recounted the episode of the men in the black suits, the forced exchange of cameras, his failed attempt to chase the mysterious visitors, the forced landing in the soybean field, and the surprise of the sudden takeoff of the damaged drone.

Jaime looked at Obajara and was surprised at what he saw, but he continued silently, watching just like Obajara, while many people asked questions, which were answered to the greatest extent possible, but they soon fell silent because of the strangeness of what had happened and the riddle of the fact that the camera had not been able to record the events.

Finishing his speech, Cleber announced his father, who went to the middle of the room and began to tell his story, confessing, showing a certain *sozo*, or desire for salvation, and proposing a union from then on.

– In my 65 years of life, nothing like what I have seen in these days, gentlemen, has ever happened to me. I am a sinner like any of you; I have done a lot of good things, but I have also done a lot of wrong things to obtain all the wealth I have today. I want to be very clear to you, especially to my neighbours, Indians and the small landowners, that, from now on, I want to work hand in hand with all of you, even if other large landowners and entrepreneurs here in the Xingu region do not want to do the same and not join me.

– What you saw there, shown by my son and of which many of you were witnesses, was a warning to let us know that we are all entering a difficult era. Yesterday it happened to me,

tomorrow it could happen to some of you, and I, with all my heart, want to help you, and I want your help too.

– When you have an enemy, and you know them, you know how to deal with them and keep them quiet, but when you only have a glimpse of the enemy and you don't know their range of actions, then things get complicated, it takes your sleep away, and sometimes you even have nightmares.

– We are on the threshold of a new world, but all the marvellous knowledge that science today provides us with does not come anywhere near to what has been demonstrated here on this farm, from what I have seen and believe. What I saw were neither men nor anything of this world.

– I saw it and was afraid. From that moment on, I became the person who is here today and humbly asks everyone to unite so that there is no lack of food, shelter, medical care, and I especially want to participate with indians, with children, in the plantation of more trees in the region. Let's get together, arrange for the purchase of seedlings, so that I wake up every day confident in the people around me and, at least one day a week, I want to plant, in the morning, as many seedlings as possible.

– That night I looked up at the sky, I heard a voice that warned me and said that it was better to be surrounded by friends than these enemies I had just seen.

– Two days later, we had a visit from those demons in the black suits, who almost killed my son.

At that moment, there was a collective astonishment from the guests.

– I feel that a great drought will come, and, if we don't ally ourselves with the greatest experts on the land, the indians, we won't know what to do with all those hectares of farm, which will be at risk of burning and killing us all. So, in closing, I want to make, starting today, the proposal to create a united commis-

sion to fight against these “enemies of life here on Earth”.

George Lynch, who had previously linked the abduction of the boy Kami by the UFO to the abduction of the prophet Elijah going to heaven in the chariot of fire, also connected the “visit” and the threat of the men in black suits looking for Larissa’s camera with the passage of the Tower of Babel. These two biblical facts, although they have a cultural truth and characteristics at different times, were the main cause of his radical redemption and change of habits, believing that he was the redeemer as he was aware of the new fact.

He showed so much sincerity in his new position that he unconsciously used the catchphrase “enemies of life here on Earth”, created by indigenous leaders, which made Kunhahendy exclaim:

I remembered the big meeting in 2016 in the Kamaiurá village, when we met, and the letter from Ailton Krenak, – she recalled, turning and smiling to Obajara, who just looked at her.

After George’s speech, a dinner was served for the guests, and the atmosphere became somewhat sullen. Obajara and Kunhahendy went to Cleber to find out more about the men in black suits. Obajara remembered that “these men” had been looking for him when the man in the hat had “self-combusted” in the gold mining area, more than a year before. They were in Barra do Garças with Josino, local chief of the Federal Police, and also at the Ministry of Labour, when Sonia had been there.

– I’m Obajara. I was here that day too, – he said, introducing himself.

– I remember you, and I even filmed you getting out of the jeep with her, – pointing to Kunhahendy, – carrying the injured lady, – confirmed Cleber to Kunhahendy.

– I saw it in the film, but I would like to see more details of the recording, if it’s possible – asked Obajara, and Cleber invit-

ed him to see it:

– Of course! You can see it on the big computer, which is in my room.

– Thank you.

Cleber then asked the two indians to accompany him, and they excused themselves to the guests and went to Cleber's room. Arriving there, he turned on the computer, put in the flash drive, located the recording, and soon there appeared the scenes of the jeep quickly arriving and parking, the foreman José Farias heading towards Obajara, who was carrying the body of the injured Sonia, but still alive. There was a two-second fade out, then the scene of Kami running, which he had already seen on the screen in the party room.

Obajara asked him for a copy of the recording and said he would take it to the technical police, to have a better look at the details of the two seconds of the fade out.

Happy to do so, Cleber asked him for his iPhone and transferred the entire recording to the device. Obajara thanked him, and they returned to the hall and noticed that people were already a little more lively and were talking.

When they approached Jaime, Larissa, Cleber's sister, who was very pretty in a red dress, appeared, and Kunhahendy felt her energy as she introduced herself:

– I'm Larissa. I remember you from that day. I see you went to speak with my brother in private, – pointed out the beautiful woman, smiling and shaking hands with the three of them.

– I just went to get a copy of the recording, where we appear, – Obajara said, smiling. – She was shouting and crying seeing the injured lady, – he remembered, pointing to Kunhahendy, who continued:

– I was upset that day. A few minutes before, we had been

attacked on the road. Then, everything that happened here on the farm... The boy was holding onto me, and Ms Otahime was more than our friend, – said Kunhahendy, in her melancholy.

– If you don't mind, I'd like to get to know you better on other occasions because my brother Cleber and I were also friends with Sonia – proposed Larissa, smiling and asking for the contact of Kunhahendy, who passed it on to her also smiling.

Obajara excused himself and signalled to Jaime, who followed him out of the hall to talk, adding that he now had a copy of the recording. Larissa and Kunhahendy stayed in the hall talking and exchanging feminine compliments:

– What beautiful hair you have! – exclaimed Larissa, stroking the hair of Kunhahendy, who also reciprocated: – That golden blond hair of yours is also fascinating, Larissa.

– I was sorry about Sonia's death that night. I knew her from the Ministry. A week earlier, I had talked to Dad about the new ventures we wanted to propose here on the farm, and I remembered that, if his idea was to bring people from outside to work and knowing this control that the government now has, we were going to have problems with the labour laws, so I suggested that he consult Sonia, in an informal and relaxed way here at home, as it would also be a way to get to know her better. – She paused for a few seconds and then concluded: – Nobody expected such a tragedy, eh Kunhahendy?

– I'm still shaken, because there were two losses, since the boy also disappeared, didn't he, Larissa?

– Yes! I wonder what happened to him...?

– Perhaps he will appear somewhere else, at another time, – said Kunhahendy.

Obajara returned after talking to Jaime, and he and Kunhahendy said goodbye to George and their children. Jaime also

did the same, letting a minute pass after the indians had left so as not to arouse suspicion. As soon as the two cars were on the main road, they pulled up, and Jaime said he was at the Hotel Palhoça. He scheduled a conversation with him for the next morning for better clarification, to get new instructions and the iPhone chip with the copy of Cleber's recording. Jaime intended to leave late the next afternoon. With everything arranged, they separated: the Colonel went ahead, while Obajara and Kunhahendy kept to a slower speed until Jaime's car disappeared.

Chapter 19

CONFRONTATION WITH THE MEN IN THE BLACK SUITS AND THE STRANGE OBJECT

– Did you bring your iPhone and SIM card? asked Jaime, wearing sunglasses, as he was drinking coffee and saw Obajara approach his table.

– Yes, here it is, sir! replied Obajara, taking the chip and the device from his pocket, placing the two objects on the table.

– So let's destroy the device soon. I hope you didn't make any calls after copying, – said Jaime, looking into the eyes of Obajara, who replied immediately:

– No sir! As soon as I recorded it, I turned it off, took out the battery, and it's still like this. I didn't receive or make any calls after recording.

– I hope not, Obajara, because the backdoor hackers are very clever these days, and if those men in the black suits learn that there was a copy, they will come back to the farm to retrieve it, and I guarantee they will not be so pleasant as they were the last time.

– I realize that! Cleber is a very smart hacker. He copied it on to an old Kingston-branded flash drive and left it away from

his things. He seems to have had an idea they would come back and took precautions.

– They found out because of the back door that every device has, and, in his case, it was the camcorder used at the time of the event, – observed Jaime, already putting away the two objects and anticipating what would be the next stages of the investigation of the recording that was on the chip . – I’m going to take this chip to Rondônia, but I’m also going to copy it and then deliver it to the General, who will carry out a technical investigation. If he informs me of the content, I’ll speak to you personally, wherever you are... Agreed?

– Of course sir!

– And is the Guarani girl reliable? – asked Jaime, referring to Kunhahendy.

– Yes! She’s an anthropologist, she’s very smart and doesn’t ask many questions. She has helped me out of several difficult situations, as did the late Ms Otahime, who helped me to get out of prison a year ago. We were also a threesome, like you, me and Rosana in Rondônia, and there was never any kind of problem, – Obajara clarified, reassuring the Colonel.

Speaking of Rosana, she got pregnant that night, remember? – Jaime said, looking smiling at Obajara, who was taken aback and remained open-mouthed.

– Is it true, sir? And... And...how...how is she? – stammered Obajara, very moved.

– She’s fine, we’re fine. My daughter Soraia is very happy because she will have the little brother she wanted so much, I will be a father/grandfather and you will be her “beloved uncle”, until she is mature enough to know about her real father, how about that?

– When the child is born, I’ll let you know, because you might

have to stay here a little longer, I don't know! It'll depend on the reply from the General Staff, who will inform me this afternoon as I have to travel early tomorrow. This is the current situation.

– I'll await your orders then. I'm going to buy another device now, enable it with a new chip and a new number, and then I'll send it to you, – and they said goodbye with a handshake.

This pregnancy surprise and sudden script change left Obajara wondering. As he returned to the centre of town, he remembered that he was out of ammunition for his pistol and went to the store to buy some. Not knowing exactly where he was, he parked the jeep in the central area and walked off. After a few minutes, he found the store on a corner near the Serra Verde hotel, where he was staying with Kunhahendy. He went in, showed his licence to carry weapons and was soon attended, loaded his gun and left again to get the car, but he thought about calling Kunhahendy to walk a little and went to the hotel, about a hundred meters away.

When he arrived at the hotel lobby, he saw two people sitting like statues. He looked at the receptionist, wide-eyed and with the phone in her hand, transfixed.

He sensed something was wrong, so he drew his pistol and slowly climbed the stairs to the second floor. He heard a noise coming from his room. He came closer, hid behind the cleaning lady's cart in the hallway and saw the two men in black suits carrying the hypnotized Kunhahendy, as if she were sleepwalking.

Afraid to shoot and hit girl, he hid until they passed him. When they were halfway up the stairs, with Obajara behind and above them, it was the right opportunity to act, so he took close aim and fired, wounding one of them in the shoulder. The second released Kunhahendy, who fell down the stairs, and tried to hit Obajara with his stun ray gun, who jumped aside and fired. The other one was wounded in the arm, but he fired his weapon several times, which caused Obajara to be impacted

by the air displacement, and he was thrown a few meters off. When he recovered, he saw the other one leaving and carrying his injured companion out of the hotel. Obajara ran to see how Kunhahendy was and saw her still lying on the stairs.

– *Oh! Che roraijhu nde neípa?* [Oh! My love, are you okay?] – he asked in Guaraní.

– *Aiko katu!* [I’m fine!] – replied Kunhahendy, opening her slanted eyes and smiling.

Every human being, when they survive a dangerous event, tends to speak in their native language or with their regional accent.

At that moment, the people who were paralyzed woke up and the phone fell from the hand of the receptionist who didn’t understand anything that was happening. The other two also woke up in the same situation. Obajara was going down to the lobby, hugging Kunhahendy, when she saw a kind of pen lying on the floor and soon realized that it had been left by the men in the black suits; he put it in his pocket.

The cleaning lady appeared on the stairs to the first floor and said that she had felt sick and passed out while she was cleaning one of the rooms. Obajara, seeing that no one had called the police, did not say what had happened so as not to scare them, asked the receptionist for a bottle of water, gave it to Kunhahendy to revive her, and went out with her to get the jeep and buy the new cell phone, which he had forgotten. He went to the store and decided to call Jaime; he told him that he was going to see him to tell him about what had happened.

Jaime was still at the breakfast table making routine calls to his family when Obajara and Kunhahendy arrived and sat down. He still continued talking and then hung up.

After telling him what happened, Obajara showed him the pen-like device. Jaime looked at him without making any move

and then made his diagnosis as a military agent:

– I’ve never seen anything like it before. I’m going to have an expert look into it now, as I feel they’re going to come after this thing, and you’ll be in danger.

Worried, the Colonel invited them up to his room at the hotel. When they got there, Jaime opened the window, which overlooked the street by the hotel’s entrance, and lowered the shutter. He asked Kunhahendy to keep watch while he spoke to the expert on his tablet, because he needed to send a photo of the strange object.

– Did you hear anything when they approached you? – Obajara asked Kunhahendy while Jaime was dealing with the expert.

– One of them asked for you, saying your name in a sort of magnetic video game voice, – she replied, not taking her eyes away from the opening in the shutter.

– And what did you say?

– I said you weren’t there, so one of them told me to call you. I tried but your iPhone was off. Seeing that I was telling the truth, the second hypnotized me and said he would take me to the car and wait for you to arrive. The rest you already know.

Finishing the remote check with the expert who was in Brasília, the Colonel said that he would send an expert from Barra do Garças immediately to examine the object as there was no way to know anything there because the object did not belong to any known manufacturer, but it might be an instrument or some kind of secret weapon from countries belonging to the so-called “axis of evil”.

An hour and a half later, an expert from the Federal Police arrived by drone and went directly to the hotel to meet Jaime and pick up the object. Upon arrival, he introduced himself to the Colonel, showing him his documents.

Jaime introduced agent Obajara to the expert as the person responsible for capturing the object. While they were talking at the table in the bedroom and the expert was staring at the strange object, Kunhahendy then told them she could see a black car parked on the other side of the street with two men in black suits exactly the same as those who had been up to her hotel room just a little more than four hours previously.

Jaime, Obajara and the expert rushed to the window and saw that it was them. They prepared themselves for a confrontation, but the two men appeared not to intend to enter the hotel. They took another device from the car, put it on the bonnet, and tried to tune into something. After a few moments, they looked at the hotel window as if they were figuring out where the object was and directed a small arrowhead-shaped radar to the window.

Obajara intuitively sensed the imminent danger and shouted: – Everyone down on the floor, now!

A beam shot from the device entered the window, without breaking anything, and turned on the object that was on the table. It started making a noise and soon it exploded, turning into a golden powder that spread throughout the apartment. In a few seconds, the dust disappeared, to the surprise of all four. Everyone got up to take a closer look. Kunhahendy looked through the window and the men were already leaving, but she noted the license plate of the car and said:

– The plate number is 0045 – Executive Branch – Brasília, black.

The expert immediately called the Federal Highway Police in order to intercept and arrest the vehicle and then turned to Jaime and emphatically commented:

– If we can't catch them, we're at square one again.

Let's wait downstairs! I need to have something to drink.

This morning has already been too busy! – proposed Jaime, holstering his pistol, accompanied by the expert and Obajara.

– Yes, let's wait! agreed Obajara, accompanying the others, who were already leaving the enclosure for the hotel lobby.

After five minutes of waiting and drinking beer, information from the Military Police came to the expert's wrist communicator, saying that a few minutes ago there had been a confrontation between a black car and the Federal Highway Police at the exit of the town and that one of the police cars that was back on the BR-158 highway found the post on fire and the policemen paralyzed like statues.

– Our chance has gone! – the expert commented and said he was returning to Barra do Garças. As a witness to the event, he would directly inform his superiors.

Jaime, Obajara and Kunhahendy said goodbye to him and shook his hand. It was almost 12:00 noon, and Jaime also found it strange that had not yet received any instructions from the General. So, he proposed to the indians that they have lunch together at the Avenida steakhouse, and they went there by jeep.

I liked the work of the Guarani girl – said Jaime, smiling at Kunhahendy, who also returned the smile.

As I told you, Colonel, she's already helped me a lot because of her indian cleverness, – said Obajara, running his hand through the hair of Kunhahendy, who continued to smile.

How about training her in the Brigade? She must be, at most, 20 years old, and with these experiences she's had with you, it won't be complicated for her, – proposed Jaime, looking at Kunhahendy.

– I'd love to! After all, I am trained as an anthropologist, and my childhood was in the forest. Although I was born and registered in Paraguay, I am a Brazilian citizen. The entire time

I watched Obajara use his weapon, I was fascinated. I'd love to, yes sir, Colonel Jaime! said Kunhahendy with such fervor and conviction that even Obajara was surprised.

In two months, a new training unit called "Angelina dos Santos Ramires" will be created, in honour of the first female military officer to hold the position of Colonel of the Police of Rondônia and the first in South America. I will recommend you to be trained as a female agent, and I'll put your name down, and so wait to be called, – Jaime said, shaking Kunhahendy's hand.

– I'll be expecting your call in Ponta Porã, sir, as I have to go there to take care of my other things with my brother and sister.

The Colonel's satellite communications spot rang and he excused himself to pick it up. Knowing it was the General, he got up and went to the bathroom to hear the instructions.

– I already loved you a lot, but I confess that I didn't expect you to enjoy the military life. With that decision of yours, now, it's made me happier and, above all, safer. Having with me such a beautiful indian who is as well-trained as I am is to wake up in an *aguyjhe*³⁰, – Obajara clarified, smiling, looking and holding Kunhahendy's hand on the table.

– Do you remember that day when we talked to the old shaman Guarã, there in Nova Xavantina, and he asked you and our dear Sonia to go out? Then he whispered something to me, remember?

Yes, I remember! He spoke in a Munduruku from the oldest branch of the *Avanhe-ê* [man's speech]. I could hear, but I didn't understand anything. Why? – asked Kunhahendy, frowning.

Guarã told me that you would be a great warrior. I think his words have already begun to be confirmed with your acceptance of the training, haven't they, sexy?

30. An imaginary Guarani paradise.

– And why didn't you tell me sooner?

– Sorry, I couldn't, because what he said also referred to our Sonia, that she would die soon and that we would take care of Kami. But with the boy gone, I don't know in what situation we'll take care of him, what do think? – asked Obajara, in some doubt.

– Yes! I don't know! But I feel that he might appear at any moment, something tells me that, – conjectured Kunhahendy.
– As for my decision to take the training, that I can't deny that, because I'm so convinced... – she pondered, smiling.

* * * * *

When the woeful corrosive action of the absence of affection is reduced, the human soul, which finds itself on the edge of the precipice, throws its ropes over to the other side of the gorge, and the impetus of returning to life recharges its batteries so that the injured parties can leave the edge of the abyss and start all over again, beginning with the sublimation of the recent injury to give it a halo of magnificence. Later, the scar of the wound will become just a memory already sweetened by the new situation, and this previous mutilation and the pain suffered will become a form of surpassing.

* * * * *

Colonel Jaime came back somewhat serious, sat back at the table and excused himself to Kunhahendy because he wanted to speak privately with Obajara.

Kunhahendy got up and went to the exit of the area. She sat outside, awaiting them to finish talking. Jaime turned to Obajara, speaking in a serious tone of voice:

– You'll have to stay here and be extra careful because George Lynch's proposal for the region has aroused intrigue in other ruralists in the region, and they might want to kill him

because they are against his wish in uniting with the smaller groups. You'll have to find a way to stay very close to the family to protect him because, according to the General's warning, this mission of yours will not be easy. He said he'll send two more agents to support you and asked me to brief him in case things get out of hand, and also for you to speak directly to him if you need to, understood?

– I don't want "our unborn boy" not to know his real father, – he said, referring to his wife's pregnancy.

He shook Obajara's hand and got up from his chair, asking him to call Kunhahendy as he wanted to say goodbye to her and go to the Água Boa airport . He had transferred his return to the next day, but decided that he had to return to Rondônia early.

* * * * *

Days later, Kunhahendy also said goodbye to Obajara, and he was left alone in Água Boa with a mission that did not allow him the room to fail.

George Lynch's decisive redemption was seen at the federal level as the best thing since the 2011 Low Carbon Agriculture Plan – a prototype that would put an end to what had been an important social problem since the middle of the 20th century. It was both a socialist proposal and one of solidarity that could be followed by all the various economic and diversified groups of the region, which included rural producers, indians, and small squatters, and which would substantially reduce mandatory government assistance to the region.

But there is always, in the midst of a transformation, that "different one, who doesn't see all the colours of the rainbow", or who thinks that this phenomenon of nature should be their favourite colour.

* * * * *

Transformation is a game of hide and seek between time and reality. It's like the dull ticking of a clock in the dark basement of a house on the outskirts of a big city.

It is the happy surprise that the chubby teenage girl has when she sees, in a large mirror, that hair has already started to grow on her pubis. It is also the unpleasant moment of the overweight man who has not looked in the mirror for a long time and sees that his pubic hair is greying, just as the few hairs on his head are thinning, or even – worst of all – that his penis seems to have got smaller.

It is the cold impact of the “breaking of the hymen of the husband of a newly married couple in love”, when he realizes that that beautiful female with whom he explored pleasures for a few months, or even years, has had her womb altered by her first pregnancy and that the moment has arrived to break with the legality of the categorical contract and find “another one”, because “this one” is about to undergo the obvious transformation and become the “mother of his children”.

If we look closely at this phenomenon, we will see that transformation is the only abstract aspect that never sleeps, that never repeats itself, that is never deluded. It feeds on perplexity and illusion; in fact, it is what determines the length of every fantasy. But it is also what alerts and awakens us to the awareness of reality although sometimes we conceive it late, but it never fails.

Sometimes the transformation is the tragicomic moment of a sixty-year-old man who is disappointed when he is faced with a beautiful woman lying on all fours waiting for a hard cock to satisfy her in either of her two delicious orifices and he is bending at the entrance or “dripping and looking at the floor.”

*It is also a touchstone, in the depressive guilt of the character Chantal in Milan Kundera's novel *The Identity*, when the mature woman says: “Yes, men don't turn around to look at me anymore”.*

There is no way to escape transformation because without it we will not be human, we would not know limits, and we would be

doomed to die or to metamorphose, because we would be exposed to the deadly breeze of anachronistic oxidation or the overestimation of abundance, like the goldfish in the aquarium which eats a lot and ends up dying, or else we would be a "conscious mutant", like the character Gregor Samsa in Frank Kafka's The Metamorphosis.

* * * * *

Obajara knew that this anthropic and unusual being, which has "a preference just one colour of the rainbow, his taste", is an octopus. And this octopus, which was "far from the depths of the sea", could not even bear to smell the *transformation*.

This was the new enemy he would have to face because this beast was worse than the men in the black suits and had already started to move its tentacles, in the Araguaia and in the Xingu, which showed various faces, but only had one head, with no face.

Part 3

Chapter 20

THE PRELUDE TO A “DRASTIC SYMPHONY” BEGINS

The Araguaia and the Xingu are two regions where the heart of South America beats. It is not known when they were first populated. This mystery is common both to those who originated from them and to those who live there. Many have tried to discover the secrets of the area.

In 1877 the German ethnologist Karl von den Steinen was in the region with his ethnographic expedition and recorded the same mysteries: why various peoples went there at different times, even the Arawaks of the Caribbean, the first indians who had contact with the navigator Columbus in 1492.

This is one of the great mysteries of the region. It seems that there is a synchronized mandala in the collective unconscious of all indigenous peoples and other people who seek something deeper in the mystery of the desire to be alive, and this area seems to be a vortex or a portal for their searches.

Later, in 1946, the brothers Orlando and Cláudio Villas Boas arrived in the region and were considered by the indians as “avatars” who arrived to help them protect the region. They managed to demarcate the region to stop the “march of prog-

ress” of the colonizers from the south, who saw the region as the “old Brazilian west”, supported, in the 1970s, by the federal government of the military dictatorship.

Despite all these vicissitudes, they managed to found the Xingu National Park in 1961 and in 1968 to increase its area to 30,000 square kilometres, which the indigenous peoples have tried to maintain, with great sacrifice, until today.

The region was already a vortex of mysteries, and the English Colonel Percy Harrison Fawcett and his entourage disappeared in 1925 in the Roncador mountain range. This later inspired the Indiana Jones series, produced by the great American filmmaker Steven Spielberg, whose protagonist was portrayed by Harrison Ford, and then the region took on fame as a numinous zone.

In the late 1960s, the government of Brazil’s military dictatorship began to look towards the Araguaia and the Xingu. Large business groups invested in agriculture, with funding from the Department for the Development of the Amazon (Sudam³¹), in the name of the federal military programme, whose slogan was: “Integrate in order not to hand over”, but the programme shrank eroded and stagnated throughout the decade.

In the midst of all this, at the end of the last century, the “Discoporto” was created, a futuristic tourist project approved by the town council of Barra do Garças and sanctioned by the then mayor Wanderlei Farias, a project of his political colleague, public notary and writer Valdon Varjão, who supported the idea of making the area a centre for esoteric and mystic tourism, taking advantage of the halo of mystery which was already there.

In the 1970s, the so-called “Green Revolution” began around the world. It was the darkest period in the region’s his-

31. Superintendência do Desenvolvimento da Amazônia [Superintendency of Development for Amazonia]

tory because the uneducated inconsequential big farmers, with little scientific culture, and much less sense of humanity, went there with all their willpower. They also brought pesticides and fertilizers, of which they were proud. They thought they were politically correct and aware of their mathematical science in wanting to dominate nature and “produce food for the world”.

As soon as they infested in the region, the new ranchers went there, with their devastation and the creation of the so-called “confined cattle”, in which they stop eating natural grass to consume artificial products from the farmers and the pasture grown from fertilizers.

Today, the region is known as an area of “beef cattle”, and the meat produced there is considered the best in the state, but is the most dubious in terms of quality of life, second only to factory chicken farms.

The worst thing was the cultivation of the transgenic soybean plant called Soja RR Intacta Pro (Roundup Ready), which has degraded the region’s soils, which today are not suitable for any type of natural cultivation, triggering the appearance of pests never imagined by science.

In the following three decades, the entire region was destroyed by the ideas of “the enemies of life here on Earth”, as the great indigenous leader Ailton Krenak proclaimed.

The rupture and the vacuum that was created between man and the environment began when he developed high-powered agricultural machinery, both for the devastation of forests and automation for planting and harvesting. The land is no longer treated as a living thing and is seen as a means for rapid enrichment. On the other hand, the spirit of the immensity of monoculture and the green of the crops, called in the south of Brazil “planted *leras*”, or cropland, proliferated. They became the joy of rural entrepreneurs, as, in the 1980s, even in commercials for

fertilizers or other inputs on TV, the rural producer appeared smiling, looking at the large areas of “planted *leras*”, saying that he would only be satisfied when the day came to take all those “*leras* and put them in his pocket”.

This new unbridled anthropocentric hegemony, initiated and developed shortly after the Second World War, grafted on to agriculture some of the most truculent of halos in its entire history of agriculture: transgenics and agricultural inputs. Worse than this is the “genocidal pharmaceutical industry” of the World Health Organization.

For them the land has just become the stage where their “insane capitalist megalomaniac tragedy” takes place. The owner of the plantations does not participate in anything else other than making his virtual sale of the next crop, ignoring what is happening in the soil, subsoil, rivers and trees beside the water courses, which are all submitted to his overpowering management to extract the easy profit, just like a modern prospector does today.

For some scholars of this sociocultural-rural transformation, known as the “Green Revolution”, this removal of the human being from the land, creating a new *modus operandi*, no longer recognizes him as a farmer but rather an agrarian business agent, and agriculture is now agribusiness.

* * * * *

When the fraternal unity project proposed by George Lynch began, he also changed his point of view about the life he had led before: at least once a week, as he had proposed, he got up early and went with the foreman José Farias to the land near the creek belonging to the squatter Malaquias and the indian José Xavante together with, in the trailer attached to the truck, seedlings of trees native to the region to plant together with the children of the indians and squatters. It was a way he found

to interact and get to better know the other social side of the region and his neighbours.

As usual, when George arrived at the entrance to the small property, the children were already waiting for him in a minibus. Then he and the foreman would get out of the truck and the children would joyfully greet them. For George, this exercise in humility was very satisfying, and he learnt from the children the name of each species, who knew them just by looking at the shoots as the seedlings were untagged.

As they both got into the minibus and headed towards the area where the reforestation work would begin, the tumult of the children around George made him smile as he played with them, letting flow the most important of all human virtues, compassion and tenderness.

These visits had been taking place for almost a year, and, every day, more children from other properties were recruited in this collective effort of benevolence to return something to the life-sustaining land.

In his action with the children, George felt again the energy of the so-called *homo in natura*, who in the early days of the formation of the human phenomenon developed in all corners of the planet; this is the man of the land, the farmer, he who worked with joy with the whole family and relatives from sunrise to sunset to produce food for their consumption and exchange with others who needed their produce, and vice versa.

This stage in the history of agriculture has been the subject of novels, plays, musicals and, at the beginning of the 20th century, great film productions were made especially showing the love for the land, which enchanted audiences worldwide. These stories show how human beings lived and coexisted according to nature and not the other way around, as happened later, in the second half of the last century.

George and foreman José Farias dug holes with the children, while others taught him about the seedlings of the buriti, the name of his farm, and the others trees like the jatobá, the cumbaru, and the chestnut.

* * * * *

Far away, two eyes looking at a computer screen also followed these movements through a camera with a super lens focussed on a small drone which was stationary up high in the air, and which could capture and transmit any movement, even that of a tiny animal lurking in the bush.

These two eyes belonged to a new employee at the Xingu farm, hired after the attack in which Sonia Otahime, an employee of the Água Boa Ministry of Labour, was murdered and in which the former farm manager, Senhor Garcia had been accused, tried and arrested as the mastermind of the crime. The head office in São Paulo sent a new manager to the farm, but when he, Senhor Murilo, arrived, he informed the head office about the new ideas of his neighbour, George Lynch, owner of the Buriti farm. The group that owns the São Paulo headquarters joined forces with other sympathizers in the region who were against George Lynch and who shared the same point of view, in common agreement set up an espionage and information apparatus with the headquarters at the Xingu farm. Then they hired a young man called Carlos to be in charge of the observation and send them reports.

* * * * *

It was Friday night. An hour before, Larissa had arrived at the club and was waiting for her brother Cleber, who had told her he would come soon. She ordered another drink and continued to sit away from the dance floor, listening to the loud music that didn't attract her.

– Hi beautiful, can I sit at this table? – said a warm voice from behind her.

– I guess so! – Larissa replied, a little discouraged.

– I’m waiting for my brother, – she said and looked at her watch, checking the person to whom she had given the permission.

It was kind of dark, and the lights from the dance floor were reflected in people’s faces like a sequence of alternating photographic flashes.

– We’ll make a deal: I’ll stay here until he arrives, – proposed the black man, who was already straightening his chair and sitting down, smiling at her.

– My name is Tony, I’m from Brasília, and I arrived here in Água Boa yesterday. And you?

– Larissa! I’m from here, or rather, I came here as a girl. I’m from Santa Catarina, but I consider myself being from here, – she smiled captivatingly, and Tony was delighted.

– I liked your straightforward way, pretty babe, few people like to explain themselves, – he praised, moving his hand to reach his whisky glass, raising it and toasting: – To our first date; I hope it’s not the only one in history, – he joked and raised his glass next to hers.

– Do you know you’ve cheered me up? I’ve worked a lot today, and I felt like calling my brother and saying that I’m going home to sleep, after all, tomorrow is Saturday, and I’ll be more interested in going to a club.

– Well, at least I’ve been good for something today, – Tony said, smiling at her.

– And you, did you also have a lot of problems today?

– Not a single problem, but I was waiting all day for a per-

son, and the fact they didn't come or send news or communicate is hardly possible nowadays, is it?

– It's the same thing I'm feeling right now, waiting for my brother, – said Larissa, signalling for the waiter to bring two more drinks and turning on her wrist communicator to talk to her brother.

As soon as Cleber answered, she asked him whether he would come or not. He apologized and said that there was an unforeseen event and that he wouldn't be able to. She turned off the phone and followed the waiter arriving with the two glasses of whisky.

Tony smiled and joked with Larissa, saying:

– From what I've heard, it's just us now!

– That's right! I don't know what he and my dad are doing, but I'll leave him a message. – She clicked on her wrist communicator, raised her glass, smiled, and toasted Tony.

– Shall we dance, pretty girl? – proposed the black man.

– I'd rather not! – Larissa replied, proposing to go somewhere else to talk away from the loud music of the bar. They then paid the bill, went out to the parking lot, and she told him she didn't want to drive because she didn't like to drive at night, so Tony laughed and said:

– Just the thing! I walked here; I left my car at the hotel. Inside the pick-up, he asked where she wanted to go.

– Anywhere! – she replied, stroking Tony's thighs, looking at him smiling.

He then asked her, looking at her and running his hand through her beautiful blond hair, which shone with the reflection of the streetlights:

– Are you thinking the same thing as me? – Tony insinuat-

ed, with the air of complicity.

– I am! And I want it right outside the town, on the edge of a creek. I don't like motels, – Larissa replied, kissing the cheek of Tony, who lost concentration and unintentionally made the car zigzag.

– You worked hard and I “was playing patience” today, but you seem to be more impatient than I am, – he said, smiling and hugging her.

When they got close to the location, Larissa gestured for Tony to enter the track. He drove on to it, parked clumsily because Larissa had already taken his cock out and was sucking it with frenzy.

– Calm down, pretty, I want to suck you too, babe, – he said, taking her face from his pelvis and also kissing her excitedly.

– It's been almost six years since I last had sex with a black man back in Brasília, when I was in college, and now I find this rarity here, I can't waste it, – Larissa said, taking off her clothes, already out of the pick-up, stepping on the sand, accompanied by Tony.

She took a mattress out of the pick-up, threw it to the ground and lay down on it, calling out to Tony eagerly. He then got on his knees, spread the blonde's legs and started sucking her, holding her buttocks with his hands, which made her more excited. After a few moments, Larissa moaned and began to come, speaking in a broken voice:

– There! Me... Suck me! Fuck,...how hot you are! I needed... this... Ouch!

After she recovered, she started sucking Tony, who was moaning while stroking her hair. Then she felt that he was going to come and got ready to receive his ejaculation just in time for it to squirt into her mouth. Then she swallowed all the cum and

smiled at him, which made him more aroused and his cock was still hard. So, she got on all fours asking him to penetrate her vagina. The black man entered her with voluptuousness; she felt full and began to moan until her release came. She shouted:

– There! Don't stop, push hard, I'm enjoying myself!

Then came the turn of Tony, who asked her to move that he was going to come, so she drew back her pelvis, letting his penis come out and told him:

– No! Don't come inside! I'm afraid of getting pregnant! – And she asked him to come in her anus.

Tony took out his penis, crouched down and started sucking Larissa's anus, she screamed and shook her buttocks and then screamed for him to penetrate her.

Tony was slowly entering her anus, and she moaned with each thrust and then began the back-and-forth movement. After a few minutes, Tony's orgasm came simultaneously with another unexpected one from Larissa.

– Hit my ass hard, my hottie, I'm enjoying myself again!

Seeing in the light of the full moon her penis going in and out of Larissa's clear anus and her beautiful ass hitting his hip, he couldn't resist anymore and squirted out shouting:

– There! What a delicious ass... I'm enjoying it too... Ouch... Ouch!

– That's it! Fill my ass with milk too, my love... Oh...

– Ouch... Ouch! cried Larissa.

They became still and then fell asleep in each other's arms.

The sound of the cars on the main road woke up the two lovers, who looked at each other and laughed, got up, hugged each other, as it was already day, and the sun was starting to lighten the small creek.

– Oh! Marvellous! What a nice night, eh? My hot black man... – said Larissa, kissing Tony, who also smiled back and went out towards the creek to wash and drink water.

Tony started picking up their clothes and everything else they had thrown down when they had arrived. As soon as he picked up Larissa's wrist communicator, he accidentally activated the last recording, and the following message appeared on the monitor: "I'm going to fuck, I'll see you tomorrow!" He laughed and handed the device to Larissa, who looked at it too and laughed. Then she explained that she and her brother, when they were going out with someone, sent messages so there would be no communication during the intimate moment.

They exchanged contacts, kissed, got into the truck, and drove into town to drop Tony off at the hotel.

When they were close to the outskirts of town, they found a car parked at the side of the road and the owner signalling, asking for a ride, Tony asked Larissa whether or not to stop, she nodded, they stopped, and the stranger came and said that his car had broken down and that he needed to buy a part in town. The stranger got in, sat in the backseat, and Tony headed into town.

– Are you going to the centre of town? Tony asked the man.

– Yes, I'm going to an auto parts store, but anywhere downtown is fine with me...

In the rearview mirror, Tony saw part of a tattoo on the stranger's chest and controlled himself as he knew very well what it meant.

The stranger got out and thanked him for the ride. Tony stayed at the hotel and Larissa returned to the main road, heading to the Buriti farm. Arriving there, she parked and saw, in the entrance hall of the house, her father and brother having breakfast with the indian Obajara. Everyone said good morning, and George asked her to sit at the table and talk.

– Larissa! Senhor Obajara is here to ask your help for my new project with our neighbours. I think we should hear you, we've been waiting for you," George said, smiling at his daughter, who kissed him and sat down at the table.

Obajara began to speak, telling them about all the support that George's decision had on the political backstage in Brasília and also the commitment he wanted to have from his family, and he had been instructed by Colonel Jaime to safeguard the important rural businessman from enemies lurking in the shadows.

– Your father's proposal was well received in Brasília, and today I'm here to inform you that the work he started a few months ago is of great social and economic importance for the region and, obviously, for Brazil, but, as we all know, a proposal never pleases the entire community. Aware of this, we have to take care of ourselves because the white man does not think like we indians. For us, everything that is healthy for the forest, for each indian, is good for the whole village, and there is no discussion, there is no politics when it comes to nature and survival because we indians live according to nature and not the other way around.

– Senhor George, when he made his magnificent proposal that night, intuitively and unconsciously went over to the side of the thinking of the indians and squatters who just want land and a means to plant, have their food and share it with other families that are starting to settle in the region.

– From the little I understand about Christianity, that's exactly what the prophet of that religion preached to his people, and he died, they say, because he devoted himself to and defended this idea.

– Therefore, your father opened his heart to the reality of a life which he will joyfully live surrounded by friends, but he may also have troubles and problems with hidden enemies, who are against all this, such as Judas in your religion.

– This is where I come in! I’m a federal government agent trained in various kinds of security, and I’m here to fight with you so that your father’s idea spreads and brings more people to this new paradigm of life, which, in several parts of the world, is already happening. People who are more aware of the situation in the world today, who wish to have a simple life surrounded by friends, seek to share their goods, their food and their water with their neighbours, forming a community, as has always been the case in indigenous villages.

– In closing, I only have one request to make to all of you.

Obajara stopped talking for a few seconds, looked into the eyes of each one of the family and said to them: – Don’t tell anyone about what we’re talking about here or who I am. Are we understood and agreed? – He fell silent and continued to stand up and look at the three of them, until George and the children stood up and shook his hand, swearing secrecy and pledging to the pact.

Then they dispersed, and only Larissa began to nibble at the breakfast that had been served. As Obajara left, talking to Cleber and George, she asked about Kunhahendy, and he replied:

– She took leave from Funai. She went to Ponta Porã to deal with her family’s affairs and she’ll stay there for a few months; maybe by the middle of next year she’ll be back. She really likes it here! – said Obajara, smiling at her and continuing to talk to George and his son.

Upon returning to the Serra Verde hotel, Obajara, with his heightened sixth sense, felt that something was wrong. He stopped at the counter and chatted with the attendant Maíra, who always had an indian smile on her lips. She looked at the black man who was looking at an agribusiness magazine on the waiting sofa in the lobby, understood the sign of his hypersensitivity, went to him and asked:

– How is this year’s crop?

– Depends on the rain, – replied the man, without taking his eyes off the magazine.

– That’s right! Even the fish depend on the rain, – replied the indian, sitting down next to the black man.

– When the fish whines... – said the black man.

– The soybean weeps... — completed Obajara, finishing the password. They greeted each other and went up together to Obajara’s room, talking. Obajara apologized for not being at the hotel the day before and making him wait all day.

– Any recommendations from Colonel Jaime? – asked the indian.

– Only the same as the General: to take care of the Lynch family, – replied Lieutenant Tony Monteiro and reported on his progress. – Yesterday I was with the beautiful daughter Larissa, and we are already friends, – he informed with an air of satisfaction, and Obajara noticed, smiled and then asked about the other agent.

– I believe they should be showing up at any moment. The order was not to arrive all together. They will have to infiltrate the other side to warn us of the “flight of the hawk”.

– I just had a meeting with the Lynches, and I made my support official as a government agent so that there would be no mistrust from them as they had already known me since the night of the tragic event and also because their son Cleber gave me a copy of that night’s recording, which is already with the General Staff, – informed Obajara and continued:

– It would be very naive of me to believe that they would think that the act of asking for a copy of the recording of what happened was just because I’m a curious indian, don’t you agree?

– What are we going to do from now on?

– Don't worry. You've already advanced the process of our mission by approaching Larissa. None of them know about you or the other agent who is coming. From now on, we're going to try to be very discreet so they don't get suspicious.

– I'm going to have to move today to the Buriti farm, to be closer to old George; It was his request and I won't go against him.

– For my part, I'll be staying here, in Room 109. If there's anything new, I'll let you know. If the other agent arrives, you can let me contact him, right here. As for Larissa, I still don't know how I'm going to deal with her, but don't worry... OK?
– concluded Lieutenant Tony Monteiro, saluting and walking towards the exit.

Chapter 21

OLD FORMULA FOR A NEW IMPETUS, AND THE RETURN OF KUNHAHENDY

The region of the municipalities of Água Boa, Canarana and Nova Xavantina had started to get very busy in the last three years as a result of people arriving from other regions due to the the construction of the transcontinental railroad. This was already radically altering the atmosphere of these quiet agribusiness towns, which were becoming one of the main development regions of the state of Mato Grosso, and many believed this development would be sustainable.

In the last decade of the 20th century the research and development of the so-called Biomimetic Science, or rather, the science that imitates nature, intensified. Several new inventions and products resulting from this new order began to advance in the midst of agricultural production through the so-called “bioactivation” or rather a new configuration of the land. Indeed, until recent years, the inventions of science and their development over the millennia had been no more than “sketches or caricatures or ugly imitations of nature”, producing no more than scraps, leftovers, which were expensive to produce and harmed the environment.

Biomimicry is considered the “resurrection” of ecological science, which was developed by Nikola Tesla, a scientific genius born in the mid-19th century in Europe, but, as is well-known, he wanted the benefit of science to be for everyone, which made him into yet another victim of the “enemies of life here on Earth”, and he was assassinated in the United States in 1943.

But, as the great Argentine poet and singer Atahualpa Yupanqui, who, during his entire life was the greatest defender of the dignity of man tied to the land, said, culture has a special value and can be seen in the life of the indian, who is a harmonious addition to the universe.

In one of his greatest works entitled “Payador Perseguido” [“The Chased Payer”], he sang of this infinite struggle against “the enemies of life here on Earth”:

You can kill a man, you can stain his face, scorch his guitar,
but the ideal of life is a burning log a lit firewood that no one can put out.

The main idea of the “bioactivation of the earth” comes from the genius of a formula by Nikolas Tesla. Because of its innately social nature, without the need to accumulate wealth, in the hands of capitalist groups this knowledge was practically hidden for a century because of the “enemies of life here on Earth”, who wanted to acquire the patent to make it disappear as they have done with several other alternative inventions that emerged to improve present day life and were persecuted, destroyed, and their authors were murdered or disappeared.

Because we are on the threshold of a new era, and natural resources are running out, governments want to solve social problems with less cost to the public coffers, so every humanist idea refuted throughout all these centuries has begun, in this millennium, to awaken the interests of today’s governments, mainly in socialist countries such as China, Cuba, Vietnam, and

also in European countries that no longer have space for agriculture and housing, nor energy for their own citizens.

So, the governments of these countries see Tesla's "free energy for all" ideas as one of the economic means for the state, especially the configuration of the land, which avoids the unnecessary purchase of 90% of agricultural inputs, which have only enriched large capitalist groups and deteriorated the soils and ecosystems of all the third world peoples. This procedure is seen as a new dawn, a new era search for the flow of existence and not making politics for half a dozen capitalists who, since the dawn of civilization, have sucked the blood of the human race.

This enemy, who tacitly enslaves and anthropically diverts the most sensible course of human action, was very well described in the book of the prophet John in the Bible when he mentions "the great harlot"; the naivety of Christians persists in thinking that it is something else or something supernatural, and they do not even seek to look at the present global social reality, where there is plenty for the few and not enough for the majority.

This is what was happening all over the world at that time, especially on the last agricultural frontiers of the Xingu and Araguaia; it was the confrontation between living in harmony with one's neighbours and with nature, an ideology native to indigenous thought, which corroborated the new beliefs of George Lynch and the small landowners, contrary to that of the opposition, supported by the large and traditional ruralists, who encouraged the continuity of transgenic agriculture and agricultural inputs, providing the accumulation of wealth to feed the large landowners and the international interests of the "enemies of life here on Earth".

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The weather was close, and it looked like rain. The watchman Carlos landed the drones and turned off the cameras as

a precaution against electrical discharge, which could damage the entire system, and told foreman Enio, who was smoking on the balcony, that he would go to town to buy some personal things and get a part for his car, which was giving him trouble. It was 5pm on a Friday. He got into his vehicle and headed to town. As soon as he finished his shopping, instead of going to the workshop, he decided to have a drink at the Chopinho bar, right in the central area of Canarana.

Upon entering, he saw a young blond man sitting at a table alone in a strategic position, surreptitiously watching everyone who arrived. His gaze coincided with Carlos noticing him. Carlos smiled, and he returned the smile. The watchman then went to the balcony. He already knew the waiters; he ordered a beer and waited. When he was handed the mug, he thanked the waiter and looked around for a place to sit. He noticed that there was no table available and automatically turned to the blond stranger, who receptively motioned for him to come and sit at his table.

– Hi! I'm Carlos and I see you're new in town, – he said, without embarrassment.

– Pleasure! I'm Jonathan... Yes, I arrived a few days ago, – replied his interlocutor, smiling.

– Are you staying here for long? – asked the watchman, also smiling.

– I'm a surveyor. I came to do some work here; it will depend on how long it takes, maybe a month, two months, I don't know the layout of the land, how about you?

– I'm from São Paulo, I'm working on a computer project on the Xingu farm, I'm an analyst," replied Carlos, lifting his mug for a toast. – To another friendship.

– Looks like ours is going to be cool, – Jonathan said, winking at him.

– Yeah, it looks like it! – replied Carlos, smiling. Carlos Riz-

zo was a very handsome bisexual dark-haired young man of Italian descent. It had been a while since he had shown off his sexuality, but today he was more on the passive side; he wanted to be penetrated, and the young blonde man was chosen. So he proposed a visit later on to Jonathan, who was also interested and said he was staying at the Castro Inn, nearby, and would go there afterwards.

Night was coming and a storm was imminent. At the Xingu farm, the foreman Enio called Carlos and asked if he was coming back. Carlos lied and said that his car had problems and he would have to leave it at the garage and pick it up in the morning, and so he would sleep in the town.

The problem with the foreman resolved, the two left in heavy rain in Jonathan's car. Arriving at the inn, they went straight to the internal parking lot and, soon, they were in the apartment, half panting and wet.

They took off their clothes and started caressing each other. They quickly got into a 69 and the groans mixed with the noise of the storm outside. Then, Carlos asked to be penetrated first, getting down on all fours while the blond Jonathan stuck his penis in his anus, which caused him to exclaim, moaning:

– There! How marvellous! What a thick and tasty dick! Put it very slowly, so I can enjoy it going in.

– Your ass is also wonderful, still very tight... I have to control myself to come together – praised Jonathan, starting thrusting; with his right hand, he masturbated the penis of Carlos, who let out a groan. Then came the enjoyment of both. Carlos squirted his sperm into Jonathan's hands, who filled his own anus with cum. Their cry of pleasure coincided with the loud sound of thunder, as the two fell forward and lay, for a moment, on top of each other, panting, but still locked together, until Carlos broke the silence:

– It was marvellous, wasn't it, Jonathan? Even nature greeted us, – he said, referring to the sound of thunder in the storm at the climax of coitus.

– Yeah, really, Carlos, it was really nice! – Jonathan agreed, smiling and playing with the sperm that remained in his hand, looking excitedly at his partner's penis, which was almost the size of his.

Not resisting any longer, Jonathan began to suck Carlos, who reacted with a smile; His cock began to harden and was soon firm. Then, it was Carlos' turn to penetrate the anus of Jonathan, who preferred to lie on the edge of the bed to receive his partner's penis in the "roast chicken" position, because he wanted to masturbate and look at him.

Carlos penetrated the anus of Jonathan, who groaned and exclaimed, somewhat carefully:

– That's it, my dear! Put it in slowly, I haven't given my ass for days... Oh!

– You're tight too, you seem to be sucking my dick, my hottie! – Carlos praised, already moving his pelvis with his penis going in and out of the blonde guy's anus.

After a few moments, Jonathan couldn't take it anymore and came masturbating, spilling all his semen in his abdomen. Carlos took a while, and then he began to come, hitting hard the buttocks of Jonathan, who smiled as he felt his partner's sperm flood his anus.

They took a shower, had a break, drank whisky from the minibar, talked, and had another round of sex until they got tired and fell asleep listening to the noise of the end of the rain, in the silence of the town.

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Homosexual sex in the tropics is something that escapes the stages of the formal tradition of voluptuousness with excesses of hypocritical praise and repetitive catchphrases. It is the pure feeling and seduction induced by physiological need, which becomes such an instinctual act that foregoes niceties at the first meeting.

It's like going out to meet a friend you've known for a long time to play a sport together that had been planned in advance. Don't ask, just do it.

In such a way, the tenderness of the emotional affection that "was skipped in the stages" becomes a peculiar pernicious absence, which keeps the couples more connected to each other over time.

* * * * *

Obajara was talking mundane things with Colonel Jaime, on his tablet, in the middle of Praça da Cultura in the town centre. As a matter of privacy, he preferred an open place to a closed environment, where he could be eavesdropped, even if he was talking about ordinary things.

After his son with Rosana, the Colonel's wife, was born, at least once a week he called to see and learn about Itagiba, the name the boy received for having held Jaime's finger firmly when he went to play with him, even before he first opened his eyes, and which means "with arms as strong as stone".

– So, is everything okay? I can see who is already almost talking... Look! How you play with your little hands... – he exclaimed, like every father with his firstborn. – Thanks, Colonel, until next time! – He hung up and was smiling because the images showed how healthy, beautiful and lively the boy was.

The birth of his son, more than six months before, made the indian happy and also a little frustrated for not having told Kunhahendy. For almost two years he had not had any contact with her, but he knew that she was in training in Manaus, in

the *Quadrado Maldito*, the “Damned Square”, an area in the Amazon rainforest where the Brazilian armed forces undergo jungle training, with no contact with the outside world until they finish the course, and he could not talk about her with the Colonel, nor through the wrist communicator.

As he was leaving the square where he was talking to the Colonel, he realized that he was being watched. He kept calm, didn’t look behind and kept walking. After he was on the street, he felt that the person had stopped following him. So, to make sure everything was okay, he went into a café, ordered a soft drink with a straw, sat at a table next to the front door and sipped it slowly. After a few minutes, he felt that everything was calm again and went to the toilet to relieve himself. When he finished, a figure appeared from nowhere behind him, with a strong male voice, and told him to raise his hands, not to move or turn around. He obeyed, for he couldn’t see who it was. Then the stranger put a gun to his back and said, in a female voice:

– Leave that hot dick out, I want to suck it!

– My hot indian! – he exclaimed, turning and hugging Kunhahendy, who was laughing. She jumped into his arms, they kissed, and Obajara, already recovered from the fright, took the cap off the indian’s head to release her beautiful hair. He immediately asked:

– What time did you arrive and why this disguise? And how did you find me?

– I just arrived now! I wanted to surprise you and test my cover. As you were no longer at the hotel, I followed my instinct and remembered that you like to communicate in public squares, don’t you? How about it, did I do well?

– Wow, you scared me! I thought I was going to be executed! – replied the indian, smiling and zipping up. – Come on, we’ve got a lot to talk about, not here, huh?” Obajara took her

by the hand, and they left the toilet.

Outside, Obajara returned to the Praça da Cultura and informed Kunhahendy about everything that had happened, what was now happening and told her that he was protecting George Lynch, that the agent Tony Monteiro was staying at the Serra Verde hotel, and that Tony was already intimate with Larissa, but that he didn't know exactly what they had done. He told her that another infiltrator would appear, who would stay on the "other side" to inform them of any action coming from there.

He then decided to tell her about his son and Rosana and how it all started between the three of them. He apologized for not telling her sooner as she hadn't been in the army and hadn't taken the class oath.

Kunhahendy listened without saying anything and then informed him that her mission was to stay in the Babaçu reserve, 80 km from the centre of Água Boa, on behalf of the Brigade, observe the Pimentel Barbosa village, between Canarana and Ribeirão Cascalheira, and also stay in touch with him, to pass on the information that would be forwarded to Colonel Jaime.

She then commented on Obajara's son, already showing a little of the yearning to be a mother, like any 25-year-old female.

– Do you think we could have a child too?

– There's nothing to stop us, my dear, after all we've been together for almost ten years. I'm 36 years-old, and now, more than ever, we are in the middle of this mission. I think we should wait and see if the problems around here get better, so it will be a pleasure to have a child with you with more peace of mind, don't you think?

– I think so too, my dear. I don't want to be away from you with a child of yours, unless I live in a village because there, as you already know, everyone takes care of all the children together, the way I was raised. My parents died early, I had

no siblings, but I was brought up well by my people and my grandmother.

– Give me a kiss, my hottie, and we can stay awake like this.

A long kiss sealed the new pact between them. They left the park and went to the Serra Verde hotel to meet Tony Monteiro.

* * * * *

Larissa decided to go to the town of Água Boa by drone and left after lunch piloting in the most practical way she could find: hovering along the BR-157 main road at approximately 10 m high. Although manned drones offered several automatic ways to fly, in addition to the common synchronized GPS, they still had autopilot, but she preferred the old way of driving as if it were a car, and this mode was there on the dashboard, together with the new possibilities.

It was a moment of transition in terms of mobility, just like at the beginning of the twentieth century, when, in the great capitals of the world, the old horse-drawn carriages could be seen in the midst of the first automobiles.

She needed to see to some personal things and, if there was time, to meet with Tony. The two had not seen each other for almost a month; maybe she would stay for a night with him or, depending on things, would return to the Buriti farm in the late afternoon.

After a few minutes hovering over the BR, she saw, in front of her, a parked car and the owner sitting on the edge of the asphalt making a phone call. She lowered the drone to take a closer look and saw that it was the farm pick-up, with José Farias nearby. She immediately landed, and the foreman, recognizing her, got up and went to meet her.

– What happened, José? – she asked, getting out of the drone,

very curious, as she had seen him leave the farm before her.

– I don't know! Suddenly, the vehicle stopped. There's no reason for this to have happened... You saw me give it a look over before I left this morning.

– I know how careful and cautious you are! So I was wondering when I saw the car parked here, – Larissa said, looking at the vehicle. – So you're going to Água Boa? – she asked him, with the intention of giving him a lift to fetch a tow truck.

– So I'd have to go now, wouldn't I? – replied José Farias, with a slightly awkward smile. — I was actually going to Serra Azul. I called just now to tell the person I'm going to be late and was about to call the tow truck when I saw your drone.

– I can drop you off at the entrance to Serra Azul, and when I get to Água Boa, I'll ask for a truck to tow the pick-up and take it to the repair shop. It's up to you...

While they were deciding what to do, a car appeared on the horizon of the BR main road heading towards the town. Gradually, the vehicle approached, and, to the delight of Larissa and the foreman, it was the jeep of Obajara, who was returning from Ribeirão Cascalheira. Next to him was Kunhahendy.

They were all so pleased that they decided to go straight to Água Boa. They divided the group in two: Kunhahendy would go with Larissa in the drone and José Farias with Obajara in the jeep. The drone hovered in front, while the jeep stayed behind, moving slower because the asphalt was uneven. In fact, this was an age-old problem and had existed since the last century, when agrarian development began in the region. Grain transport had always been by road, but after the construction of the transoceanic railroad to Peru began, the government neglected to maintain the complementary roads for the flow of goods.

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When they had moved a few kilometres from the place where they left the pick-up, a black car arrived with the two men in black suits and sunglasses, parked, got out and looked at the pick-up. One of them said:

– You should schedule it to take place later.

– Yes, of course! But we didn't foresee the appearance of the jeep either, – replied the other.

– I think we'll have to get the blonde girl tonight, out in town.

– Yes! We can't wait until tomorrow because they've wanted this meeting for days, – agreed the second.

– Yeah, let's get her! — they answered in unison with their metallic voices, already getting into the car and heading along the main road towards Água Boa.

Chapter 22

HIDDEN THREATS RETURN AND THE WATCHMAN'S PANIC

At the Xingu farm, the watchman Carlos Rizzo had monitored the departure of Larissa's drone from the Buriti farm and followed the whole event from above, until the arrival of the men in the black suits. This intrigued him, so he called the foreman Enio to see the recordings and explain who those two men were.

– Who are these guys? – Carlos asked Enio.

– I have no idea, Carlos, – replied Enio, and added: – I'll ask the manager, maybe he knows. – He lit a cigarette, taking the copy of the recording and heading to the other room, which was closed. He knocked and soon heard a voice giving him permission to enter. He stayed inside talking for about five minutes, left frowning and went back to Carlos' office to inform him while he tried to amplify the audio of the recording in order to hear the conversation of the two men in the black suits. Upon entering the room, without taking his eyes off the monitor, Carlos asked:

– So, what did he say?

– He said he doesn't know and that the person he was wait-

ing for was just one person and had arrived almost a month ago, but asked you to see if you can improve the audio, to know what the conversation of the men in black is about.

– Look! I’ve tried it anyway, it just kept on buzzing like a bee,” Carlos informed, still pulling and trying other features of the editing room.

– Yes! It’s really weird! It sounds like the voice of the “killer doll”, – joked the foreman with wide eyes, smiling and already lighting another cigarette.

– I’ll pass the audio on to a frequency identifier, separate from the images, and then I’ll call you... OK? – proposed Carlos as the foreman left the room saying:

– If you find anything out, let me know tomorrow. It’s already 6:30 pm, it’s getting dark and you’ll have to land the drone now, won’t you? I’m going home today, I have to go with my wife and my boy to a birthday party in Canarana. Leave it for tomorrow, OK?

– OK, Enio! I’ll try some more. You know this takes time and then I’ll stop for today; I also have to go to Canarana later.

It had been more than an hour since Carlos had put the audio on the frequency identifier, and so far he hadn’t been able to find any answers. He waited another five minutes and was about to turn off the device when the data monitor made an announcement, releasing a red message saying: “Frequency not found / Unknown signal / Frequency may be alien”.

Carlos was dumbstruck, stopped, looked once more at the images, which were still on the monitor, trying to focus on the face of one of the men in black, until he was able to focus on a wider range and see a twinkle in the eye of one of the men in black, which left him more scared and without explanation for what he saw. Carlos had just seen the splendour of the unknowable.

He turned everything off, closed the room and went to the farmhouse. Other employees were watching 3D TV, so he went outside for a bit, looked up at the star-filled sky and got in his car to meet Jonathan in town. The night was cool, and there was no threat of rain.

At the Chopinho bar, he ordered a pint of beer and sat in his usual seat. The taproom was full, but there were other areas and tables near the exit, which hardly anyone liked. He called Jonathan, who replied that he would be there in half an hour as he had just arrived at the inn.

When the blond Jonathan arrived at the beer hall, Carlos had already had three mugs and was “kind of happy”, so he hugged his partner, and they both sat down, signalling for the waiter to bring him a mug.

– I see you’ve been “doing well”, – said Jonathan, looking at the three mugs on the table that the waiter hadn’t picked up because he was too busy serving.

– Yes! I’m a little anxious today, – Carlos replied, smiling.

– May I know what happened, my dear? – asked Jonathan curiously.

– It’s my job, – Carlos replied, drumming his fingers on the table.

And he decided to tell his lover all the details of what had happened in the late afternoon. Jonathan heard everything and was also a little apprehensive, but soon Carlos calmed down again and they continued drinking until later, when they went out to a local party club.

* * * * *

It was 9:00 am on Sunday in Água Boa, Tony Monteiro was arriving at the Serra Verde hotel after having slept with Larissa,

against her will, in a motel. As soon as she lowered the drone, he kissed her and jumped out of the device, while the blonde took off saying goodbye. He stood still for a few moments smiling, watching the drone disappear from his field of vision, then he entered the hotel lobby, still smiling, and the attendant Maíra handed him a card that a blond man had brought. She opened it, but there was nothing written, it just told him to go get coffee at the shopping centre in town. Knowing what it was about, he took his car from the parking lot and drove there.

In the food court's only cafe, he realized that he should sit and wait. He ordered an espresso from the waitress and saw a fair-headed land sale agent coming towards him, who was saying:

– How about it, sir? Do you want to know the land in the region? – and showed him his tablet.

– Yes! Maybe I'm interested in some, – Tony replied, looking at the tablet.

– Yes, sir, the land here bear the mark of... – The broker interrupted his sentence and looked at the interlocutor, who replied immediately:

... – “good land”! – Tony completed, closing the password. Then Jonathan introduced himself, taking a seat at the table and also ordering a coffee from the waitress.

While waiting for the coffees, Jonathan said he needed a meeting with Obajara and asked Tony to call the indian, and he made the call using a disguised dialogue.

– Hello, indian boy! We're having a little fight over here with the friend, are you coming?

– What time?

– At ten! — and disconnected the call.

Finishing their coffee, they left in Tony's car for the BR main road, towards Nova Xavantina. The meeting place was just af-

ter leaving the outskirts of Água Boa. When they arrived, they already saw Obajara and Kunhahendy there smiling and leaning against the moss green jeep. They got out and went over to them, Jonathan was introduced, and soon he was talking about his infiltration in the Xingu farm and the reports he had obtained from the watchman Carlos Rizzo about what had happened on the road the previous Friday afternoon.

– As Carlos told me, as soon as the jeep with the pair of indians arrived, and the blonde girl and Kunhahendy boarded the drone and the foreman of the Buriti farm followed with the indian in the jeep, I deduced that it was the two of you because of the jeep’s colour, according to Colonel Jaime’s orientation.

– As for the men in black suits that Carlos talked about, I don’t know who they are because he couldn’t decipher their conversation. Not even the audio frequency decoder was able to inform the origin, – informed Jonathan, proposing that they all took up positions.

After all, the men in black suits still couldn’t be ruled out as Obajara had supposed. Even after the last confrontation he, Kunhahendy and Jaime had had with them at the Pousada Palhoça hotel, two years before, the threat continued. Then, the old question kept pounding in the indian’s head: what did they want this time?

Kunhahendy noticed the his concern and suggested:

– Why don’t you call the Colonel?

Obajara called Jaime on his secret device and asked what had become of the images from the day of Kami’s abduction that had been passed to him from the chip in his iPhone at the last meeting they had, and which he said he would have the high command investigate.

Jaime reported that the experts hadn’t discovered anything so far. In addition, the head of the team responsible for the work

went fishing one weekend with some friends, and when he came back, he seemed to have amnesia.

So he told the Colonel that the men in black suits were back around the Lynch family and that he wanted to know how to proceed as they were hardly ordinary enemies. Jaime asked him to be patient because things in Brasília were politically tumultuous, even in the high command.

Obajara wanted to know details of the two seconds of the fade out that he noticed when he saw Cleber's recording at the Buriti farm and insisted on asking Colonel Jaime about that detail, saying that he had noticed it after that night and thought it was the key to start to unravel the mystery.

– I'll personally go to Brasília to speak with the General about this and to show the importance of the work. When I sort out things with him, I'll call you. That's it then! – the Colonel concluded and hung up.

Obajara spoke again to his colleagues as he would have to make a new reinforcement to safeguard the Lynches. He promised to study a plan while they awaited further instructions from the Colonel and the result of the fade out, which would clarify and put the rest of the pieces of the puzzle together so they would finally know who their enemies were.

The two probable clues which most demonstrated this mysterious enemy were also "in the astonishment" that the watchman Carlos Rizzo had felt three days ago when he made a recording focussing on the eyes of one of the men in a black suit using all the resources of his editing equipment to examine things more closely, and what he saw left him more astonished, and he could not conceive of such a fact even for himself. The other clue was the two-second fade out that was recorded on the day of the abduction of Kami, which was now with the army team in Brasília.

Conclusion: an “electronic element between the lines” that had not been decoded until that moment and the “panic of an astonished watchman”, who had nothing to do with what had happened, was all that Obajara’s team had to work on.

* * * * *

Kunhahendy was sitting in a bar near the exit to the town of Ribeirão Cascalheira. It was 7 pm on a hot Wednesday, and she was drinking a long neck beer while she waited for an indian named Nestor Kamaiurá, who would bring her information about a new symbiotic alliance between his village, the small producers, and the owner of Senhor Bento Montoro’s Araguaia farm.

The owner of the bar was a man from the Northeast of Brazil called Serafim, who was well-known in the region. He liked the regional music produced there and was always playing, on his old sound system, CDs with great works by musicians such as Calixto Guimarães, Eudes and Candinho, Divino Arbués, who had been part of the anthology of traditional local native folk music since the 1980s.

– Good evening my friend! – greeted Nestor, smiling and entering the room.

– Hi Nestor! Sit down! Do you want a beer? – Kunhahendy welcomed him, smiling.

– I do! But first a little cachaça rum, please! – said Nestor, signalling to Serafim.

– So, Nestor, how is the new alliance? – asked Kunhahendy, trying to be direct. He looked around and said:

– I don’t know! But I think there’s something that isn’t fitting in well,” he said, sort of widening his eyes and looking sideways.

– Why are you telling me this? After all, it was almost all right last week and now you’re telling me that there’s a “fly” in the proposal? – the indian girl asked, looking for more precise information beyond what he had said.

– Well, I saw the owner of the Xingu farm, Senhor Murilo, talking to Senhor Bento three days ago, and since then Senhor Bento has become weird,” replied Nestor, a little scared.

– If this is happening, I’ll have to see how we do things from now on, – said Kunhahendy as Serafim arrived with the drinks. Kunhahendy asked him to bring Nestor another beer and the bill. Then, she continued to try to get more information from the indian, and he began to clarify what had happened.

– My friend, Senhor Prudêncio, one of the small producers, was also a little undecided after that, – he informed, drinking the shot of cachaça in one go and taking a sip of the beer.

– What did he think? – asked Kunhahendy, looking seriously at Nestor.

– It’s just that, on the day that Senhor Murilo from the Xingu farm went to “meet with Senhor Bento” he was accompanied by a stranger with a scorpion tattoo on his chest. After the meeting, Senhor Prudêncio told Ribamar, a man from Maranhão who was once a *jagunço* and is now working with him, about this escort of Senhor Murilo and his tattoo on his chest. Ribamar said that man is a killer.

– Well! So, there must be some kind of threat and coercion on the part of Senhor Murilo from the Xingu farm and the people from other properties allied with him against the alliance proposed by you and Prudêncio, isn’t that right, Nestor? – Kunhahendy asked, looking into the eyes of her interlocutor, who turned aside when he saw Serafim arrive with the bill. She then paid and thanked him.

Kunhahendy read the situation, drank the rest of her beer,

said goodbye to Nestor and left the bar listening to the song 'Estrela do Araguaia' [Star of Araguaia], by singer, songwriter and journalist Calixto Guimarães, who had recently died.

From one of the tables, a pair of eyes watched her leave. The man also asked for the bill and followed her. She started her car and left. He put out his cigarette, got on his motorcycle very slowly and followed the indian's car, which was already taking the BR-158 main road and would later enter the MT-326, towards Canarana.

A few minutes after leaving Ribeirão Cascalheira, she was talking to agent Jonathan through the hands-free wrist communicator asking him to go to the interchange at the entrance to the town to talk in person when a bullet broke through the rear window and shattered the windscreen, causing her to slow down and then stop, interrupting the dialogue with her colleague.

She drew her pistol and waited for the motorcycle, which slowed down, and there was another shot, hitting the bodywork of her vehicle. She then fired, causing the biker to fall and hit the ground. The indian woman took a strong long-range flashlight from the glove compartment of her car and focused it on the rider, firing several shots. He responded by also shooting. There was a new moon, and it was very dark, she stuck her flashlight onto one side of the car, deflecting the shots to that side as she approached the other and fired, wounding the biker, who managed to turn around, load his pistol and fired an automatic burst again, and then got on his bike and left quickly back along the BR road.

She called Jonathan again, told him what had happened and said that her windshield was broken, so she would drive slowly, and that she was still on the BR-158 and would take half an hour to get to the meeting point.

After 2018, it was mandatory for all vehicles to leave the

factory with synchronized location chips because of the large number of thefts, but the older ones did not carry them. On the other hand, several people, especially military agents, chose not to have them in order to maintain privacy.

Arriving at the interchange at the entrance to the town, Kunhahendy parked, flashed the car's headlights, and soon Jonathan pulled over. They checked the information without getting out of the car. They agreed that, before communicating what had happened to Obajara, Jonathan would have to find out, through the watchman Carlos Rizzo, who the manager Murilo of the Xingu farm was, who was coercing the farmer Bento Montoro, the indian Nestor, and Senhor Prudêncio, to go against the new proposal.

Kunhahendy said goodbye to Jonathan, who left first. Soon after, she entered Canarana to spend the night there, and, the next morning she would get the damage to her car fixed and head to the Babaçu village in Água Boa as she would visit Larissa later that week.

Chapter 23

ATTACKS AND KIDNAPPINGS

When George Lynch got out of the minibus with the children, he smiled as he saw the sunny day that was beginning with the singing of birds, and he was content to see the other villages were sending more and more children every day. He felt his heart filled with tenderness; from his smile emanated a joy never experienced before. His project was growing and bringing what was always lacking in the region – harmony between the different peoples.

It was as if the affection of his late wife was caressing his whole being, encouraging him to live a new life, but this time small, smiling and noisy beings that were part of his new love of life. George was already in the grandparenthood phase, but there was no news of any grandchildren on the way, so he was content with those children in the neighbourhood.

They continued singing on the way to the creek where, in the past, there had been a skirmish because of the dam he had made, diverting it to the pond of his property, where he had intended to farm fish. Now he was going to plant trees on the banks of the creek. George went ahead hand in hand with two young indian children when he suddenly heard a gunshot and

collapsed. The children screamed and ran everywhere. Then the foreman José Farias and Obajara appeared, holding their guns in hand, trying to find out where the shot had come from.

The indian saw a shine in the woods on the other side of the creek and fired several shots of his Glock in the direction. He thought he had hit someone, because he heard a scream. While the foreman carried the wounded George back to the minibus, Obajara crossed the shallow creek in the direction of the shot, but the marksman managed to escape. He saw bloodstains and knew he had been injured so he followed the trail until he heard a motorcycle starting up. He ran in the direction of the sound till he reached a clearing, but the bike had already gone. He found nothing at the scene other than bloodstains on the ground.

After calming the children down and driving the vehicles back to their villages, Obajara got into his jeep and called José Farias on his wrist communicator to find out about George. He said he was taking him to the hospital in Canarana, so he went there, but he first he told agent Jonathan about what had happened so that he would be on the lookout because, if George was not dead, they would try to kill him in the hospital. He also warned his children Cleber and Larissa.

George didn't die. According to the doctors, his health got much better, but he was unable to return to tree planting with the children. After five days he returned home; the bullet had hit his hip and left him unable to walk properly. He would have to stay in a wheelchair until he got better, then use a modern prosthesis, which would allow him to walk on flat places.

The project was put on hold for a few days until Larissa agreed to use one day a week of her time to do it. She didn't want to stop the project as it already had the support of a number of NGOs, and, if she stopped, she would be losing to the "enemies of life here on Earth". George even received support from the Don Pedro Casaldáliga Institute, in São Felix do Ara-

guaia, which had congratulated him on the initiative, helping him to promote the project in the Bananal Island region. He was recognized by the Institute, and his project was proclaimed as the greatest example of humanism that was taking place in the Xingu and Araguaia region.

* * * * *

As much as Obajara, Jonathan and Tony searched all week in all hospitals in the surrounding counties for traces of the marksman, but they couldn't find out where the wounded biker had been treated. The indian remembered Jonathan's conversation about the recording of the watchman Carlos Rizzo of the event on the BR main road, so he spoke to Jonathan again, calling him and asking him to get a copy of the recording of the monitoring of the day of the attack and also a photo of the marksman. He knew it was a difficult request and that Jonathan might be discovered, but it was the only way to reach the marksman.

The indian was right because that day, on the Xingu farm, the watchman Carlos had seen and recorded the entire event and then passed the copy on to the manager, Senhor Murilo, who had kept it and asked him to immediately erase the recording of the CPU. Jonathan called Carlos Rizzo and arranged a meeting in the late afternoon at the Chopinho bar. When he arrived Rizzo appeared to be a little upset. For security reasons, Jonathan also arranged with Tony to be on his guard with a bug in his ear, in case there was any problem, knowing that Obajara wouldn't be able to show up as he might be in the recording and would be easily recognized by Carlos.

Jonathan and Tony arrived first and sat at separate tables, but a short distance apart. They ordered beers and drank slowly. A few minutes later, Carlos arrived. It was 7:00 pm, and the scorching heat in Canarana was attracting more and more people to the taproom, but everything was under control. A micro-

camera with audio was placed on Jonathan's shirt button and an electronic device was placed in Tony's ear. As they greeted each other, the dialogue began between the two:

– So, my dear, how are you, shall we drink? – Jonathan asked, smiling as Carlos sat down at the table. He nodded sullenly, and without any fear he began complain about his work.

– I'm disappointed with what I'm doing, after all, All my monitoring work is colluding with those people on the farm, – said Carlos boldly, squeezing Jonathan's hand on the table. – I think I'm going to leave! – he concluded.

Jonathan realized what he was talking about and tried to use the best psychology possible to detect traces of spontaneous self-confession, so he became more inquisitive, feeling he wouldn't have to force things to get what he wanted out of Rizzo.

– After all, what happened? I'm sorry you're upset. I've noticed that something's been worrying you... How can I help you, my dear?

– Look Jonathan, don't ask, nobody can help me. I'll leave, yes, that's what I'll do! – Carlos looked hard at Jonathan, who was worried because he knew they would kill him if he said he would leave.

– I don't think you should! After all, what happened for you to get to this point? – asked Jonathan, looking into his interlocutor's eyes.

– My dear, these guys are murderers, they had the poor man shot who was planting tree seedlings with the kids every week, I don't know why!... I work with two drones and two cameras, one to monitor the Xingu farm and the other to monitor the Buriti farm, to see who enters and who leaves, but during the week, I have to spy on this gentleman's work with his children. Suddenly, three days ago, I was instructed to record the murder of the poor man, who was doing such good!

And worst of all, the man who shot him was there at the farm one day, he was at the pool with the manager, Senhor Murilo, and I saw a scorpion tattoo on his chest, I haven't forgotten the face of that killer! Carlos said everything the two agents wanted to hear. Then Jonathan proposed a way to help:

– I'm friends with some police people, and if you give me proof of the crime, I can set you up to send everyone to jail, and get you out of the worst of it. I don't know if you've noticed, but you won't be able to leave this company; it's a criminal organization, and they won't hesitate to kill you to burn the file. What do you say? – Jonathan explained the situation and concluded that it was the only possible solution.

– Wow, I hadn't even imagined that! Who are you, Jonathan?

He realized that he had said too much. Carlos' incisive question invaded his personal secret, and then sparks of distrust began to appear between the two lovers.

– I'm your friend, a little more than that, you know, – replied Jonathan, squeezing the watchman's hand, trying to stop the rush of suspicion. At that moment, the waiter arrived with the drinks, and they stopped talking.

Tony, who was listening to everything next door through the electronic device, connected Carlos' information and remembered the ride he and Larissa had given him on the BR main road, the day they met, and that, when he got out of the car, he saw on the stranger's chest part of the scorpion tattoo, a mark of the PCC³² criminal organization.

Carlos and Jonathan began talking again. Tony got up, paid his bill, left, went to the car parked across the street, got in and waited for them. They then knew who they were dealing with.

32. PCC: Primeiro Comando da Capital [First Command of the Capital], the largest criminal organization in Brazil.

After half an hour, Jonathan stopped talking to Carlos Rizzo, they got into Jonathan's car and drove slowly to the Castro Inn. Tony followed them at a distance to see where they were going, but as soon as the car pulled into the inn, he stopped and parked. However, when he began to hear the groans of the two lovers through the electronic device, Tony turned it off and took the road towards Água Boa in order to meet with Obajara, and to bring him up to date on everything.

But not only Tony Monteiro followed Jonathan. As soon as he left, a pick-up that had photographed the two of them talking outside the taproom was there parked about 50 metres away. Inside, there were four men who, as soon as the agent left, sent a message to Carlos from foreman Enio's communicator, saying that the manager Murilo wanted to see him urgently at the farm.

Carlos was on all fours and Jonathan had just penetrated his anus when the watchman's communicator rang urgently. He was exasperated but asked Jonathan to reach for the communicator, which was on the nightstand, so he could see what it was about. As soon as he saw the message, he stopped moving his pelvis, looked at his partner and said unhappily:

– I have to go now, Jonathan! Something must be happening on the farm. It's a message from the boss, Senhor Murilo.

He got up and put on the clothes while Jonathan went to the bathroom, saying:

– All right, my dear, but think about what I told you about the copy of the recording.

– I'm going to do that today and then I'll send it you... OK?

– It's a deal! Let's do it! I'll take you to your car at the taproom, – Jonathan said, picking up his things.

As soon as Jonathan pulled out of the parking lot, leaving the inn at low speed, a pick-up came out of the dark and closed

his car, and two men pointed guns at them and asked them to get out of the vehicle.

* * * * *

Jonathan's gun was in the glove compartment, but he didn't want to react for fear of Carlos being hurt and thinking it was just a robbery, something that happened a lot when leaving inns and motels in the interior of Mato Grosso.

Carlos got out first with his hands up and was surprised to see people he knew from the farm. Jonathan waited a little, to give him time to activate the synchronized remote locator, which could only be turned on in an emergency. Then he got out fixing his blond hair, while one of them went to the vehicle, found his gun, hit him, and asked him to get back in the car, while Carlos was pushed into the truck along with the other two men and the driver.

The two cars left the scene at the same time but soon separated. It was almost 10:00 pm; Jonathan was driving his car and, in the back seat, was the man who hit him on the head with the revolver, ordering him to head towards the BR-158.

* * * * *

After her father returned from the hospital to the farm, Larissa felt safer, and, that day, she went out to visit Kunhahendy in the Babaçu village, in Água Boa, as she had arranged.

The indian was sitting on the floor drinking *tereré*. It was 10:00 am and as soon as she saw Larissa's drone park in the village, she was overjoyed.

The children liked to watch drones and ran across the open area at the centre of the village, greeting the visitor. After the welcome, the two women spent the rest of the day teaching

the indian children about the technological innovations that an NGO had donated to the village.

At night, they went to a club in Água Boa. Afterwards, they ended up getting to know each other erotically on the edge of the same creek where Larissa had sex, for the first time, with agent Tony Monteiro. The blonde was dazzled by the eroticism of Kunhahendy, who always carried the infallible magnetism called *mo hagiû rō* [erotic desire] in her soul. It was Larissa's first sex with a woman.

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After that meeting, Kunhahendy invited her to have the "sperm communion" with her and Obajara at the Serra do Roncador hotel, on BR-158, halfway to Canarana. She accepted and participated with an erotic impetus that surprised both indians.

Obajara had just taken his penis out of Larissa's anus and came in her mouth, making another pact of pleasure when his communicator rang with an emergency SOS. He quickly checked and saw that it was coming from Jonathan's car. He then got up and called agent Tony Monteiro, who said that he had left them at the Castro inn in Canarana and that he had turned off the electronic device when they started having sex, but that he was on his way to Água Boa to meet him, give him the latest reports and move things forward.

– Where are you right now, Tony? – asked Obajara, worried.

– I'm arriving at the BR-158 interchange. And where are you?

– I'm on the BR too, a little further away than you! — Obajara continued instructing the agent who, for the moment, stopped on the shoulder of the interchange to hear him better.

– I'm connecting Jonathan's car signal to your car. See if

you confirm the link, because, at the moment, it is moving a few kilometers away from Canarana, entering a detour on the MT-326. You should follow him and see what's going on, I'm going to follow you, okay?

Tony confirmed the link and turned off the communicator. Obajara prepared to leave. Before leaving, he asked Kunhahendy to stay with Larissa, but she refused and wanted to go with him. So, they asked the blonde, who was prostrate and exhausted, to rest, and before noon, they would pick her up. Larissa replied smiling with a thumbs up sign, without opening her eyes.

The two indians got into the jeep, took their gun holsters, checked the magazines, took a few more, put them in their coat pockets and followed by GPS the signal pulse of Jonathan's car, which was parked in the middle of the open country, and Tony was taking the detour to follow them.

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– Stop here, blondie! And get out slowly! – ordered the man with the revolver pointed at the head of Agent Jonathan, who immediately braked the car and got out with his hands raised. The man with the gun came out of the back door and said: – I received the order to kill you here and now. I want you, first, to tell me your name, who you are and what you do, – and the man showed the scorpion tattoo, mark of the CCP, stamped on his chest, pushing Jonathan a few metres from the car in the middle of the country, ordering him to kneel down.

– My name is Jonathan Ferreira, First Lieutenant of the 1st CIGS Brigade of Manaus, and undercover agent...

At that moment, the noise of Tony's car distracted the man, who looked back to see who was coming. He had made a mistake as Jonathan jumped on him, the revolver slipped out of his hand, they got into a fight for a few moments, but Tony

got the gun just as the man had pulled a knife and lunged at Jonathan. The black man pointed his gun at him from inside the car and told him not to move. The man stood with the knife in his hand, Jonathan ordered him to throw it down, and he picked up the two weapons which were on the ground. Tony got the handcuffs out of the car, told him to put his hands together, and handcuffed him. He told Obajara that the situation was under control, and Obajara said that he was reaching the detour at that moment, so Tony asked him to come to them in order to decide their next steps together.

Chapter 24

ATTACK ON THE XINGU FARM FRONT AND THE DISAPPEARANCE OF LARISSA

It was night, but dawn was now arriving. Cleber had breakfast with his father in the living room of the farm, and they talked about the project and how Larissa was taking care of it. Although George had complete confidence in his daughter, he was worried about her safety, quite rightly, after what had happened to him.

– Who is keeping tracks on Larissa every week? – he asked Cleber, who was eating and slowly sipping his coffee.

– The same people! Agent Obajara and José Farias, – he replied smiling.

– Speaking of him, where is Obajara? I haven't seen him around here since yesterday, and neither has Larissa!

– Yesterday Larissa went to a village in the municipality of Água Boa. She told me she would sleep over there and come back today," said Cleber a little unsure, although he knew that his sister had left the message of their erotic complicity: "I'm going to fuck, I'll see you tomorrow!", as was their custom, but, until that moment, she hadn't communicated with him, and he had al-

ready tried to talk to her earlier and had not been able to. – As for Obajara, he is helping the police in the search for the marksman.

– When she arrives, tell her I want to talk to her, said George, controlling the electronic wheelchair to leave the table.

Before entering another room, he turned and asked his son if they had caught the marksman. Cleber said that the police had several leads, but had not yet arrested anyone.

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Larissa woke up and felt strange because she didn't know where she was and what time it was. She looked to her side and discovered that she was no longer at the Serra do Roncador hotel on BR-158, where she had slept the night before. She was naked on a bed, so she got up, went to the bathroom, washed her face with cold water, came back, put on her clothes, went to the door and couldn't open it. She tried several times, clapped her hands, yelled to see if there was anyone around... Useless. She came back, sat on the bed, took out her wrist communicator, tried to call her brother and saw that the device was not emitting any signal even though it was on. She started to worry, when a female voice coming from a loudspeaker in the ceiling told her:

– Good morning, Miss Larissa! I see you have slept well.

– Who are you and why am I trapped in this room? – she asked in anger.

– Calm down! Soon we will serve your breakfast, and you will be informed of everything, is that all right? – the unknown voice answered and stopped talking.

A few minutes later, the door opened, and a man appeared with a strange gun, then another who looked like a bat, with wings and all, followed close behind carrying a tray with the promised breakfast. They didn't say anything, just placed the

tray on the small table in the room and left. When Larissa tried to accompany them, she was stopped by the gunman, who held her and ordered her to return. Then he left and closed the bedroom door.

Larissa looked at her breakfast, nibbled on some rolls and looked thoughtful. She saw that she was a prisoner of someone, of whom she had no idea, because of the clothes and the weapons and the batlike person, who looked more like someone out of the Star Trek series, of which she had seen a few episodes of when she was a teenager.

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– We have to be quick! When we get close to the farm’s entrance, I’ll switch, – Obajara said, starting to brief the agents on the plan for the invasion of the Xingu farm. – The prisoner will continue driving until he reaches the entrance, he will ask to enter, by the time they open the door, obviously, one of them will come to check whether he executed agent Jonathan. Since I’ll be lying in the backseat with the pistol to his head, he won’t be able to do anything but confirm. Tony will be with me in the trunk of the car, and you, Jonathan, and Kunhahendy will be in the rear, in my Jeep waiting for my signal to attack.

– Tony and I will get the guards at the entrance. We’ll signal you. I’ve already notified the local police, who should arrive in half an hour.

– All ready! So let’s check the weapons and set our watches.

With the orders understood, they went to the two vehicles. Jonathan and Kunhahendy kept a distance of 300 metres from the first car since the entrance to the Xingu farm was on a detour about three kilometres from the MT-326 main road.

It was almost dawn when the two cars approached the location. It was the month of June, the darkness of the night

extended a little longer into the daytime hours. Jonathan's car arrived at the entrance to the farm, and soon one of the guards asked for identification. The other guard waved them in, the gate was opened, and the vehicle headed into the parking lot. Another man armed with a machine gun went to his partner behind the wheel of the car to check whether the execution had been carried out, as Obajara had predicted.

As soon as the vehicle pulled over, he pushed the one who was driving out before the vehicle stopped, taking by surprise the other, who soon surrendered and put his gun on the ground. With the pistol pointed at them both, he released Tony Monteiro from the boot, who, as soon as he got out, picked up the machine gun that was on the ground. They followed with the two fellow guards to the guardhouse, and the third surrendered. Tony covered their faces with a liquid that put the three of them to sleep for an hour, activated the control to open the gate, then signalled for Jonathan and Kunhahendy to enter as the gate was open.

Obajara and Tony sneaked into the mansion, looking for the other PCC members and the guard Carlos. Suddenly, they were surprised by several beams of laser lights in their direction and they threw themselves to the ground escaping the hail of fire coming from various weapons. They began to exchange shots, and soon Obajara crouched and moved away towards a column that came out of the atrium of the mansion and which deflected the shots aimed at him. Tony managed to hit one of the gunmen, who had failed to take sufficient care. They didn't know that there was a camera in the mansion's precincts, which was showing the images and warning the other henchmen. They continued firing, without using the automatic pistols, to save ammunition and gain time, as they were cornered, unable to move.

Meanwhile, Jonathan and Kunhahendy turned around, entered the south side of the house, surprised their opponents from the rear and wounded two, who fell, opening a breach for

their passage, and they quickly managed to climb the stairs that led to the rooms on the second floor.

When they forced open the door of one of the compartments, they arrived in a large room where the studio was located and saw foreman Enio and watchman Carlos Rizzo, bound and gagged, sitting on separate chairs. But the biggest surprise was for Jonathan, who saw on the large monitor of the editing room the image of his graduation receiving the famous “Black Jaguar Knife” from the 1st Jungle War Instruction Centre Brigade in Manaus. He stopped for a moment and ran to release the watchman, while Kunhahendy released the foreman.

They closed the door, and Kunhahendy informed Obajara that the prisoners had already been found and released. She asked him for the next instructions, as they were in an area that could be invaded at any time. Obajara told them to stay inside at all costs because the police were now arriving. They pushed a heavy cupboard to secure the door and bar any attempt to access the room.

Carlos had been beaten up; his face was full of blood, and his body was bruised. Jonathan talked to the foreman, who had not suffered anything but was being held as a precaution. He told them that Murilo’s men had taken his communicator as he was the intermediary between Carlos and the manager to send the message and deceive Carlos. They had followed them when they left the taproom. Jonathan asked where the manager was, and Enio told him that he must be downstairs, exchanging gunfire with others. Then he went back to Carlos, who was being supported by Kunhahendy, and hugged him, while he, already knowing everything about Jonathan, said:

– I was suspicious of you when you warned me at the taproom about what might happen if I wanted to leave the company, but I didn’t imagine that they knew about us and that they had information about you, nor that you were an undercover

intelligence agent.

– My dear, I couldn't tell you, because it would have been worse for you, and you might even be dead now.

– When they found out you didn't know anything, they left you for a moment, didn't they? Jonathan asked, hugging him again.

– Yes it's true. First, they showed me your photo in the Brigade, that one over there, – he said, pointing to the monitor. – Then they started hitting me so I would tell them what I had told you. Then they brought Enio and started to confront us, to know if I would betray you and tell what I knew. When it didn't work out, they hit me more and tied up Enio as a precaution and so that we wouldn't leave here until Murilo had instructed them about what to do. That's when you arrived, – concluded Carlos, wiping a sliver of blood from his mouth.

At that moment, an uproar started downstairs as the police had arrived, and soon they heard the hissing noise of the drone at the back of the house and discovered that it was the manager Murilo, who was attempting to escape with another member of the group. Obajara noticed and alerted the police, who had also come by drone to pursue and arrest them as Murilo was the head of the local command.

After a few minutes of shooting, the rest of the PCC militiamen surrendered, seeing that they were outnumbered and that their boss Murilo had fled, so there was nothing left to do but surrender. The police were dealing with the situation and began to carry out the standard procedure to report the incident.

Carlos Rizzo was taken by ambulance for medical care, foreman Enio was detained for investigation, the other police officers began taking away the computers, including the CPU of the editing room where Carlos worked. Obajara now realized what had happened and that Carlos had provided the informa-

tion for the operation to work through agent Jonathan, so he told the police chief to reinforce the guard at the hospital because Carlos and foreman Enio were important witnesses to incriminate the criminal organization that operated on the farm.

It seemed that everything was over, but when the police chief shook Obajara's hand, thanking him and saying goodbye, Kunhahendy came to them, pointed to the large mural on the edge of the pool and said that she heard noise when she passed by. Then, the police chief set up a line of policemen all facing the exit and shouted for whoever was inside to come out with their hands in the air. There was a rattle of a bolt being released, and from the middle of the mural, a disguised door opened and a man with a bandage wrapped around his chest came out with his hands up.

Later, thanks to the recording that Carlos had made while monitoring George's project at the Buriti farm at the request of manager Murilo, it was confirmed that this member of the PCC Command was the marksman that Obajara had wounded on the other side of the creek on the day of the attack and who had injured George Lynch.

The sheriff's communicator rang and, on the other side, the police chasing manager Murilo's drone said that the two occupants who fled in the small aircraft were flying low, did not want to comply with the arrest warrant and so were shot down. They hadn't died, but they were now trapped.

It was 7:00 am. The three agents were leaving on the MT-326, but Obajara stopped with them at a cafeteria on the side of the road to clarify the points of what had happened and then communicate to Colonel Jaime.

They ordered coffee and snacks for breakfast while Obajara made an oral recording to report the incident on his device. Even if there were other sounds nearby, the police report device only recorded the voice frequency of the device's owner. Every

now and then, he would interrupt the other agents, who were talking, to ask for certain details or something he might be forgetting to add to the report.

After half an hour, Obajara's communicator sounded. He answered, and it was Cleber, who was asking about Larissa. She had left him that old message: "I'm going to fuck, see you tomorrow!" it had been over twelve hours before, and so far he hadn't been able to talk to his sister, and her phone was off.

– I'll ask the police to locate her drone and then let you know, okay? – Obajara told Cleber, who said goodbye and hung up.

Kunhahendy, who had heard everything, consulted her device and got the number of the Serra do Roncador hotel. She called to find out if Larissa's drone was in the parking lot. The attendant confirmed it was, and the two indians relaxed as they thought she was still sleeping.

Agent Tony Monteiro had a secret app that he had created with Larissa for them to communicate without having to talk to each other even if it was turned off, so he activated it and the access was not completed. Then he said that she must be in danger. Everyone looked at each other, called the attendant, paid the bill and left in the direction of the hotel on the BR-158 road. Arriving there, Obajara asked to call the guest. The attendant looked at the monitor and said that there was no one else there and that the room had already been cleaned.

Obajara changed his tone and wanted to investigate the location, approaching the ID reader to introduce himself as a government security agent. When his identification was confirmed, the attendant called someone else to take him to the room. He went alone with the attendant and found that Larissa really had disappeared. He returned to his companions, and they went together to her drone. When they opened the small aircraft, the onboard communicator automatically turned on, and then a miniature hologram image of her, naked, sitting on the bed and

getting up, appeared. They saw that the location she was in was not the same as the hotel apartment. This worried them so they went back to reception, asked to see the recordings of the internal cameras of the last five hours from the hotel corridor area to the parking lot at the entrance.

The attendant took them to the control room, entered the recording at the time when they left, at the request of Obajara, who also asked Agent Tony to see if he had any images of Larissa on his wrist communicator. Tony immediately downloaded the image, the attendant connected it to the monitor's CPU, and the attendant triggered the synchronized search. It took a few minutes for the images to slowly appear. There were the two men in black suits leaving the hotel. Larissa followed them past the paralyzed employees as if she were sleepwalking. Obajara remembered that the same thing had happened to Kunhahendy at the Serra Verde hotel in Água Boa, about three years before and concluded that at that moment she must have been hidden somewhere distant as the image of the drone's hologram showed her naked in another environment.

Obajara asked the hotel staff to keep everything secret as he already had a lot of problems with the men in black suits and preferred the mission to be secret. He knew that the more people involved, the greater the danger, remembering what happened at the dam at the Água Boa police station, when the police tried to stop them on their way out of town, and they had all been paralyzed and the station was set on fire.

To prevent George and his son Cleber from worrying and calling the police about Larissa's disappearance, Obajara called Cleber and told him what had happened, knowing that he also had encountered the men in black suits and that he would keep the secret. He asked him not to tell his father anything and that he was going to personally talk to them both.

The Indian arranged with the three agents to go to Água

Boa and wait for him there. He asked Kunhahendy to take his jeep because he would take Larissa's drone to the Buriti farm and talk to George and his son, and they would meet in the afternoon at Praça da Cultura to draw up a rescue plan.

The moment Obajara started the drone, a flashing message appeared on the on-board monitor saying: "Go to Campinópolis today". He called back the team, which had not yet left, told them what had happened and asked everyone to go to Campinópolis instead of Água Boa, and that the meeting would take place in the Praça da Academia da Terceira Idade, the Senior Citizens Gym Square.

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When the drone landed on the Buriti farm, and Cleber and George did not see Larissa, they began to worry, asking Obajara what had happened. He told them and asked them to keep calm. They talked quietly and understood they should not report the kidnapping to the local police as they believed that Obajara and his team would bring Larissa back. The news of the arrest of the suspect in the bombing reassured George as he feared a second attempt, and this gave him more confidence in Obajara.

After lunch, Obajara asked Cleber to lend him the drone as he needed to arrive in Campinópolis before the end of the afternoon, and it was already 3:00 pm. Cleber agreed and took off.

Later, George turned on the old TV to watch the local news, and the police report confirmed Obajara's information about the arrest of the PCC members.

It was 4:00 pm when the drone piloted by Obajara parked at the agreed location, and there the three agents were already exercising on the various machines in the square, which was full of the town's people.

He then teased the team:

– Yes! We’ll really need a lot of muscles and fitness for this mission.

– And when do we start, Captain Obajara? – asked Jonathan.

– Let’s wait until sunset to see if “an idea comes”. You can continue working out for now; I’m going to draw up a plan of action, – and he went to his jeep, which Kunhahendy had parked on the street, near a tree.

The idea that the Captain was waiting to “come” soon appeared in the hand of a little Indian, who came to him with a piece of paper written: “Cacique Saturnino Rudzane, Espírito Santo village, today, at 7:00 pm”. The boy said nothing and ran away, accompanied by the curious look of Obajara, who smiled and felt guided by an invisible eye.

That which lurks is worse than mystery, because it walks and probes; finally, it moves, while the mystery is a silent static echo that awaits you in complacency like the vagina of an eternal night.

Chapter 25

MEETING WITH THE ALIEN AND A NEW CATEGORICAL PACT

“An Indian told me / that the bearer of light / lives there in Serra do Roncador / that from time to time he flies / to another planet, like a butterfly / light of every colour” – so says the beginning of the lyrics of the song “Portador da Luz” [“Carrier of Light”], by the singer and composer from Goiás, Pádua, who, in his work “Voo de cantor” [“Flight of the Singer”], makes a indigenous reference to the mysteries of the entire Xingu and Araguaia region.

When Obajara and his team arrived at the Xavante village, they were received directly by Chief Saturnino Rudzane, who was sitting on a log with a lantern in his hand and waiting for Obajara. He then told the agent:

– Welcome, great Manduruku warrior! I’ll add that our shaman was the one who received the message addressed to you today, when he was smoking his pipe on the edge of the Miararé lake. He told me that you would arrive in Campinápolis this afternoon, and the message would have to be delivered later today, because it is of great importance to all of us.

– I hope so, my friend and brother, because we only know

from the message that we would have to meet you here at 7:00 pm, – Obajara said, shaking the Xavante's hand and smiling.

– Yes! You're right! The other message was for me, and that's why I have this flashlight. I will have to take you to the entrance of the big cave, which you will have to enter accompanied only by the Guarani woman; the others must wait outside with me, – said Saturnino, looking at the other agents.

– Well! If it has to be so, it will be so; so let's go! – Obajara decided, looking at the team and signalling for the chief to go ahead as he knew the way; the others would follow.

Suddenly, agent Tony Monteiro asked everyone to look behind as he could see lights coming out of the lake. Everyone was stunned, but Chief Saturnino calmed the team's spirits by saying:

– They are the guardians of our people, they only come out when there is something threatening the region. If something important has been happening, we'll find out later from the shaman.

They went on quietly, just listening to the rustling of their of shoes in the scrubland, and, when they stumbled over some rocks they might shout.

– We're almost there, and I ask everyone to be less curious as it's better in order to get along with the spirits of the land that live inside, – announced the Xavante chief.

The great cave was below, a crevice in the mountain shaped like an isosceles triangle with the point facing down, showing the entrance. The chief then stopped and began to instruct the four on what should be done from then on.

– We'll stay here and you'll go with the Guarani, – said the chief, looking for a rock to sit on and turning off the flashlight as the stars shone as brightly as on a moonlit night, and they also had to save their battery for the return trip.

Obajara turned on his flashlight and followed Kunhahendy towards the crevice in the mountain. They felt they were going to a meeting with the unknown, but they weren't afraid, after all they were indians and had not been raised with stories of ghosts, nor did they cultivate any kind of fear, especially of things in nature. They knew that everything that could appear there was part of the universe as there was nothing supernatural, everything was neither good nor bad and was part of this world, even if it might have other vibrations, be in another dimension, it was complementary and it was part of the universe. Indians were instructed from childhood that they should learn from everything that was different and unusual.

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In short, for the true Indian, the supernatural does not exist. How would he understand that there is something that is beyond the universe or outside of it? It would be contrary to the logic of existence and would admit the existence of another universe formed from matter other than that which we know.

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They had already walked more than a kilometre inside the cave when they started to hear bats so Obajara turned up the brightness of the flashlight so the bats didn't trouble them.

When they were close to a bend, they saw a light, and their warriors' instinct made them draw their pistols, but there was nothing, and darkness reigned again, only with small pin-points of light high in the cave. They felt they were entering a kind of gallery.

Suddenly, the points of light began to move, and, when they focused the flashlight to see what it was, they had an unpleasant surprise: flying indians resembling giant bats attacked

the couple, who ran away firing their weapons and trying to defend themselves as best they could.

For more than five minutes they were shooting and dodging the low flights of the flying beings, but Obajara realized that they didn't hit any, so he shouted to Kunhahendy, who was about five meters away:

– Stop shooting! They aren't real. We couldn't hurt any of them. See for yourself with the flashlight!

Kunhahendy checked and saw that he was right; there were no corpses.

– And what are we going to do, Obajara, wait here? said Kunhahendy, troubled.

Suddenly, there was a whirlwind accompanied by an intense light, which blew them away from the place where they were. Then came a mist that cleared little by little, and soon they realized that they had passed through a portal. They were no longer in the cave, but in an underground fortress. Then, a metallic voice announced the next proceedings:

– Wait! Don't touch your weapons, please!

A door opened, one of the batlike indians appeared and motioned for them to follow it. They walked for a few minutes and arrived at another door, which opened as soon as they approached. The bat indian stopped, looked at them, and motioned for them to enter. The couple moved on, came out in a large place resembling a meeting room in a large company. In the middle was a huge, dark rectangular table with three chairs. To Kunhahendy's amazement, the enigmatic Marx, the *tembí jokuái* [the one who carries the message], was seated at the end of the table. Unable to hold herself back, she exclaimed:

– Tuyami! How is it possible? I thought you were dead! – and she smiled with happiness, because, during the almost ten

years that passed, she had met Kami, son of Sonia Otahime and Tuyami, and Sonia had said that he had died. It was as if time had gone back for Kunhahendy, she remembered the flight to Sao Paulo when they had first met. However, the magic and emotion melted away when Marx spoke to her:

– What you are seeing is a projection to which you were induced by me so that we could talk as your partner is seeing someone else in me, isn't that right, Mr. Obajara? – asked the alien.

– Yes! I can see my grandfather Ubiratã, who died more than ten years ago.

– But how is it possible? – asked Kunhahendy.

– We induce any form by projecting it into people's minds, using the most pleasant, charismatic or any other forms that are familiar to them, that they have known during their existence, so that they don't get scared and, obviously, feel safe, – observed the strange two-faced being, with its metallic voice. – We have been on this planet for over ten thousand years, and, in order to remain unnoticed among you, we have induced earthling forms into your minds throughout this time.

– I brought you here because I know that you people of the forest are the only ones who are aware that planet Earth is a very rare paradise in this corner of the universe. It is the planet that has a relief on a surface with a very rare troposphere, and the inhabitants can choose to live wherever they want, with whatever climate they want, eating whatever they want. If you look at cosmological maps, you won't find any planet as rich with life as Earth less than millions of light years away or even on the other side of the galaxy, – stressed the alien and continued with his staccato voice that seemed to be the sum of several machine-like vibrations: – We're not the only ones here. For almost six hundred thousand years, this planet has been the home of other peoples in the universe, who became extinct by

committing the same stupidity that, unfortunately, most people still do today, living anthropically and overvaluing gold, oil, paper money, and moving away from the planet's body as if the planet were an object created for them.

The alien paused for a few seconds and changed the two appearances on its face to two more deceased people: Mr. Benitez was seen by Kunhahendy and Sonia by Obajara. The two indians were startled by the metamorphosis, but immediately remembered that it was just mental induction.

– Your forest being race is the only race that has not been genetically altered by non-terrestrials. You don't bring the gene of other peoples that are not from planet Earth, unlike most peoples from all over the East and the three peoples from the Americas, the Incas, Aztecs and Mayans, who were also genetically altered and worship gold.

– Because this practice first began in the East and dates back thousands of years, this makes these peoples think that they are the owners of the truth and lords of this anthropic science that devastates worlds, but they do not know that this culture is no more than a stigma stemming from the galaxy's most harmful alien heritage.

– They act like crazy children or like rabid dogs, fed by a corrosive dementia. In recent times, they have been fed by ego-developing drugs. Many of the sporadic facts of acts of violence that happen today around the world began to show this hidden side of the hybrid alien transgenic in human beings, and people who show this violence are called sociopaths, but this is nothing more than a psychological alteration arising from this gene that is eclipsing more and more the true indigenous race of this planet. Those who have done so are part of a group of beings who worship the manipulation of other beings from planets in their natural stages of development to create herds of specimens at will and reign over them as supernatural gods. It's

like creating a living, open-air theatre for them to enjoy watching the real human tragedy unfold. Some of those aliens who live in disguise among you are millionaires, but their blood-thirsty instinct is still there. Even living and coexisting with the natives of the planet, they still pay dearly to take part in a “private manhunt” in the various secret clubs that exist today all over the planet. The less developed ones like hunting and fishing. The dejection of any living being is an insatiable instinct of pleasure for this attraction, and there is no way to control it.

– It is they who have developed the lust for power, religious idolatry, valuing superfluous things, and, what is worse, they have alienated native creatures from their habitat and their way of life due to the constant flow of the universe’s existence, creating a chain of collective self-destruction, which has already contaminated more than 67% of the population of the planet. The last strongholds that still resist are those of the different ethnic groups that are concentrated in the forest in this corner of the planet, but which already suffer from the madness of some of these degenerate terrestrial anthropic transgenic specimens which they created, and who act as their prototypical parents, destroying life everywhere. – Now the alien became a little exasperated: – The African continent, which is closest to their stronghold, has been totally destroyed in the last five centuries, and now they are tasting their own poison with this diaspora of the people from Africa to their lands, which began a decade ago and cannot be contained as they are motivated by their own anthropic idolatry of megalomaniac power that many ages ago became part of their primordial essences.

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The alien showed its deep knowledge with details of the epic event that began with the Catholic Crusade, when the Church invaded the Middle East with the intention of annexing the region to the papacy,

under the pretence of the fact it was there that the avatar of Christianity was born, but, in fact, this was more of an expansionist plan of power by the institution to plunder and accumulate wealth, in the way its pretentious founders of the entity, the Roman Empire, always acted.

After this failed onslaught of the papacy, which for more than two centuries generated a large number of battles, thousands of deaths, and heroic defences of the invaded lands, hatred, discord and religious politics corrupted the peoples of the entire region, who had previously lived in harmony respecting everyone else's creed. This delusion of the Crusades engendered the politics of hatred within the three religions of biblical origin, and so it remains today.

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– No developed civilization on this planet has ever reached the emergency situation in which it now finds itself. The Northern Hemisphere of this planet is the region closest to a collapse in every way, and there is no way to stop this trend.

The alien paused and started talking about its intentions with the two agents, looking back at the various attempts to contact them, which failed.

– We've started appearing for you two since that breakout seven years ago on BR-158 main road. Then we burned that aggressor who was going to kill you when you escaped from that mine, remember? – he said addressing Obajara.

At that moment, Kunhahendy remembered the man who had been "set on fire" in the 2019 attack, also when Sônia was shot, and she interrupted the alien's speech, asking about what had happened:

– Sir! Could you enlighten us about the other man burned on the day of the ambush on the road? Why didn't we see "the lights or the flying object" at that moment?

– Yes! – he replied, transmuting his features into Kami's.

Now both interlocutors could see his face. – We were monitoring that event, and we weren't around at the time, so we used the boy's power, or you would be dead by now.

– As for the men in the black suits, as you call them, they were sent by us. The first few times were to try a direct dialogue. When they looked for you personally, you were trapped in Água Boa, but when they got there, you had already left. We wanted to summon you two to come here. The second time, it was to leave no recorded trace of the boy's abduction. We saw later that it wasn't necessary as the boy took care of everything himself. – He looked at Kunhahendy and continued: – And back at the hotel, it was to bring her here. It was a way of attracting him and bringing him in too, – he said, staring at Obajara. – But this man is a great warrior, – he pointed to Obajara – and he managed to abort the kidnapping. Afterwards, we had to destroy our paralyzing ray device that was in his hand, as it might reach his superiors and attract the interest of other non-terrestrials and their faithful collaborators.

– Yesterday, when you left the blonde girl alone at the hotel, it was the biggest opportunity we had to get you here. We knew you and the others would be busy with the operation to rescue one of your own so we took it easy.

– We never wanted to kill any of you. If we had wanted to, we would have done it already. On the contrary, we want to help you in your struggles but without changing the destiny of you and your people.

– I tell you again that we are not the same people as those who changed the fate of the people mentioned in the history of Mesopotamia. We help indians from several villages in the region and also from outside, and we are directly linked to the healing work of the people of the Roncador Sanctuary, who respect us, listen to us and keep our secret. We don't have any plans for life, just like you, so we don't meddle with the plans of

each of the forest peoples. Any insinuation about this is a hoax, like that of those who, at the dawn of this civilization, were interested in the destiny of the peoples of the East but who, today, only have chaotic misunderstandings, idolatry, politics of greed, power, and hatred.

The alien summed up his intentions and left the indian couple surprised and perplexed, but they also smiled as they were now much more convinced of the value of their culture, and this reminded them again of the congress and the letter from the leader Ailton Krenak ten years before, which had been written collectively by the shamans and which had everything to do with what they heard at that surreal moment.

– To conclude, I want to propose to you that you create more warriors besides the four of you, including the two that are outside the portal and who share your purposes, which are also ours, to face the difficult times that will come as a result of the “enemies of life here on Earth”, as you indians call them. We shall always be there, between the lines of your struggles, and, if you need us, we shall always be subtly close by, just like your shamans.

– We do not know the secret of the mystery of life; however, we have a vague idea of how insects, vegetables and animals seek their food and a safe place so as not to be killed. We are therefore convinced that the principle of parity of the origin of things, in which the peoples of the Americas believe, is the most wholesome and least discriminating, bellicose and destructive for of life, the opposite of the one principle of the so-called Adamic civilization.

– I do not know when we shall meet again because, as I told you, there are no plans between us, just a commitment and a categorical vision to move through this life and this world. Our meeting was held because of the threat that we sense is coming to this last most natural stronghold on the planet, en-

dangering not only your lives but also ours and even other surrounding civilizations, in closer constellations. We could say that we are reacting to a stimulus that threatens the life of this planet, like any living being.

– You will have to go now. I speak here on behalf of my people, and I just want to warn you so that when you leave here with the blonde girl, everyone will have the feeling that they lived a dream, because there was a compression of time and space. However, when you go through the return portal, you will experience a decompression, so the images in your mind will settle in the places where you keep your memories of dreams. You will not have the so-called nightmares, nor will you go into a state of shock or go crazy, as has happened with most of those who have been in contact with us, such as the women of the other indians, who dived into the lake. The passage through the portal is different and eases your emotional perplexity, leaving you convinced but serene, – concluded the alien, and it simply gradually disappeared from the chair.

The door to the room was opened, and Larissa appeared accompanied by an Indian bat, who signalled for them to leave.

* * * * *

What is receiving or perceiving knowledge: is it having it added to memory in a latent state or having it acquired in a lived experience? It is as the psychologist Carl Gustav Jung said in one of his maxims: "After all, do we create an idea or do we 'remember it'"? This schism was based on many verifications of crucial ideas that took place in the history of science, but mainly on the "dream" of the Benzene Ring that happened to the chemist Kekulé in the 19th century.

No one can know whether everything that is scientific, philosophical, artistic and religious in this world is really a sui generis idea, the result of native people's need and creativity. We live in an immensity of ideas, but has it always been this way? Did primitive peoples

chain ideas together or dream? How? Why? And what did they dream about? Where did these “dreams” come from?

Why does the development of architectural, mathematical, astronomical, and technological knowledge suddenly take place as if there were no convincing temporal anatomy for this instant development? Darwinism has no answers to any of these questions but creationists do.

What happened inside the cave, in the dialogue with the alien, when the alien, on saying goodbye, said that that experience would stay “in the memory where the dreams of each of the agents accumulate”? What did this schism of Jung really mean when he questioned the originality of ideas, creativity, or religious devotion in this world, as happened with the biblical patriarch Moses after having contact with an entity that claimed to be his god on Mount Sinai, and did he, on his way down, bring with him a categorical contract with that God and a table of social rules? Have we always been monitored by beings that are not from this planet? After all, there is a catchphrase that religious people call “God’s designs” and these were apparently made by the ancient gods of their religions.

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The chief Saturnino was smoking his pipe, and the spark that appeared when he inhaled in the dark night gave an atmosphere of anxiety and mystery to the conversation between Jonathan and Tony, who wondered why their companions had been delayed.

– It’s been more than four hours, are they alive I wonder? – Jonathan asked Tony, showing concern.

– They say around here that “even a butterfly brings bad news”. I didn’t see any butterflies, did you? – joked Tony, smiling at Jonathan.

– I’ve never seen a butterfly at night, I’m from the big city, – Jonathan replied.

– The Xavante chief, listening to their conversation, took a breath, looked at the entrance to the cave and said, with a disturbing conviction for the two listeners:

– They are coming now, they will arrive before sunrise.

– But how do you know, chief? – asked Jonathan, sullenly and looking at Obajara.

– Once, I was at the edge of the enchanted lake, it was a darker night than this one, and lights were coming out of it. So, I stared at the lights, and, from that day on, I have never wanted to look at those lights there anymore, but, at that moment, the light that was dormant inside me awakened. I learned that the light of all shamans lives on so they can see more than others. So, from that day on, I started to do the same, – replied Saturnino, puffing on his pipe and smiling at the wide-eyed Jonathan, who had never heard such a thing.

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After passing through the portal, Kunhahendy, Obajara and Larissa walked through the cave for almost two hours, and their flashlights began to fail. They were silent and still somewhat perplexed by the surreal events they had just witnessed. Kunhahendy announced that there was a light ahead, and they remained on the alert. Moving on, they found that they were still passing through the place where they had seen the bats, but now there was nothing there, and the light was just a reflection of their lanterns in a place on the wall of the cave full of mica. Obajara remembered that they still had about a kilometre to go and asked Kunhahendy to turn off the flashlight as they would have to stay closer to each other to use a single flashlight and save the battery.

Half an hour later, they reached the starting point and ran out when they saw the triangular-shaped crevice. Outside, the Xavante chief sensed their approach and announced out loud:

– They have arrived!

The two agents went down to see if they were all right, but the biggest surprise was the rescue of Larissa, which made Tony run to hug her. Everyone then hugged each other and started to go up hand in hand to the exit. The Xavante chief remained seated watching the scene from his rock, puffing on his pipe; he smiled reassured, for he knew there were more friends to share that deep mystery that was already part of the culture of his village.

Chapter 26

RURAL SKIRMISHES, MYSTERIOUS FADE OUT AND A GLIMPSE OF THE “DRAGON’S HEAD” ON OBAJARA’S JOURNEY TO PORTO VELHO

The warning in the cave to Obajara agents made by the alien months before had not been in vain because investigations into the action of the PCC criminal organization that operated on the Xingu farm, its main headquarters, linked to right-wing ruralists, now increased.

After the attack on George Lynch and the operation of Obajara’s team with the Canarana police, in which all the criminals were arrested, various incidents took place throughout the region. The worst of them was the revenge against other ruralists who ceased to use traditional agricultural inputs, which destroy the soil and feed the chain of anti-ecological products, and changed their way of planting to bio-activation. As a result, they began to suffer reprisals from the conservative sector.

Others that also became targets of this revenge were the new alliances that united certain indian ethnicities, poor squatters who were subsistence farmers, and rural producers who also invested in ABC Plan (Low Carbon Emission Agriculture) for the new system of planting, based on the premise of social symbio-

sis, a project begun by the redeemed ruralist George Lynch.

The traditionalist faction used small and cheap drones carrying flammable products in their belly, flying at night over the crops of opposing farmers and exploding the device to set the plantation alight, and the fires were difficult to be controlled, especially in the dry months. Others spread diseases among the livestock, killing entire herds.

This insanity reached such a point that they blamed the indians, leaving false clues in place for the police authorities to incriminate them.

This criminal act, which began to be used by the “enemies of life here on Earth”, took some time to be noticed by the security authorities and for those who were really responsible to be arrested. Arrests were only possible because the new alliances paid for high-precision satellite monitoring in order to obtain evidence and pass it on to the authorities.

The indians on the reservations also decided to use “the incendiary drone” to burn the crops of the ruralists who had invaded their lands long before and threw pesticides on their reservations, giving them some of their own medicine.

All this created chaos in the region, and the National Force were called to put an end to the series of specific conflicts that were already involving a large number of people, endangering the nearby towns.

The four infiltrated agents split up to help the National Force to pacify and defend the new alliances, which had the support of the federal government as they were of economic and social interest for the region. Brazil was suffering a lot from low exports and political strain at the international level.

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After he left the hospital, Carlos Rizzo gave his statement.

Thanks to his recordings, the police found the important information he needed in the CPU of the editing bay at the Xingu farm. He was immediately released as his recorded material was considered as a plea bargain by the judge of the district of Canarana. The foreman Enio also told what he knew and was released; the other so-called “employees”, who were actually members of the PCC, were indicted and arrested, along with manager Murilo.

Through agent Jonathan and at the request of Obajara to George Lynch, former guard Carlos Rizzo started working at the Buriti farm to take care, together with Cleber, of the computer systems and monitor the crops and livestock.

Both were talking after the day’s work was done. It was 7:00 pm, and there was a threat of rain. The wind was strong, and Obajara was outside the house with his Spot, giving Colonel Jaime the last information that other agents sent him in a recorded report.

– Well, Jaime, that’s all for now. I hope the General understands how the situation is, now it seems to be almost under control. After all, this dispute has been going on for a year, – commented Obajara and then asked about his son.

– He’s a handsome and strong boy. I’ve been talking to Rosana, and we’ve planned the following: when I get the order for you and the other agents to leave the rest of the work to the police and the Army, I’ll release you for a week to come here next month, because Itagiba’s going to be five years old, – proposed Jaime, saying goodbye and hanging up, leaving Obajara with a smile of joy.

He began to imagine how the time had passed. He had never met his only descendant; he had no idea what part of his spirit was in the boy; he merely realized that this was part of the great chain of his ancestors, and in this point all indians have conviction but not faith. It is an esoteric part of their culture.

Still pensive, looking at the illuminated soybean crop and walking towards the entrance to the house, Obajara was intercepted by Cleber, who asked him about the experts' results regarding the fade out of the recording.

– So, Obajara, what did the experts say about that recording?

– I have no idea! The last time I spoke to Jaime about this, he didn't tell me anything concrete, only that the team leader had suffered amnesia and was transferred; I don't know who took his place. I can ask the Colonel tomorrow, and I'll tell you.

– What are you talking about, may I know? – asked Carlos, approaching them.

Cleber told him what it was about. Carlos was curious and asked to see the recording. Then they went to Cleber's room, and he got the old flash drive and showed him on the monitor, where the alteration that happened at the time the boy Kami was abducted was.

Carlos Rizzo looked at it and said that it was a change in the camera configuration at the time of the fade out, between one recording and another, as if moving to a recording with keying modulation, in which the background image is removed leaving the image of the moving object in evidence, just as was done on the old Chroma Key. Curious, he asked who had been handling the camera.

– It was me, Carlos! – replied Cleber, looking at him surprised, not understanding the reason for the question.

– And how did you do it without being aware of it? – he asked, looking at him doubtfully.

– I don't know! I didn't do anything, I was just filming the people who arrived to register the meeting. When I saw Obajara's jeep speeding into the parking lot, I moved the camera's focus there. Then the foreman José Farias arrived, I took a close-up

of him talking to Obajara, who was carrying the injured woman. Suddenly, I heard the guests yelling, "Look! Look over there!", so I moved the camera's focus to the boy running towards the UFO and filmed everything you saw. The next day, when I tried to see it, to my surprise, it was like this. I felt that I should keep the recordings because the camera was no longer safe, it had been doctored, I don't know how it happened. So, I looked for an old device, the pendrive, and saved it, because I know that certain systems today can't read something very obsolete anymore.

– What I can say is that someone changed the configuration at that moment... Who could it have been? I also believe that you didn't observe the camera monitor at the time of recording to see how it was being recorded, right, Clever? – Carlos insisted, asking and commenting.

– Do you know you're right, Carlos? I was very excited about the event, I had never seen a UFO in front of me, and I looked away from the camera monitor. When I realized, I had already turned it off.

Obajara had an insight, as if his subconscious had been pricked, and he remembered the metallic voice of the conversation he had with the alien in the cave. He recalled that the alien had sent the men in black to fetch the images, but said he didn't even need to because the boy had "taken care of everything".

Obajara only listened to the conversation, said nothing, and walked towards the exit of the enclosure, accompanied by Carlos and Cleber, who continued entertain themselves with speculation about the mysterious event.

* * * * *

Far away, agent Jonathan had been trying, together with the army, for more than three hours to calm some skirmishes in the region of São José do Xingu, with two fronts still struggling

against each other: on one side, right-wing ruralists and, on the other, the new alliance of former ruralists, Caiapó indians, and subsistence agriculture squatters.

– How are we going to do it, Commander? – he asked, amid gunshots.

– Let's back off. There's no reason to try to stop them at night, it's more complicated. I spoke to the General Command, and they are going to send a helicopter, so we will talk to the leaders by megaphone asking for a truce for both sides, we'll negotiate with both parties, and we'll end the fight.

– And if they don't, how are we going to do it? Jonathan asked pointedly.

– We'll arrest the two leaders and take them to another camp. Then I'll order my men to attack whoever comes against us.

After telling his next actions to the agent, the commander then left to answer a call on his Spot communicator.

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At that same time of night, in the municipality of Ribeirão Cascalheira, Kunhahendy and Tony Monteiro were sneaking through the forest, approaching a camp of conservative ruralists to kidnap their leader, who at the end of the day had refused to agree to the deal which the other side had accepted.

– There he is drinking *chimarrão*³³. Let's see which tent he's going to sleep in, and we'll get him, – said Kunhahendy to Tony, and asked him if he had the liquid that puts people to sleep for up to two hours.

Tony nodded, then the two came closer and saw, after a

33. Similar to *tereré*, the *chimarrão* is an infusion of mate leaves drunk through a *bombilla*, a metal straw, out of a gourd. Different to *tereré*, which is normally drunk cold and is found in hot regions, the *chimarrão* is common in colder regions and is drunk warm.

few minutes, that the leader had excused himself and entered one of the tents. They then began to put the kidnapping plan into operation.

The leader's tent was set up near a small opening and had a light on inside. The agents waited a few seconds until they saw his silhouette turn off the light and lie down, then entered.

The leader tried to get his gun, but Obajara held his arm while Tony put the cloth with the liquid over his nose, which made him pass out in seconds. They dragged him out into the woods and carried him into the forest for another hundred meters to put him in the vehicle, which was parked on the trail.

They left with the car lights off to the army camp. There they arrived, got out, saluted the Commander, who received them and clapped his hands, thanking them. He ordered the soldiers to take the prisoner to the cell in the army truck and wait for the leader to wake up to talk. Then the security force would decide what to do.

The agents said goodbye to the Commander, got into the drone and left the camp for the nearby town of Ribeirão Cascalheira, where they went to the same bar in which Kunhahendy had met Obajara Nestor Kamaiurá months before. They sat down. It was 10:00 pm. They asked Serafim, the owner of the bar, for beer, and he was smiling, already bringing the beer and joking with Kunhahendy, drooling with praise:

– But isn't it my beautiful Guarani princess... How are you, my lovely?

– I'm fine, Seraphim! This is my friend Tony. We need one of these, really cold, – she replied, as Tony stood up and shook the owner's hand.

– Feel free; today there are few people, as you can see, – he said, pointing to the bar a little embarrassed because of the "battle" in the region.

– And Nestor, has he been here? – Kunhahendy asked, while Serafim was moving away from the table, which made him turn around and reply with gestures:

– He’s there, along with the others! I was told that the small landowners, the indians and some ruralists accepted the proposal to end the disagreement. He might show up here tomorrow, but I’ll be closing soon, – Serafim replied and went out to another table.

– Tony, I need a nice cold shower to relax. We’ll sleep here, and tomorrow we’ll head to Canarana, how about that? – proposed Kunhahendy, patting Tony’s hand on the table.

– It’s fine with me, I’m tired too, – Tony replied, smiling.

The two agents would have to go to the Buriti farm to find Captain Obajara to pass on the recorded report to be forwarded by Obajara to the Porto Velho command. Due to previous leaks, Colonel Jaime decided that things should be done this way, to avoid problems.

They decided to sleep at the Aroeira hotel. Once they were settled, Kunhahendy was the first to bathe, while Tony had a shot of whisky watching the old TV. As soon as Kunhahendy came in, she lay down naked on her bed and asked him to massage her back; this disturbed the negro. He said, turning off the TV, that he would shower first, implying that he was very sweaty. Obajara agreed, but she was feeling the presence of her protector, the elf *Akan Hendy*, and the syndrome of *mo hagûî rō* [erotic desire] took hold. She got up as if in a trance, went into the bathroom and saw the agent masturbating in the shower. When Tony saw her at the door, naked in her sensual splendour, he let go of his hard cock and went to her. The two clung to each other in the greatest excitement. She bent down and sucked Tony’s cock in a way that Tony immediately came screaming, because he was already very excited.

– Oh my sweetie! Suuuck me... I'm enjoying it... Ooooh!

Tony's arousal was such that his cock remained hard; he asked to penetrate her next. She got up with sperm still on her face, got on all fours and told him to penetrate her, but let her come first and then penetrate her and come in her anus.

When Tony's penis penetrated her vagina, she sighed with excitement and exclaimed aloud:

– Oh, delicious, what a delight! Stick it more, I want your cock all over me, I've been needing it for days.

Tony started the in-and-out movement in the moaning woman's vagina and, after a few seconds, she climaxed screaming like a madwoman, rocking her pelvis:

– Oh, what a delight, I'm enjoying it! Put it in deeper, my lovely black man! – Then Kunhahendy came and took a deep breath, but kept shaking with excitement, then Tony penetrated her anus, and she commented:

– Oh, what a lovely dick! I would have been so frustrated if you'd let the sperm out in the bathroom, eh! I need her all in my ass...

Glad you made it in time, hot indian! – he joked, while putting the entire penis in the anus of Obajara, who began to sigh with pleasure.

After swaying to and fro, the two came together screaming while Tony put his hips on her ass and lifted her off the bed, making his penis sink all the way into her anus, and she tensed all the muscles of her body and then lay down on the bed, still connected. After a few minutes in this rigid state, Tony took out his penis and started talking.

– I got really horny when you asked me for a massage. I asked to go to the bathroom to jerk off, take a shower and then come for the massage. I don't know what happened to me, my

dick jumped up because I was so excited, I was thinking: but am I going to have this hot coworker of mine? So I decided no, it's not recommended, and started masturbating. When you showed up at the door, I felt a chill down my spine and my dick smeared my hand.

– I feel people's lust, and, when the chemistry hits me, I create a current that also makes the person close to me lose control. This also happens to women. Even recently, with Larissa, it was divine! – said Kunhahendy smiling, leaving Tony more surprised by the news. He smiled at her, asking:

– So, have you two had sex? Why didn't you call me?

– Some days I want women more, other days men, like today, other times men and women, or two men for a “double”, it depends on my *mo hagüî rō* — she said smiling, leaving the agent intrigued by the Guarani word. Tony immediately asked its meaning.

– But what is this? A spell?

– That's more or less it, it's part of my culture, – she replied, still excited. – Suck me now, sweetie, I want to release my cum in your mouth and then you to eat my ass in the roasted chicken position, – she proposed, smiling and squeezing Tony's penis in her hand.

Tony started to suck on her very slowly, because he really wanted to.

Every man likes to smell a woman's vagina, it's part of the characteristics of being a hetero. For agent Tony, this enjoyment, which he had never heard of from any woman, was more of an experiment.

When the female orgasm is long and deep, some women reach a very high degree of arousal and then the so-called “squirt”, releasing liquid from the vagina, which few women manage to do.

After a few minutes, Kunhahendy came and a squirt of her honey covered Tony's face, and he, taking advantage of the experience, held a little in his mouth to then put it into her anus and release it inside, making Kunhahendy scream in excitement.

There, delicious! Put your dick in my ass soon! You wet it and made me more horny. Let's go! I can't take it anymore...

As soon as Tony's penis, all smirched with seminal fluid, entered Kunhahendy's anus, the two couldn't control themselves for another minute and came screaming.

– Put it hard in my ass, my dear! There, I'm enjoying it... Oh!

– What a delight of ass... My... the... indian... the hot... Oh!

Afterwards, they bathed together, still caressing each other, went back and lay down in separate beds, as the hotel only had a room with single beds that night.

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Conflicts decreased by almost 79% in the Alto Xingu and Araguaia regions but were still intense in the south of the state of Pará, on the border with Mato Grosso. Agents Jonathan, Kunhahendy and Tony Monteiro were sent there.

This gave him a very important break, which Obajara wanted so much as Colonel Jaime had released him for ten days to go to Porto Velho, capital of Rondônia state, to visit and meet Itagiba, his son with Rosana.

Obajara decided to go by train, on the transcontinental railroad that had begun operating a year before carrying agribusiness products and which had also begun to transport passengers. The trip was quick and comfortable as the trains were modern and took around ten hours from Água Boa to Porto Velho.

Obajara was sitting looking at the landscape that unfolded from his window. The change in the scene as soon as he left

the city was remarkable as the soya crop monoculture no longer dominated as it had at the end of the 20th century; there was a mix of vegetables, islands of forest, orchards, animals, etc. With the considerable immigration of Chinese due to the railroad they had constructed, the agricultural development in the region was the inspiration the region needed, and there were a large number of paddies, especially in the Pantanal region in the west of the state.

The train that had left Água Boa at 7:00 am had now been in motion for almost two hours and was approaching the municipality of Lucas do Rio Verde. Obajara decided to stretch his legs and got up to walk through the train. He hadn't had breakfast and went to the cafeteria. Everything was automated except for the cashier, a very pleasant smiling little Chinese woman, speaking impeccable Portuguese. He went to her to get information and pay; however, when she was about to hand him the ticket to release the coffee, Obajara noticed a black tattoo of a Chinese character on her arm. For a brief moment he met her gaze and said:

– Nice tattoo... Is it your name in Mandarin?

– No sir! It's an expression from our culture.

Afterwards, they smiled at each other. Obajara followed, prepared his coffee, sat by the entrance to the canteen and continued looking at the landscape wondering why the Chinese did not fully automate the canteen; on the contrary, they put one person to do the work, which was no longer common in many kinds of commerce.

He was almost finished with his coffee when the door opened, and two Chinese men in suits and sunglasses came in, talking in Mandarin. They went to the little Chinese woman at the cashier, who smiled and pointed with her index finger. Obajara looked at the hand of the Chinese who was paying for the ticket and saw the image of a small tattooed dragon. Knowing

what it was, he lowered his eyes so as not to look at him as he was facing a member of the Triad, the Chinese mafia – this was the answer to what he was thinking.

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About five hundred years ago, this “counterpoint” emerged as a kind of anomaly in the states that were in the making, creating great agglomerations and contingencies in the old cities and kingdoms. All the mafias were born as a response to the injustices and social negligence of the rulers, to the detriment of the poorer classes.

Initially, it was like this; later, the organization’s components became aware that they could be a parallel power and also take care of the illegal products that societies began to consume shortly after the Industrial Revolution. At the end of the 19th century, they invested in the working class trade unions, in the smuggling of weapons and drinks.

Up until now, a senseless federal law has prohibited drug trafficking carried out by the mafias, even knowing that, if it did the opposite, that is, if drugs were allowed, the government would stop spending lots of money on repression and would collect much more in taxes.

The mafias also worked in security, where the public power failed to reach, running protection schemes because the lawmakers across the country, the police, judges, justices and politicians gained from this type of negligence, insecurity and planned conflicts.

Most mafias managed the official and clandestine gambling games, as well as doing the dirty work that the political, religious and economic elite of any country could not do, such as money laundering, arms smuggling, and executions of political, religious and political leaders.

As an organization born from the poorest and most disadvantaged classes, it was always linked to its culture of origin. Against this family background, local cultures have always been supported by mafia organizations. Great artists who had the mafia as “godfathers” became famous singers and musicians, especially in the United States,

with Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and many others having mafia ties, and in Brazil, it has always helped to promote of samba schools and Carnival parades.

Its devotion to culture was not only seen in America but also in other parts of the world, such as Eastern Europe, the Orient and the Caribbean. We have to be honest and realistic: the Mafia is a necessary evil all over the world, both for the social and government herd.

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It was 5:15 pm when the train stopped at Porto Velho station. People were getting out, and Obajara was in the middle of the crowd. On the platform, he heard a voice calling him:

– Obajara! Obajara! Here!

He looked around and saw Colonel Jaime, Rosana and little Itagiba, all waving at him from a corner of the platform. He approached, hugged the couple, took his son Itagiba, picked him up and was perplexed for a few moments as he looked at his beautiful son born out of the pleasurable threesome, whom he had never expected.

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A direct descendant of our protoplasm is an application shaped in the form of a person; however, when a new human being is born in this world and begins to have their own identity, the impetus of the soul of this spirit, which, in turn, is already marked by other reincarnated experiences, merges with the vibratory genes of the incarnated parents. Obviously, their “proprium” will be defined by the environment and especially by the family in which the child will be raised.

It is very difficult to know in advance what the character of a new child will be like. Sometimes it is the dramatic result of the lives of two souls who did not pay attention to life and left remnants of their things

unresolved, such as certain fears, poorly developed eroticism, hatred, and contained tenderness, etc., and this obligatory cover provided by both parents can interact with the development of the new being.

Depending on the degree and size, this can sometimes eclipse or even magnetize the nascent soul of this new person, who may be the end result of the process, a new individual with a principle and aspirations similar to those of the parents, regardless of the environment and family in which they were raised.

Generally, it is from an autochthonous cultural environment or from stoic parents living in the natural reality of the world that the most predictable children are born and who know, from a young age, what they are going to do with their existence, which makes parents say with pride: "This one was born ready for the world!"

It is remarkable when we seek to know the place and condition of birth of the greatest geniuses and avatars of our planet and we come across a common fact that most were born to poor parents, in rural areas of the interior of the countries and in small towns. It is believed that such entities need to be born very close to nature and learn from an early age to live with the basics in order to better understand the complexity of a society.

In the indigenous environment, each child that is born is previously expected, because the indians believe that they are part of their ancestors who have already passed away, or even one of them returning in this new dimension of the universe, in a new time. The indians do not believe that non-indian people can become incarnated into a new being in their ethnic group as other spiritist sects do. For them, any being that is born came from the phalanx of a great spiritual halo from which their ethnicity originated.

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Obajara spent most of his time in Porto Velho talking to and having fun with Itagiba. The boy felt intuitively attracted

to his “pseudo uncle”, but he soon became aware that his son came from a new different vortex, because Rosana was not an indian but a mestiza of two races different from his. As a prestigious warrior and guardian of peoples, he preferred not to scrutinize anything else and await the impetus of the boy’s life, putting aside his cultural tradition and counting on the psychic unfolding of the child’s *proprium*, or individual being.

He understood that, if a new configuration for the new times was taking place on this new threshold, there would obviously also be the opening of a new vortex of synchronicity, and, at this new level, only the “mystery insistent on wanting to be alive” would continue to proliferate this seeding of existences of beings without parents lurking behind or “divine designs”.

Chapter 27

ON THE THRESHOLD, BEYOND THE THIRD WAVE

It is the year 2026. Big cities are emptying and experiencing a wave of freedom of expression and action. As a result of new technological inventions, people wear what they want, and there is no longer any domination of brands after the emergence of the Digitizer Desktop 3D machine. Its evolution in the last ten years has made it so efficient that it produces any clothes and any objects. As a consequence of these and so many other devices that emerged to facilitate and decentralize industrial production sources, there is no longer any reason to live in large cities, and the new possibility that began at the end of the 20th century, called Simple Life, became dominant because of the quality and scarcity of food. It can be said that Alvin Toffler's Third Wave has taken over in almost every corner of the planet.

Youth is made up of children who were born in the late 20th century and early 21st century and grew up with the internet and electronic games; their clothing is homemade, and most have developed dissociation from childhood. The consolidation of the shadow, from Jungian *animus* and *anima* to superheroes became as banal as the tattoo craze in young people from the 1990s and remains so to this day. In the last ten years, in ad-

dition to tattoos, young people have begun to develop certain bizarre adornments on their bodies, just like the indians, changing the shape of their lips, teeth, ears, and noses. Parallel to all this, the generation of babies with three parents or more has become widespread, in order to avoid congenital diseases, and this later extended to the aesthetics of the offspring, something that genetic engineering had already started decades before. It can be said that it is the beginning, albeit precarious, of the "Brave New World", advocated by the writer Aldous Huxley.

They are beings that were born under the legacy of what I can call "dances of couples", as most came from divorced parents, gay couples and the trivialization of this collective behaviour of the spouses did not mark them, either "Freudianly" or more deeply.

These young people, used to the absence and change of parents as something common in their midst from the time they were born, clung from adolescence to their collective "tribes", which were usually unconnected by blood, but this was what they had left to identify with, a "herd" as something of the mammalian instinct that still throbs in each of us. Their sexuality was the result of each one's *animus* and *anima*, or by some kind of projection.

It is a decade marked by the intensification of births of prodigal children or those with some kind of special faculty, challenging positivist science, which delegates the explanation of these phenomena to Quantum Physics and esotericism.

The informal market of communication products, which began with the trade in K-7 tapes in the 1970s, then CD and DVD in the following years, grew and branched out into other products on a large scale. These obsolete products that gave rise to this informal market no longer exist, like the vinyl records of the 20th century, which today are only seen in communication museums.

After the general failure of the responsible public bodies, there was a complacency in municipal laws to take care of the

cities, and so cleaning and public safety were up to each citizen in their own neighbourhood and condominium; on the other hand, there was a substantial reduction in the public tax burden.

Governments were only concerned with health, public works, transport and education. Education was questioned and modified, and the obsolete way of preparing the citizen from their early childhood, as if they had been made on an “assembly line” to obey religion, follow a certain social standard and be a consumer of the system, no longer worked, due to the large dropout rate that began in the 20th century and continued in the 2020s, causing the final collapse of traditional education.

Drugs were liberated, and newer ones emerged, but the laws applied to any crime committed by the citizen under the influence of narcotics, alcohol or any other psychosomatic additive is now considered a heinous crime, and the law is stricter and without the possibility of legal defence as the zero tolerance many had dreamed of has now arrived. Homemade narcotics have also proliferated all over the world, and as each person created their own recipe for their own pleasure, the trafficking saga has practically finished.

Air pollution has decreased by almost 90% because of the anti-pollutant paint, created ten years ago and used to paint all houses, buildings, interiors in general, not to mention that practically 100% of vehicles, both air and land are now powered by hydrogen and electricity, an initiative of the socialist countries that never allowed the speculation of the capitalist business policy of fossil fuel but always aimed at the greater good for society and with minimal cost to the environment. As for the oil of old, another industrial function for it was found as even Formula-1 racing became obsolete due to the appearance of manned drones and other types of vehicles which are much faster and safer than any oil-powered land transport. New sports races appeared with these new aerial vehicles, similar to the race shown

in the movie "The Clone Wars", by the "Star Wars" filmmaker George Lucas.

This modern change in urban mobility has also reduced noise pollution by almost 70%, causing new types of illness in people used to the din of old noisy cities. Because of this sound and unpolluted syncopation in cities, there has been an increase in planted trees, birds returned to populate the metropolises, singing and releasing their waste in large urban centres, irritating some people, but most soon got used to them.

The worldwide immigration of people has become almost a constant collective diaspora due to climate problems, lack of water, natural disasters, epidemics of contagious diseases, refugees from territorial wars, and so many other situations. In continental countries, regional migration has increased to the small towns of the interior and to the unoccupied maritime coasts. The service sectors have become the main means of earning a living, and the quality of the food they produce has become the villain of the new times.

Most people's minds have become asymmetrical in terms of emotions and nostalgia; with this, artistic or sporting shows, as soon as they are seen, are simultaneously recorded as there are no more decentralized post-event broadcasts or industrial productions of copies of works for post-show consumption. When any event, whether small or a blockbuster, ends, anyone who wants to purchase a souvenir of that event or show can buy a copy on the spot as soon as the event ends because there is no more trading of these things, not even on the internet.

Cinema screens were replaced by holographic stages as the seventh art, after the 3D system, became projection in the form of a hologram, giving a vitality never imagined in the entire history of cinematographic projection, as well as bringing the aroma and temperature of the projection location.

Open TV channels disappeared at the beginning of this

decade, swallowed up by the searches for social networks and practically became a “throbbing island of alternative communication” as had been shortwave and medium wave radio, FM, and cable TV at the end of the 20th century.

The so-called “Human Pirates of Life Reality Shows” are in vogue, a mania that young hackers cultivate by accessing the cameras of public communication networks to record without authorization the day-to-day behaviour of any ordinary citizen and transmit it to other people as if it were a kind of “itinerant cyber paparazzo”, very similar to the American series “Person of Interest”. This was considered by the law to be a passive and unimportant crime except when it invades the privacy of some people considered important.

The word mainstream, used in the last century for something prominent or a designation for what was in vogue, ceased to make sense, because there was a kind of implosion of Marshall McLuhan’s Global Village into a kind of “socio-cultural Big Rip”, which has all become factionalized, that is, there is no more centralization of a model life and no rages or fashions. Everything happens at the same time, from one person living, working, listening to an acoustic piano piece and dressed in 19th century fashion, to another working and listening to futuristic music watching hologram or 3D images inside a room shaped like a spaceship.

The democratization of the senses reached its peak because the communication of entertainment has diversified and ceased to follow some kind of academic authority, fashion or novelty as “timeless holism” broke with the barriers imposed by the interest of the commercial power of the large companies of the last century – and this applies to all forms of feeling, from hunger to creed.

We can say that Zygmunt Bauman’s “Liquid Modernity” or “Liquid Society” has diluted its sacrosanct impetus in this second decade. The emotional side of most people’s lives no

longer counts on the splendours of neophilia nor on the fast-paced way of life at the beginning of the millennium.

Only two major projects, which began in the second half of the last decade, permeate the mainstream: the Colonization of Planet Mars and the Asgardia Project. The latter is the creation of a city-nation of millionaires between the Earth and the moon, more or less as shown in the movie *Elysium*, and the counterpoint of all this is that for a minority of believers of the old Christian religion which was preached for almost two millennia, the hope of the return of its greatest prophet, Jesus, still remains linked to his reluctant return. This traditional following does not support such projects even though tours around the red planet have become commonplace, as were trips around the Moon in the 1960s and 1970s. Asgardia is under construction and can already be seen with the naked eye in a cloudless sky.

Above all, in a world where algorithms already participate in more than 50% of the lives and actions of human beings, people have not stopped eating and having sex; the instinct of survival and self-preservation of the species has not been overcome, old Sigmund Freud still throbs in the groans of pleasure, in the rumbling of empty stomachs, and in the sobs of the loss of a loved one.

Chapter 28

KAMI RETURNS AND ANNOUNCES KUNHAHENDY'S PREGNANCY

– You came a lot today, I feel my *chana* is still full of sperm,
– Kunhahendy said to Obajara, observing what happened in their erotic relationship a few hours before.

At that moment, they were riding in his old jeep along BR-158 towards Canarana. It was 8:00 pm on 19 June, 2026. Obajara smiled and said to her:

– Didn't we say that we were going to have a child? After all, you're already 29 years old, from now on it's more dangerous to give birth and harder to get pregnant, isn't it, my love?

– Yes, you're right, – replied Kunhahendy, with her eyes on the horizon of the road. – We should have come by drone, – she said, turning and glancing sideways at Obajara.

– I thought so too, but out of habit I got the old "war lizard" – said Obajara smiling, referring to the old jeep and running, as he often did, his hand through Kunhahendy's hair.

When they approached the place where they had been ambushed, Obajara commented:

– Do you know that it's been seven years since all that hap-

pened, just ahead?

– Of course I remember! How could I forget! I also remember that our dear Sonia had said that the other day we would celebrate Kami’s birthday, remember? – said Obajara, smiling and looking at her.

– That’s right!... You know, I was thinking about our conversation in the cave, when I interrupted the alien about his intervention in the “combustion of the man” that took place just in front of us that day, and he told us that he “used the boy”, do you remember? I guess I should have asked him that day where Kami was, right?

– Yes! I think we should have asked him...

Suddenly, they saw a flash of light on the left of the road and became alert, slowed down and approached slowly. Obajara continued driving, and Kunhahendy already had her pistol at the ready.

– What could that be, Obajara? It looks like a UFO! – exclaimed Kunhahendy, astonished.

The glare increased as they got closer to the light. They stopped on the hard shoulder a few meters away from the light, got out of the jeep, and Obajara also took out his pistol. They went in the direction of the flash; however, as they were getting close, they heard a voice coming from the right, a few meters from the flash of light, which asked them:

– *Mbae chapa nde reico che sy mi?* [How are you, my little mother?]

They immediately turned around, as if they were connected to each other, and were in for the biggest surprise of their lives.

– Kami! Kami! How is it possible? – shouted Kunhahendy, looking beside the glare, where a ten-year-old teenager was smiling at her.

It was Kami, back from the ellipsis and the ineffable questions. Himself, there, exactly seven years later. Shoulder length black hair, ordinary clothes like any teenager in the region, only more grown up, with a somewhat oriental face, similar to his mother's, but his face had slight Guarani traits coming from his father, Marx.

It was a wonderful and surreal encounter. Obajara was very happy too, because this time Kami didn't call him *avá techá cuaá* [spy] as he had done when he was two years old.

Kami made a gesture with his fingers, and the flash disappeared as if by magic, to the astonishment of the two indians. He turned to them and told them about what had happened to him as he knew they would ask a lot, so he decided to advance the answers.

– It may seem strange, but I never left the planet. I was here the whole time, moving in this acceleration of gravity, I was just in another dimension, the place you knew when you were taken to meet the Bearer of Light. That's what he's known as here on this plane, isn't it?

– I spent all this time perfecting myself in knowledge and training, just like you. – He looked at Obajara, – when you left your village, didn't you?

Obajara nodded. Although perplexed, he smiled, and Kami continued talking:

– I was a very precocious child, but I didn't control the waves that intercepted my consciousness about the configurations that formed in people's vortices and their trends of future events, so I impulsively concluded the facts and spoke spontaneously, as, for example, with the death of my mother. It was an obvious fact, for I could feel her temperament and also the daring of the assassins. I knew she would lose, so I saw that you, Kunhahendy, – he looked at Kunhahendy with a smile, – would

be the person closest to my mother for me. When you gave us a ride from Água Boa to Nova Xavantina, I felt I could depend on you both, I felt supported with you around. You both loved her, and I felt the purity of your feelings.

They then hugged the teenager and felt how much they missed Sonia. – So I chose her as my *che sy* [my mother] since the day you showed up at my house again, when he, – pointing to Obajara, – was in prison.

– The Bearer of Light has helped me since that moment when the assassins shot my mother so that I wouldn't lose my equilibrium as is common with any child who suffers such trauma. The Bearer decided to alleviate my suffering by taking me out of the picture so that no one would give me useless words of comfort as is the way families and friends treat orphaned children. I would be raised with my grandparents, whom I barely knew, I would become a useless dependent or a future psychopath because my psychic development would be hampered, as happens with every child who is above mediocre social standards, – informed Kami, hugging the two indians.

– Can I ask you something to clear up a doubt? – Obajara asked, eager for an answer.

– Of course you can, – replied Kami, looking at Obajara.

– How did you manage to reconfigure the camera that was filming you that day? This is still the biggest mystery for the investigation, to this day, and for all of us, because of the syn-copation of the background images, which don't show the UFO abducting you.

– I felt a lot of pain at that time, seeing my mother dead. When the Bearer's ship approached to take me away, my desire was to die along with her, and, at that age, my subconscious was already that of a medium specialized in physical effects. It was very developed, as you remember.

– My subconscious acted as it was moved by the survival instinct provoked by the momentary emotion and reconfigured the camera that was filming so that there was no clue that security could look for. It was not supposed to record anything, but this didn't happen, and that's why only my disappearance was recorded, so as not to compromise anyone. I don't even know what the police put in their case report.

– The police registered it as a kidnapping by the group that attacked us here on the main road, – said Obajara.

– To better illustrate how this process happens, – Kami continued: – at the moment when my mother's traumatic death happened, there was, between me and my subconscious, an alignment of defensive energy similar to that of other several known cases that happened to some political exiles here in Brazil in the late 1960s, or rather, as you call the period, the "years of lead". They suffered threats, torture and danger to their lives. The exiled majority forgot their native language and quickly learned that of their country of exile. With me the process has a nihilistic impetus: I didn't want to leave the mark of my existence. – He paused and continued. – It's a traumatic reaction of our soul, a kind of response to accommodate our senses and get rid of unpleasant memories.

– Did you come to stay this time or just to visit us, my dear? – asked Kunhahendy, hugging Kami and changing the subject.

– *Che sy*. I've come to stay with you; We have a lot to take care of here, as the Bearer of Light said. He wants me to be part of the warrior group. I know he asked you to form it with the other agents, right? – asked Kami, telling them about the deal made in the cave more than two years before.

– Yes, Kami! I spoke to all of them as soon as we left the cave, and agents Jonathan and Tony Monteiro agree, but due to these disputes that have taken place in the region since we left, we have been very busy, and we haven't been able to deal

with what we'd promised. Today, the two agents are waiting for us in Canarana for further instructions and to give me the latest reports, which I must send to Colonel Jaime later today. So, let's plan to create our new Brigade. – Obajara paused and continued: – We're going to form a kind of "anonymous brigade". Not even Colonel Jaime will know because we would have to give him a lot of surrealistic explanations, something that cannot be mentioned in the security area. The information might be leaked, and, as we know, they would not believe it, and we would be labelled by the General Staff as crazy, and they would remove us from our functions, as has happened with other people in the area, who were retired for proposing the creation of a faction of the "X-Files" type, parodying that late 20th century series. As we are coming to the end of our time to deal with the struggles here in the region, I myself will discuss with the General Staff the need for a permanent command here in the future, and I'm sure they will also want this for the security of the region itself. Our work has been exemplary so far, and they will naturally listen to me when it comes to founding the group and choosing a team to work with, and I will not give up our current quartet.

Kami listened attentively, then looked at Kunhahendy and Obajara. His slanted eyes gleamed brightly as he announced:

– I feel that, nine months from now, I'll have a little brother born to you both?

The indian couple looked at him stupefied with the prophetic news, and Obajara then asked:

– How do you know?

– When a fact happens in our existence, the origin and configuration of the process have already happened before in the quantum environment of interactions, something that, in the village, you have already witnessed several times through the sha-

mans, right? In the world of feeling, there is no Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, the space of time does not exist, everything is simultaneous. Beings who are very sensitive understand very well but are afraid to speak up because they are discriminated against, and, if they are children, it is even worse because they are never taken seriously. But we are on the threshold of changes, and this “sharp perception” will be considered important from now on by those who will adapt to these changes, – speculated Kami, with profound certainty in his eyes.

Obajara noted that there was a gap in Kami’s return that needed to be sorted out: his documentation, as, in the last seven years, the efficiency of emergency control due to the large migration of Asians to the region has become rigorous. He therefore stressed this priority:

– We need to get your documents, so we don’t have problems or draw the attention of the security area. What do you think?

– Yes! Sure! How are we going to do it? Saying that you found me among the indians or some other lie, what will it be?
– suggested Kami, smiling and hugging Kunhahendy.

– It is a good idea to say that you managed to escape your kidnappers, this will corroborate the record and occurrence that the police made at the time of the event. And now you’ve been found without documents in a village in the state of Pará, – agreed Obajara. – Here in the region the police now have a lot of control over those who live in the villages. There in Pará they are starting to organize the registration and events in the villages. I’ll tell agents Jonathan and Tony to put in the report that you were found in one of these villages and that you will be handed over by me to the custody of your grandparents in São Paulo. We will close the process with Colonel Jaime. Here in Mato Grosso, I’ll speak with the local police chief, also saying that you were found in a village, and they will close the case opened seven years ago regarding the alleged kidnapping.

– I am going to ask, in the name of the alleged investigation of your kidnapping and reappearance, a copy of your birth certificate from the São Paulo registry office, alleging the usual need to complete the open process, also to get your documents, and that only so you can travel to be handed over to your grandparents in Campinas. Once you have your birth certificate, you can get your documents here, no problem.

– I don't know how you ended up here, but now you'll have to go with us to Canarana, to meet the other two agents, and tomorrow we'll go back to Água Boa to start sorting out your documents, – Obajara proposed, walking toward the jeep.

Kami said that the Bearer of Light's ship had left him there and that he knew he would find them that night and in that place. The indians hugged the teenager, then they got into the jeep and headed for Canarana.

During the trip, Obajara and Kunhahendy remembered the words of the old shaman Guarã, who, eight years before, in Nova Xavantina, had told them about UFOs: – They are the guardians of life. They always appear to someone who will take care of a great spirit already existing in this life.

At that moment, there was a simultaneous emanation of tenderness between the indian couple and Kami, who was in the back seat of the jeep and got up as if guided by the breathed spiritual love, hugged the couple, and all three smiled as they looked towards the horizon of the road, in the hot night of the cerrado.

* * * * *

Days later, Obajara appeared at the Buriti farm to say goodbye to the Lynch family.

– Our mission has ended here, George, – said Obajara, sitting at the table in the main room of the farmhouse, having lunch with Cleber and Larissa, who listened to him with a cer-

tain sadness.

– Really, Obajara? – said George, frowning.

– Now everything is quiet. Your action was consolidated, it was a great example of citizenship. You also solved a chronic problem in the region with the indians and promoted a new alliance with the squatters and other ruralists. Your example was the biggest social revolution that has taken place in Brazil.

– I also think that these new government laws for the native villages, giving autonomy and security, providing weapons and training for each ethnic group to take care of their own territory, was what was needed as the indians had been treated as if they were helpless children, – George said, smiling and looking at them all.

– This law that the government recently created has been in the United States for over a hundred years; it was that that ended the conflicts there, – said Obajara.

– And now, where do “our warriors go”? – asked Larissa, with a certain air of curiosity, looking at Obajara and smiling.

– I still don’t know. I’m going to our headquarters in Rondônia, so we can find out, – he replied with a farewell look towards the family.

– I hope that when you have some time, you’ll visit us! After all, we have a history written together, – said George Lynch, smiling and also looking at his two children.

– Now we’ll always be round here, with this railway passing close by, and you can bet that new problems will arise, — and when Obajara said that, he was remembering the tattooed figure of the dragon on the hand of the Chinese member of the Triad, which he had seen in the train canteen when he was traveling to Rondônia some time before. – On the other hand, the rest of the world is in serious trouble with lack of food, and the

biggest barn in the world is here, George, Larissa and Cleber, so it's not a goodbye but a farewell.

Obajara got up, shook hands with all three, and walked towards his old jeep. Larissa accompanied him and told him that she also wanted to say goodbye to Kunhahendy. She asked where she was, and Obajara replied that in Água Boa, at the hotel, that she was five months pregnant with his child and had been released from her duties.

Larissa was happy and wanted to visit Kunhahendy, after all it was with Kunhahendy that she learned to release herself erotically as a bisexual woman.

* * * * *

At the Serra Verde hotel in Água Boa, Kunhahendy was drinking her *tereré* while waiting for Obajara, who had gone out with Kami to finish sorting out his documentation. She wondered how she would go from now on with her pregnancy, what the new life of the three of them would be like as they would have to live somewhere, and this was making her anxious.

They arrived and, as they entered, Kunhahendy immediately asked in Guarani if everything had gone well with Kami's documents:

– *Akaru ha'e akue? Mbá pa anhetê? Che raymi oiko?*

[How was it? Did everything go well? Does my little boy already exist?]

– *Foot! Ko'ãga ko porã!* [Yes, it's all right], – Obajara replied.

– *Aha'arõ hina mbá pa anhetê!* [I hope everything is ok], – wondered Kami, smiling.

The documentation still depended on certain checks by the security agencies. After a few hours, they reported through Obajara's wrist communicator that everything was fine.

The indian couple went out to lunch. Kami didn't go with them because he spent a lot of time eating raw foods and couldn't eat anything processed or spicy. He preferred to bring vegetables, green leaves, shoots, and roots bought at a market, and he himself prepared his food, which was almost raw.

– How are we going to do, my dear, now that I'm going into the sixth month, are we going to rent a house or are we going to go to some village? – asked Kunhahendy looking at Obajara, who was eating quietly, looking worried.

– I'm thinking it would be better if we stayed in a native village. Our son will be born accustomed to indian culture, and this will be very important for him not to develop psychic limits, religion based on fear and the supernatural, and, worst of all, egocentrism, which is very common in the resourcefulness of children in the cities. In the village, he will have all the technology that exists today and will still have rivers to bathe and fish, trees to climb, and he will also will learn the indigenous languages, to plant and harvest food and not think that everything comes from the supermarket, – pondered Obajara, squeezing Kunhahendy's hand on the table, and he smiled looking at her belly that almost didn't show, because she had a very slim waist.

– And what village will it be? asked Kunhahendy.

– I'd rather you choose. I know you know them all as well as I do, don't you? And you know which ethnicity is closest to yours.

– Fine! I'll think about it and I'll tell you later today, – said Kunhahendy, drinking fruit juice.

* * * * *

Tony Monteiro and Jonathan would be released from the south of Pará as things had calmed down. They would still be there for a month and then would write their last report to be

sent to Colonel Jaime.

Obajara summoned them to a meeting as soon as they returned to Campinápolis, precisely at the Miararé lake, which was the most suitable location to seal the Brigade's pact. He thought it was very important for the ceremony to take place there as it was close by that the idea originated, and another reason was that the return of the boy Kami with his unique powers made him much more excited.

Two days before the meeting, the boy showed his powers and psychic skills when he called the four agents to a locker room on the BR-158 road, where he showed that he knew how to fight, levitate, create illusions, appearing to be a ninja warrior.

This gesture by Kami was only for the four agents to get to know him better and also for there to be no doubt or surprise on their part as to his skills in a moment of action.

Chapter 29

A CYCLE CLOSSES, AND THE NEW BRIGADE PACT IS BORN

– I couldn't contain the urge to see you two. I've been wanting to talk to this hot black man for days, but I couldn't connect, – Larissa said, hugging Tony Monteiro and Kunhahedy in the lobby of the Serra Verde hotel. It was 5:00 pm on a Friday.

– I'm so glad you came to see us today because next week we're all going away, – said Kunhahedy in a somewhat homesick tone of voice.

– But where are you going? Can I know? – asked Larissa, curious.

– I'm going to a Karajá village on Bananal Island. I will have my baby there. As for the other agents, they're going to Rondônia for a meeting with the General Staff, and then I won't know where they will be assigned. That's the life of a military agent, my dear, – Kuhahedy clarified.

– As for Kami, where will he stay? – asked Larissa, looking hopeful and ready announcing her proposal. – My father was so happy to see him back that he proposed to Obajara that he could be left with him at the Buriti farm. You know how it is! Neither Cleber nor I have given him any grandchildren so far,

and he feels “orphaned” from this stage of tenderness and affection in his life, – suggested Larissa, smiling.

– Obajara thinks he should stay here in Água Boa for the time being because he’s not used to cities yet; he spent a long time in the forest. Afterwards, he will be taken to his grandparents in São Paulo, but that’s not yet decided either, and I don’t even know if he’ll want that.

– Obajara might like the idea, after all it will be a better link for us to always be together, won’t it, my beautiful?

Kunhahendy withheld the information about Kami as a security measure, but she knew that he would be the main person for the formation of the Brigade pact suggested by the alien.

– But don’t worry, whatever’s decided we’ll let you know, and when you have a break, wherever we are, we’ll get in touch with you, my hot blonde, won’t we, Tony? – Kunhahendy comforted her with a knowing smile and kissed Larissa, who commented:

– Of course, my dears. We did the “sperm communion”, and it’s something for the rest of our lives, and it was you who suggested it, wasn’t it, my hottie? I didn’t even know about this erotic pact..., – Larissa smiled and hugged Kunhahendy, but at that moment, she touched her wrist communicator and smiled with the message from her brother Cleber: “I’m going to fuck, I’ll call you later!”, while Kunhahendy looked at Tony and gave her beautiful smile of complicity.

* * * * *

Cleber and Carlos Rizzo became lovers after Carlos started working on the Buriti farm. Cleber had a girlfriend, but the love triangle worked out as she was a nymphomaniac, and the two gay men spiced up their relationship with her erotic tendencies.

Agent Jonathan had no tendency towards bisexuality; he

had become Carlos Rizzo's lover more for the sake of work. It was the only way he found to gain access to information on the Xingu farm – a decisive act to get closer, get information and set up the stratagem that culminated in the operation that broke up the PCC's criminal organization. After Larissa's rescue, Jonathan was sent to the south of Pará state, and there he started a relationship with an indian woman, also an agent of the same Brigade in Rondônia, and it seemed that they were planning to get married after the end of the mission, which was now almost over.

* * * * *

The day set for the meeting in Campinópolis was a Thursday at the end of July. The weather was clear with not a single cloud in the sky. It was 5pm when the four agents and the ten-year-old Kami, accompanied by the chief Saturnino Rudzane, arrived at the edge of the Miararé lake.

The agents had left their weapons on the ground, and, together with Kami, they were all holding hands, looking at the lake. They remained silent for more than two minutes, observed from the top of the ravine by the Xavante chief, who was puffing on his pipe, watching the sun set on the horizon while the cool breeze stirred his hair.

A great silence hung over those six people, each born from a different culture and in a different way. The shadow of the 20th century in their minds was just a distant memory; it no longer bothered them as the new threshold was dawning at that moment, and they were forming the new guardians of the people of the forest. They weren't American comic book superhero vigilantes but rather warriors who did not believe in hope or in Christian divine justice and only defended themselves and the other peoples of the forest who were always attacked by what the ethnic groups called "enemies of life here on Earth".

Suddenly, Kami let go of Kunhahendy's and Obajara's

hands and spontaneously levitated, rose to a height of about three meters, then went to the middle of the pond. The sun was almost setting, and he remained there, facing the four agents who remained silent, just looking at the waters of the lake that began to shine from lights in the background.

Gradually, the glow became more intense, and everyone remained silent. Chief Saturnino stopped puffing his pipe and put it in his bag, never taking his eyes off this rare magnificent event, which he had seen a long time before, but this day was very different.

When he realized what was happening, Kami returned to the edge of the lake, took Kunhahedy's and Obajara's hands again, looked at the lake water like the others, and waited.

Slowly, a large ship emerged from the waters to hover before them. The door opened, and the alien appeared with features which continually changed, alternating between the faces of each of the four agents and also that of Kami.

A field of diffuse communication was formed between the alien and the five people who were at the edge of the lake. A melodious sound echoed and announced a message that began to be transmitted telepathically and received in the mind of each one of them, saying:

There is no defined path,
 we are the dust that sings and speaks in this world. We
 have no direction and no direction.
 We are alone, but watched
 by those who want to plan the existence of which they
 are a part, but fear extinction. They ignore the eternal ful-
 lness of life's mysteries.
 Why do they prefer to act like this? We do not know.
 They are deaf to the song of birds; ignore the sonorous,
 bright and winding,
 gushing of water from the waterfall
 and are blind to the "daily sunshine..."

The message made everyone reflect as the alien dissolved, and, at the door of the ship, other figures began to appear. The faces that emerged were those of several people that both the agents, and Chief Saturnino recognized as they were of people who had already existed and participated in their lives.

They greeted all those who were at the edge of the lake with a broad smile, demonstrating their spiritual eternities. They showed a bright sign on their hands, which looked more like a leaf from the Amazonian bush known as *chacrana*.

Suddenly, as if impelled by the gesture of the figures at the door of the ship, Kami released his hands, which were intertwined with the others' hands, and began to levitate again, but this time hovering and stopping in front of the figures that were at the door of the ship. He looked at the others, who still had their hands clasped at the edge of the pond and motioned for them to take a deep breath, which caused the four agents to start levitating and being led towards Kami at the center of the pond.

One of the figures at the door of the ship, whose face depicted Kami's late mother, Sonia Otahime, touched the boy's hand and then turned to the others. A vortex then opened, and, within it, a kind of horizon of events appeared, between what was and what still is. Only Kami could make this connection, because, in his primordial origin, he remained between the feeling of having, being and wanting when his mother had Marx's sperm in her hands and wept for her solitude.

In those seconds of indecision and despair over the decision of whether or not to bring her offspring into this life, the vortex remained open because Sonia felt on the verge of the abyss of extinction, and such annihilation threatened her chosen self-preservation.

Because of that brief moment of indecision, she provoked a syndrome of the "mystery insistent on wanting to be alive",

arousing this anomaly of powers in the forces of Kami's soul, which was wanting to be and sought in her the somatic beginning of her existence.

That brief moment of indecision on the part of his mother and, soon after, her decision to bring him into this world by carrying out the self-grafting, even though it was an act of feeling and despair, was crucial in proving to herself that life is the only miracle and that the action of this miracle can be diversified, depending on the feelings.

With this decision, she raised in her offspring, or rather, in Kami, the key to access this miracle, so he was the only one able to keep the vortex open until the pact between the two worlds was consolidated.

* * * * *

As for why we want to be alive in this existence given to each one of us, we must take on a native attitude to the stage of life and not deviate from the flow of the universe as this is the only path. As for the others, they are factoids of the anthropic instinct of Thanatus, who leave remnants, leftovers, disruption and destruction in the flow of existence, like the rise and fall of all the hundreds of other civilizations on this planet until today.

* * * * *

When touching Sonia's hand, Kami's hand also shone, and the figure of the *chacrana* leaf appeared. Immediately, as in a rhizomatic effect, the figure transferred itself to the hands of the four agents.

They held hands for a few seconds, with their hands connected to the beings on the ship, until Kami's hand released Sonia's ghostly hand, and they all hovered and returned to the edge of the lake.

As they all put their feet to the ground, the vortex began to close, and the surreal moment dissolved. The entities retreated into the ship, a high-pitched violin sound was heard, the ship's lights became multicoloured, and, in the middle of the dark night of an already starry sky of the cerrado, it turned around and disappeared into infinity, leaving them all perplexed and looking at each other and their hands. The figure of the *chacruna* leaf was what remained, the only testimony of the surreal contact, but the glow on the hands gradually disappeared, giving way to the appearance of an ordinary palmistry sign.

But the rest of the opening poem resounded in their minds, which began before the pact, and which ended thus:

Life is a constant struggle.
 Don't be fooled by the idea of eternal peace
 nor believe in the "static paradise" of the old religions.
 They are chimeras, deceptions and lies.
 Be within the flow, so you have more chances to stay alive.

It was not known how the ceremony of the pact of the new Brigade would be, nor why Obajara wanted to hold the pact on that day, at that time and in that place as everyone had already been nearby a few years ago when they were looking for Larissa, who had been kidnapped; they didn't even stop to look at the lake. No one asked him afterwards about choosing that numinous point; not even Kami knew that he himself, just a boy, was the "key intermediary" in the formation of the pact between the two worlds. Perhaps no one asked because the fantastic event itself spoke for itself, without the need for useless dialogue and musings.

They reached the top of the ravine and saw Chief Saturnino smiling and already puffing on his pipe again. Obajara smiled at him too and opened his hand to thank him for his company and participation in that unique moment. The Xavante indian did the same, opening and raising his hand, so Obajara was sur-

prised to see that he already had the tattoo of the *chacruna* leaf on the palm of his hand. Then the six embraced and looked at the now totally dark and starry sky.

For our traditional history, what just happened is already past, but the reality is that the figure of the leaf marked on the hands of each one of them conceived only one truth: the Order of the Guardians of Life Here on Earth had just been born, which, in the near future, would be known as Light of *Areguá* [back of time].

Epilogue

The 2030s of the 21st century began with an increase in hunger and lack of water in various parts of the world and also a lack of energy; drought was the main villain. The Xingu and Araguaia were not greatly affected, but suffered from the large number of people arriving from other parts of Brazil and abroad, mainly from China.

Kunhahendy had a beautiful boy in Karajá village, east of Bananal Island.

Her brother and sister Pablo and Carmen decided to start a family, but with other people who had made a pleasure pact with them. Pablo took part in social assistance, like his father, and soon entered politics, becoming mayor of the city of Ponta Porã in 2032.

Obajara was promoted to Colonel, and, due to the organization of the General Staff, he was assigned to set up a small command post in the northern region of the state of Mato Grosso, in the town of São José do Xingu, so what he had previously discussed with Kami took place. It was very important to him, as new trained agents were sent there, giving him time off to visit his son and watch him grow up in the village with the Indian agent Kunhahendy, who continued to work after her son was born.

Itagiba, Obajara's son with Rosana, started the first training sessions in the 17th Brigade in Manaus. As soon as he was

twelve years old, he learned that Obajara was his real father. This made him happy because he had always cultivated an unconscious admiration for Obajara ever since he first met him at the railway station when he was still a child, when he arrived in Porto Velho, along with Jaime and his mother Rosana.

Colonel Jaime retired in Porto Velho. He and his wife withdrew from the social life of the military to their farm and began to grow fruit and vegetables when they saw the scarcity of these food in the world. At weekends they enjoyed the role of grandparents as their daughter Soraia also decided to have children after the age of thirty.

Agent Jonathan married the indian agent he was dating and had a beautiful daughter who, from a young age, already demonstrated her parents' aptitude for the agent's life.

George Lynch died in January 2029. His death was mourned right around the region and throughout Brazil. Right around the world he was described as "The man who made it possible to be, together with the indians, the Araguaia and the Xingu". His funeral was crowded, with people arriving from various parts to the Buriti farm, where he was buried. His sons Cleber and Larissa continued to manage the farm; Carlos Rizzo and foreman José Farias became effective members of their trust.

A museum was built on the Buriti farm with the entire history of agriculture and agribusiness that took place there since the sixties of the last century.

Several indigenous leaders, who had taken part in the great and last meeting in the Kamaiurá village in 2016, died, and the Xingu National Park became a constitutionally indigenous area over the next few years, after the failure of public bodies linked to the indigenous issue and the genocidal attempt by congressmen to demarcate land in the region, in the previous decade, for speculation and exploitation by foreign

companies. The ethnic groups fought together in civil disobedience and set up a defensive apparatus that was soon recognized by the following governments.

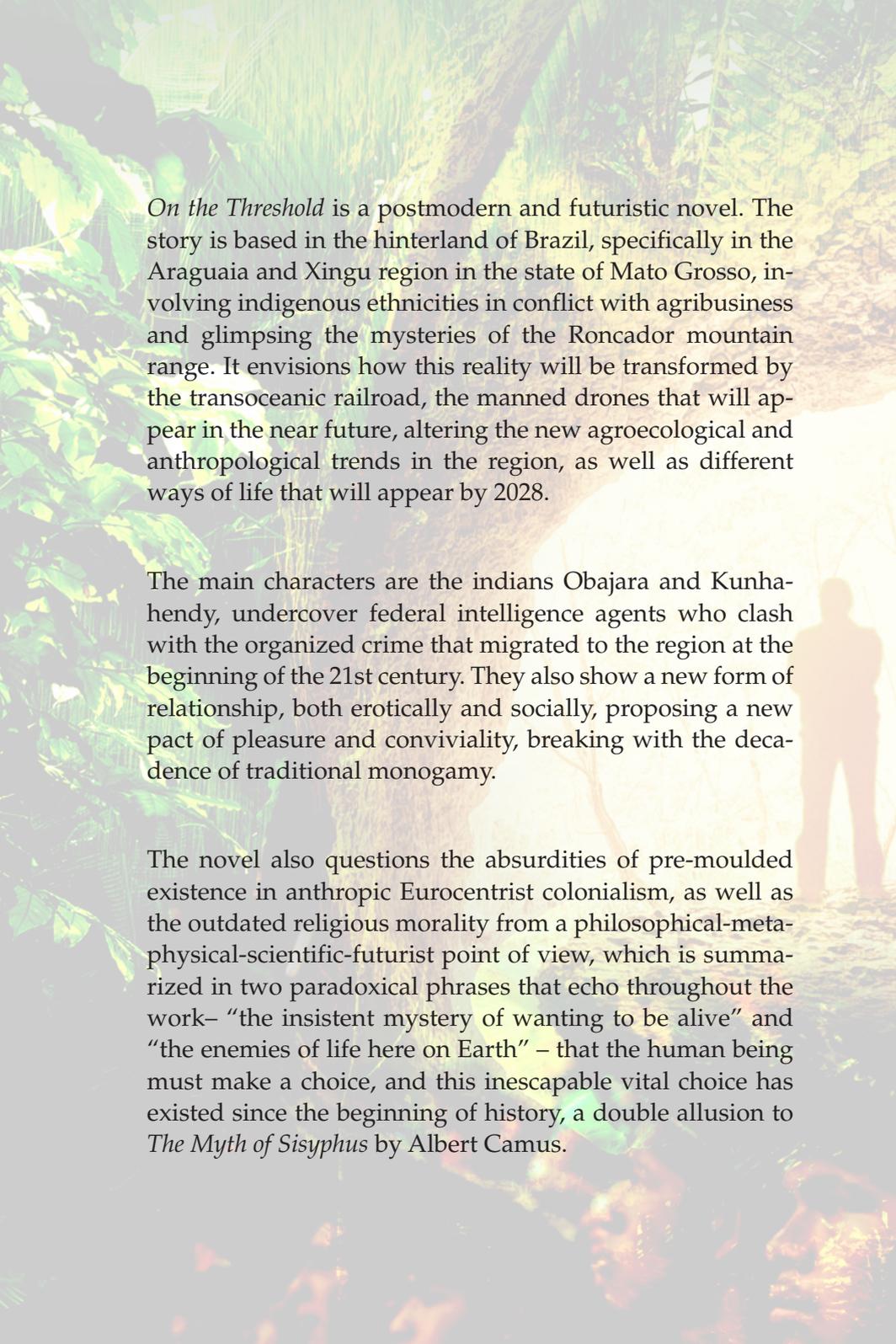
Tony Monteiro, 40, and Larissa, 35, decided to have children, and she gave birth to twins. The children were special, known in esotericism as “Indigo and Crystal, as they understood each other since they were babies because of their harmonic symbioses.

Kami became a warrior with even more powers and he and the other agents were seen as the warriors of the “Light of Areguá”. Soon they became known with that name throughout the Amazon and Araguaia region, and also as the “Children of the Bearer of Light”, due to the reports of their prowess in the fight against the “enemies of life here on Earth”, which did not cease to exist in this little story, because according to Lavoisier: nothing is gained and nothing is lost in this world... everything is transformed.

There was no other encounter between the agents and the alien, but the lights continued to be seen on the lake, as well as the messages and healing performed in the Roncador Sanctuary.

Life is a segment, it is neither the beginning nor the end of a pulsating halo; its fuel is “the insistent mystery of wanting to be alive” of something, of some being. Our questions are accelerations and decelerations for this impetus driven by a continuous perpetual motion that not even the Big Bang knows when it started, since it is also a segment of the universe.

Today, for physicists and cosmology, the Big Bang is the “Fiat Lux of everything”, but for this author of this work, it is nothing more than a “creed of science”, just like any driving motive of a religion.

The background of the page is a vibrant, slightly blurred photograph of a tropical jungle. A large, thick tree trunk is prominent in the center-left. To the right, a person's silhouette is visible, standing and looking towards the left. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day, with dappled light filtering through the dense foliage. The overall color palette is dominated by various shades of green and yellow, with some brown tones from the tree and ground.

On the Threshold is a postmodern and futuristic novel. The story is based in the hinterland of Brazil, specifically in the Araguaia and Xingu region in the state of Mato Grosso, involving indigenous ethnicities in conflict with agribusiness and glimpsing the mysteries of the Roncador mountain range. It envisions how this reality will be transformed by the transoceanic railroad, the manned drones that will appear in the near future, altering the new agroecological and anthropological trends in the region, as well as different ways of life that will appear by 2028.

The main characters are the indians Obajara and Kunhendy, undercover federal intelligence agents who clash with the organized crime that migrated to the region at the beginning of the 21st century. They also show a new form of relationship, both erotically and socially, proposing a new pact of pleasure and conviviality, breaking with the decadence of traditional monogamy.

The novel also questions the absurdities of pre-moulded existence in anthropic Eurocentrist colonialism, as well as the outdated religious morality from a philosophical-metaphysical-scientific-futurist point of view, which is summarized in two paradoxical phrases that echo throughout the work– “the insistent mystery of wanting to be alive” and “the enemies of life here on Earth” – that the human being must make a choice, and this inescapable vital choice has existed since the beginning of history, a double allusion to *The Myth of Sisyphus* by Albert Camus.