



## A VERSION OF A STORY

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Received: 16-06-2010  
Accepted: 06- 04- 2011

Ok, Doctor. I am going to tell you the reason why I am here today. A couple of weeks ago I hung out with some girls. We went to have some beers in a bar. It was an ok bar and so was the music. The only bad thing that happened, apparently I mean, was the fact that I did not share the taxi ride after leaving. Well, one of the girls did not ride in the cab either. As that was the issue, I still don't know what the trouble was. Both of us, left behind on a rainy and chilly night. The rain made the street more romantic. All the neon lights reflected on the wet pavement created that scene of a New York street, or any big city, similar to the ones seen in the movies, where lovers go for a walk. And the cold weather was inviting to... Oh God!, that night was exactly perfect to be spent with someone else...

Apparently, they started gossiping in the taxi.  
-“Did you girls see?” one of them said.  
-“I am not sure but it looked to me that he

was grabbing her hand.”

Then the others replied,  
-“Let us see. Ohhhh, yes!”  
-“Look at them,” the other girl said.  
-“Now I understand,” the last girl replied.

According to their version I did not want to ride the taxi with them. I am not sure about what they said because I was drunk. You know Doctor, about my problem; I tend to forget things, especially if they are good things. Like sex, Doctor. You know. And I tend to forget things when I am drunk, too. That's one of my living principles. Good things need to be forgotten to be repeated. You know that Doctor, don't you?

Well Doctor, they created different versions of what happened that wonderful night, after we were left alone on that street. But I am not really interested in their version of the reality. In other words, I am not concerned about their gossiping. The real problem

Doctor is that I don't have any clue of what happened after the taxi drove off. And that's the reason why I am here, Doctor.

I have had some dreams since that night. Well, to be more specific, it is just one dream that is repeated every single night. In that dream, I grabbed her soft, tiny hand and her fingers fit exactly the palm of my hand. In that dream, we walked for a couple of blocks with our heads down and stared at the reflection of lights on the wet street, as just happens when lovers wander in romantic New York streets, like in movies Doctor, you know .

We came to a point where there were not any more street lights. Then, with a soft and tender, but determined voice, she asked, -"So in your place or in my place?" And my repose was definitely straight. -"In your place, but before a drink."

We got into another bar, as good as the one we shared with the other girls. When the waiter came and asked about what we were having that night, she immediately answered, "I am having an orgasm." Gosh, Doctor, I could not believe my ears, I was witnessing a girl asking for that drink. She sounded so hot, man. I mean Doctor, sorry. And then after that sentence she said, "Yes orgasms, that's what I am having tonight, and tomorrow morning and probably tomorrow night, too." At that point in the dream, I was in shock. I could not even ask for my drink. I just said bring me one shot of the best top shelf drink you have. The waiter brought the drinks right away, and left the bill on the table as fast as he could, as if he could read in our minds what was going to happen next.

After we left the bar, Doctor, we took a taxi, and a laughter burst in both of us. I don't know what exactly we were laughing at, but it was like a relief. Probably, it was because the girls were laughing and gossiping about us when we decided not to ride with them. Next thing that came into the dream was that we were standing at her door looking for the damned keys! She could not find them anywhere in her bag. You know Doctor, that type of thing that doesn't happen in movies because lovers in movies get into the apartment just pushing the door before the passion spreads all around into the air. Well Doctor, we gave up the idea of persisting the search of the damned keys. And we started staring at each other. Our bodies were very close.

I don't know what happened, but next thing that appears in that dream is that we got into her apartment and she double locked the door as if I was going to escape. That part of the dream reminds me the lyrics of a Pink Floyd's song, "There's no way out of here when you come in you are in for good, there's no way out of here when you come in you are in for good." You know Doctor, I am not very good at singing but that's what the song says. And that's the way I felt, too.

In the dream, there's not a continued action, I just recalled pieces of information in flashes. One of them is that I was running my fingertips on her spine on the top of her undressed skin. Oh, yes! Her skin, Doctor, it had an unforgettable scent, and a gorgeous cinnamon natural color. Another flash is that her smooth red hair was all over my face. There is another flash: I dream that I feel her hair passing over my face and leaving a fresh smell of a young woman. The

way she looked at me was a type of look in which I felt trapped. I mean, it was an irresistible way of looking, in which I could not detach my eyes from hers. The taste of her skin was a mixture like the test of passion.

Her smooth, tender, and warm body helped me have a deep and comfortable sleep. Probably, that's why this dream is kind of hard to revive. And next thing I remember was that I woke up by her side. After that I recall that I was enjoying watching the morning sunlight rays coming through the window and striking her naked, stunning silhouette. Gosh! Doctor.

But there is another dream, Doctor, which strikes me even more. They both had decided to go on a trip that Sunday. There was no planning for it. They just had a little conversation about visiting Velez, the town that was very famous for its guava loaf dessert. This town was not very far from where they lived. So they could rest in bed all morning before heading to Velez. They were driving and enjoying the beautiful landscaping that offered the valleys against the mountains with the beautiful green color that escaped from the prairies and made them feel as if they were inside of a beautiful painting, similar to those that their old folks paint on Thursdays afternoon in the seniors painting club.

They were laughing and joking about the wonderful time they were having that Sunday morning. They both basically reconstructed in their conversation the five hours they spent from seven to midday just having what a couple enjoys the most...and contemplating their bodies in their

intermissions. The only thing that stopped their conversation was the song. They stopped the car as soon as the radio station played the song they cherished as one of their favorite songs to listen to and share together.

They pulled the car to the shoulder of the highway as soon as they could. They did not want to lose even seconds to start dancing to Gilbertos's song. They started dancing literally on the asphalt on the yellow medium line on the highway because the shoulder where they parked was muddy and it interfered with the smooth steps of the dance. There were not many cars passing by so it wasn't dangerous, at least for them. They danced close together, felt their bodies as if they were naked, and continue dancing, they just added one more ingredient to their lives that day. Dancing on the highway was something that neither of them had ever done before. And robbing was also something new that neither of the two guys riding the red motorcycle had ever done before. After the robbery they both headed down the hill on the dirt road as quick as they could. They knew that once on the highway they could speed and see the idle on the odometer reaching the red line. One thousand cc motorcycle was more than enough to escape. They were one hundred percent certain about it. They just needed to reach the highway. The couple continued the trip in the car and nothing could make them stop. Suddenly, the red motorcycle came from nowhere from the right side of the road. He slammed on the brakes, switched the shift from fifth to second gear, and took the clutch out to help the car stop, soon it slipped on the road. She shouted and put her hands on her face. The

motorcycle almost missed the car. They both died.

Now you see doctor, that's the reason why I came to your office today. To find out, if there is anyway, I can recall the entire dream with

every single detail of what happened that night, after we decided not to ride the taxi with the girls. Or maybe something even better, if there's any possibility to make this dream won't come true! What do you think doctor?

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