

The Shadow Line

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A cloud descended upon the mountain. It seemed as though cut out with a blade and placed on a different point in the landscape right between the summit and the north slope. Clouds don't often get caught up in these circumstances. The others continued on their way, sailing in a pack over the mountain top and peering down to see what would happen next.

For years, I had not been up so high. A mountain chain and a lack of oxygen: everything necessary to plunge the ideas into disorder.

Glaciers and old river valleys. Not seeking anything, wandering.

If you wish, scream or shout something mountainy.

The echo spreads an empty membrane through space. Your attention, this voice punctured time, serves to tell you: inventing a story has never proven a problem. There are already so many out there. For example, the men the size of a finger who are at the bottom of the sea and push the sea backwards and forwards and that's how we get the tides. The slaves who built up the Alps one centimetre or two per decade. Doing the sums, they really did spend a lot on this process. Lyskamm, 448,000 cm; Matterhorn, 447,800 cm. In times past, the Earth was a flat surface and when reaching an edge, you'd fall off into the Infinite. That's all in the classical manuals whether or not you choose to believe.

There are red stains in the snow. It looks like strawberry, blackberry. But it's blood. *Berry* blood. An animal got wounded and immediately fled but revealing in just which direction, look, the generosity of war. A great deal of care now as mountains have mouths and throats and swallow and spit out their climbers. They are beautiful and pacific until they gain a gusty type of willpower.

At the top of the mountain, up there close to heaven, there was a small castle where the king did reside, from there he could see heaven, he could see the earth and, far distant, the sea... On top of the mountain, what I would give to live there.

I arrived at the cloud that had blocked out the sky above. It let me pass without any problems.

He survived an accident that was in principle mortal.
It was not that serious and don't exaggerate.

The cold there is up here. The cold kisses me on the hearing: you can stay the same up here forever, as if some mammoth. Leave it be.

The cold drags the heat towards it and always in the same direction. This represents an irreversible process that is eating away at the world. The Universe shares the same fate of a cup of tea or a lake: it cools and prefers disorder. One day, the Universe itself shall have to die. This phenomenon is what cutting edge science explains.

However, this all leaves me neither shaken nor stirred as people like to say.

Now silence. Below, as if some toy on the carpet, I make out the Grand Hotel of the valley.

I believe in civilisation, how about you?

Of course, I would never accept a very high rate of deaths in my land.

This building is very beautiful at a distance, surrounded by bushes of heather. It has to be heather. There is always heather in these places whenever we talk about them. This case even smells of heather. I'm hungry.

Now, I head down the slope. It's a fairly long way to reach any particular point in these parts.

The Hotel is really big really. This apparently served an important number of happy couples. On the stairway, the proud red glow of the Alps shines, the Sun is finishing its shift.

Hello!

Hello, hello, says the echo back from the reception. Carpets, woods, varnishes, maps, landscapes from out around there, pieces of Nature hanging from the wall. Nobody answers the iron bell.

We reserve the right to refuse admission. Service Area — Access Forbidden. The golden arrow points RESTAURANT.

In the restaurant, a large troop of monkeys eat and drink. Just a moment to identify their breed.

You can ask me anything you want apart from how I feel.