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Paloma

A short Story by

Paul Riedel

Paul Riedel

Born on 27 May 1960 in the Brazilian city Sao Paulo, Paul Sergio Riedel uses his great-grandfather's name as his artist's name.

He successfully finished his career in the sector of IT and databases in 2010 to focus on his thenceforth growing art and literature.

He trained to become a psychotherapist according to the Non-Medical Practitioners Act between 2007 and 2011, thus deepening his knowledge of the human psyche.

His mother tongue is Portuguese, which therefore shapes his language with its broad vocabulary, just as his interest for the antique, which influences his writing style with its rich literary forms.

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Preface

What can't be seen with the eyes can't be felt with the heart. We all know this aphorism. Different sources in different cultures like the ancient Greeks, Romans or Arabs show references to this or similar quotes. Even though we see with our eyes, we sometimes refuse to believe them, even when logically, we don't have any other choice. If what we see in another person or situation pushes our imagination to or even over its limits, we close our eyes as we don't want to agree to an opinion we would rather deny.

We long for visual beauty, and the kind of fashion and advertisement we see in every media is the reason why we have such high expectations.

The question arises to whether those beliefs are part of our nature or if we are manipulated by the media, so we fit into the expectations of big corporations.

Everybody has its own inner world where fantasies thrive. We treasure religion, faith and our interpretation of reality in there.

During hard periods in our lives, we give up parts of those expectations as our feelings urge us to.

However, what we miss at the same time exceeds every expectation.

Agneta

The walls were light green. Bare, plain and shiny light green walls. They were higher than three meters and seemed even higher than they actually were. A red stripe, about twenty centimetres away from the ceiling, should be some decoration along the edge, but it was hard to imagine someone who liked this preposterous contrast.

The walls didn't have any other decorations on them, just the shadow of a long-gone crucifix above the only bed in the room. The warmth in the room wasn't enough to make someone feel comfortable, although the radiator was on. There was dust on the back of a turned-off flat screen. The walls were part of an old hospital which was a fancy establishment a long time ago.

The room smelled like cold sweat and cleaning detergents. A good sense of smell would also identify some freshly applied sanitiser.

For eight years now, a scraggy old woman laid on an old hospital bed all by herself. The armouring was painted recently, and the bedsheets were fresh.

The instruments around her indicated that she was about to cross a border from where she could never return.

Agneta Behrens worked as a lawyer in Munich-Bogenhausen, the largest borough of the Bavarian capital, before she came to this hospital. Rumour had it that her dead husband married her only because she became pregnant unexpectedly.