20260626 - South America



VittRos Sera

the intelligent newspaper

"The investigation into the missing handkerchiefs"

Episode 3: South America



The Fire of the South

The ocean was immense.

For months the ships had seen only water, wind, and stars.

The sailors were exhausted. The sails worn. Supplies dwindling.

Even the handkerchiefs on board, now gray with salt, had stopped arguing.
They remained silent, hanging from the ropes like old flags.

It was one evening that it happened.

Small lights appeared on the horizon.

One...two...ten...a hundred!

They looked like stars fallen to earth.

Magellan stood still.

"Fires."

No one knew who had lit them. The sailors looked at them with hope.
The handkerchiefs, however, felt a shiver.

One of the oldest whispered:

"They are waiting for us."

The inhabitants of that land were kind. They wore guanaco skins. They spoke an incomprehensible language.

They smiled.

They offered meat, water, and wood.

But above all, they offered something no European could have ever imagined.

They helped the handkerchiefs.

For days they accompanied them on the hills.

They lit small fires. The handkerchiefs threw themselves into them one after another. It was not a condemnation.

It was a ritual:

“The wind brought you here.”

“The fire will take you home.”

The natives did not understand why these small squares of cloth wished to burn.

But they respected every creature. So they helped them.



When the ships set sail, almost no handkerchiefs remained.

The few survivors swore that this would be the last time.

Never again.

Never again would they seek fire.

Never again would they let themselves be convinced by men.

It was over.

Or at least, so they thought.

Three centuries passed.

The world changed.

Maps filled with mountains, railways, and borders.

Handkerchiefs continued to live hidden in the pockets of humanity.

Until, in 1872, something unthinkable happened.

In the Andes, at over four thousand meters altitude, a small textile colony was founded.

Officially, it produced fine fabrics.

In reality, it was a refuge.

A place where handkerchiefs could finally live without fear of sneezes, tears, or washing machines.

The houses were linen tents.

The streets were clotheslines.

The squares were large sewing tables.

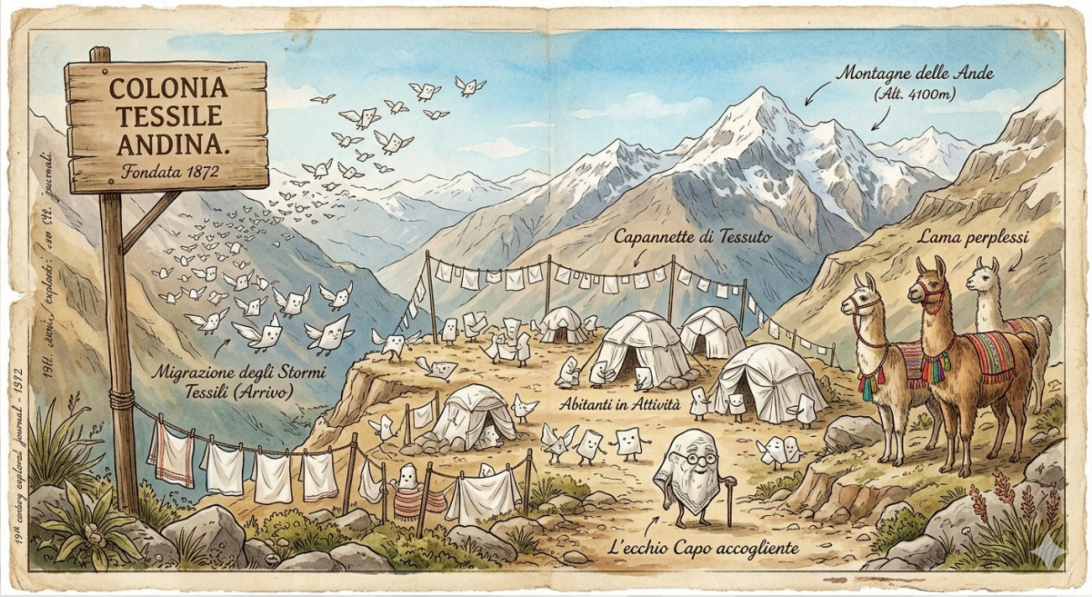
Llamas guarded the entrances with the distracted air of those who had seen worse.

Every year, thousands of handkerchiefs arrived, carried by the Ironing Wind, a mysterious current known only to the elders.

There, they finally learned to simply be... handkerchiefs.

At the entrance to the village, a wooden sign read:

ANDES TEXTILE COLONY
Founded in 1872



Below, engraved smaller, was the colony's true motto.

"Here, no one is used twice."

🎶 *"Lyrics"*

La Taverna di Siviglia (1519)

CORO
Oh issa, fratelli, il mare ci va!
Chi torna ricco... da bere darà!
Rum nel boccale,
sale nel pan,

domani si parte
verso l'ocean!
CORO
Bevi, compare,
che il vento verrà!
L'oro ci aspetta
di là... chissà!
(parlato)
– Dicono che oltre il mare finisca la Terra!
– Macché... continua.
– E allora dove va a finire?
(risate)
CORO
Oh issa, fratelli,
forza così!
Se il mondo finisce...
ci andremo fin lì!
(parlato)
– Io invece ho sentito che laggiù c'è la Radice!
(breve silenzio)
– Quadrata?
(risata generale)
– No... quella è più a nord!
(esplosione di risate, boccali che sbattono)
CORO
Rum per gli amici,
rum per il Re!
Il mare è grande...
più grande di me!
(la musica rallenta)
(vento)
(legno della nave)
(silenzio)
(sussurrato)
– Capitano...
...
– Fuochi.
...
– Terra...
(ultimissima battuta quasi parlata)
– Con tutto quel fumo...
...
– Non vedo la radice...

I Fuochi della Terra

(sussurrato)
Il vento vi ha portati fin qui...
(entra il coro)
Il fuoco vi riporterà a casa.
Fuoco che scalda,
fuoco che libera,
vento che porta,
vento che canta.
Il vento vi ha portati fin qui...
Il fuoco vi riporterà a casa.
Nessuno si perde.
Nessuno rimane.
Tutti ritornano
nel respiro del vento.
(quasi parlato)
Guardate...
altri fuochi...
Sempre più lontano...
Sempre più vicini...

La Colonia Andina

O vento delle Ande,
portaci lassù.
Tra il cielo e le montagne
troveremo pace.
Charango, canta.
Quena, racconta.
La neve ci guarda,
il condor ci accompagna.
Benvenuti a casa,
fratelli di lino.
Qui nessuno dimentica,
qui nessuno ha paura.
La montagna custodisce.
Il vento ricorda.
Il sole asciuga
ogni lacrima.
(coro finale)
Siamo arrivati.
Siamo tornati.
Tra il vento,
tra il sole,
tra le Ande.

GELLA