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THE RAPTURE

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English Studies in Latin America
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The Rapture

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The thing was white. Like, albino white. Sorry--it wasn't a thing, it was a person. And the person was crouching under my table, arms around his legs, head buried between his knees, trembling. He was bald and naked. I stood flabbergasted, tablecloth in hand. For how long had he been hiding there? What was the last time I checked for anything under the tablecloth? I've sat there butt naked!

Of all the strolls down the hallway, bottle in hand, ready to wield it as an aluminum bat if, when I opened my door, encountered my ex sitting on my couch, eating my noodles, probably wearing my shirt (I'm a girl by the way), and watching *Caso Cerrado* on TVN--(Yeah, it has happened before, that's all I'm gonna say) and having washed my clothes. Anyway--of all the times I actually thought a guy was gonna enter I never fathomed a situation like this.

“Qué chucha?” I roared.

“Ne!” He tightened his grip on himself.

“Desde cuándo estás ahí?”

He didn't answer. Out of his shoulder rose his head slowly on the side. A white eyebrow. White eyelashes. A pitch black eye.

“Desde cuándo estás ahí?” I hit the table's surface.

“Ne!” he goes again. His black eye hides again behind his arm.

I sat on the floor and took a deep breath. Closed my eyes. Regretted the second after, God knows what would an albino table-inhabiting stranger do. Out of the sudden I felt so much hate for this moment. I shook the hate out by giving the guy a straight kick.

“Ne!” once again.

I realized it wasn't my brightest moment. I had just kicked a naked albino that was clearly afraid. Given all his *“Ne”*, it appears he didn't respond to Spanish. At least mine, so I switched my *“español de gringa”* off. I kneeled and tried to put a compassionate face. Since life hasn't given me so many situations in which compassion was necessary, I didn't know how to do it. I just put an “aw, poor puppy” face.

“Do you understand English?”

He didn't move.

“Do you... want a chocolate?”

He stopped shaking. Ok, that was something.

“Do you want a chocolate?”

His head slowly rose again like a moon in a carnation-themed green tablecloth night. The dark eye appeared again.

“*Cokolado?*”

“Yyyyeah....”

I signaled him to wait and went to the couch, where my backpack was. I opened it and took one of three *Super 8* bars I had bought with my remaining change (don't you judge me). I crouched next to him and extended the bar. The eye moved towards it and froze. He didn't move. The eye turned back to me, expecting. Really? I proceeded to open the package, broke a piece and extended it back to him. His arms opened as he took the bar, revealing a long face and a huge smile with orange teeth, and a hairless body with no nipples or navel but, most surprisingly, a completely normal penis.

“Dude, what?” He didn't listen, too concentrated on eating the chocolate slowly. I went to the balcony and lit a cigarette. My mind wandered off as I stared at the freak *gollum* his way through a chocolate.

“*Donu al mi la alian pecon.*”

He had a soft, almost female voice.

“Sorry, I don't understand you”

“*Donu al mi la alian pecon!*” He said louder.

He looked at the other *Super 8*'s half in my hand.

“Oh!” I got near him, until he stretched his arm rapidly and took the piece rather rudely from me. He crouched back again. I returned immediately to the balcony.

“Hey... I really don't know what you're doing here, or what do you want...,” I was gonna follow, but what was the point? Reality started sinking in. There was a nipple-less, navel-less albino

naked stranger that talks like an Italian that I don't know how the fuck got into my apartment. I really shouldn't have given him my *Super 8*. Actually, I should have kicked him harder and more times. All the way until he got scared off and went running for the door. Perhaps I could have used my bottle too. It had water, so it was heavy enough to make some damage. Now I felt in a strategic disadvantage. There was enough space between us for him to see me going at him in attack mode. And God knows what other surprise did he hold. My only advantage was if he approached to me at the balcony, where I could manage to throw him. He looked thin enough, so yeah, I could. He would probably die. Wasn't it a little too much? Was I ready to take someone's life? I didn't know anything about Chilean law, besides the immigration basics. Was it enough if I plead self-defense? Do I still get jail time? Will they deport me? I let the worst case scenario play in my head until I got used to it enough to accept it as an inevitable reality. I was gonna be the jail wife, no doubt, be it in Spanish or in English. But I had two and a half seasons of *Orange is The New Black* in my system, so I could handle it. I made my choice: I was gonna throw the albino off the balcony.

It didn't take long until I figured out what would I have to do. I was gonna have to flash. Yep, that was the only way. I saw Heather Graham do it in *Austin Powers*. Dr. Evil had imprisoned her and Austin in a cell where the floor slowly opened to a lava pool underneath. Before they could fall to a fiery death, Heather's character had an idea. She stood before the henchman that guarded the exit and flashed her breasts. Amazed at the sight of female mammaries, the villain ran towards her, but before he could grab Heather Graham's round chimaeras, she moved to the side and he stumbled into the lava. Yep. I had to flash.

My albino visitor was savoring the last piece of *Super 8*. I reached to my back to unhook my bra. Slid forcefully my hand under my sleeve and pulled. The bra got stuck. I pulled again. As the first half came out, the albino nudist suddenly stood up proudly and erect and startled me so fucking much I almost fell down the balcony. He smiled gently.

“Bedañras se mi ektimigis. alveno estis tuŝinta la psyches mi provizore. bedaŭrinde, mi rimarkis ke vi ne apartenas al l grupo Mi serĉas. Bonvolu pardoni min, mi retiriĝos. Dankon pro la ĉokolado” He turned around, opened the door and left. Just. Like. That.

The burning of my cigarette's filter woke me from my trance. People were screaming in the street. I turned around to see and saw a group of men taking hold of him. They were beating him. "Pacos!", they called, "Encontraron otro!" A crowd started forming, but it wasn't the only place. At right hand side, towards Alameda Avenue, a moving mob was beating around another albino nudist. They got lost behind the corner. Back here, a carabinero had just arrived and picked up where the citizens had left off. With his baton, he issued the closing statements to the Santiaguinos' position on nudism, and took away the bleeding offender by the arm.

I lit another cigarette. I thought on the fridge, the microwave, the closet, the desk drawers, under the bed, the closed shower curtain. How many more surprises was I gonna have to expect? I crouched and saw under the couch. All clear. I threw myself on and turned on the TV. And oh, did I not expect this.

Esperanto-speaking beings abduct people, was the CNN headline. Amateur recordings from all around the world showed people rising to the heavens by the hands of naked, bald albinos with no nipples, no navels and perfectly normal penises and vaginas. On the right side of the screen, there was a very old picture of a man with round glasses and a moustache. Under it said: L.L. Zamenhof, creator of Esperanto, auxiliary language.

And I thought: the 'abducted' people didn't seem unhappy though...