

Excerpt from [Rebellion](#)

By Cristina Carvalho

Translated from the Portuguese by Alexandra Andresen Leitão

Published by Linda Leith Publishing

March 2018

www.lindaleith.com

I go into the garden early in the morning and spend almost all day there. There is a long wall separating our house from the neighbour's. It is here that I face the wall and lean in as if glued to it, after pulling down my knickers. This is the wall that I pee against. Seen from afar, half hidden by the bushes, I might be taken for some animal, a cat, a dog, or even a boy. Yes, perhaps a boy would be a better comparison, for I, the figure, am upright, clutching my soft mons pubis as I attempt to direct the spurt of urine at the wall while it trickles down my legs instead.

And so it is every day, early in the morning. I get up and no one sees me. I go into the garden, where this scene invariably takes place in the same spot, with the same intensity.

Years later, the wall was torn down, which coincided with the end of my childhood, about which I have few memories, in fact. It was then that my desire to roll and wallow in the pigsties began, behind the boarding house, a little beyond the kitchen annexe, already in open fields. I loved the smell of the pigsties. It stank of rotting apples, all sorts of fruit, vegetable peel, the vegetables themselves, all of it joined by soft and wonted snuffle. It seemed to me that pigs were insatiable creatures and, other than their devouring hunger, nothing else happened. Or ever would. Indeed, I was to witness the same thing with men and their devouring hunger: once sated, nothing else of any import happens.

I visited the pigsties every day. I played. I watched them and tried to guess their movements, their grunts, I loved to watch their twitching nostrils opening and closing, the crack of their teeth as they crunched the apples strewn all over the mud, the way their hooves sank into the mud, their ears whisking the flies. I loved their ears! This was actually one of the most beautiful phases of my life. The smell of the pigs and how they behaved told me a lot, a great deal about human behaviour, although I was only to notice this much, much later on in life.

Urinating glued to a wall or rolling in pigsties are both possible, charming, quite usual in the head of any child. All this and much more besides; none of this should be considered odd.

That is what we children are like. Little devils.

Translation copyright © 2018, Alexandra Andresen Leitão