

## EMENTE

It was a dull depressing morning, worsened by my indisposition and the hospital environment. Anxious to see the doctor, all the patients crowded by the door; I leaned on a wooden balcony overlooking the open field between the wards and administrative buildings of the General Hospital. It was mildly cold, I remember quite clearly. Before me in a disorganized queue were women standing side-by-side with their children or carrying their babies with sunken or swollen cheeks. Some sat on a bench by the corridor. There were a few old and young men and boys and a number of girls, not particularly attractive. Most of the time, I gazed outside at the lush flowers that edged the small hospital field, my mind wandering with the languid and truant memories of my teenage existence. A feeling of ennui had affected me during my first vacation as an undergraduate – an empty, jobless holiday.

A girl approached this group. She was dressed in her college uniform. I don't know why she attracted me so much, but she was pretty enough to enliven the group. Her lips and legs made me