

AN ADOLESCENT DIARY

Day: 23 Monday

A diary beginning on February 23, 1852.

Today I saw the girl who lives on Santa Clara Street. I didn't recognize her at first, and I don't think she recognized me either; while I was passing next to her I had to close my eyes because of the dust that the wind was blowing, and when I opened them again, she was standing right in front of her father, whom I did recognize, as well as her mother who was also there, along with her little sister; however, when I turned to look at her again I could no longer see her face, because she was walking away from me and became lost in the crowd. Now that I had come back to Seville unexpectedly, my mind was filled with a multitude of thoughts, without focusing on the one that really mattered, which was to follow her, and when I finally realized it, she was already gone, and my realization was in vain.

I have been thinking about her all day. The love I used to feel for her has reawakened in me, like a fire which has almost gone out and then a slight breath of air starts it burning again. This new encounter was enough to bring my nearly forgotten love back to life with even more strength.

Tuesday 24

Last night after I went to bed, I continued thinking about my encounter that morning. There is no doubt: my love for her had blossomed again; when I am studying, my mind becomes distracted and I close my book and start thinking of her again; when I remember how charming she is, it seems like I can hear her speak, that she laughs, and I laugh too when I hear her. I have decided I must go back to her street and find her again so that I can speak with her.

Today when it got dark, I passed by her house; as it had been the last time I saw it, everything—the doors, the windows, the balconies—was closed; if it weren't for the fact that I could see the curtains hanging inside the windows, I would have thought the house was uninhabited. A stream of different thoughts flooded my mind: what if it isn't her that lives there... what if it wasn't her that I saw yesterday...; and if it was her, and she lives here, why are the doors closed? Why can't I even see a servant? Where have they all gone? What do I know. I'll come back tomorrow.

Wednesday 25

I still have not been able to stop thinking about her; quite the contrary, these memories keep on piling up and becoming stronger every day; all day long I have been waiting for it to get dark. When you are waiting, the days are centuries; the hours, years.

I have finally arrived at her house and, although the door of the house is still closed, on the balconies the windows and the door are open, but the curtains are pulled down.

There is some noise from inside, and the house finally shows signs of being inhabited; I have seen a servant go by and there are other movements; there is no doubt: she must be

there; the house seems to be bustling with life, although the curtains are not raised, and there is no sign that anyone is sitting behind them.

This is strange; could it be that this woman has no interest in meeting others, or in having fun, love, entertainment, and all those things that are typical of young people?; or is it that no one is actually living in this house, and only from time to time a servant is seen, without any sign of the owners? I'll come back tomorrow.

Thursday 26

Today things didn't seem so bad, and each day they are getting a little bit better. It is changing very slowly, but little by little there is something to give me hope.

Today I have obviously come again. The door is open and, in the window to the right, the curtain is raised, as if someone is looking out; it has already gotten dark and I can't see who it is, so I stopped on the corner in order to look up; but then, little by little the curtain was lowered as if whoever was there was moving away from the window. I still did not want to leave, so I kept on watching, and I saw that the curtain on the balcony was raised little by little, in order to see where I was standing, and then it was lowered again with the sound of doors and latches being closed, as if the house were being locked.

I withdrew then, my mind filled with many different ideas, and thinking: if it was she who was looking out, she would have seen who it was and she would have known I was the same as last summer. But if it was she and she knew that, why did she close the doors so quickly? Perhaps it was her father, who would also remember last summer, and for that reason, was in such a hurry to lock up. So I will have to come back again tomorrow; perhaps then I will be able to see some more activity and solve a bit more of this mystery.

Friday 27...