Maria hit the big city with a ravening hunger to succeed, to consign to the
darkness of oblivion her lowly birth and past. Now battle was about to be joined.
Her weapons were beauty and youthful vigour, her arena the bustle of the
levelling cosmopolis, the dazzling lights of its shops and houses, the exotic
settings of its crowds and clubs. Having served in the house of her landlord senhor
Abel, she came armed also with the countless little graces that lend one an air of
style and elegance.

In the noisy polygon of villas where she had found a home her charms
enchanted all and sundry. Her minuscule room had everything good taste could
demand, from lead-grey Persian blinds to white sheets with blue stripes. Her
clothes were an inspiration to the oily, dark-skinned neighbours who tottered to
the bazaar in high heels when buying meat for supper. At the tiatr, Mári dazzled
the rest of the audience, who paid her the same respect they showed the grandes
dames of their native soil. It was Mári who wrote her neighbours’ letters and
taught them the rules of savoir-vivre.

Mári was thus grateful to bai Elena, the stern wife of senhor Abel, her bhatkar,
who had unwittingly raised her up from nothing and made her a distinguished,
respected and envied woman. It was to bai Elena she owed the glorious love of
António, a blue-blooded young man she had met at a party and who now
promised to marry her.

António! How long he was taking! He had promised her a spin in his car
that evening. First they would stop in Marine Lines and make love. Then they
would drive up to the Hanging Gardens, with their fine vistas, to watch the
specks of light wink on and dapple the city, the very sea catch fire, transformed
into gold as it danced around the ships. Up there the orchestra of city sounds
was no louder than a murmur, and those who strolled along pressed tightly
together seemed to perform the steps of a dance. Afterwards, as if on some
ethereal pilgrimage, they would scan the whole of Bombay, relishing this prelude
to their wedded bliss.

And so on that blessed night Mári’s soul was filled with excitement, which
overflowed and cascaded into everything around her. The hateful, nasal voice of
the cane-juice wallah now sounded to her ears like a gently caressing tune by
Sinatra overheard in the Metro. The spark of the trams seemed to her as fireworks. She no longer loathed the scarlet and red turbans swarming along the avenues because these colours matched the joyful exuberance welling up inside her. Bubbles rose up into the air and kaleidoscopic visions revealed themselves in the buildings looming before her. Even that old smell of butter and garlic wafting up from the neighbourhood didn’t provoke, as it did on other days, the anguished desire to flee that place for somewhere, anywhere else.

How long António was taking!

Suddenly a car pulled up outside and António raced panting up the three flights of stairs.

“Come on, Mári! Sorry I’m late,” he yelled. “Do you know why?”

“No idea. Come on, let’s go.”

“No idea? My aunt arrived today. She’s down in the car. Came to see how we’re spending Christmas and for our wedding. She wants to meet you.”

Mári took one last look in the mirror, touched up her lipstick, and pulled a comb through her hair. Then off down they went, swearing once more in the half-light of the stairwell that they would love each other forever and a day.

António opened the car door and they both climbed in.

That was when Mári, thunderstruck, saw that António’s aunt was bai Elena.

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Christmas! Christmas! The bells peal out their heart-warming carol and intense emotion hovers in the air, its wings extended out over men and things alike, for the men have tenderness in their eyes and the dew hasn’t yet bleached the lanterns. Only Mári lies crumpled in her room, weeping at her misfortune behind those lead-coloured blinds. She has fallen defeated in battle, convinced she will never rise a second time to rejoin the fray.

—Translated from Portuguese by Paul Melo e Castro

Paul Melo e Castro is a lecturer in Portuguese and Comparative Literature at the University of Glasgow. He has research interests in literature, film and visual culture, is currently engaged in research projects on the post-1961 Goan short story and on postcolonial photography, and is an occasional literary translator.

Epitácio Pais (1924-2009), described by Vimala Devi and Manuel de Seabra as “a short story writer of great vigour, whose prose is terse and suggestive. He feels the world around him in all its poetry and tragedy”, began to publish his short stories after the end of Portuguese colonial rule in 1961. Appearing in the surviving Portuguese-language newspapers or broadcast on the programme “Renascença” of the Goa station of All-India Radio, Pais’s narratives deal with the shifting social, political and economic situation in the Goa in the first decade of Indian rule.