

The gift of the giantess

by Guia Risari

In a corner of the world there lives a woman, a giantess. Nobody knows exactly where she is, but there is no doubt she exists. When she is sad, she moans and the wind's howlings shake the woods and enter the houses. When she cries, it rains cats and dogs, the rivers grow and the seas get stormy. If she yawns, there is a soft wind, a mild breeze warming the hearts and making the primroses sprout. Hats and scarves are left on the ground, forming question marks. The giantess smiles and the mothers and fathers laugh. Old people and children tell each other jokes and burst with joy.

When the moon on her head goes dark and the giantess is asleep, the whole world falls asleep, wrapped up in a cover suspended in time. Darkness fills the eyes and the strangest dreams scamper over the hills like crazed rabbits. They run after each other. They interweave distant stories and give them wings, inventing creatures that never existed.

With the sun the giantess wakes up and climbs up the mountains, caresses the hills with her hand and moves the dunes of the desert with a blow. Then the earth moves, changes its shape and humans and animals alike leave on a journey to explore new places and meet the giantess.

People who have heard the giantess say that her voice is the entirety of the sounds that can be heard in a lifetime. There is music, buzzing, the flow of water, the blowing of the north wind, the explosion of a volcano, a sea storm, birds' singing and silence.

The giantess is good, and listens to everybody, even to those

who do not speak. She has powerful vision that overcomes distances and thick clothes. She welcomes those who find her and cradles them into her arms. For the others, she hides words and songs under rocks, in bushes, in the middle of caves, at the bottom of the sea. This is her most precious gift.