

# LEO'S HANDS



*Andrea Lepri*

Translated by

*Eva Melisa Mastroianni*



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# Chapter 1

## Leo watches the TV

It was pitch black outside, the bells of the church rang for a long time and the nice smell of something to eat came from under the entrance door. The neighbours had just started to fight and break the plates like every night, that was the clear signal that the Looney Tunes were about to start! I ran to the couch to get comfortable hoping that they would show Puddy Tat, my favourite, then I randomly started to push the remote buttons in the problematic attempt to adjust the volume. While I asked myself for the umpteenth time why remotes and the relative buttons are made so small Steve came in, right after the same scene that happened every rainy night repeated itself punctually. The wet soles of his shoes slipped on the parquet, he lost his step and tripped on the carpet colliding right against the china cabinet placed in a corner of the entrance, now lacking of ornaments for a while. The latter started to stumble and Steve engaged a sort of Greek-Roman fight to keep it steady. My friend Steve was a Police Inspector and he was a really good policeman, the best I had ever worked with (the only one to be honest!). However, as insightful and precise, determined and careful as he was at work, in his private life he was a complete mess. He was messy and distracted, he was also shy and insecure, it probably was because of this that at the age of thirty-seven years old he couldn't build a serious and lasting relationship with one of his peers.

After recovering from his collision with the china cabinet, Steve cursed a few times rubbing his knee hard and hitting his foot on the ground because of the pain and the rage, then he threw the ratty and soaking raincoat on the coat rack keeping murmuring a few bad words. In the end, like every night, he let himself fall in the armchair with his arms dangling over the armrests and his head fallen back. He closed his eyes for a few moments, apparently looking for a

moment of peace. He changed his mind. He opened his eyes again and glanced at me serious, he got up and came to take the remote from me, not caring about me glaring at him, then he threw himself on the armchair again. He turned down the volume that after a lot of work I had just managed to adjust and started talking.

Aware of what was waiting for me I sighed defeated telling myself that I was a victim of a proper injustice: one works from morning until night, poorly paid and poorly appreciated, often even ridden roughshod over and without any sure perspective for the future and for the retirement. At the end of the day you sit yourself calmly on the couch without too many demands and without disturbing anyone, just hoping to be able to watch a cartoon peacefully... but no! You're forced to listen to our work mate's talking, who has the damned habit of never stopping talking. To be honest he didn't behave in that way very often, but when he did I seriously hated him, especially if right in that moment the Looney Tunes were on TV.

«I'm sorry for leaving you alone, but I was busy. Soon we'll have to go hear a bird sing» he said while his gaze lit up, and I've never understood why he really liked expressing himself that way, like the character of a fourth category thriller movie. In spite of myself I turned my head a little, trying not to lose my sight on the television, and I glanced at him acting interested.

«That's right, we're close» he added excited after nodding for a long time in the attempt of lifting my curiosity to the guard level.

I kept looking at him without blinking, absentmindedly, but just for an instant. Right after my eyes, irresistibly attracted, turned to land on the screen again. Puddy Tat just leaned himself from the drainpipe, he did it that little too much that was enough to make him fall from the roof of a twenty-six story skyscraper.

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