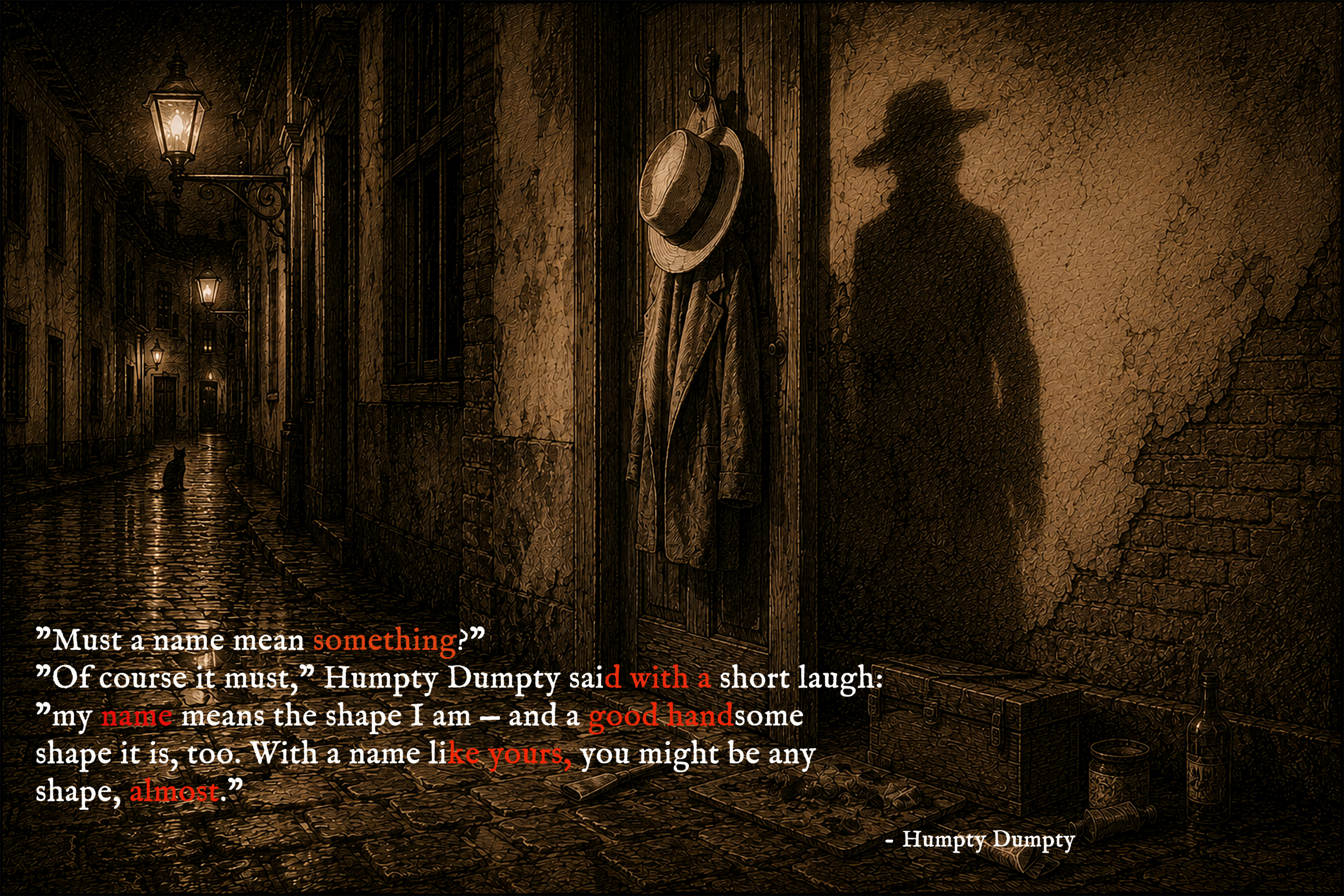




"Must a name mean **something**?"

"Of course it must," Humpty Dumpty said **with a** short laugh:

"my **name** means the shape I am — and a **good handsome** shape it is, too. With a name **like yours**, you might be any shape, **almost**."

- Humpty Dumpty

When nobody was looking



...I was stealing pieces
from another world.



First a shirt



...Then everything else.



Since sculpture was
masculine,

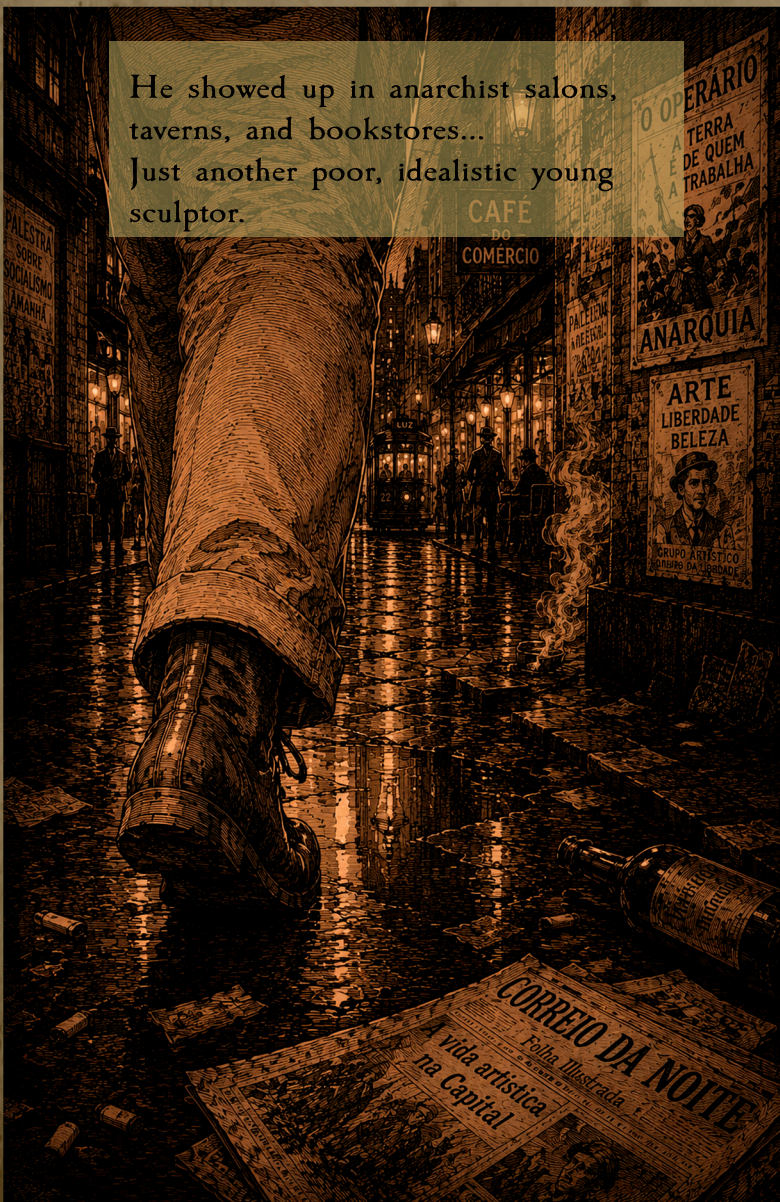


Ademir Fernandez
was born.

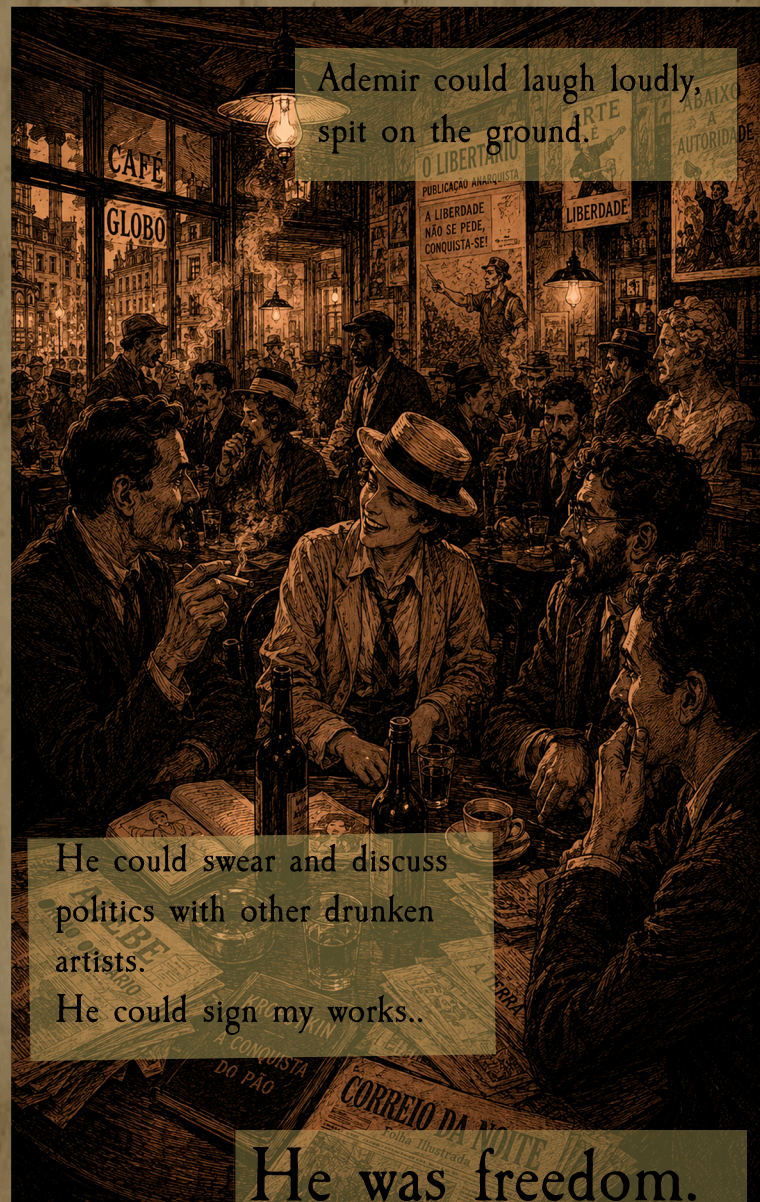
Ademir Fernandez was born on the dimly lit street corners of the city.



He showed up in anarchist salons, taverns, and bookstores... Just another poor, idealistic young sculptor.



Ademir could laugh loudly, spit on the ground.



He could swear and discuss politics with other drunken artists.

He could sign my works..

He was freedom.

Ademir began to have stories,
opinions, and even friends.



It was in this borrowed skin...
On one of those furtive nights...
That I was discovered.





Augusto...



Pale.
Elegant in that way that poets always are.
Melancholic.
Dangerous.



I've known him since childhood.



My aunt.

She was everything my mother wasn't:
free, loud, and far too strong
for the plantation.

The only one who accepted
me as I was.



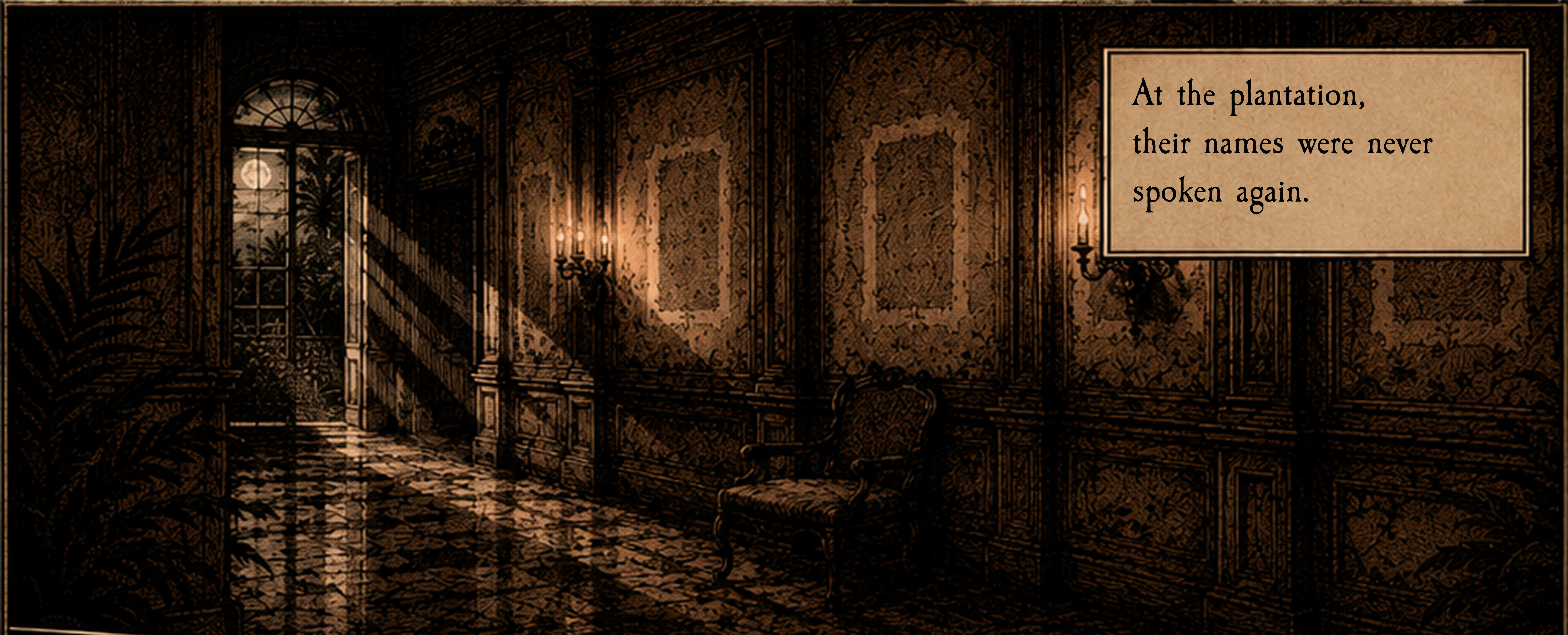
She did the unforgivable.



She ran away from
home...

...for nothing more than a
poet.





At the plantation,
their names were never
spoken again.



But I kept
going to them.

In secret.

In silence.



And Augusto...

Augusto was
everything

my father wasn't.

Then she fell ill.



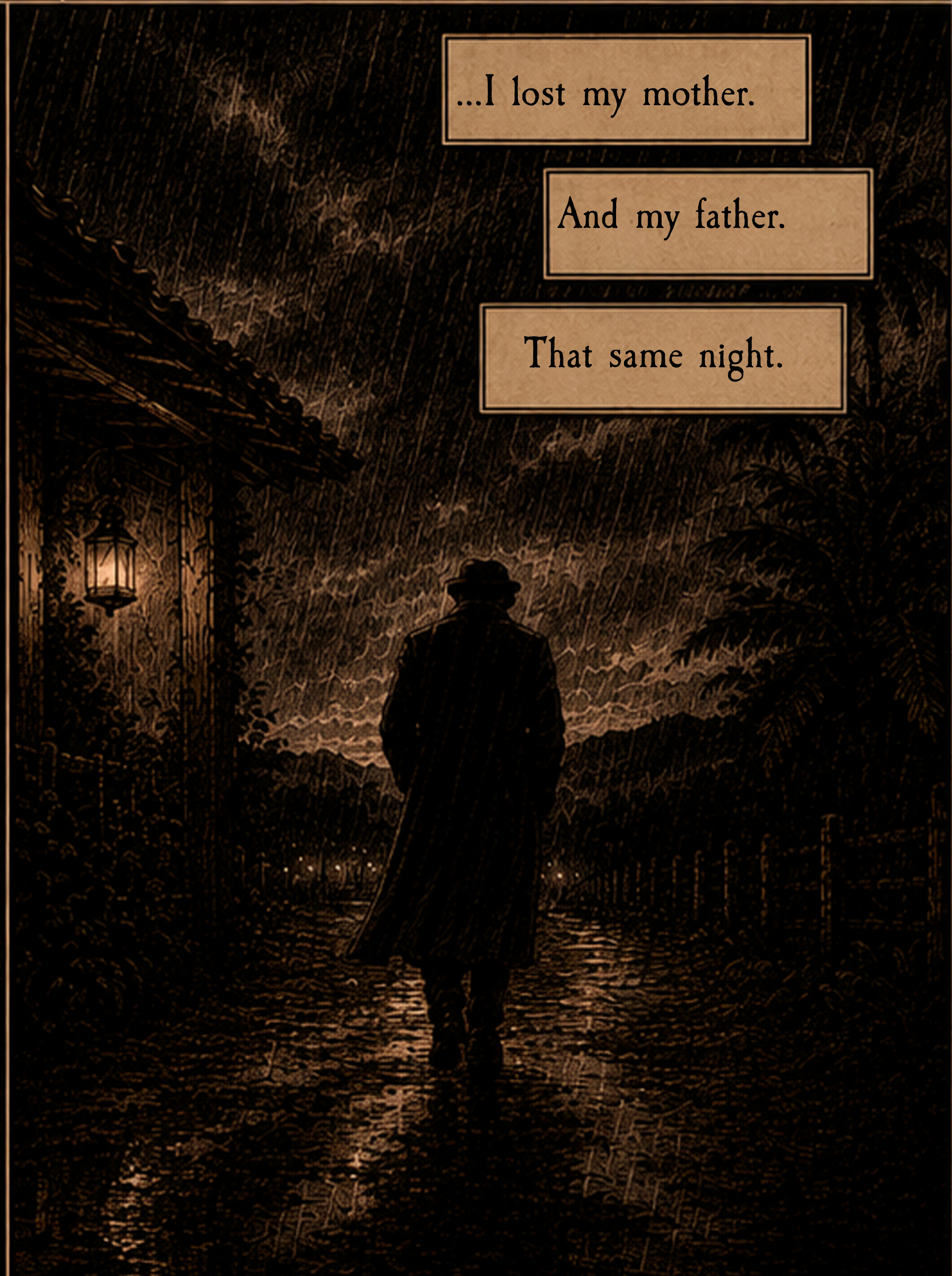
And then... all at once...



...I lost my mother.

And my father.

That same night.



Until the night of the exhibition.

He looked straight at me — truly looked.

And I knew he could see through everything.

That he had always known.

I bought one of your sculptures a few nights ago...

How has no one back at the manor discovered you yet?

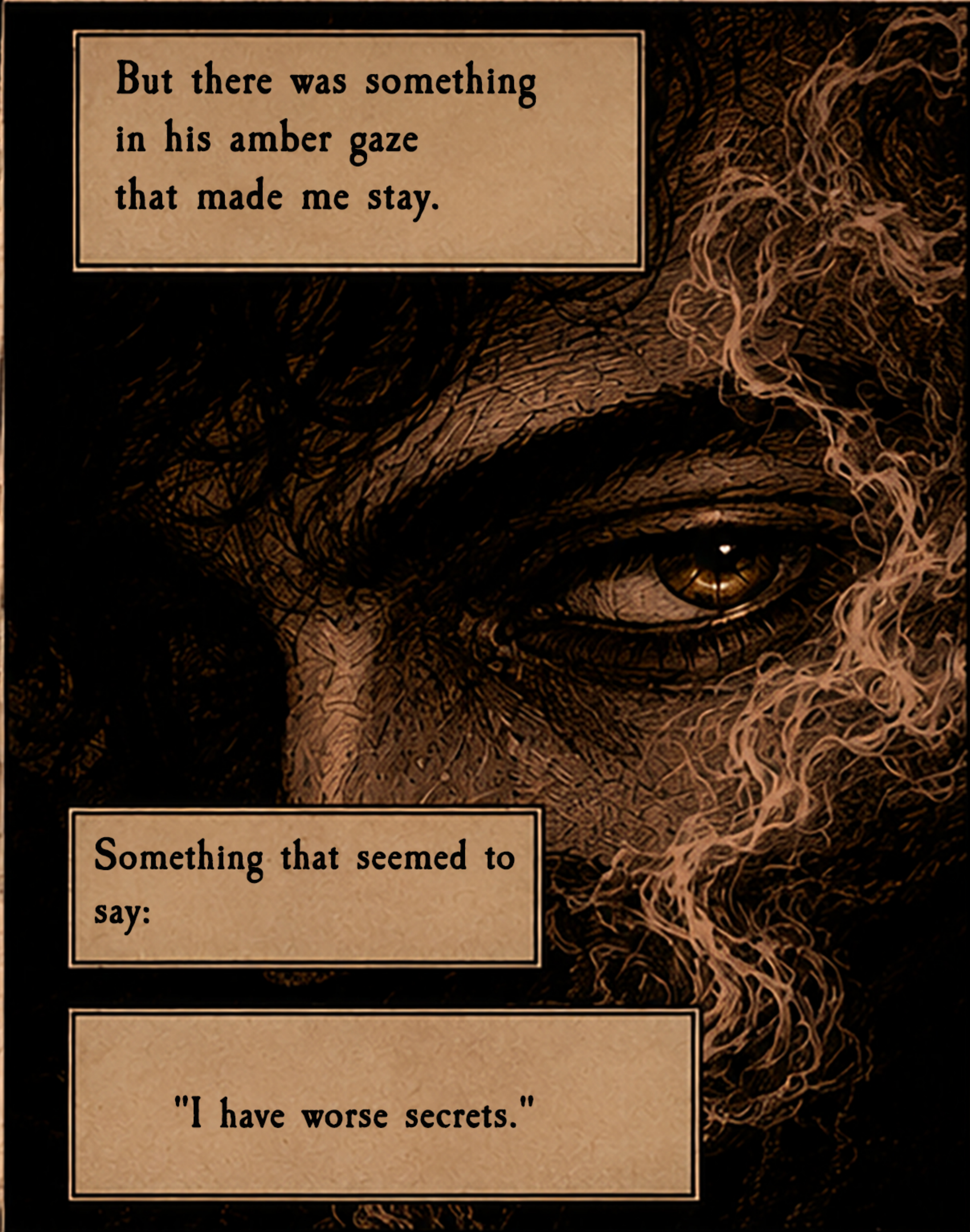
He didn't accuse me.
He didn't expose me.

He simply smiled.



I was hooked.

I thought about
running.



But there was something
in his amber gaze
that made me stay.

Something that seemed to
say:

"I have worse secrets."



Well...
I think some
people become
invisible, when no
one cares about
them.

He laughed.
Softly, as if
laughing at himself.



Then
I suppose we are
both invisible.

That was all.

A brief conversation...
muffled by the sound of rain
and the scent of ink.

But it was enough.

After that night...
he began to appear.

More than an accomplice...
he became Ademir's patron.

He was the first
to truly see me.

Ademir.
Isabel.
Both... and neither.

The first to understand
that my art
was not a pastime.

It was survival.

It was passion.

I think that was when...
I began following the White Rabbit.