

## Vovô

He was bald with some liver spots on his head. He had a massive moustache, thick and bristly, a bit like a broom. I remember looking at the crocodile on his shirts. He had to take pills with every meal. Grandma said he wasn't allowed to have things with sugar in them, so he took sweeteners instead. I once caught him sneaking chocolate from the fridge. He gave me a piece and he said, "não diga a avó." So I didn't, I felt guilty.

I enjoyed sitting behind him in the car, watching him check his teeth in the mirror. He'd share cream crackers with me. He smelt like them sometimes. We'd go feed the fish in the river by the house where he grew up. He'd hold my hand so I wouldn't fall in. When we'd sit down for food, he'd often doze off into a sleep. He'd say he was just resting his eyes.

One day, he called me into his room to show me something. I was busy, so I told him I'd be there in a minute. I never went. And that night, he woke up, got dressed, and told my grandma he needed to go to hospital. I didn't see him again until 3 days later. They dressed him in a suit and combed his hair. I watched him lying on the cushion. He looked smaller than I remember. I wondered if he was comfortable. I stared at his face for a while, his moustache neatly covering his top lip, and I held his hand. I wonder what it was that he wanted to show me? I'll ask him another time. He's just resting his eyes.