He lit the fire again, stuck the meat on the wooden skewer, and placed it before the flame to be roasted; finally, he took off his clothes and went down to the pit, naked, looking at his chest, white like the chest of a woman.

He never stopped peeking around, while rubbing his feet with tufts of maidenhair fern, which made his skin greenish. When he lifted his face to listen to distant noises, his nice eyes mirrored the green and gold around there; and his white back, spotted with big moles like lentils, was crossed by a shiver, and the shadows of the reeds trembled.

He stood up and tried the bottom of the pit with his foot; in this way, he went slowly forward, and he jumped into the water completely; also his head, which he soon pulled out and shook, spraying sparks from his hair. (…)

The servant stood up and sprinkled salt on the little wild boar that was already stuck on the skewer.

But Simone was late, and Marianna kept feeling apprehensive; she went out into the little yard, and she listened at the front gate. The silence seemed to thicken with the darkness. Simone had promised that he would return: but she knew that he couldn’t control his word, although he had the illusion of freedom. No, nobody is free: even she felt tied, a thousand times more than before, pulled by an invisible
chain. Why get upset? Better to crouch down in a corner, like a slave, waiting for her fate.

She came back into the kitchen; she came back to her place. From time to time, the servant made the skewer rotate, with the little wild boar now charred on the chain, while inside it had a golden red color, covered with a veil of salt, with dark guts and whitish ribs. Its little teeth and tusks sparkled in the light of the fire.

The hour was passing.

Wine and bread were ready on the table, and Marianna, to calm her anguish a bit and to convince herself that it wasn’t all a dream, went up to the attic to get some grapes.

(from the novel Marianna Sirca, 1915)