

# THE GREEN HILL'S SECRET

By Roli Caballero

I

Green Hill's sky have a lot of Stars. Perhaps not as much as Polonio's, but there are plenty. One beside the other, so different in their sizes and brightness as similar in their bluish colour. A clear night at "*Da' Green*" is able to transform anyone into a low budget philosopher.

We were four friends watching at the sky for a long and silent period. Lying on the ground, the only sounds on our ears were the ones of the fire as it bit the rest of the logs we have used to cook a tender, delicious lamb. With the stomach full and the thought humbling sleepily, Doc said, in low voice, almost unhearable, showing us a mystic new face very different to his usually sceptic, scientific point of view.

- It's unreliable. All those stars, those planets... We can't be the only lonely ones in all these immensity.

Sally, laid very close to him, gave a deep suck to his Gudam-Garam and added:

- If a guy is looking to us from one of those planets, he must be upside down.

- ¿What? –I said.

- If an E.T. is looking us from another planet –he explained- it must be in the face of the world in mirror to us. So, he is head down respect on our vision. And you are so for him.

Sally's idea was in serious fight but married with the Logic. So I only could say:

- If it is looking to me it's looking to the sky.

- Yes, that the curious thing. – He said.- Both of you are looking up.

- We all four are looking up as the biggest looks I've ever seen. -Said Carlitos while trying to free himself from a big piece of lamb meat between his teeth. Once he did it, he spat it far away, got on his feet and refilled his glass with the big, five litre bottle of beautiful Chilean red wine.

- Carlitos is rough. –Said Doc – He only finds emotion in Banzai barrels.

- I am not so rough. Just look like because of my muscles. –Said Carlitos, a little bit drunk. Even his pretended serious expression couldn't stop our laughs. He was no taller than 1,60 mts and his body was similar to a match. His head was huge.- And you know what –added while we were laughing like mad- I believe in E.Ts.

- ¡You are an E.T., big head! – Said Doc.

- The Roswell one. –Was Sarry’s contribution.

I opted to give him the chance of continue:

- ¿You really believe in E.Ts? –I asked.

With the mode of a Harvard teacher, Carlitos replied:

- All of you think you are so intellectual, so sensitive. But the truth is you are a trio of assholes. Anyway, you are also my dear friends. So I will tell you something I never said to any living creature.

- Don’t tell me. –I said- You like the human sausage.

- You are friend of the bald with scar. –Added Sarry.

- You got hemorrhoids. –Said Doc.

- No, idiots, no. –Denied Carlitos, moving his head from one side to another. He was laid on a big log, as short as he was, the hands working as a pillow and one leg crossing the other. Between the lips he still had the tool he used before to take of the uncomfortable bovine rest off his mouth– You are three idiots. –Confirmed.- Perhaps you won’t believe what I am about to say. But must know every word is true.

- Come on, Carlitos, we are all ears.

Doc asked him to wait until he finish refilling the glasses. Once he did it, Carlitos drunk his wine in a second, belched soundly and nasty and started to make exaggerated copulatory moves with his waist. Then he said:

- I fuked an E.T. girl.

We all exploded in laughs, but he didn’t even outlined a smile. Instead, Carlitos continued the tale, serious as a dog on a boat.

- She had the boobs on the back. It was great. You could kiss the bitch and grab her tits at the same time.She was perfect.

We couldn’t stop laughing... tits on the back...

Finally, making a big effort, I asked him:

- Please tell me you don’t fill her belly.

Carlitos used the launching to bat the ball out of the stadium:

- Dear Son. –He said- Where do you think you came from? You still believe in the stork myth?

## II

I opened my eyes with the earlier lights. The sea roared all night long announcing the swell have arrived, so I was very anxious to sleep good. Anyway I was more than ready to be out of bed and surf two days straight. When I got out of the tent I saw a sky free of clouds. The wind was so calm as the couple of birds singing arround the smoky rest of last night bonfire. And the waves were breaking perfect in the most pure solitude.

A half a hour later we were in the water, riding some wonderful rightshanders that were getting even better as the morning traveled through noon and the ocean retired, letting the rock bottom get closer to the surface.

Around mid morning, with some fresh tubes in my mind, the lamb and the wine started to work on my belly. I was almost shitting myself, but I didn't want to get out of the water with that classic conditions. Not even for a minute. But I couldn't stand so long and had to exit the ocean in search of a good bush.

- Don't come back! –Doc shouted as I paddled to reach the shore.
- Go and get some fangs, Corky –Added Sarry.
- Fuck you, poofter! –Said Carlitos.

I just answered showing my the larger finger of my left hand. Then I throughed my board on the sand and ran toward the forest.

It was easy to find a good place. I took out my short-john and got in position. But, what the hell, when I was bended to star the job, I felt some leaves caressing my balls. The feeling wasn't that bad, but made me imagine worst possibilities. So I delayed the act and registered the place assuring no snake, spider or lizard would come and bite my testicles. During the search I saw an acumulation of dry branches with brown and yellow leaves where lots of flies were humming excited. Their bodies reflected the morning lights with it green and blue and revolting litmuses.

At first I thought one of my friends had already used this place as a bathroom, but immediately I realized there were to much flies for a one guy shet. So I took a stick from the ground, putted aside some of the dry branches and... oh man... I saw him.

In the exact moment my eyes made contact with his, I couldn't hold my belly anymore.

### III

I was naked, calling my friends from the shore; shouting and watching them acting as blind and deaf surfers. Fortunately, Sarry caught a long right hander and finished the ride close to the beach. I took advantage of the situation and told him what was happening. Some minutes later, everybody was on shore, walking to the place of the finding.

Once we arrived, Doc bended towards the body and placed his fingers on the dead man's neck. He stayed like this for a few seconds, then standed up and, moving his head his head for one side to another, said what we all us of already knowed:

- It's fried.

Carlitos started to cry like a child. Doc didn't mind and continued with his medical report, as if he was the forense of a police department team:

- He died at least a couple of days ago.
- He was assassinated? –Carlitos asked, who was now crying like a teenager left by his boyfriend.

- No. –Said Sarry, extending the o.- He layed on the floor, covered himself with branches and died. It's a typical conduct of the local people. –Sarry hits Carlitos' back of the head and added:- For sure he was killed, asshole!

- What should we do? –Was Carlitos question as he tried to clean a big , consistent snot hanging from his nose.

- Let's call the police. –I proposed.

Sarry, who hadn't say nothing until now, staying silent with his eyes fixed on the waves, suggested, with cold logic:

- The guy is dead. We can't do anything to help him. And the waves are epic....

- But... -I tried to defend my position - ...we can't let him here.

- It doesn't matter to him. –Sarry argued.- No difference for him to be here or in the best Conrad's suite.

Carlitos took part:

- And what if the murder is hidden, watching us, and he wants to kill us to?

- We are four. –Said Doc, and sent to the air a round, fast, perfect left hand uppercut. A punch able to transform a human jaw in fine pebble; perhaps in bone flour.

- What if he has a gun? –Cried Carlitos.

- We put it up his us. –Replied Doc.

- I am a little worried about the guy's family.- I announced- Perhaps somebody is waiting for him.

- Or may be he is a delinquent betrayed by his partner in crime ...-Said Doc, remebering all the years he spent reading Raymond Chandler and rocognizing he didn't learn anything.

- He killed him and kept all the money for himself. –Carlitos contributed.

- Look for money in his pockets. –I suggested.–If he got cash, it means he didn't get kill by a thief.

Doc, used to work with corpses, registered the dead man's clothes and found some bills. Total money: \$147.

- Perhaps his accomplice killed him but let some money to confuse the cops. –I said; and inmediately added, more decided than on my fisrt try.- Let's call the police.

- Forget it. –Doc said, misistimating my words.- They will take us to the station, ask us lots of questions and ruin our trip. Don't call anybody, you motherfucking poofter.

- I don't know. -I doubt- We can let him here..

Sarry, standing a couple of hundred yards further from the group, taking no care of our conversation, asked us to go to where the place he was.

- Look at that set. –He said, aiming toward the south, where the first section of the right was already barreling.

- Oouuuu!!! –Doc Claimed.- It's getting bigger and better!

- Oh, maaan! -I shouted- Look at this barrel!

Carlitos didn't said any word. Instead, he walked to the shore and picked up his board from the sand. He ran toward the rock point and, when the last wave of the set rolled down the

point, he jumped to the empty line-up. He was followed by Doc and Sarry. I didn't late and after putting my wetsuit, the four amigos were again enjoying a perfect day of surfing.

It was an early fall fryday and the sun was close to reach it highest point in the sky.

#### IV

The joy lasted until Saturday afternoon, when a hard southeast wind, accompanied by rain and cold weather, decided to finish the trip.

Returning home, we made a stop in Castillos, a small town close on the road, to refill the gas tank and our hungry stomachs. We asked for pizza and lots of beer. First one, then other, and then another one. Drunked as cocoats –with 147 dollars you can buy lots of pizza and beer- we promise to never tell this story to anybody. And we sealed the deal raising our glasses, again and again, to the Green Hill's dead man memory.

Some years have been passed since this happened. Years of silence and secret. But now, we have decided to bring the story to light. The truth must be known.

If you ever goes to the Green Hill, never forget this: when an east swell hit the coast with more than 6 feet and at least 11 second period, and the wind blows from the North-west, the Green Hill point get classic. Believe me.