

Fausto Ruiz got off the boat at the port of the city where he had been born fifty years ago, and to which he had not returned for twenty years. He walked along the seafront, surprised by how much his hometown had changed, and also by how much of it he could still recognise. There were lots of new buildings up on the hills around the city now, buildings which he didn't recognise. Yet many of the old buildings along the sea were exactly the same as he remembered them, although many of the old shops he remembered were there no more. He walked away from the port and into the centre of the city. He walked up the main road and saw how all the shops had changed, but that there was still one small café there which was the same as it had been when he was young and famous. He walked into the café and sat down at one of the tables. He recognised the owner of the café behind the bar as well as the waiter who was working there. They both looked much, much older. Fausto felt certain that he didn't look as old as they did, even though they were all twenty years older now.

Fausto sat at his table and waited for the waiter to come to him. He sat there for ten, fifteen, twenty minutes. Half an hour passed and the waiter continued to ignore him. Fausto raised his arm and shouted to the waiter, then to the owner of the café behind the bar, but it was useless. They didn't come and ask him what he wanted. They were ignoring him. Angry, Fausto got up and walked out of the café, slamming the door behind him. Such ignorant people, he thought. Now I remember why I left this town twenty years ago and why I never came back. He walked along the main street as far as the main square in the town and when he arrived at the main square he remembered the other reason why he had never come back. In the main square of the town there was the theatre. As he looked at the theatre, Fausto Ruiz had a terrible memory of what had happened there twenty years ago.