

Hello fellas, how are you? It's nice to see you are here, listening to this podcast, thank you. I hope you enjoy the story I'm about to tell you. I'm gonna share a mysterious story I've experienced some time ago. After travelling in Dublin for 3 weeks, I went back home. I was very tired after a total of 20-hour flight of Dublin-Rio de Janeiro-Florianopolis, but I really needed to get home as soon as possible. When I arrived in Florianopolis, I took my car from the car park at the airport there and drove straight home, Florianopolis is about 200 KM from Lages. It was 11:30 at night and it was a warm night. I was driving alone along a quiet country. I knew the road very well. I had never seen or felt anything strange every time I passed the road. But, that time I felt something strange. It made me shiver. I didn't know why. I took a CD from my bag pocket, and put it in the CD player. My friend in Ireland had given it to me a week before. He said that this singer was incredible, so I took it, he was a local singer and I enjoyed listening to him. A few minutes later, I passed an old restaurant. The restaurant belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. I usually had lunch there. And Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were a nice couple and I knew them quite well. I remember this one day, they told me they loved each other and they intended to get married very soon. Anyway, ten minutes later, when I was enjoying the music, suddenly someone jumped out of a big tree on the right side of the road and blocked my way. I braked at once. I saw a middle-aged woman. She was wearing a white night gown. It was Mrs. Wilson. She put her right hand in front of her face, trying to prevent the beam of the headlight from blinding her eyes. I got out of my car and I asked her what she was doing there in the middle of the night. Mrs. Wilson walked slowly towards and I remember she said she was trying to get some fresh air, I remember she had a pale smile. Then, I asked her curiously why she had stopped me, and she answered that she needed my help, then she asked me if I could give Mr. Wilson one letter. I thought it was really weird, but she handed me the envelope, anyway. The letter was shining in the dark, I can't explain, so, I took the letter. After, I asked her why she just didn't go back home and gave Mr. Wilson the letter herself. I insisted saying that it was late and I could take her home if she wanted. She smiled and said that she wanted to go, but she couldn't. I remember she also told me that I couldn't understand why. And she told me again to take the letter to him because she would stay there. She smiled again, but there wasn't any happiness on her face, and walked back to the big tree. She disappeared behind the tree. Just like that, she vanished in the air. I tried to call her, "Mrs. Wilson, where are you?" But, nobody answered me. Later that night, Mr. Wilson told me that Mrs. Wilson and he had had an argument and Mrs. Wilson wanted to go away from her husband for a while. Even though I was feeling really scared, I did what she told me to do. I turned around and drove back to the restaurant with the letter. When I got to Mr. Wilson's house, I knocked on the door. Mr. Wilson opened the door and he said that it was late and they were closed. Of course, he didn't recognize me, because I was just one more customer. Then, I noticed he looked tired and horrible. "Mr. Wilson, it's me, Gui," I said. I also told him I had met his wife about 5 miles from the restaurant. His face was shocked, and the silence was speaking more than us. So, I said that his wife had given me a letter and she had told me to give it to him. Mr. Wilson looked at me for a few seconds. I knew he didn't believe in what I had said because he asked me If that was a joke or something, then he asked me in surprise, "My wife?", "that's impossible!" So, I said it was true, she'd stopped my car and she'd spoken to me then she'd handed me the letter herself, Mr. Wilson, looked at the letter. Mr. Wilson looked at the letter, it was still shining when he took it from my hand. It's crazy, I don't know why the letter was shining, but it was. He opened the envelope and read the letter.

The letter had big handwritings which said, "I LOVE YOU, BUT I HAD TO GO. WE WILL BE TOGETHER AGAIN ONE DAY". I could see Mr. Wilson tears drop, rolling down on his face. Suddenly, he told me that letter was from his wife, then he said she was angry with him because he'd had an affair with her sister and Mrs. Wilson had decided to leave home. Now, I couldn't believe in what he was saying, they seemed so happy together. I asked Mr. Wilson why he just didn't pick her up and took her back, I also told him to use my car, but Mr. Wilson told me something that made me have nightmares that night, he said he couldn't do it because his wife had had a car accident, she'd crashed into a big tree and she'd died one week ago. He also told me that the letter had been written before she left and she'd never given the letter to him.