

## 3 MINUTES OF SILENCE

An audio story by Wederik De Backer

00:00

I remember that we were in the car.  
My mom was driving, my dad was sitting right next to her.

*(Turn right onto Kapellenstraat.)*

And I was in the back seat in the middle.

*(Turn right.)*

I was nineteen, I think. And it certainly had of been years that I had been in a car with my parents. Together.

*(Follow the N9 in the direction of Zomergem.)*

When my father and my mother separated, a large part of his stuff still remained in our attic. Books, a few costumes, drawings dating from the time he was in art school, plaster casts of phallus-like objects.

But the house we lived in was torn down and the attic had to be emptied.

01:00

But my father didn't have a driver's license.

So the only people who were crazy enough picking up a pile of statues on a Friday night in an almost run-down farm on the countryside, were my mother and I.  
And my father.

My mother had said beforehand: "I surely want to do that, but it doesn't have to be pleasant."

*(Turn right.)*

During that entire drive, of about 45 minutes, not a single word was spoken.

And the best thing is, I have recordings.  
So enjoy, a short excerpt of the quietest car ride I have ever experienced.

02:00

*(Continue in the direction of Zwagerhullestraat.)*

*(This is unbearable. The silence.)*

*(I'm just a machine, and this is even bothering me.)*

*(Can someone turn on the radio?)*

*(I hope someone breaks it.)*