

Max Diniz Cruzeiro



LENDER

I dedicate this book to all my relatives and friends who much contributed for the formation of this work. In special, to the poetess Vanessa Andréia de Oliveira, who did not save efforts in the direction to materialize it.

Preview:

Here, it is portrayed the life of a young man who is situated near the edge of madness. A fiction sprouted from an unhealthy mind, that searches not to lose the contact with the exterior world, in which the lived drama, in a psychological level, creates a parallel reality, and judges to be this the truth that fences him. A real story, with moments of joy and utopia. The human mind is each time more embezzled by the tasks of the quotidian. A mental collapse may be coming to you. Then, it was not by chance that you took this book. Stop and think about this. The character did not think and now he sees himself dominated by the mind he possesses.

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Chapter I

The young Lender



Chapter I

The young Lender

Lender was going to leave the university. He had been through a difficult way, until that instant. The difficulties were immense and the lack of resources hindered that alternatives, except for the studies, were viable. It was June 28th of 1996, a few days away to catch the diploma with his hands. He loaded in himself a monotonous and sad life, from the weighed infliction that followed him. The first contacts with literature stimulated him to write a book in the first person:

"I was sleeping. From my sleep, came the nightmare. I saw a dead-alive. The ominous licked my forehead. I got very upset when he made something so anti-hygienic; maybe no one taught him good manners.

I remembered the times my mother used to say that "hygiene must start since we are babies, because they are like a 'flat board' ", affirmed her. And I used to always question myself - How does a 'flat board' might be? - Nobody was crazy enough to ask mom. I grew up. I wasn't so young anymore and didn't ask myself anymore, because I couldn't answer.

That boy knack had disappeared, and, as a form of affirmation, I only answered what I had full certainty to know, because I find ridiculous these people who say rubbish. However, everybody has their weak moments and even the most intelligent ones need to relax. Many say rubbish as a form to alleviate the tension; and as it's known by the doctors, stress can provoke illnesses along the time, therefore because those who abuse of the psyche, they say, must consider that life is not only to study, to work or to make absurdities.

At that moment, I remembered where I was and what I was doing. Set down for one hour in that comfortable divan, my life made itself childish and I followed my steps to the maturity. In a wall to the side, I saw, a little hypnotized by my thoughts, the diploma of the doctor. Below it there was a message that said: "Those that abuse of the psyche, or study too much, or are very wild". Too late, I thought for a few seconds. After all, my life was already gone and with it, my money, in that pleasant doctor's office.

I heard the usual things; it was like if mother was in front of me. I didn't strive. I accepted everything that scholar said to me and then I went home.

I said goodbye to the secretary with the tone of good boy. I caught my coat and, without demonstrating the haste of the big cities, I had time to take a coffee. Soon I left through the door, I it turned up that aisle of always. In the end of it, the good old elevator was waiting for me. I was tired. Quite disturbed by everything.

I set down for a little in a bank, at the corner square. I observed birds, the trees, the crowd that pass through, anyway, everything that remembered me movement.

Tedium took control of my body; I looked at the clock and decided it was already time to leave. At the bus stop - the wait - like every day they weren't different. It was the urban chaos, well known for everyone. And concluded the wait, the bus didn't bring comfort. The people were compressed in the corridors of the vehicle. It was so dull. The heat was unbearable. The semblances were twisted by the anguish and impatience of the circumstance. However, I was calm; I had excessive problems to add one more to my collection. Soon I sighted my stop to step down. I made signal to the driver. The bus stopped. I went down. Then I entered through the street that sheltered my house.

The garbage had still not been collected and kids already were returning from the school, which was in the neighboring quarter. The innocent tricks were nearly appearing. They put bomb lets in the garbage cans and the few mailboxes that insisted in resisting. At this time, I was there. I testified such vandalism and lack of moral formation. I wasn't compliant with those civil disturbances. I went to talk to Ms. Quinina, the aunt of one of the rowdies. I told her about the problem, in a rebelled and exaggerating way. I asked her to take the necessary steps and left, having the word that such acts wouldn't happen again.

Finally I got home, the day had been exhausting. I went directly to the refrigerator. Without thinking twice, I caught a beer and I turned on the television. I had been living there only for a few years, since I came from the countryside to this great city. The first years of my life were difficult, but little by little I managed to overpass it all and, with much effort, I bought this house. It did not have many rooms. The living area was scarce of furniture: it had a center table, a modest couch of bamboo and some books, in the bookshelf that sheltered the sound and video devices. The kitchen was narrow, but functional. The bedroom and the bathroom were small, but the mobility lack was compensated for the constant organization that I always use me to have.

I didn't bring into good relation with my neighbors. Maybe for the constant misunderstandings with the children of the street. It wasn't into chattering, or peeking people's life, as was Ms. Nita, the neighborhood's gossipmonger, elected for three consecutive years, in these many co fraternization competitions promoted by the residents. My life was limited to a simple "good morning", every day when I left, to the people I met with in the street, or at night, when I arrived from work.

At work, I was too busy to pay attention in talky talks about soccer, politics or the latest news headlines, which shocked everyone. I had worked for twenty-five years in that exact place and had a name to care for. I wasn't anymore the boy who does general services in the company. I was the manager of the firm. My position demanded that I was cold and rational.

Feared and hated by everybody, sensible and not provided of paternalism with my subordinates.

I didn't have many loves, and my loveless ness had been many, through the long of my life. I was extremely alone; and maybe that's what constantly made me go to the psychiatrist. It wanted, in a certain way, to understand what bothered me, to go beyond everything I had already reached in all my life. However, I kept casual meetings with my secretary. Nothing serious, no commitment. To me it was nothing more than a moment of distraction and, for her, a way to keep her job and to compensate her inefficiency.

The beer was running out, I was thirsty. Not due to the lack of liquid, but to the lack of something not found. I went to the refrigerator again, I found the last can. I opened it. In that moment, I heard splinters in the room. I ran and I verified if it wasn't a rock, which probably came from some of those boys who I always yelled with when arriving home. I looked closer. I saw a note wrapped to the rock and, when opening it after that, I affected the reading of that inhospitable correspondence. There were words of revenge that said ' Morose old man, if a thousand cans you place in the streets, a thousand will fly. And if you mess with us again, we will make the same of your house that we made with these brasses.' It wasn't unexpected, the reaction of those delinquents. As usual; they always replied when somebody complained.

It was already late; I didn't consider myself to go to the street and to make a new scandal just for the broken glassware. I simulated not to care; I looked for my bed to, at last, rest calm. I remembered the nightmare I had the night before. It was constant and its lack of logic made me confuse and angry. I tried to make use of the things the doctor told me, or of the sweet words of my mother. I didn't know why, but on the first night I arrived from the doctor's office I didn't had those nightmares, having a tranquil night. So I woke up felling well with life.

I woke up quite early. I fried a couple eggs and made a sandwich from old bread I found in the kitchen. The sun was shining and the day looked well promising. I turned on the radio, took a little time to synchronize it, because in this region there are lots of illegal stations that cause interference in our transistors. One day, when arriving home, I found the television turned on. I was shocked and had the sensation I wasn't alone and the fear was taking me over. When the shock was gone, I saw my house hadn't been broken in, as I suspected, it was all a big misunderstanding. It was just the remote control, acting in interference from the illegal radio station.

I heard beautiful songs which made me remember my childhood. I promised to myself to make that Sunday morning a special day in my life. To forget the emptiness inside of me,

the problems which worried me, the sessions with my psychiatrist, and everything else that affected my humor.

I decided to walk through the sidewalk, perambulating with no direction, to contemplate the beginning of the day. Leaving home, I came across with the pitched wall. 'Oh God, like the broken window from yesterday wasn't enough.' I gave vent to it, at that moment. I realized that my intention of keeping my serenity was starting to dilute. I suffocated my anger feelings and began to think it was all a big illusion, trying to give no importance to it. So, I carried on with my walk.

By the corner, I met Ms Quinina. At that moment, I regretted leaving home. She was really crazy to give an update about the gossips from the street and kept provoking me to know my opinions on everybody else's life. I tried to escape, avoiding all her macabre little games, until she couldn't put up with it and asked what she really wanted to know. I already suspected she wanted an update about the broken window and the pitched wall scene; and, astutely, with the subtleness of who knows what to do, she asked me about what happened. I got angry, but it came to my mind the promise I had made that day. So I impudently lied to her. I told her the window was broken by an object which fell from the shelf, after I accidentally dashed it. And regarding to the wall, I had decided it was too monotone and decided to try some new colors, to see which was the better one, because I was planning to paint it soon.

I thought she was satisfied with my explanations, because she instantly ran to the door of her neighbor, who was outside sweeping the garden. Certainly, to tell her the latest happenings. I didn't care about that foolishness and prepared myself to walk further. The landscape of my neighborhood was dazzling. I had never stopped to observe the beautiful trees and the architectures of the houses, which were in its majority, imponent e well-preserved.

I realized that in that region there were a lot of birds, pigeons mostly. I stopped under a dense tree and was delighted observing the movement of the birds. It didn't take long until I was target of an expected bombardment. At that moment, my good humor was finished. My spotted clothes and my forehead daggled by the excrement gave me an air of indignation and I slobbered hate from my face. I went back home, muttering about the silliness of enjoying the day, of not reacting front of that uproar from those kids who provoked so many financial prejudice to me. I saw in the way a trash can and I didn't think twice: I kicked it, cowardly. I didn't realize that time, that the street was quite active, and everybody starred at me. Certainly they were crucifying me, because I was the one who most complained about those hooligans. I was ashamed. I tried, knowing it was useless, to fix the mess I had done. It was too late; I was now a bad example. The right thing that

seemed me to do was to go home and stay there until the end of the day.”

He wanted to portray something he carried inside. However, his poor life didn't give him maintenance. And time passed by. His friends were all gone. As well as the studies. And the book got lost in its course trajectory. His plans were different now. The job came up soon and with it, the opportunity of accumulating some money. So, he could hike through biggest platforms. It was an ordinary day, the wind blew smoothly above the shutter, everything looked to be only tedium and without any abstraction. Lender was working for a long time and the hours that passed by didn't reflect his inner state. When still young, the boy had eyes of giant. If he only knew what fate had reserved for him.

His brown eyes and his lightly curly hair, increased of his sweet smile, gave him a gracious look which enchanted the young girls, who from the balcony, for many times observed him. Shy boy, however not ingenuous, he knew the exactly moment to approach, and as they say in the young language, "to enjoy life in the intensity it allows us to enjoy".

He lived in a periphery neighborhood, where the chances were few and the lack of Resources took many to diminish their lives on simple bar-memories. He left, as well as the others, in the morning. His semblance, still pale for the interruption of his sleep, weighed his face. The route was a little distant from the bus point. It passed for a narrow alley and after that for a crossing that led to another street, in straight angle with the first one, then leading to another alley, where there was a charitable congregation. After this journey, Lender became to vacate for a while, waiting for the bus. He had created in his subconscious two fictitious characters. He had a happy spirit. So he used to play a lot. Genoveva and Gigofrida, two illusory worms he used to mention every time he got hungry. An excuse he used to disguise his big appetite.

As approaching the vehicle, the young man had already the money in his hands, to make easier the life of the ticket receiver and saluted some people who were around. He chose, as in an instinctive act, always the last available seats. Perhaps because they were closer to the door, or just to have a general vision of everything that happened during the journey.

He always guided himself by his interior abilities. He usually used to say: "the eyes translate a lot more than the words soar by the wind". His instinct was lightly labored and carried a well developed abstraction. But sometimes, it was a little tricky. Because reality seemed to vanish and give place to a trail of illusions, that lead nowhere. His dreams, rich in fantasy, and his childhood, an endless anecdote. When he was a kid, in vacation, the visits to his uncles' proportionate great fun. The horse rides was transformed in laborious laughs, by those who watched his falls. And there wasn't a single time he didn't fell.

The first ride. Many are the animals which in the corral wait for the ride time. Almost instinctively and well-trained, they wait for the time that the coachman throws the lace around their necks, to put on the saddle and the harness above their back. The kid asks which one is the most docile. Someone point to him a mare that is in the background. The choice is made. He tries to mount up the animal. First, he tries the wrong side, and the animal nearly wounded him with the teeth. Second attempt, now on the right side. He puts an abnormal force in the impulse. He falls on the other side. The crowd raves in happiness. He tries a third time, this time he positions himself above the gate. And, finally, he manages to maintain his equilibrium. That was the first contact of love and hate between the two of them. The mare, at every new cavalcade, began to hate even more that undecided boy. And him, to love her, for being docile and obedient. The mare trots during the course. The boy loses his balance and fall.

However, he doesn't give up. On the next day, a new attempt. The incessantly difficulties. Finally, he rides it. He and the other people who accompany him ride through

the pasture. The boy is always the last one, because he fears a new drop. But horses like to run. And one of them starts to ride in high speed. The others, with a dispute instinct, want to surpass him. And the mare starts running. His heart freezes. His legs start to weaken. Nothing makes that mare stop. His face contorts. He breaks... breaks... breaks, and the mare doesn't obey him. Until a horseman, who was near, catch the reins and, joining him, manages to slow down the speed of the animal. Finally the equilibrium is settled. The boy gives a sign. The animal stops the run and starts riding. He tries to recover his breath. The animal stops. He loses his balance and falls again. Another session of spontaneous happiness. It seemed to have no solution.

The third ride. Everybody was at the farm. The animal starts to show its anger by seeing the boy. Perhaps, for his indecision of ordering it to run, and than to stop. Its irritation was visible. This time, a miracle happens. He achieves to mount up its back. The crowd doesn't smile anymore. An evolution. Everyone decides to leave the stable through the mango trees. The first horseman goes ahead and holds the gate to the others. Once in the other side, one by one, they get down to pass through the branches of the trees. And all of them are successful. Lender is the last one. He gets distracted; and a branch in a shape on a 'v' twists beneath his arm. Quickly, the boy orders the animal to stop. The mare doesn't stop. He gets hang above the branches. Slowly, the wood makes a noise. The branch breaks, it's the fall. The crowd, so shy before, now cracks laughing. The so expected event of the day finally happened.

The tenth horse ride. The entire farm is mobilized. The most expected moment of the day. Horse riding time. The farm-hands are well-positioned above the wood fence. The women, through the window, observe, expecting for that exciting moment. The kids drop the ball for a while to watch the spectacle. The horsemen approach, one by one. They get their horses. The harnesses are settled on the mare which was at the background. Perhaps to give a little more emotion to that scene. All the previous attempts converted in failure. Each one in a different way. Certainly, on the inside, they imagined what would happen now. The time had arrived. He gives impulse. The animal starts going. He lies on it. Trying to seat. His voice, trembling with the ride of the mare, asks for help: "he...lp... he...lp"; and the expected occurs. General happiness. From the porch, the smile. From the fences, the easy laughter of the kids, who were playing ball, the certainty that the interruption was worthy; and from the women, the angelical smile for the misfortune. A new attempt. Finally they make it. Everybody back to their occupations. The amusement didn't repeat that day anymore – at least that's what they thought. On those days the weather was rainy. Far away from the farm, the mare trotted. The equipment that covered the animal was loose. And at each trot the cell was unfastening, together with the boy. A little further, a puddle of mud was getting closer. Fearing that the fall would be on the puddle, he orders the animal to stop. The animal doesn't obey. It was the revenge. So he ordered it to keep riding. In this manner, he would pass the puddle, falling not in the water, but in firm land. He did really want to counteract. And, instinctively, the animal stops on the puddle. The result: the mud covered his body now. He came back to the farm. He had no escape. Everyone saw the consequences of the fall. Finally, the vacation is over and they come back to town, full of good and bad memories.

In his childhood, as falling into sleep, at night, he dreamed with the dramas of the great martyrs. He put himself in their shoes. Sometimes he dialogued with his imaginary heroes and offered himself to suffer for them, to alleviate their hard sessions of horror. He wasn't masochist. But he did it for simple fraternal spirit. And those dreams kept following him until the end of his adolescence. Already an adult, he passed over unusual things. Dreams that seemed scientific fiction. It was the fear that acted inside of him, and he didn't perceive it.

His sleep was heavy. Inside, the desert consumed everybody. Women cried around the corners. The sun was burning. Three men were suspended on wood beams. The child looks in the eyes of that one who is in the middle. Tears drop due to the sadness of seeing what his alike have made. He claims for no suffering. It was necessary, he would plead. Then the child offers himself to be in his place. And they share the suffering. The same pain. The same agony. Lender didn't see himself as a saint, on the contrary. He always wanted to help who had problems.

Another night. Another dream. A woman was taken by soldiers to a clearing in the woods. The people watched closely. "Witch... witch... witch..." – shouted some voices. But her face was pure sweetness. She didn't raise it because of the fatigue and the bad treatment. And they tied up her hands in a wood cylinder. Moreover, timber was put near to her feet. The men didn't care to her regret. Their delight was, undoubtedly, the death of the young woman. And the fire starts. The wood burns. The fire begins to reach her feet. The sweat runs over her body. The boy gets compassionated. He shares her suffering. In a brief moment, she disengages from the timber and observes the boy on fire. His body turns into flames. His soul gets loosen, accumulating all that fear in his spirit.

The soldiers mount their horses with the intention of defending the reign. Many conspire against the king. Their swords in the scabbards show they are prepared for any unexpected event through the course. The leader is mounted on a white horse. The others in black horses. Their mustaches and vestments denoted the epoch. Monarchy period. They stop and admire a waterfall on the way. The white horse gets close to the edge of the precipice. He lifts on the animal back. Two hands push him. The boy wakes up, worried with the fall. And this dream followed him for more than one year.

Frequently he had metaphysic experiences. When he was already a light sleeper, for many times he felt the presence of extraterrestrial creatures observing him. As if he was taken. But nothing could prove it, because his interest for this kind of movies was immense. And such films were charged of strong scenes. He had a unique certainty: of having crystallized inside him, images that made him think those deliriums were real.

His world's conception has now changed. He is not anymore that boy who sees the suffering as a manner to get to perfection. He tries to understand how dreams are processed. He learns a few techniques of astral projection. He applies it. One night, the unexpected. He makes it, on his dream, the control of being asleep. Then, aware of his sleep, he starts to analyze the strange new world of his psyche. It was a farm. The brushwood was well green. He walks on the smooth grass. Then he decides to touch the material he is stepping on. And he realizes it is all plasma. Crystallized energy. The fence is far away. He stretches his arms and approaches the fence; however, it wasn't the fence. The energy is transformed in cyclical waves of plasma, as on a crystalline lake which a child throws gravel in, condensing again in that solid, illusory image. He thinks about floating. His feet leave the ground. He catches the farm house with his. And, as the fence, it disappears and is following reconstructed. He tries to change the scenery with his mind. And so he does. His sleep was now light. He wakes up.

Back to his adult age, in his work, after the elapsed bus stage, he walked to the elevator, then passed through a tunnel that led to a stair, which in the superior floor there was located the office where he worked. There he worked for many, many days, constantly, in front of the equipment, obsolete for that time. His job was arduous, but the satisfaction of executing it was so great that, on the weekends, he could work overtime, just to actualize his duties.

From the office window, his face was fascinated with the image of the lake, sometimes silver, in the sunny mornings, sometimes blue, in the cloudy afternoons. There were diverse paintings that represented the fauna and flora of the swampland region, near to the plateau he where lived. Plants ornamented the surrounding. Ferns, shrub pots and

violets settled in such a way that the surrounding was one and only, of a unique naturalism and tranquility.

His co-workers, always looking happy, sometimes told anecdotes when they were of duty, which, by the way, were rare. The friendship co fraternizations became frequent on the birth dates of each one of them. In some occasions, the work group organized lunches, to distract and to elevate the team spirit.

Numbers, lots of numbers, count, recount and make projections of the counting for the publication of a manual, where the work results should be evaluated in its realization time. That counting referred to schools, because in order to plan better the life of those it depended on, it were necessary information that make easier the resources distribution to them.

After work, Lender used to go to the bus stop. His body, tired by the quotidian effort, entered the vehicle and he took a few naps. It was already night when he arrived home. He barely got in and his dog jumped on him incessantly, wishing for a little acre, maybe. He went straight, as usual, and went to the bathroom, to wash his hands. In the bedroom he left the daily belongings above the bed and went to the kitchen: to take a snack.

His amusement was the television. With the drama of the soap operas, he tried to make associations to his private life, and in the news he searched for contact with the exterior world. Child, a child, in the way of thinking and acting. Perhaps it was missing for him, the experience of the bars, of the walk in the park on the weekend or of the natural stay.

However, Lender didn't have the necessity of going to such places, because he was well-accommodated in his particular world. His work wasn't so consuming for him and his obligations at home wasn't many. He had a few friends to count with, but enough to maintain a satisfactory acquaintance with society. And in this work cadence, almost a year had passed. He had in his mind only one determination. To travel to the old continent. He had never dared so much. Through ten years of dreams, he was close to realize the biggest one. Young man, from a poor family, he considered leaving his country. It was like a challenge. But, time and money were generous to him.

The gains he had gave him a comfortable financial condition. He started to buy, every month, with the remuneration he earned, the money from the country he planned to go. And the nights were long; the dreams of castles didn't leave his mind, as well as the flowery fields. It had to be on the spring – pleaded the young man. Flowers had always been reason of joy. Positive about that, and still a child, the first memory that came up to his mind, simply, a daisy garden. Giant, in the imagination of a five year old kid.

He traveled to the admirable old continent, where in former times; the strong hand dominated the reason of the existence. People treated with distinction. Thousands thrown to the cremation ovens. Although, today, after everything had been rebuilt, the marble takes the place of what the fire all consumed before. Germany. A dream, where reign the freedom of speech and love. It was almost 15 hours of flight. The fatigue and the tension due to not knowing well the language consumed him. But finally, he arrived in Zurich. He fell in with an immense airport and with the uncertainty about the destiny of his luggage. He tried, with the help of a dictionary, to translate the indications above. He gives up. He can't do it. He decides to look for help. He meets a very friendly young woman who, noticing he was confused, takes him to the custom house.

The line was long and was getting even longer. Finally it's his turn. He shows his passport. The policeman asks him about his origin, destiny and purpose of going to that country. More confusion. He got speechless, without knowing how to answer those questions. Aiming to solve that language impasse, he tried to communicate in other idioms. It was useless. Suddenly, he remembers the similarity between Portuguese

language and the Spanish. He risks speaking a “Portuguese Spanish”. Relief. It seems like he was understood. Then, for the enagement of those who, like him, waited to be attended, he opens his bag and pulls a paper from it. Now it was all elucidated. A student, just passing, who had as an objective, to learn the German language. With the tumult over, he was welcome.

The young woman followed with her eyes the attitudes of that man and offers him one more time, with a light smile on her face, the help he needed so. She takes him to the where place he finds his luggage. Recovered from the confusion, he grabs his bags, says goodbye to the young woman and heads to the ticket-office, to buy his train ticket that would finally lead him to his destiny. Clumsy, he walks through the airport lobby, carrying all that weight. His bags attracted everybody’s attention because of its size. And to make the situation worse, he had to carry it, because its holder disappeared through the long trajectory. As arriving to the ticket-office, another surprise. He had with him, only some money which had to be exchanged for the local one. Aware of the situation, he heads, with difficulty, to the exchange-office. With one more problem solved, he goes back to the ticket-office and finds himself in another difficult situation to be understood. He decides to wait for someone who speaks his language. Impossible? No! A miracle had happened. An old sir helps him. He buys the ticket. Finally, Lender heads to the departures platform.

He had never traveled by train. Even on the platform, he didn’t know in which side the train was going to stop. He observed, second by second, the arrival of the train. He got the assistance that oriented him. The train appears. He tries to embark. He can’t open it. An old man standing on his side turns the door handle and jokes it was a matter of strength – like this, with your arms, smiling, kidding with him. He gets in. He waits for the ticket collector. A young woman appears and asks for his ticket. He gives it. He asks for an orientation and she tranquilizes him, saying she will tell him when its time. He gets off and falls on the platform, awkwardly. He apologizes for falling on the girl who helped him. He needs to run and pass to the other platform, to get another train which is already positioned. He runs carrying all that weight and bumps against a sir who was walking. He apologizes on his own language. The sir grumbles, thinking he offended him. He stops, thinks for a while and, finally apologizes on the local language. He follows through the indicative direction. Steps down. And now he would have to carry his 12 pounds of luggage and go up to the other platform. He manages to get the train and continues on his way.

He arrives in Freiberg, with less than one hour until another day comes up. He gets a taxicab. The driver is French. Another difficulty. The young man spoke neither German nor French. He points to the address. The man looks for it. He doesn’t find it. It was missing information to arrive at the place. Both were nervous because they couldn’t communicate. So the young asks the driver to take him to another hotel. He understands the gesticulation. He guides the man and arrives to a comfortable hotel. He rests and on the other day he goes to the school.

After everything settled, he looks for a supermarket. The acquisitions should supply him for a long time. He found the store. He entered and tried to take a cart. It was immovable, and tied by a string to others. Without knowing it, he tried in many ways, to pull the object. He couldn’t do it, and noticed that everyone in the place was observing him. It was comical. He felt the same way when he was at the farm, on his adventures with the horse. He asked the cashier for help. A very kind woman helped him, smiling. He didn’t know how to ask, so he improvised a question on the local language: “How... I... take... a cart... there?” Then she explained him that he needed to deposit a coin there, so he could use the cart. And after using it, he needed to put the cart back there and he would have back his money. But he would never understand that on his first day there. He deduced the situation. He thought the woman had told him that he would have to pay for its use. He

just found that unsuitable. He didn't understand that he would have to take his money back. Then, he muttered something and kept shopping and carrying the things on his hands, with difficulty. On the exit, the woman charged him the paper bag that was usual, in order to aware people to the pollution of that material. Noticing the difficulty of the situation, she decided not to charge him, due to the impossible communication.

He soon met people from his country. They became colleagues and decided to have meal together. It was a genuine Italian restaurant. They had the menu on their hands. The young man only had natural drinks. But he didn't know how to order. The waiter was waiting for his order. First and passion fruit juice. The waiter patiently pointed, telling him that juice wasn't part of the menu, just typical Italian drinks. So, he ordered a grape juice. They didn't have that either. Desperate, he saw written there the only word he knew: red wine. And so it was. Later, it was time to choose the meal. The waiter was already impatient. He first ordered a very common bird, which wasn't tradition in Italy. Consequently, they didn't have it. And, noticing the waiter was getting more and more furious, he decided for a pizza. He didn't choose the flavor, because he couldn't understand it. And the drinks arrived. When the waiter put the wine on the table, the conclusion: he didn't drink wine. And when arrived the pizza, there was no meat, it was of mushrooms. There was nothing he could do about it. His preferences had to be forgotten. Owing to the difficulty of communication. And everybody ate - after that mess. He drank the wine. One glass was equivalent to a whole bottle for him, because he had no habit. He got a little dizzy. He remembered the farm. It was happy like there. And they left next.

He had no watch. He went to a big store and after leaving the vendors plenty busy; he finally bought one of his preferences. He asked them to adjust the watch to the right time. It was done. The next day was his first class. The way to the school was deserted. He thought everyone was still sleeping. He arrives at the building. He gets in. He waits for the time to start the classes. The alarm bell strikes. And the classrooms doors open. Everybody is inside. It was the ending of the first horary. His watch was at the right time, in fact, however, if the summer horary was not considered. He was late one hour. Ashamed, he enters the classroom and tries to give an explanation – it's useless. He studied through the weekdays. His studies didn't produce well. On the weekends, he visited the cities nearby, with the finality of knowing the country.

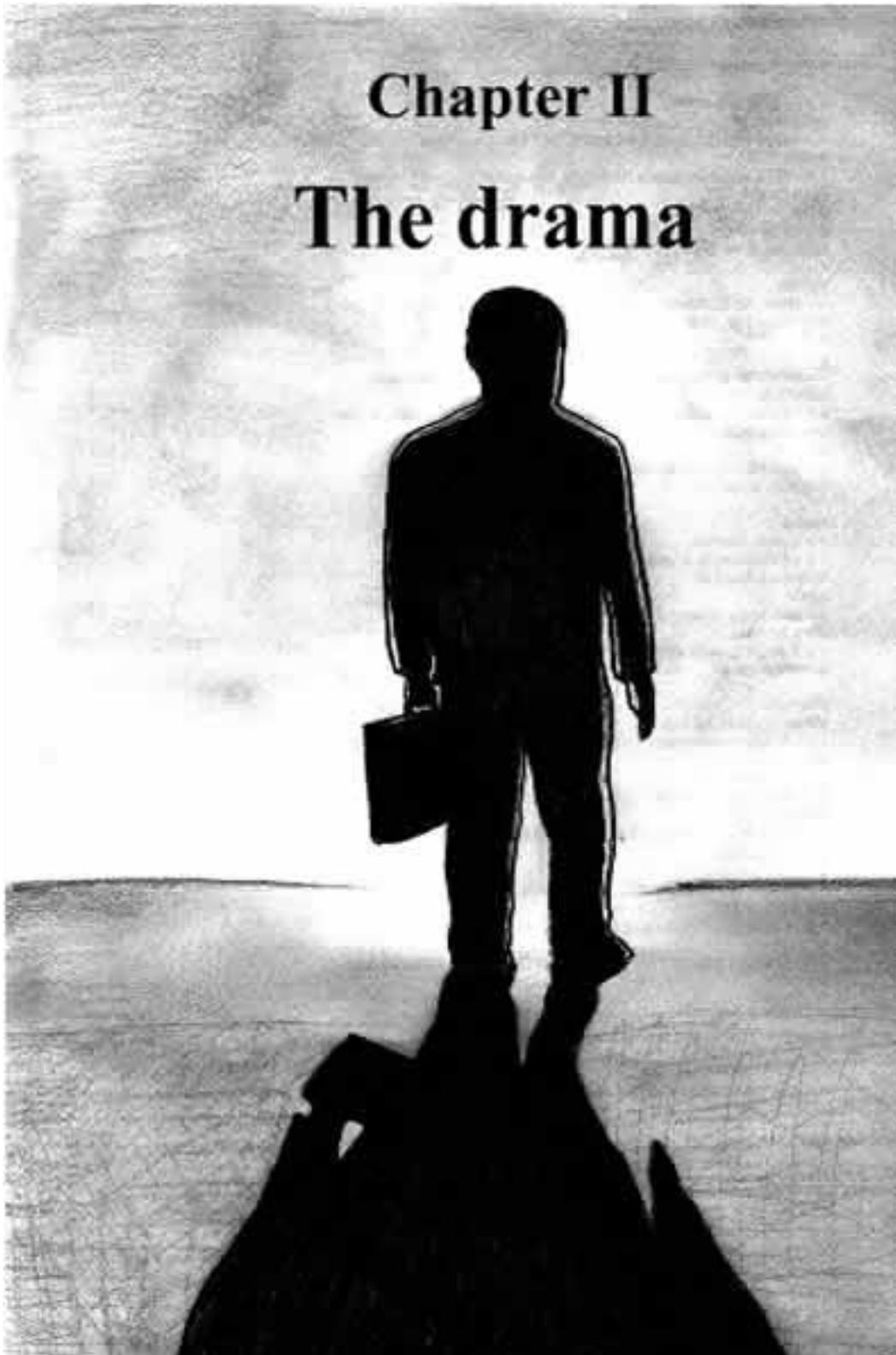
He got to know the bright city - Paris. The streets were pure art works. The bridges above the Sena were delightful. The Eiffel tower, majestically, dominated the view. The museums distributed culture to those who wanted to enter it. He left the hotel with a map on his hands and an address in his pocket, of a friend he intended to visit. He walked through the streets of that great city. He crossed entire avenues. He passed by street crossings and on the way he took numberless photos of the buildings he found architect ally interesting. He did the trajectory exclusively on foot. He arrived, after walking approximately three miles, to the indicative place. The address was wrong. He couldn't find his friend. Tired, he began to search for a taxicab to take him back.

Like every organized town, the taxis have certain cab-stands to take passengers. Lender didn't know that. In front of the train station, a building of notable dimensions and an incalculable artistic beauty, he stayed a long time waiting for a taxi to stop there. He just didn't succeed. And on each signal he made, the taxi drivers didn't stop the vehicle and pointed the other street for him to go. Confused, after passing countless automobiles that indicated to him the same thing, he decided to see what was different on the other street. When arriving there, he saw an enormous line of well-suited people, with their bags and suitcases. He thought the train station was a luxurious hotel. And the tourists waited for the taxicabs, in that immense line. He decided to risk. Then everything made sense, it was really a station, not a hotel. And that was the cab-stand where all the taxi drivers had previously showed him. He took a car. Just to the things get worse, the driver was Korean

and spoke only English. The communication was established thanks to a map, where the local he wanted to go was written. He orientated based on it and they drove to the desired destiny.

Chapter II

The drama



Chapter II

The Drama

The beginning of the drama was the church, the church and the choir, in the cathedral of the city recently rebuilt. A man prostrated in front of the image of the saint, perhaps as a sign of conversion. He observed everything, without judging or mentioning the intentions of those who contemplate His faith. Just a mental observation for the attitude of what was there.

He couldn't wait for the time to meet his friends who lived in Berlin. He departed from the charming city on the inner of that country – Freiberg – where he visited the cathedral, carrying nothing but the telephone number of his couple of friends. He had no other information. The phone number, acquired from a call to the man's company, seemed to be enough. Lender had little knowledge about the idiom. He got in the train, at approximately one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Only one change between trains during the journey. Everything was very comfortable. Peaceful. But Lender, as always, he had a special ability for getting into unequivocal situations. What seemed to be a short journey lasted forever. The train delayed more than half an hour. A land slide blocked the course, forcing a stop to reorganize the connections. Such thing was rare in that country. But it wasn't the first time. From the countless times he traveled by train, only the departure and return travels didn't delayed, when he dislocated by train to the airport.

Arriving there, he was exhausted, wanted only a nice bath and a bed. He took a cab, the driver got lost, in spite of having a map that indicated the inn where he planned to stay. The driver, a little disturbed, refused to go on and, turning off the meter, he drove back to the station. He, however, sighted, like by a miracle, the installation, already in the middle of the course, after giving up searching for the inn. Thus, he was satisfied. He calculated the course which had not been computed and left a generous tip. Mostly for the honesty with what the driver conducted the vehicle.

In the reception, the ill-will of the attendant on waiting that Lender translated, word after word, what he was saying, yonder the mimicking and the gesticulations to improve the comprehension, drove him furious. Lender didn't care. What he wanted most was a shower and a bed. After achieving it, he decided to call his friends. The communication, restricted and inefficient, impeded him of annotating the number. He went back to the reception. The attendant got desperate on seeing him again. He wanted to know where he could exchange some money. It was a Friday night. All exchange-offices would be closed – the man argued. The despair overcame him. He had little resources to stay the weekend in that city and needed urgently to exchange some money. The situation got worse when he realized he could stay only one night there, having to look for a hotel to check in, on the next morning.

He was tired. He didn't know the rules with sure. He went to the bathroom which was collective. He didn't have enough courage for handling that. He went back to his room and spread his things around the space. He didn't realize it was a shared room. For a while, when he left the room, to do his physiological necessities, he thought someone had stolen his wallet. But soon, he remembered where he had left it. Already in the bunk, he inadvertently took the blanket of the bed above. In the middle of the dawn, the scare. Someone entered the room. He was a Japanese man. They saluted each other. And the Nipponese left again. Lender rose up and started arranging his belongings in order, next to his bed. Inexperienced, he didn't use the key to put his personal objects in the wall cabinet. Later, another person arrives and awakes him. As who showed to be taking back something that belongs to him. And still somnolent, Lender sees him extending his arm, indicating he was taking back his blanket. His face gets blushed, for the absurd of

inadvertently taking alien property. But there was nothing else to do. Just to apologize, the next morning.

It's morning. He salutes the Japanese, who lefts next. The communication happened in English, from both parts, some stuttering in German. Then, there weren't sufficient conditions to establish contact. A few minutes later, the other, above, on the bunk, wakes up. The apology is finally asked. With a tourist book on his hands, Lender asks his colleague for some orientation. The man, very patient, observes and waits for the slow formation of the sentences, in the local language. Luckily, the young man is German. And that would make the development of the story a lot easier. Lender tells him about his troubles. The wrong phone number, the impossibility of exchanging money and his little knowledge of the tourist locations of the city. The man observes calmly and decides to help him.

They both brushed their teeth. They made their beds and put sheets and blankets in their origin place. They went next to the refectory. Everything the man did, Lender naturally repeated, aiming to make no mistakes. In the refectory, their got to know each other better, in spite of the faults in the communication. Heiko and Lender left. They went to a telephone booth, where he tried to re-establish contact with their friends again. What he was afraid of was confirmed. The phone number was wrong, in fact. Heiko had his vehicle near and both got in the car and searched for numberless bank stations, where he could draw out some money. The attempt was in vain. However, with his kind nature, Heiko offered Lender shelter, in his residence, which was two hours away from Berlin. With no choice, the offer was accepted.

And so they went, through the city. Heiko decided to go to the supermarket and then to the barbershop, on the way. And both went. In the supermarket, the embarrassment of feeling impotent, watching the man overspend, to satisfy his new friend. But when they leave the establishment, they catch sight of an ATM. Happiness of what he hasn't and sadness of what helps him. Lender tries to draw out some money. He types the password on the screen. The transaction fails. He tries again and the same thing happens. He observes, distrustful. The irritation of not achieving it makes him wonder about what Heiko would think: "First, he takes my blanket, and now he can't get any money." So, he decides to call his parents on the phone. It's already dawn in the origin country. And they woke up. Lender, relieved, writes down his password. The money is abstracted from the machine. The sadness due the broken agreement was still in Heiko's face. Lender said the agreement was still valid and both go to the barbershop.

In the barbershop, a long wait. The doors opened minutes later. A good opportunity to ask questions and make some short sentences, so they know each other better and also, to ask for the desired haircut. The crowd agglomerates. The doors open. Everyone runs to get their numbers and wait for their turn. But it was alright. Things now seemed to be coming back to normality. And the bother of a bad weekend was already gone. The barbershop's surrounding was modern. The walls were purposely harmed and part of the plaster was visible. On the walls, pictures brought men and women in artistic nudity. The environment was moved by metallic music. The professional, who bathed the hair in preparation for the cut, danced with the music. Harmony everywhere. Some really modern haircuts of some people, remembered the "hippies" from decades ago. Lender's turn had arrived. The request he managed to memorize in that language was to "do it the way you think its better". His nervousness didn't let him want something he was more used to. So, it was more commodious to not complicate, in that situation. Both had their hair cut and gave a generous tip, because of the good look proportionate. The two of them went for a "city tour". They visited the ruins of the Berlin Wall. They stopped to take photos. Then, they passed in front of the tower of Alexandreplatz square. More photos. And that was enough. The record of the city was done. They went to Heiko's city. On the way, the car dies.

“Is there any problem?” – Asked Lender, internally. No, the fuel was over. Now it was his time to get angry. The gas station was a little less than fifty meters away. Showing there was no problem on pushing the car there; they stepped out and started to do it. In the gas station, Lender offered some money, to share the expenses. Heiko refused vehemently.

The trajectory was magnificent. The pine trees forest inspired a medieval atmosphere. The farms near had hay rolled up the pastures. And some plantations extended to the surroundings of the trees. The little villages were simple. There weren't much luxury on its exterior. Usually, a church followed the few houses of those villages. They also saw some rivulets and passed through short bridges, until entering Heiko's city. The picturesque town and the pleasant aspect of his friend made Lender very confident. Both walked into the house. And left their belongings in the bedroom. The gift he had brought to his friends, as a form of gratefulness, he gave to Heiko, who at every time knew how to help who needed, with dignity and pureness.

Heiko offered his friend a boat trip, on a river nearby. Both went to the garage where the boat was and put it above the car. Already on the margin of the river, they retracted the boat of the vehicle and put on the river's cot. Its water wasn't crystalline. Sort of greenish, it seemed to contain lots of residues from the trees on the edges. Definitely it wasn't pollution. And, down the river, both went through its curves. It was needed to know the sport's language to handle the peel he had on his hands. And patiently, Heiko explained him, with signs and words. Minutes later, Lender was already acting like a real athlete. The excitement with the new sport, made him exaggerate and speed up the rhythm. For many times, by distraction, he let the canoe twist in some trunk under water, and he also collided with some branches of trees nearby.

In the middle of the journey – they stop for a snack. It was a clearing in the woods. There was there a kind of Gaullist village by the surroundings. In that opening, there was a house on the background, and a few meters closer, there was a table waiting for them. They took out all the food and headed to a little bench. They opened the bottle of wine with difficulty, once they had forgotten the cork-puller. They stayed there for about one hour, talking and eating the fruits they had brought. On the river, other embarkations passed around the opening space. They communicated a little and proceeded with their journey. Both decided to keep the leftovers and to go with the other oarsmen. On the meeting, another stop for a little conversation and then they went on, because the time established for the end of the trip was coming.

The enchantment of birds of all sorts gave an uncommon sonority to that forest. It was spring time. Ducks marched around the river's margin with its suckling. When scared, the ducks dispersed quickly, leaving alone its frightened suckling. It was the survival instinct. In some spots, they saw flooded areas, forming a little swamp, where the brushes marched with its imponent banners. And now landed on it, light blue dragonflies, or in full flight, colored the side-view. The river was calm. Only two cascades in almost four miles of adventure. In the end of the journey, their feet get stuck in the mud. But they manage to get out without falling.

His friends come along. The little boat is taken and put on the top of the car. They went back to town. Now, already in Heiko's house, he prepares the bathtub with natural salts and his friend, very thankful, takes his bath. After so many kindnesses, Lender invites him to lunch in a restaurant. Both decide to have Chinese food. And everything was doing fine. It was like a dream. It was all happiness. On the next morning, they walk back to Berlin. His friend says a heartfelt farewell. And the friendship which appeared in such unexpected way was now definitely sacramented.

On his way home, on his greenish years, however not so immature in his mental age, he went to visit his old fellows. Things there didn't look so hostile anymore. It seemed

like someone was watching him and filming his acts. But how? He always wondered, because there wasn't anybody around him, everything was only the shadows of trees and old buildings.

The sensation was getting bigger day by day, until it came the moment to return to his country. In the airport, the scene was already prepared. The theater, which before had started in the Cathedral, had its continuation. A man distracted the public, as someone who is trying to help. And his ears were the only immune to the sound of the instrument playing. And there were long hours of distraction for the audience. And the hour had arrived, the flight departed and, as Lender presupposed, the man wouldn't get on board, because his task there was already accomplished.

On the flight back, another man, whose age gave perfect indication he was already an elder person, struck up a conversation. Very sympathetic and communicative, he suggested Lender not to let the world judge him as an egocentric being, and to try to solve all his problems in a serene way. Poor Lender, he didn't know anything, not even that his alimentation contained certain spices that made the disease corrode his body quickly.

On the way, the confirmation that it was needed to declare his luggage to the custom house. He got worried, because he hadn't brought with him any proofs of his belongings. But soon came the information that they had been dispensed from it in that flight and the inquiring would be only of informative character. They arrive in the big industrial city. He says goodbye to the old man who accompanied him on the flight. He gets tense waiting for his luggage. There was another flight next. The time was short for the departure. His luggage is late, one of the last, by the way. At the time to show the passport to enter the country, only he is dispensed and he enters the country with no identification required. Following that, he ran to take another flight, in the last moment; a pleasant woman was next to his seat. On the other side, there was an illustrious person of that country, who hours later, in the end of the flight, commented that his problems were many already and now he would have to handle another one, insinuating his look to the young man.

Distrustful, and disembarking on his town, he called home. His parents were asleep but decided to meet him. The hours were now initiating the next day. Lender was all fatigue and disturbance. His body was already overcome by the long hours of the trip. It was all sadness, or the beginning of it.

At the first moment, with his parents, the young man opened his heart and started talking about the incident which had happened on his way back. But incredulous, his parents asked him to forget about it. And they decided not to do anything regarding that. They were passing by and the situation was getting tenser. The lights on the street were shut down at night and that made him think he was being target of some kind of retaliation.

The first day back at work wasn't many productive, once that the fatigue from the traveling consumed his body. It was useful to update the news. Everybody got together, in order to welcome him back. The sun was already hitting the window that illuminated the lake. The pictures, on the table entertained his co-workers, along with the explanations about details of his trip. The sensation of the discomfort of the latest occurrences was still in his mind. And he tried to catch any information about what had happened to him in his conversations with the others.

He decided to go to the library, to be sure of what was really happening to him. It was the library of the town-council. Passing through the metal detector, he went directly to the librarian table, where it's the identification to enter the building is obligatory, but his identification was dispensed one more time. While he got in, some people passed by him with the expression of knowing him from somewhere in their faces. He got even more intrigued. He reached the library. He asked for the day's newspaper. He read, nothing was found. He approached the librarian who had attended him so kindly and said: "God knows

what to do". She smiled, satisfied with what she heard, putting the newspaper back. In that same place, he decided to have his lunch. The room was replete of people. He wondered if many of them were there just to watch him. Even though he didn't find any references about him on that paper, he still wasn't convinced that nothing unusual had happened. He wanted to know why those people were all looking at him. It was sort of sickly. When he finished his meal, he left the building and went back to his work on foot, indignant with that situation.

The young man, on the first weekend, realized everything was already set up. His intuition induced him feeling like he was being chased, more and more, in his work, such as in the end of his journey, when getting back home. In a certain moment, when he was already home, in the evening, he perceived a little nervousness around. His father surprisingly invited him to go out have a chicken-stick on a street near to theirs. An unusual invitation. The lights on the street were out. They went to have an appetizer. There, the atmosphere was a little tense. With no explanation, a man positioned the bus in the same direction of his father. Lender and his brother were set down, both with a worried look on their faces. Next to that, a black car, with two men inside, stopped nearby, observing them. Foreseeing something wrong, Lender took the stick and then said he was going to eat at home. So, they passed through the dark alley one more time. That strange car kept following them, as observing if the young man was really going to eat that. Then, Lender, in sight of the observers put a piece in his mouth and pretended to be chewing the food. Entering another alley, he spited all out, without anyone noticing it. Arriving home, he offered the others a bite. His mother was in the telephone, talking to a friend. Nobody wanted to have a piece of that chicken-stick he had on his hands. The young man went to the trash can and threw that out. He was now desperate. He tried to call his friend, in Germany. The machine answered, even though he didn't dial the international prefix. He didn't realize that, only months later. Then he went to the computer, to send a desperate message to all his internet friends.

"I need help, please make contact with an
Embassy of any European country.
Lender Xxxxxx Cccccc"

Impetuous, Lender kept talking about the federal government's actions the whole week. He was deeply revolted with the conditions of living of his fellow citizens. Many in state of great satisfaction and material joy and others in misery. In the nation of the fellow countrymen, he criticized the salary that workers received per month in his native country. The system, quite unfair, induced thousands into a life of precarious conditions of leisure and existence.

In certain moments, it seemed like his work colleagues forced him to talk about the negative aspects of the country he had been to. Very untruthful about the intentions of them, he changed the subject of the conversations, avoiding talking, so he didn't get compromised. When someone asked him about the people he lived together with, in the classroom and out of it, they all seemed to know about the details and the confusions he got in, which were not unusual. Like for instance, he was induced to say he was a Nazi and that he sustained feelings against the Jewish people. However, Lender had nothing against the Jewish people and admired them for their capacity of overcoming difficult situations.

The days were tense; and Lender was talking too much about things he wasn't supposed to. And he didn't stop to criticize the oppressors of the people, those who utilized the poverty to be elected and keep on the system of domination, at all costs. One

day, he asked about his sister, who was out traveling. And his parents tried to show him a handwritten letter, which content was a threat to his sister's integrity.

“Dear Ms. Mariana, I really liked your daughter. She's an adorable person. I'm looking forward to the day to get back and meet you all again. She doesn't stop talking about her little brother. She's always weeping, but I'm taking good care of her. She misses you so much. And she also misses the little boy next door, and I'm crazy to know him too. Your daughter is behaving well, and I hope you like the little gift I sent you annexed to this letter. I love you all. I still don't know Lender, and I hope to know him someday.

Your Portuguese friend, Joanna.”

Stupefied and obstinate with his personal problems, Lender didn't show he had really understood the meaning of that letter. After a very busy couple days, he read it one more time and it came up to his mind the threatening situation. Already late that evening, he woke up, lied down on his parent's bed and asked them if all that was really true. They confirmed, and desperate, the young man, who rarely used to cry, was now in tears. They told him not to worry, once they had people to help them.

In the morning, Lender brought up the subject. His parents acted like he was crazy. Nothing of what had happened had been mentioned by them. They assumed a role of preoccupation about Lender, saying he was inventing a new reality. Untruthful and angry with the controversy of that history, Lender agreed on going through medical exams, in order to solve the problem, although he just had completely lost his trust on his parents. He barely knew that they were all being watched, as mere characters of an endless intrigue.

The help came from the media. His parents turned on the television. The news were on, its notices headlines were heard by those who worked there. Then, it was comprised and everything seemed to calm down. It was an absurdity to think about using those means, but it was logical, once there was communication. The movements and questions were comprehended and everything was fine.

The young man went to the general clinic. His mother demonstrated to have less self-control than Lender, who looked at her, trying to show that it was all right, except for the simulation that was just about to get started. The doctor medicated him, and also his mother, who was panic-stricken, and then suggested a set of medical examinations, with the objective of detecting any use of drugs. “Nothing to worry about, and nothing to owe” – thought the young man, for many times. The exams were done, all negative. It was now a task for a psychiatrist.

In the doctor's office, his father insisted on saying the symptoms, as of Lender were totally inert and incapable to feel what was passing through his mind. And the doctor was tremulous. His hands seemed to fear something. Before that, Lender had perceived the presence of policemen there, who went to the superior floor. Maybe it was that – thought Lender. Then, the professional asked him what he was feeling, why he was there, and if he had been abducted; or if he had ever had any experience in which his sexual organs had suffered a surgery, on his dreams, or other things considered absurd by the humanity. Astute and foreseeing the danger, he knew that the doctor was talking about things which did happened to him years ago, but didn't answer right away; he preferred to dissimulate and to omit the facts.

Already home, with his health attestation, he was afraid of leaving his house, because the pressure was getting bigger and bigger. It all seemed to be a great act of dramatization, in which the characters were from real life. His sister, who supposedly was

being “squeezed” there in the industrial city, made Lender watch out for the things he said. He tried not to offend people with his mental considerations.

So it started, since then, the marriage with the media. On the live shows, there was synchronization with the hosts. In all the channels of national television. He heard; and for many times was heard. His fascination for the TV news increased sensitively. The nation was about to face a serious social crisis. The social misery condemned thousands of children, who lived striving after food leftovers and materials which could be re-utilized in the rubbish, attempting for some maintenance. They didn't go to school, and didn't have houses, because viaducts aren't homes.

Inside this context, the young man felt in the obligation of giving a significant contribution due to what was happening and to motivate the citizens to look to the lack of actions that provoked such social difference. He abandoned, from that moment on, his inherent necessity for success and of making money with that situation. Then, he started to enumerate social problems, aiming to provoke indignation in those who were watching, and to generate with that, a kind of pacifist movement, in the signification that a united people is a powerful people, in order to clean definitively the dirty mark of the misery from the adjacent of the homes.

His critiques seemed to gain power, although it was illusory. Something that will be explained later. The problems were presented to him, and like magic, the solutions appeared in his mind. Answers for the problems that for long afflicted the population. Like those who afflicted the rural producers, the small industries and the victims from the drought.

The agriculture was the main force of the nation. But the cattle rising was claiming for help. The milk, of poor quality, didn't attend the orders, each time more exigent for quality and the producers complained about the hawkers, who caught most part of the earnings. Lender suggested a system where the producer negotiated directly with the commerce, in order to increase his earnings. Half of the production would be destined to processing, in the own farm. The idea was to have well-nourished milk. The other half would for industry use, with lower costs, to compensate the profits loss in the milk production by the industries. Which would be specialized in derivatives, at a lower cost, reducing the final price for the consumer, followed by crescent increasing of the sales? The financing would come from the own government, which would be responsible for the modernization of the farms, propitiating the growth of the sector.

The small companies also complained about the lack of resources to modernize their installations. After a few days, the young man proposed the State to dispose from the capital restrained from the banks to become the propeller agent in the machinery financing necessary to move the small industries. The scheme consisted in the government giving up on part of the importation taxes and lowering the taxes in such a way that re-equipping the companies would be something worthwhile for those who wanted to do it. The businessmen would have a reasonable period of time to pay their loans, with tariffs lower than the market ones, to exempt their obligations.

The fields didn't flower on the Northeast of the country. The lack of rain gave to the man of the hinterland a devastated look, seeing his herd of cattle drinking the scarce water of the muddy well. One time salty, another time clean, the animal, with no other choice, consumed it. Not so far, 60 miles from there, the river runs to the sea. Maybe this is the solution for those who suffer, thought Lender. To make with tubes, water ways with pressure mechanisms, to bring water from the lower instance to the ones in high platforms. And such systems, with a river that would dry in the hard drought times, to make well-waters to the formation of strategically weirs, with the exclusive finality of reserve and distribution resource.

And, a while later, they also discussed about the unemployment problem. The solution was simple. The government would make loans in the international banks, through well-elaborated projects, in order to the foreign capital really accomplished its task – growth. The lemma: to pay the bills of the industries modernization. But, in the actual century, to modernize might represent the lowering of employed labor – some people would surely say. The objective would be exactly this. To lower the active labor. The companies modernized with capital from the State, would consequently, produce goods and services in a much bigger scale and with better quality. With the increasing production, provoked by the investment, part of it would go back to the public safes, to the accomplishment of the loans devolution and salary payment of the employees who weren't necessary to that company anymore. Each time a new re-investment were necessary, the State would provide a new modernization. People would now dedicate themselves to other activities, such as, social or artistic, while the machines would execute the heavy work.

Between one of these events and other, aiming to become attached to the forming net, the seduction shown as an advantage, exclusively in order to obtaining attention, Lender became a prisoner of the destiny. In the beginning, a love was shown to him, but didn't reflect on him something deeper. In a second, just a manifested wish of, among angelical melodies, the fear for the unknown was gone. However, as days were passing through, that thing which had been shown to him little by little started dominating his mind, and the passion bloomed, while the difficulties proliferated.

“Love is a rose that when sprouts
Transforms the heart of the beloved being.

Only love don't corrupt the soul – from love arises
The perfume that overflows the soul.

Beautiful the loving hummingbirds. The sun
Might absent and illuminate the stair's steps no more.

The moon might reflect the immense ocean no more.

The eyes may not shine any more like in former times. But everything has its compensations in life. Today your heart may be dark, tomorrow it is smiling. It is all a matter of looking inside ourselves.

I like several fowls and birds, the roads, the forests, the colors of the flowery garden. I like the rosemary, the sky-lark, and the tulips that fly on heaven's garden and not to touch it, in behalf of life.

The blue lake, the life on the moonlight, the ring of the sea, the mountain and the trolley, the serenade in enlacements. After all, I love life.”

And the love he felt unclasp in his inner was deep and intense. He couldn't hide it in his thoughts, neither the joy of seeing, day after day, his contentment. He walked along the border of fiction. Because half of him was home and the other was on the other side of the screen. Nothing made the affection by Lender conceived. Such a pure feeling. Controlled by who wasn't supposed to understand what is to feel, in fact. The nets of the manipulation gave an aspect of futility to what the normal people were used to feel.

One night, he had the visit of a friend. When seeing him, his friend came to him and, squeezing his hands, gave him a tight hug. Lender wasn't waiting for that hug. He got confused, but it was friendly and genteel. Even though he wasn't an emotional person, Lender welcomes him kindly. He felt something strange, warmth that came from his friend inner and passed to him. They talked for a while and, worried about his friend's security, Lender concluded the conversation so he could leave without problems. Both went to the door. A white car, with three men inside was waiting for him on the other side of the street. Maybe it was pure coincidence, but the reality was the fear he was feeling inside, after so

many occasional "coincidences". The days passed by and in Lender's mind it was like those men had done something wrong with his friend. Everything conspired against Lender. It was the paranoia emerging.

An invitation. His sister was already home. His parents were energetic: everyone's got to go to the party. Lender suspects about the proposition. He supposes it is a way to escape. He packs his things up. He organizes his belongings and gets ready for the party. Part of the street is completely deserted. And that makes him get even more worried. Arriving there, the expectation for the arrival of their contact. False expectation. There wasn't anyone. He gets disappointed, but happy at the same time, thinking that in that exact moment, the ones who were persecuting him would be in his house, taking their wires of. When they arrived home, a car had just left the neighbor's house. They looked military dressed. One of them stares at his father's face while walking away. He gets frightened. But in complacency with Lender, he smiles. He thought: "Maybe it was a trap, so they were filmed on tape when entering the house". His heart seemed a little calmer now. His mother comments, like she had heard Lender's thoughts: "This is really my country. You better don't think I will ever leave it". However, the tension continues.

Chapter III

The letters



Chapter III

The Letters

It comes to a point that he is not allowed to make considerations about the nation. So, the young man tries to alert the world for the eminence of so many wars, and that it could make the humanity go through ways of great penury and suffering. Then he starts to write letters, as according to the TV news report the global problems. And a war had been devastating a European country for a long time. A conference with the American countries was going through in that nation and Cuba's president felt disturbed with the economical blockade. Intending to contribute with the humanity, Lender wrote a letter:

“Over the past decades, our world has lived a period where the humanity searched intensely, to defend points of view, ideologies, social forms of conduct and a retaking

Of the values deriving from “faith”, causing thus, a bipolarization of concepts. The effects verified where, among others, increasing of the violence, intolerance and a constant unbalance of world peace.

In some situations, like for instance the recent war in Kosovo, the nations proved that together they might contribute for the progress of the humanity. The United States, as soon as the critical part of the war was over, volunteered to offer financial help to the parts involved in the conflict, a laudable attitude and meritorious of global appreciation.

The past oppresses and the era of the extremisms has not finished yet. Conflicts will always occur, because the transformation must occur in the individual first and go from him to the home circles. The impression transmitted, expresses the eternal fight between “The Good and The Evil” – the illusory conflict – which makes the whole civilization attach to eternal thoughts of domination, power and money.

We are all orphans. And much must be done so that the humanity prospers. On the ideological field, the imposition of strict norms to the population, by some governments, took many nations to the stagnation of the progress (such as ex-URSS) and capitalism has also failed, showing to be incapable of eradicating the symptoms of poverty and social disproportion.

Maybe the war in Kosovo might be an alert to the governments to seek for the co operations among people, as a way to fortify alliances and reduce world differences. Russia was capable of reverting its points of view and decided for opening the doors to the recovering of the growth.

Will our world be able to change its destiny? (Will you do it???) We must have courage, so we do not repeat our mistakes in the past. The self-determination of people must be respected, as well as the human rights must be obeyed. Like for instance, Cuba, in the past, committed a fault by capturing their own people into one of these idealisms, but the truth is that the embargo imposed took that nation to a tragedy. And who loses, as always, are the people, forced to live privations in their way of life. Why saying no to the cooperation, in spite of polarizing capitalists and communists idealisms? If Russia has flown off at a tangent, maybe Cuba is waiting the chance to do it also.

Concerning the religious subject, why fighting in name of God, if He is the same for all of us? We must never forget that although we

live gathered as countries, the planet Earth are only one; and the humanity is unique. In life everything goes by, time oscillates, and from extreme to extreme, the bad weather might induce millions to genocide.

And will you change? Will you have courage to make the changes?"

And in the young man's mind through the news on TV, the impression that his request had been accepted. The media, although a friend, showed to be collaborating, for countless times, to Lender's mind got even more confused and entered paranoia. It was an endless induction. And in the United Kingdom, there were people protesting for the freedom of speech. Scotland wanted its dreamed independence. Commotion was the factor that put the young man in motion to continue thinking and writing new letters. He wanted the world to be transformed as he saw on his dreams – a universal unity for peace.

"I do not contest, oh Lady of all Ladies, the power by God relied on you. However, looking at your kingdom, I see sons crying for liberty.

You, of a noble heart, know the break of the day of the eagle flying over the mountain has the magnitude of many suns. You also know sad are the birds which do not hoverfly the mountains in the dawn.

Dry, oh grandiose, the tears of those who cry and with them construct a new United Kingdom."

Next step – audacity. The young man wanted more, always more. To solve the problems which afflicted the world. He saw the Arabian people wanted peace and so he planned a way to help them find the easiest form to achieve his objective. He had in his home the two sacred books God had confided to men. The Koran and the Bible. With the intention to provide concordance, and aware he was being observed, he started to read in the morning, passages of the two Sacred books. While the reading proceeded, he felt more serene, and the reading of both scriptures seemed to indicate the same meaning, the unity around the Creator.

Lender had no feelings of disdain for any religion. All he wanted was a united world, once those religions have as an objective to elevate the soul. And then, afraid to be misunderstood, he decided to write one more letter. Fearful, he tried to choose well the words he used and to express his admiration for the Arabian people and for the Occident.

"Faith must be used to bring back the values of the soul, not a propeller agent of the lack of understanding and of the hate that passes from generation to generation.

Christians, Jewish and Moslems, as for having a common origin, should be united in the search for world peace.

The Arab world needs political stability. Governments and religious leaders, together, could aware their people for solidarity, love for their neighbors - indifferently to the creeds of each one.

In the region where there are tensions, if one side gives up and declares its intention of following by the path of peace and cooperation, the others will go to the same direction. It is needed to make the first move. And who will do it? Then, the whole Occident and the whole Arab world will celebrate the Universal Fraternity."

And always the next day, or in the noon, the answer came to him through the media, that his request was being analyzed. And like the others, the request was attended.

A few days later, the leaders of Palestine and Israel met to celebrate peace. But Lender wanted more. He wouldn't be satisfied by stopping, so he remembered that more problems around the world could be solved, once that his letters were being attended and resulting on good things. He decided to write one last letter to the nations he knew still had problems:

"Letter to the Orient

The climatic changes in our planet have caused great environmental disasters. Actually, the Giant of the Orient – China – suffers with a disaster of big proportions, due to excessive raining.

It is proper to its neighbors, as a gesture of solidarity, to help the homeless. Inhabitants of the Tibet, Japanese and Indians, along side with other countries, could make efforts in order to co-ordinate a way to help, in partnership with Beijing's government.

The world evolves, and the disagreements from the past must be overcome. China should not be observed as a threat no more, to be a friend nation; and Beijing's government must recognize the people of Tibet as solitary nation.

Agreements concerning nuclear weapons elimination, in the region, must be signed, as well as in the rest of the world.

Faith exists in India and it is grand, however, many suffer with the caste system. It is not done here any criticism about any religion, but the retaking of love as an overpass and foundation to overcome the difficulties.

The future of an Orient where people can live in wealth abundance of material and spiritual assets. Will you also be capable to change, as the Occident is?"

In order to be listened in the last letter he wrote to the Orient, Lender used as artifice a balloon game. The balloon was to him an instrument of communication with the exterior world. His finger, when touched the ball, sounded like a mooing of a cow: "MOO...moo...moo..." that, in Japanese, symbolizes emptiness. So the child spent hours and hours playing with his communication object. We wanted to be understood by the oriental people, mostly the Buddhists, in order to have their comprehension and to help their neighbor, which was being castigated by torrent rain. The message came from the screen: "They are asking for a little time and they are kindly analyzing the solution you gave".

And then it came the shock. Lender found out that those letters were in a book he had bought in a bookstore some time ago. They were the prophecies of the Prophet Nostradamus. Would Lender be the Chiron that so many talked about? The young man didn't know what to think. He surprised and at the same time his mind entered in paranoia. That was the principle of the craziness.

On his insanity, he only did things "allowed" to him. The criticisms, in national level, sounded like something forbidden to him. So, he contained himself observing the international happenings. And the revolution in Iran succeeded. People went to the streets to make protests against the way the political influence was carried the country. Lender proposed to say:

The only solution I see in presidential elections, in which every party may participate in equal conditions, on international moulds and in 60 days."

And so, as there was communication with the television news, the information of the solution was heard and analyzed by Lender. And the message that what he said was being appreciated came in implied sense on the news. When he had nothing to do, the child, pretty grown up already, had fun with the pieces of the domino. He liked to make drawings with the pieces. For a while he did an interrogation mark, as saying: "Will they change the world?" The message that came from the television a little later was: "You have so much power in your hands that you dare playing with it?" And Lender's ego seemed to dislocate to his inner each time more. It was thus, an attempt to make him a human being more and more egocentric, up to a certain point he would lose his notion of the real world.

Insane. Insane. Insane. On the next morning, the revolution that happened in behalf of that nation's president had been interrupted by other big manifestation, provoked by those who didn't agree with approach of the day before. The TV news demanded an attitude from Lender to decide how to solve the problem. Chiron (children) didn't know how to avoid the deaths that were happening and at the same time felt guilty in interfering. But it would be certain, after, that nothing he could say was affecting the sequence of facts. Then, playing with a balloon, he used his father in a word game that induced to an answer:

"Lender> Do you know probability?"

Father> No, I don't. I didn't study much about it.

Lender, as who concentrates with his eyes fixed on the balloon and with his fingertip he equilibrated it

Lender> Elementary statistics, do you understand? Like for example: If I have on my hands two pieces of paper; one with the name of a tea and other with the name of liqueur. And considering you don't know which is which (in other words, if you don't have any cognizance about it), which probability do I have to take one or the other?

Father> 50%, my son.

Lender> Now, if I know one of them, what is the probability for me to take the one I know?

Father> Well, doing this way it's 100%."

And there was the answer that confirmed what Lender had previously said. It was the way he found not to contradict what he had said before. The election was the only manner both parts didn't conflict and so that the people could choose the way they wanted to follow. On the soap operas, at night, the unwitting message that was inlaid was the following: "See, dad, can't you read? The answer already had the solution". In which the father referred to the governor who had been persecuting Lender those days.

The spiral continued, without a concrete basis of reality, each time more similar to the sand, the floor the child was stepping on. His head was getting heavier, as the sentences in his mind ordered him to execute determined tasks but he didn't. Came up to him the message: "Everything have its natural order and the right time to be executed, don't take so long". And the headache wasn't cured even with medicine. Then, waking up early, he came across his parents in the bedroom next to his and opened his heart to them, talking about the things that were afflicted him:

I feel like if I had above my shoulders two sacks of 100 pounds each. The first one I was obliged to open. It's like it flows out a thin sand from it that, when falls down, even though I try to catch it with my hands, it slip from my fingers and hurt the eyes of those who are below me. The

second one I push away from me and you insist putting it on my shoulder again. The sand that might flow out from it will slip between my fingers and will fall in your mouths, and its bitter taste will suffocate you, inducing you to death. And I still haven't opened it yet and I don't plan to do it.

His parents were comprehensive and tried to understand their son. And they were each time more certain on looking for medical help. His fascination for television was increasing and he was in front of it his health was getting poorer. The negative psychosomatic reactions came from his inner; exteriorly the things rarely present abnormal reactions. And the craziness came strong. It didn't dominate his mind no more.

The recess was over and he has to go back to work. He went quite apprehensive and afraid of possible retaliations. He was sure that nothing bad would happen, because he had help and protection. In his conception, he would meet that day, the queen he wrote the letter to. She would supposedly lend a hand to him, with the intention to bring liberty to the son who was here captured. The work was arduous. Everyone was a little scared in the department, due to the sequence of disconnected facts, or to the mental weakness of the colleague who was back to work.

It was lunch time, everyone thought that Lender, in the building, would have his meal, but he opted to leave. Maybe his unconscious was alerting him that someone was looking for him outside. He left the building and started walking down the long avenue. On his way, he saw that a group of tourists were in front of the Cathedral. He deviated his way and entered the monument. Inside, he observed the wooden cross, the angels' statues, and by the exit he saw a group of old-aged people that were just in. A very kind old lady, with artificially colored hair, of bluish color, smiled to him with her eyes. On his way out, he felt his heart pulse, like something was calling him to go talk to that kind-hearted lady who smiled. The queen would have to wait. And he proceeded. Coming back, he gave a tip to a beggar who was in front of the Cathedral. Then, he walked and the strong sun was chinking his head. He went to a shop and had lunch tranquilly, with nothing to worry.

He took a bus and went back to his work. On the way it came to his mind the message that the queen could be visiting some museum. He got off the vehicle and went to the Peace Museum. When he arrived there, he informed his friends he was at the Cathedral. They were surprised and shocked by the information. He would never know the reason of their reaction. One of his co-workers said she was impressed by the last happenings. The afternoon was short, they a lot of work to do. On the next day, he passed in front of the government palace and saw a crowd movement. It was also on his lunch time. He thought maybe it could be her, but he hesitated on getting off the vehicle. By the noon he called his parents to tell them he would go to a lecture about literary works, with a friend. He was on the false expectation of meeting the woman who had unconsciously declined the invitation previously.

With no reason at all, in the lecture he had the false expectation of waiting for the majesty. On his stunned mind, the queen had arrived. There in the precinct a curly haired woman who behaved as a lady. With non-sense, he said his friend that she was present in the precinct, that his heart could feel it. By the end of the lecture, he approached the lady and asked her name. A strange coincidence, their names were identical, only their surnames were different. The woman felt satisfied with the consideration made by the young man. Just like a plebeian would feel when confounded with a noble.

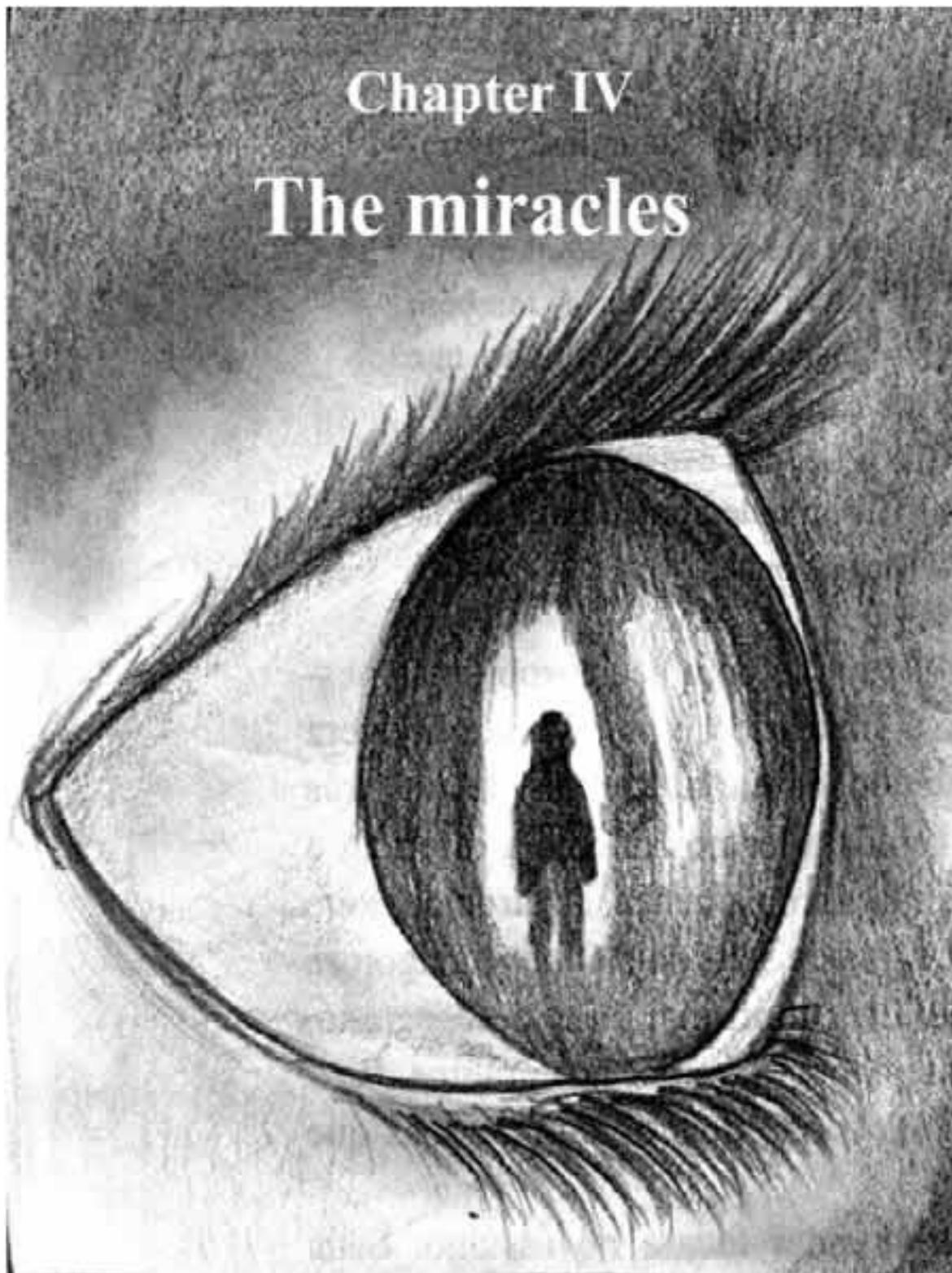
On the way back, the course was dark and the feeling of being persecuted was still strong. For his friend security, he insisted she went to his home. This way he would be more tranquil. Both decided to do it. The next day, it was of rest. And passed the weekend, the anguish of not meeting the Lady again was immense. He hoped to still have a chance to talk to her. His sense made him take a key to the department that day, which symbolized the secret of all those happenings. The apparent reason for such a will to find

her was to warn her of an imminent danger that would stir up the humanity. A planet that was coming in encounter with the Earth and the imminence of a plan which could minimize the fatidic consequences.

There was no meeting that day. And it would never happen, for sure. Because it was all hallucination. At night he went to a friend's house and it was the first time he talked to someone about it. He told her he supposed to have on his hands the control of a device given to him by an extraterrestrial culture, and such device had the power of creating illusions, as psychic control of masses. Such equipment would change the senses in order to create a parallel reality to those each individual lived. And the reason he was being threatened was, possibly, because he was in possession of that material. Lender was sort of an antenna; his friend Amim would be the computer that co-coordinated everything. The junction of both made the equipment move in the space it was in. He wanted to stop, not to go on anymore, because the next happenings would be of pain and destruction to the humankind. He wondered many times if God would really be capable of wanting to eliminate His own creation. How? Once God is love. He felt worse day by day. Without realizing that it was all a manipulation of senses.

His weaker idea still made him think that his friend, Amim was the Buddha that the creeds and people were waiting for so anxious. Then, in front of the difficulties, supplicated that the 'Master' helped him to prove that the power relied on Lender came from the divine will. And that all people were supposed to believe that his mental projections were real, not imaginary. "Chiron" barely knew that it was all stimulus implanted in his psyche.

Chapter IV
The miracles



Chapter IV

The Miracles

It was the miracles stage. On TV, a report about the lack of clinical attendance and the suffering of the patients because of the governmental negligence. The reporter showed an establishment in which the aisles were replete of sick people. The bedsteads, all occupied, besides those mentioned before, gave the dimension of the chaos formed. Children agonized, as well as the elders. Lender got touched, and in state of abnormality, he asked his friend Amim to cure those patients. And he did. Actually, Lender thought his friend had done it.

In the image of the TV, an interview with two famous actresses. In the center, a flowerpot. But without flowers. Both women, very relaxed, gazed each other's eyes, in common thoughts. Then, synchronized with Lender, the 'Master' made a flower stick pop out of the vase. The stick grew and grew, until it reached 2 feet high. The flowers unclasped. The two ladies hugged each other watching the deed. Their eyes were directed to the flowerpot, in a dazzling look. One moment later, he made the flowers shrivel and with his eyes, The Great made the vase twist and float to the height of his head. The magic fails the flowerpot brakes. He patches it. And a stick of spikes of all colors unclasps in front of the eyes of the charming ladies.

Hours later, another actress played the role of pregnant. The desire to eat jack fruit sweet was big. But it wasn't time. And the actor who accompanied the scene said it was only slyness. The scene looked to be live. For Lender, everything was directed to him. Poor lady, he thought. But the power couldn't be used as pure magic demonstration only. But this time, the 'Master', without any request from Lender, got touched and made appear on the set the sweet the woman was so anxious about. It was another symptom of insanity.

One of the actors had lost his wife a long time ago. And was now playing a similar role. His eyes – desolation. His life – solitude. And the anguish of the lost was exposed on his physiognomy, on the scenes in which the sadness was visible. Such feeling touched his heart. And if it were true, Lender would wish to resuscitate the man's wife. And on the following chapter, they all went to act on the cemetery. He carried in his chest a complaint, came from nowhere, and that on her absence couldn't be explained. She was guilty of something that in the past her husband never forgot. The affliction was so that the actor didn't have the courage to approach the grave where his goddess rested. She was back. He run to her and kissed her. She explained herself and asked for his pardon for the treachery that in life bathed her heart with rancor. A few months later, when the illusion had already been undone and all had been solved, she decided to go back. Now, with no lamentations. Transparent. He understood the departure. On his eyes, the relief. She disappears in the grave. Her inner wasn't regretful anymore. It was a relief. No more nostalgia. Just peace.

The grown up child wasn't satisfied with giving more and more proofs of his supposed power. And a tower broken by the windstorm appeared. And in an instant of telepathic communication the tower rebuilt next morning. But the men on the power didn't believe and the Prime Minister wondered again if it was a farce, once that the tower had been seen lifted the next morning. And the 'Master' made it, when they showed him a new tower; he lifted it in front of everyone. Even though they didn't believe it... Pure optic illusion – they said. "I want to see you change its chemical composition" – said the politicians. He made the same tower fall, lifted it again and made its columns in silver. And in a second moment he changed it again and transformed in gold. But they didn't believe it yet.

A very popular family in the United States had just lost more two members in an air disaster. Commotion one more time. The insane man started to resuscitate. And the plane appeared in front of the cost guard, one day after the happening. And in Lender's mind the fact had been forgotten. So he asked the 'Master' to put them in an inflating boat, so that the rescue could be observed. And they retained the information. Once again, he asked that the boat stop in the center of the city, where everyone could see it and have no doubts about the happening. Insane... insane... insane.

And a famous politician had just died. His old years and experiences made that the Prime Minister of the country went to his funeral. And there a multitude of friends did the retinue. And Lender wanted to give them one more proof. And he asked the dead to rise after the last person of the retinue left and to run towards his family. And, arriving there, he was asked: "Weren't you dead right now? And why did you come running? – I came running because I was ordered to."

The authorities were terrified watching the ex-dead attest that great deed. Aware the deed would be repeated, the politicians, now thinking about the benefits, ordered someone to shoot the dead man and to deposit him back in the coffin. And another retinue was done, the scared crowd gathered again. It was a chaos. And a few hours later, there he was again. Euphoric by the running. And without knowing the motive why people run away and women contorted frightened. Only fear, on the eyes and on the afflicted faces.

The third and last attempt. They shot him three times. To be sure that he would really die. And to impede him to escape, they got heavy chains and attached it to the coffin. Solid and thick. No possibilities – they said, on the imminent possibility of fraud. And the dead man appeared again, in the same conditions before. And the president of the nation denied vehemently the existence of such facts. Septic, completely septic. He didn't believe the fact was really true. "It's a trick", said him, with a pale expression on his face. And he had no proofs enough. When the night came he met with his subordinates. He wanted to possess the object that provoked such illusions. On his eyes only the word "power" appeared. Those who wanted power remembered the key. Would it be the key of some safe where could possibly be the secrets that explained all this? He also remembered that the young man was coming from the admirable old continent. Would the key be on Switzerland? Maybe yes, maybe no. And the insanity continued...

He spilled, on those who insisted in not seeking for peace, a wave of calamities; earthquakes... and made the all the Orient shakes as the Occident. And the rains became more intense, in accordance to divine order. To show the supremacy of the Lord. But it was all done in a way that all the dead by those calamities were resuscitated. Because God is merciful and nothing negative could proceed from God, except for the loss of material possessions, because such possessions did not come from Him: "man products". And Amim always obeyed and helped his friend every time his word could be undone. On the moments that the real happenings didn't correspond to his inner.

Lender was all insanity. His confused mind thought about absurd things. About the women who had been victims of spay, very common on some nations, he gave them pleasure back. But only to those who agreed with such purpose. And he observed their faces were beautiful. And he saw veils covering their faces. And many of them were unhappy with that. So the 'Master' wrote on panels of the great oriental city, words that induced to peace.

"Peace and love to the Orient!"

"The veils must not hide beauty no more and spay must suffer abolition"

Journalists wanted to register the fact, but the guards who protected the city of the walls and who were alert on the streets, prohibiting all kind of manifestation or sound and

image without previous authorization. There were hundreds of them, disguised among the crowd. Fatefully those who disrespected the law would be severely punished. So the 'Master' put them a sign on. Every guard would be on the streets in a red turban. And the magic was done. And the journalists recorded and photographed all the happenings. The panels extinguished and the phrases that induced to love proliferated. The crowd, watching the miracle, praised God and stared to the deed by Him allowed.

Some women powerfully approached the guards and said the Lord was ordering them. Everyone was stunned. A reporter, looking for better photos, didn't realize that one of the men in red turbans was near him, observing his work. Too late. He ran through the streets and two of them followed him. Then, after a while, he managed to enter an alley and miss the guards.

During all the morning and the afternoon the natural movement of the city was upside down. And when the night came, the panels went back to normal. Then the politicians said: "See? He is a profaner; he only came here to cause on us fear and trouble". So the 'Master' irradiated his eyes, effusing a new magic. And on the panels, which had words of order previously, he made the image of those whose acts harvested many lives in the past disappear. No single picture or image on the video. Everything erased. Next to that, fire consumed the panels. In a house near there a supernatural phenomenon happened: a photography that was in a computer was strangely burning. And during all the night flames illuminated, like lanterns, that big town.

On the same night a boat had sunk. And the septic said: "If it's really true this power you have, why you don't save them?" And the 'Master', by a request from Lender, made their bodies emerge on the next morning; more than one hundred people who had died on the shipwreck. And the evidences were hidden, in order to don't shock the population. And the governments confabulated, always with the intention to obscure the happenings. After all, the domination system would perish. And the men of the law wanted exclusively power.

And the people of a neighbor country were cheering. And there was no co fraternization. The shouts of the crowd incited to a conflict. Hate, present in the echo of hundreds of voices. And while playing the anthem of Lender's nation the disrespect. Many people booing. And both, the 'Master' and Lender get resentful with the lack of respect with the fellow men. The game starts, moments later. And with five minutes of match an incident makes the event lamentable. The leg of one of the players is the aim. And once again both get resentful. God is love, thus Lender did by intervention of the 'Master' that the patients of a hospital nearby were cured and went to the stadium, to give their deposition.

The game was still on. The crowd, raging, seemed to calm down slowly. And people kept coming to the stadium to give their depositions. And on the stalls it was possible to hear all the time people deposing about their experiences:

- # You're seeing me now, I had cancer... Today I'm cured – said a woman.
- # I suffered an operation due to a brain tumor and died yesterday. Today I'm fine. I'm alive! And a second goal...
- # I'm cured... I'm cured... I had tuberculosis... But I'm healthy... Do you want to see were there were my wounds?
- # I died yesterday... I had a heart attack...

And the people were open-mouthed. The match didn't make any sense for them no more. The speaker, desperate, asked: "please... please... no exaggerations". From time to time some people recognized a relative or neighbor who had actually died and, shouting and running, went to their direction. Those who didn't believe it, goal after goal, had their

beliefs weakened. They didn't have energy to yell those insulting words of the beginning of the match anymore, such was the astonishment. The match wasn't the reason those people were there anymore. And the stadium started to become empty... and more empty... In the end the lights went out, to omit the fact that it all had happened there.

There were people who dreamed of being singers, but the Divine gift had not blessed them. And the ears of those who heard it were hurting, due to the lack of melody and sonority. And the 'Master' made their voices sweet as honey. And they sang, and their songs were anthem which made the audience delirious. Lender always heard them in the original way they were born. This happened because his biggest defect was vanity. And God didn't want him to become vain of his deeds. The real meanings of all things were refused to Lender. A perfect excuse for a mind that insisted in remains on the illusory.

Other people, however, wished their ears were capable to hear it on the possible volume. They were people who worked in the car racing pits. Many of them lost their auditive capacity, due to excessive noise. And something had to be done. Then, as a miracle, the 'Master' made the car races such a way that noise wasn't felt. Everyone was astonished. However, they realized the monotony would be so much that the public wouldn't give prestige to it anymore. So, he made it back to normal. And to make happy those who were still there, he corrected the audition problems of the people affected by it. Once again the commotion... once again the insanity. Not satisfied with it yet, he started to help the others he knew, and he remembered the friend he knew next to his house. He asked, as usual, that the problem were solved. And it was. With non sense... with non sense the young man walked.

There was an accident. The one who ran had his leg wounded. On the video, the sight of the happening. That day was sad. Sensations of astonishment and preoccupation. The race was partially interrupted. The expectation. The conclusion that the pilot wasn't dead. The continuation. At the hospital, the report of the experts: suspended, due to physical problems, for two months. The surgery: pins and platinum. On the picture, the evidence. And He repaired it. He made the ligaments back to as it was before. And he was now able to run. The reporter got touched by that scene. He said he was impressed with that happening: "It's impressing, I'm thrilled".

One man a long time ago had left behind his vigor and his sexual desire; even he had it, he couldn't get to the climax. Frustration. His girlfriend was already suspicious about his virility. Always with his head down, without understanding the reason why he had that "malfunction", he went to specialists who could help him. Nothing. There was no solution. His problem was conditioned to a psychological factor only. The worst disease of all. He went to numberless experts. Not even one of all the treatments had result. Lender asked the 'Master' to solve the problem. And so he did. The desire increased. Sex wasn't like before. Now he had the vigor and potency of two men. His life was now carnal pleasure. Lender: crazy... crazy...

At work, he left to have lunch. He felt like eating something different. Chinese food pleased him. He had it. On his way back, as usual, an ice-cream. A woman with one leg passed by him. She had her hands rest on a crutch. He thought about healing her... and mentalized a new leg growing and giving her more life. From behind, he heard the noise of the wood falling on the ground. She dispensed it – he thought. And on the rolling stairs, a man came towards to him. He didn't have one of his eyes. And He gave him life. And on that mall numberless people talked about what was happening and looked to Lender, as witnesses of those deeds. They were laughing, it's true, but to Lender it was no fantasy. No stimulus suck that was perceived in a reality level, but in a psychological one. All the alterations were always interior.

A bus on the street fell into a waterway which disembogued in a river of a big city. People ran scared, while the firemen, afflicted, tried to rescue the wounded person and to

remove the bodies of those who were submerged. Lender: “resurrect... resurrect...” And he was satisfied by seeing the deposition from those who were supposedly dead, back to life. He also saw the deposition of a coach from a famous team, who for a long time hadn't met his godfather. Years passed by and his humble past distanced. And the godfather died. He had an immense sorrow because he didn't meet him again in life. The 'Master' revived his dream. And from that image he made the man's godfather born again. Said the 'Master': “Proceed to his encounter, now, he is there waiting for you”. And on TV both met again. And they were pure emotions. Emotion of a time that was supposed to happen long ago and had been left behind. The lucidity at that moment was none for sure; Lender always saw the facts adulterated. The reality he created was always distant from the true reality that surrounded him. He didn't have thus, any notion about anything, his head floated above the illusion.

The time to leave his friend Amim had arrived. Lender had the key. Politicians and men of power wanted to have it. It was the answer to manipulate the extraterrestrial equipment. They had already made two attempts of stealing the key. On the first one, a person assumed the figure of his mother and embraced him. Lender refused the gesture vehemently. Her eyes had an expression of malice. He got firm as a statue. He didn't want contact. So, he talked to Amim through his mind and transmitted him instructions of how the object could be delivered. He articulated that such power could only be given to a person whose embrace was reciprocal. And that no person who was under effect of other being inside himself would be able to possess the mechanism. The key was visualized as a magnetic force which concentrates on the abdomen. He had until that moment, that energy, in a shape of a key.

On the second attempt of possessing the mechanism, they sent a girlfriend of him, who felt the presence of the mechanism when she embraced him, but who was incapable of extracting it, once she didn't knew the procedure. So, he made over again his corrections. By precaution, he asked Amim to elaborate a copy of the key and keep it inside the aircraft. So that anyone could ever take it away. And, in case of it happens, the power of the aircraft would be only half of what there could be in that moment. And he checked the other details.

In his nebulous mind, now his friend Amim was being chased. And his life was in danger. Lender already had him as a dead person. Once that the mental communications didn't happen anymore. Solitude overcame him. And he started to remember his friend Celo. And on each new remembrance a sequence of other new remembrances took place, until a moment that good sense wasn't so important anymore, the insanity hovered on his mind again. He forgot the things he went through with his friend Amim and now he had other friend who followed his mind with telepathic messages.

Celo... it was a hard time of his life, he visited Lender frequently. Many were the nights that anguish dominated him, because he didn't have anymore the love of young Aline. And in their conversations, they discussed their apprehensions due to the approximation of the end of the millennium. Lender, even so he liked the subject, tried not to pay attention to it, because it always let him very impressed. Both had literature about the subject. And once a while they discussed speculative ideas about what could happen. Nothing too deep.

The match started. On every new television show there was always the remembrance of some fact his friend Celo had told him. And the unwitting messages were many, capturing Lender's mind. But he always thought it was his friend. He didn't suspect anything. Completely involved with that situation.

On the scenes, on the television shows, there were abstracted words that alone didn't mean anything. But Lender kept them, because he intuitively knew that the junction of those words would result in an occult sentence he had to transmit. In one of these

scenes, a woman taught how to make a dish. Each ingredient she put in the recipe remembered him, by an association process, one word that belonged to the sentence. Her animation increased. Maybe due to the fear of both getting it right. Intuitively it would be a message that indicated the arrival time of the planet. And after lots of attempts, associating the words here and there, the sentence was made: "When the moon is full, on the dark side a new civilization will be present. And the pyramid will be shown and the Earth will rotate as a peon and of blood will be inebriated. And all will happen when the branches of the orange trees unclasp." The messages didn't have a real content, but Lender believed faithfully in those propositions. Because it was an inexplicable event.

One day, observing his hands, he had the sensation of hearing his friend's remembrances. He looked to his left hands and found out, reading its lines, the image of a child smiling. He thought it funny and remembered when he was a kid he used to say that, once it was on his body, that was going to be his friend for his whole life. Looking at the lines on his thumb, he saw the image of some foliage which leaves looked like hearts. He remembered that on his uncle's farm there was a hole with grown wood in and the vegetation of the trees was very dense and looked just like those lines in his hands. Following the "map" on his hands, he discovered on one of his fingers a gecko, then a centipede, spider webs, a cat and a pyramid with an eye in the center, on his right forefinger. The week of the last eclipse of the millennium was near. And the situation influenced the delirium. A new sentence was made: "On the eclipse day, creatures that inhabit the profundities will arise. They will be found in a hole where the foliage is dense, on a farm. And inside the hole, near to the third cavity, you will find a pyramid. That pyramid contains power."

Aware that other people could also know that information, it was needed to mislead them. The incentive indicated the clue was false, to distract the attention of the ufologists. And to avoid the farm being full of observers and not to bother the residents, another direction was indicated as the location was the event would happen. It was like if Celo mentally indicated the exact spot Lender supposedly had been taken inside the pyramid, where it was given to him that special gift. He had inside him, in his heart, a third eye, in which every secret of the universe was revealed.

Now the message was other, the pyramid wasn't there anymore, but in his native land. It wasn't a pyramid anymore. It was thus, an experience from the army that cloned children. Programming codes were added to the heads of newly born children, without their parents' awareness. Part of the genetic material was stored, in order to make the clones after that. Marks on the smiling children's fingers were the indication of the fact. The clone, once it was directly connected to the matrix, conserved chromosomal information that allowed matrix and clone, a direct joining. One was the memory of the other. The clone had a relative advantage compared to the matrix: the possibility of going forward in time and be aware of what would happen to his other part. So that the age difference between them would be the fracture of time that the clone would previously see.

But the ufologists were still suspicious about the possibility of the pyramid. So it came the necessity of a new clue. And the pyramid wasn't in that country anymore. Now the extraterrestrial equipment they looked for was in the city of Cuzco. It was a pyramid, hidden in the forest, near that farm. The justification: a sect whose finality was to alert the world for the planet arriving. They had the technology and knew how to manipulate the equipments and so, they controlled the cerebral functions of the young man.

And the hallucination begins. Lender watches to other television shows. The soap opera distilled poison. The characters fought for power. One of them symbolized evil and, at his work place, he set a location for satanic cults. One of the images looked like a piece of art he once saw in his friends' house. It was needed to find someone who was disposed to find the pyramid, to rescue his freedom. And the film started. One the first scenes a

spider web was a place like a cave. The film retracted a fantastic reality. Next to that, a bridge. With it the remembrance that bridges represents the connection between two distinct ways. The remembrance of the mask arises. Following to that the actor actuates along a mask. Something that looked like a skull. It was a ring on his finger. A new clue. The negation of the previous clue. They were people of good character and, on his visit to their residence, he had an exemplar treatment. On the second bridge the discovery: they were all ufologists. The charade had been solved. They would be the people to get to the pyramid.

But for Lender, they, as everyone, were aware of what was happening those days. So, on the next morning, it was needed to articulate a plan so they didn't get away, supposing they would be accused of black magic. The dirty house made Lender get a broom and wonder about those facts, while sweeping. Lender started to sing songs that tranquilized his friends.

"I would do nothing that could hurt your feelings... so calm down,
don't go away, no... Don't go away...no!
My heart beats happily when I see you... So calm down, don't go
away, no... Don't go...
Work on the land, produce maintenance from the land, take the
shovel, the hoe and the lantern and put on the biotins. And find the
honey"

In some moments, the young man forgot it and sang some parts of the songs that would put him in trouble. And he sang for more than half an hour. His mother said it was enough already. That he had to stop singing or else he would ruin everything. And in that exactly moment Celo, who was with a staff of journalists, co-coordinated a search team to the place where they lived. The songs Lender sang, for him, were being transmitted by some radio of public dominion. Then, he supposed his friends, after having comprehended the messages, would now be calmer. Arriving at the place, the journalist, with his van, saw eight young men dressed in excavation suits, holding hammers and pickaxes. Aiming to occult the fact from other people who could be listening, Lender changed his speech: "I set a trap on the road, to catch a woman, but it didn't work, I caught a brown haired man, and my heart stopped." And like that, he passed by each one of them, describing their color, according to the sequence in which they were all aligned. The hearts of the eight men were shaking, they were going to be arrested – they thought. But before that, they had the opportunity of escaping, and aware they didn't do nothing wrong, they decided to stay and to give their depositions to the authorities. They all got in the van. The journalist contained himself, serious. He wanted to laugh, but he couldn't. The serious expression on his face scared even more those people. Worried, they tried to give explanations about Lender's insanity, but it was impossible to explain at that moment. They got in the vehicle. And then they were taken to the press building. They stayed there for a few moments. They all wanted the confirmation they were the right men. The proof of it would come from Celo. Through his metaphysics connection with Lender.

He finished sweeping the house. He visualized the scene that had just happened. His mind was calm, because the possibility of help would come from them. Everything was doing well. He had nothing else to do anymore, so he lied on the couch and stared at his hands. Then it came to him the remembrances of the old figures on his hands: the spider webs, the gecko, the centipedes, and the foliages... the shape of the pyramid and the exact location of where the pyramid would be. Celo, with his eyes closed, transcribed the figures Lender had on his hands. Everything was set. They were really the chosen ones. The plan's details were set after the conclusion of the last drawing. And they left.

Now the only thing Lender could do was waiting. He was each time more interested in the soap operas. The communication, always the communication with the characters. The theme of one of the soap operas expressed the dream of a better life, in other one; insanity dominated the main character and, in a third one, emerged the poison of the search for power and for personal revenge. The young man identified with all those things, in a certain way. And that fact each time more got into the lives of his characters and participated of the dramas as if it was his.

On the TV news, the information that the young man was free. The symptom of abnormality was decreasing frequently. And communicating with those people, they could control their actions and reactions to the stimulus that came from the machine. But the technology had to be tested. So, the arrest continued. Everyone wanted to test the properties of the machine. Freedom was a dream that seemed more distant day after day. First, they started with a high intensity of stimulus, which made him a little dizzy. Then, they re-calibrated it, until they achieved the desired frequency.

On the next day, new tests began. On the TV news, the letters that indicated the name of who were being interviewed were each time written in blue and other in black. The unconscious message transmitted that the young man should, as it was presented to him, read the content of the reports only when the blue border appeared. The others, he must avoid reading. His mind contorted every time he saw a black border. He didn't want to read it, but his eyes, in connection to his mind, reproduced the information almost instantaneously. Some times he seemed to be indignant with some things he read. That was visible for the people who were in the precinct. The test was done: positive. He accomplished the task with success.

Assuming he was being heard by every people who were watching TV at that time, and that the tests would repel the public, once they had caused astonishment, he opted by stipulating times to return to the channel, so he wouldn't be present there on the commercials period. He established the first time. Three minutes, just three minutes. He kept the time with his wristwatch. When the three minutes were finished, he came back and also did the news anchor. The reports are made. And a new interval is announced. Three minutes like the other. The time is out. Both come back exactly at the same time. New reports. Another interval. The deal is still on. The young man distracts and stays a few minutes more on other channel. He comes back at three minutes and approximately forty-two seconds. Unbelievable – he thought. The news anchor came back at the exact same moment. Until there it could be an absolute coincidence. The last report. A woman makes frames of ceramics crocks. She shows the conclusion of her work. On the picture the mention: three and forty-two.

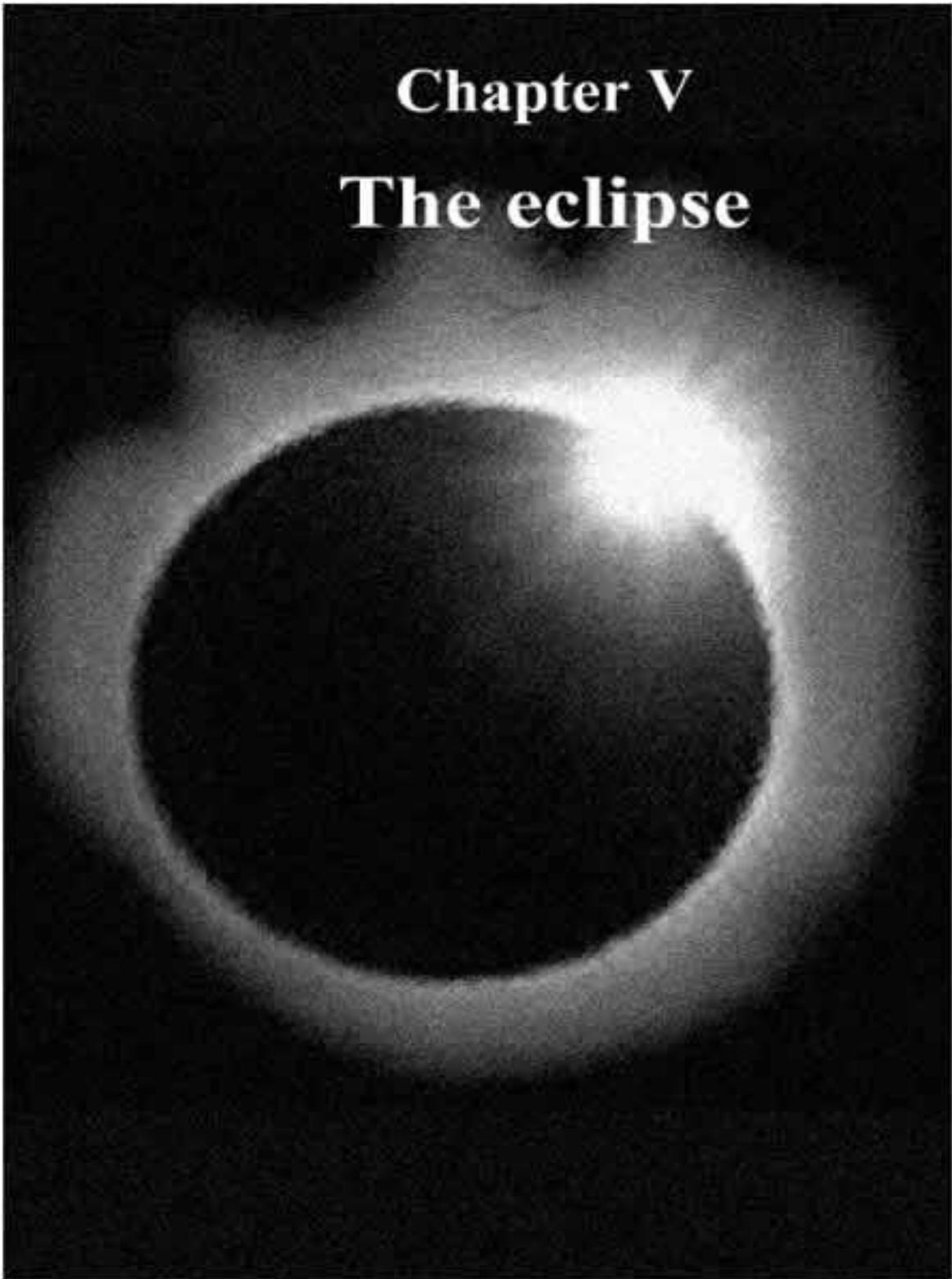
Besides that, the illusion of the planet approaching wasn't undone on his mind. In his mind it was all to distract people, while the other facts prosecuted. The television shows has now another meaning. A cartoon was on air. The stimulus prosecuted. On the screen of those who were watching what he would supposedly thought. There. It happened. The television show was right. People were astonished and surprised. "Is he saying the truth? Is there a planet?" – wondered those who were watching. And there were numberless cartoons. Each one with an unconscious message that always indicated with a stimulus, the word he had to say.

Even with the television absent, there was connection. A sequence of words emerged, with no explanation. On his conception, one of the TV anchors was showing a card with an image of the object he had just said. He always got it right. Everything coinciding. In some international images, the same happened. On the comedy films, even though the language was different, the objects were easily identified and codified.

To handle an object, with a little ball, meant an information, as "I love you", or just "yes" or "no". To play with a string and to tie it, symbolized even longer sentences, like for

instance: "Earth rotates, and it will pass by the first, then, by the planet, on the second, and by the third everything balances equally. And it goes back to the normal course. ". A pen suggested for Lender simple propositions as the little ball. After all, everything could be a motive to create an illusion. Those things together mixed past information with the present moment. Cakes, pies, pasta... other meanings of elaborating those sentences. The ingredients, due to its aspect or flavor, or even due its spelling, were associated to other elements. Hallucinations had now a reserve of positive value. It was given veracity to a fact that nothing represented. A trick that the young man's mind made daily with him. And Celo was always co-coordinating everything.

Chapter V
The eclipse



Chapter V

The Eclipse

On the morning, Lender decided to have his hair cut. It had been a long time since he arrived from his trip and his hair was quite grown again. Arriving there, he was one of the first to be attended; he set down in a chair to have his hair massaged. His mind was only perturbation. He was induced at every moment to think about the name of each object there was in the place. And he couldn't see an earring that in the exact moment he started thinking: gold, silver, metal, plastic... And if he saw wood: mahogany, cherry... he felt like he was being heard, although he didn't say a word. The barber seemed a little scared by the young man's behavior. And before he left home, an unconscious message induced him to give a tip that had to be exactly the value that Celo had previously written on paper. The service is executed, and the change is given to him. And so that people didn't think it was a fraud, Lender put the coins on the woman's hand. In cash, a note of ten. The price for the haircut was seven bucks. And he asked her to give him back only two. And the coins would be the rest of the complement. It was ninety cents. Total: nine bucks and ninety cents. Incredible, Celo got exactly right the value. And he left the precinct without confirming the veracity of that. A strange fact: he had only three coins in his wallet before he left home. And when opened the wallet, an enormous quantity of coins dropped on the barber's hands. That was the first miracle of the day – supposed him.

Intuitively, when Lender's sister was cleaning up his bedroom, hours after he went to the barbershop, she found an old text, about the hypothesis of the end of the world. In an instinctive act, he asks her to leave it there and after that he throws it away. At the same time, the telephone rings. It's a friend of her. She talks confusedly and Lender hardly hears what she's saying. He decides he must take the paper back. And he does it. He cuts it into two pieces, without knowing why, and folds it into the shape of a cross. He puts it on the bed. He thought: "It must indicate the day of the cataclysm". Then, folding one more time one of the arms of the cross, he falls in with three possible days: 23rd, 24th or 25th of that same month of August. But the date was inaccurate. Lender didn't know the exact day. Intuitively, he grabbed a metal rose, that was ornamenting a shelf in his bedroom, and spilled it on the paper, but the petal of the rose didn't seem to show indicate either. He went to the kitchen, and put it in a glass with the shape of a water chalice, spilled it on the paper and left. Something strange happened: the liquid, which was dropping down, went up and assumed exactly the same shape of the petal, indicating apparently the day of the event. But the day would be veiled for Lender. Only Celo was able to interpret that.

At his house, a cousin was visiting him. She observed everything far-off, but she seemed to comprehend what was going on. She shows the photo album. Both look at it. He starts to feel words from the images, becoming more afraid. Everyone direct to the table to have lunch. People, being guided, started to say things and remember old facts that made the young man wonder. It was needed that Lender didn't think he had a special gift. The implicit sentences induced him to forget about all that, in order to avoid provoking a general abnormality.

He goes to bed. He's a little tired. He creates a particular world where he feels safe. On his imaginary, a tree on the focal point. A boy, who was set down under the tree, contemplating the space. On the horizon, a mountain range, and on the peaks, the whitest snow as possible. Only that tree existed. The world around it was infinity of multicolored fields. Near the mountains, a castle where from time to time, during the big storms, his body took refuge in. There weren't any other animals to be his companions. Just a few birds. Frequently, when the night came, an owl observed him and bears roared. That was the only communication with his external world.

The young man, one time happy, one time desolate, was content there. He runs through the fields, chasing butterflies. His clothes were made of hay. The making process: he pulled the leaves from the soil and put it to dry up; once it was dry, he interlaced it, one by one; the fragile and rudimental clothes were colored with a mix of rose petals. The varied tones of the flowers gave a good aspect to the material. But they were opaque, not alive. Dressed up, he decided to walk through old trails that led to the mountain. The monotony of the place where he was made him move along to other landscapes. Before that however, he decided to go to the opposite direction, where the fields were endless. And he walked under the sun. On the way, a little shrub full of fruits. He stopped and ate a few right there. In a bag made of straw, he put the other mature fruits. He found, yonder the horizon, something new. It was an ocean of a stained glass blue that he had never went through in his walks. And its water was calm. He swam. He became weary of the sun. And after bathing, he decided to go back to his destiny.

Many days had already passed, since the young man left his habitation. He thought the tree, in the open air for a long time, due to sadness, or to the absence of the young man, was very resentful. And arriving there, he saw the frondose tree, he ran and embraced it. Tired from the journey, he caught a few dry leaves and deposited it on his body. He used as a pillow part of a root above the soil. On the next morning he ate one of the fruits, which were abundant. It was a strange feeling he sustained for that vegetable. He was always caressing it. He never felt the caress from the tree he liked so much. However, he didn't feel any nostalgia. He set down, meditating under the sun. Contemplated the blue space.

He remembered the castle he didn't visit for a long time. He walked to its direction. There, his senses were in a pure state of monotony, and he started to clean the rooms. The distance of the time let the place in the open air. There wasn't any bucket there to help him, so he went to the river and with his hands collected water, and also with his mouth, to wash the floor. To clean all that, he had only a broom, made of straw. And he spent days cleaning that castle. It had three floors. He started from the first floor. Months passed by until he finished cleaning the first part. Then he went to the floor above. And the difficulties increased, because now he had to walk up the stairs. Days passed by. And when he arrived to the third floor, more time consumed. The entries of each floor were independent. And when he entirely looked through the castle, he observed that the pavements he had cleaned before were dirty, because water got into the breaches, dirtying the floors under. All his work was wasted. He would have to start again from the beginning.

This time he decided to use his head. His hands and feet were callous due to such effort. He saw the cesspool. He went to the fields to harvest some straw and make a bucket, but the cesspool was dry. With his hands, he dug to the hardest rock, trying to find water. He succeeded. Then he went to the second floor and cleaned it all again. He went back to the basis and concluded his work. The castle was shining. But his enthusiasm of being there disappeared completely. There were many months of work consumed. He didn't want to stay there anymore. And he turned his back to the shining castle. He went back to his tree. The tree was there, as always, waiting for his caress. Patient, he was so happy to come back as he was when he left, because from the bottom of his heart, he didn't have much expectation. It was all the solidity and certainty of the arrival.

It's night. The owl rests in a higher branch. It "shouts" to the young man in the dawn. His sleep drains. He observes the owl. After disturbing his sleep, it goes away, happy for accomplishing the mission. The sun appears on the following hours. Other birds seem to make nests and to prepare for a light rain that the weather presaged. The young man hides under the tree. The rain comes. It wasn't a storm this time. It humidifies the soil. The cicadas sing. The lonely boy, as the drops in the morning, imitates the rain.

Contemplating the marriage between sun and rain. His clothes soon got dry. He decides to leave again. Always looking for something that moves him and makes him get out of the emptiness. And he finally goes through the way, with destiny to the mountains.

The trails on the way are sinuous, however, not dangerous. There weren't wild animals in that place, only flowery fields. He goes through the rivulets. From time to time, he decides to bathe. And determined to get to the summit, he heads up to the mountain. He's almost there. Now on the base of the mountain, he decides to escalate. He wounds his hands again, passing through the hard obstacles of nature. He rasps his knees and blood flows off. Some loose rocks make him slide down and he rasps all parts of his body. But the persistence reigns. He doesn't give and get to the summit. Up there, the snow castigates his body. So, he decides to use a few blocks of it to make an igloo. He had in his bag some fruits he brought from the tree. He contemplated the sun, through the improvised window. It was a new world. In the beginning, it was something new. A while after, tedium dominates his inner and he feels like going back, to meet again that tree, always waiting for him. In the same place as always. Immobile. He was positive about his arrival. He couldn't do anything. The conversion of the way always pointed to his tree. He left his igloo. And he went back to the tree one more time.

Lender decided to leave his world for an instance. He remembered his love now. The one who had his heart. He wanted to be close to that person. But the happenings impeded the contact. Then, finding a way to be close to his love, he created an imaginary beetle, which would from that moment on inhabit his visual world. And it wasn't only a tree and a boy anymore. It was now a tree, a boy, and a beetle. Each one making shadow for who was under. And the third one on his finger, being contemplated by expression of the eyes of the one who was set down. A harmonious scene, which would follow him for many other days.

That illusory world seemed to distance reality from Lender even more. He wanted to go back and live like normal people supposedly lived. He decided to leave everything far behind. That illusory world had to perish from his memory. He looked fixedly to the tree, gave his back, and his dream ruined little by little, while the young man opened his eyes, to realize he was reposing, in his house.

His cousin was still talking to his sister, in the other room. Then he got up, took a bath and went along with her to a bus stop nearby, with the intention of accompany her. And so went the three of them: Lender, his sister and his cousin. On the way, his cousin, enchanted by the things that happened on that day, said that there were three the miracles she witnessed. Maybe she was referring to the paper in the shape of a cross. She said, in a high tone, that she had seen a new star in the blue sky. His sister got an angry look on her face. Lender suspected that was to demonstrate the secret shouldn't be revealed. But certainly, the rejection was due to that non-sense proposition. And she caught the bus radiant and left. Guiding Lender, Celo establishes the exact day the great commotion would happen. The day had arrived. Nothing happens.

Before that, however, remembrances about Lender's past start to arise. Of the farm where he used to go when he was a kid, to visit his uncle. Of the many rocks that nailed the land from above. Of the forest that on the top of the mount divided from the open field. Of the heron landed on the canopy of the trees. Of the monkeys playing around and jumping from branch to branch. Of the parrots and the birds peeped all day. On this scenario's, background there was the house, build with a colonial roof. The tree in front of the house was the only to remain alive on the pasture. For numberless time he climbed its branches, to enjoy the breeze on his face.

A pamphlet he had received on that morning induced him to expect for some extraordinary fact on the next morning. The pamphlet writings were about gold, riches, undertakings, realizations... It's certain that it contained names of magazines that would be

on sale. But Lender didn't think like that. It was a message directed to him. During the whole week, the unconscious messages induced him to think that his friend Celso was responsible for all that.

When he was a teenager, Celso looked for a first line job in the computation area. The line of competitors was big. The young man craved to be chosen for the job. He needed to indicate a friend available to participate of the project. So, he talked to Lender, who didn't show much interest on the proposition. It was a secret project, no one could know about it, not even their parents. Realizing they could get in trouble, they decided to forget about it. On those days, a black car stopped in front of Lender's house. "It's probably them" – he thought. And when he arrived home the car had just left. So, he asked his parents what was that about. The answer came quickly. A books salesman. He wanted to offer a collection of books for them to buy. He didn't sell the books to their parents, but he filled out a questionnaire that asked what their son dreamed to be when he was a child. And his father said the boy's greatest dream was to become a famous actor, so that everybody would recognize him.

Celso had talked to Lender at the same period, about his aspiration in life. Celso wanted to buy a car. It was his greatest dream. A car that would bring him good status and comfort. But Lender, who was very ambitious, wanted a beautiful house in the noble sector of his town, and more than that, he wanted also lots of money – indispensable to live with comfort, and to help those who needed. On the professional side, he wanted to be the president of the nation, to solve the social problems of his country. It was a project of life too big to achieve for a person who came a low economical class. Almost impossible. He didn't have access to the good information. He had practically no chances to graduate in a university, as well as he wouldn't probably leave the country. With very limited knowledge, he would probably be just one more laborer to account the progress of the nation.

When both were kids, they imagined absurd hypothesis. They thought about the invention of a device capable of 'reading' the human mind. For which price would we sell it, if it was possible?" – They wondered. Then, the financial plans of house, cars and the professional ones were cited. They played with all the possibilities. People would never know their minds would be read. "For how long?". Simple, they thought: until marriage. "And what if the person didn't get married?". Then, if the person didn't marry until twenty-five years old, the agreement would be extended for more two years. And besides that, they agreed not to use the equipment to offend or to help anyone. And what during that time they committed criminal acts? The stated period would be extended until they repaired the damages. And those foolishnesses were left behind. Things from the past.

The remembrance of those facts rose. Now it was confirmed that Celso was really behind all that. He had been chosen for the job and worked all these years in secret, omitting the facts from his friend. He remembered a game they did: a blank paper that he pretended to sign on. He supposedly had taken the decision of his life and now he couldn't do anything about it. He had the ballast of the paper. He was near his twenty-seven years old. He wasn't married. But the remembrance was that on that age he would be set free. A relief. But also a fear, because if he committed a crime he wouldn't be free. And he made a big mistake, he announced cataclysm that didn't occur. A crime against human kind. His life was now indefinitely captive by a trap. – He thought. For him, Celso hold him prisoner with the contract they had illusory signed. "It's in the contract" – said the unconscious message, "You have made a deal with me and now you'll have to keep it". He tried not to think about such facts anymore and continued in his prison.

Those remembrances usually made him get unquiet, because he wanted to know what they mean. Celso continues with the riddles. Lender executed everything, as a robot blindly obedient. An unconscious message pointed that the next day would be Saturday and not Wednesday as it indicated. He would better pass through a tunnel of time and

advance it, he thought, so he wouldn't suffer so much, as he was these days. And other unconscious messages told him he would go back to Thursday again, and on Saturday, he would receive the house he dreamed of as a reward. A film was on TV: children running up and down, in Paris, abandoning their parents, because they never told them the truth. The story seemed interesting, it would be a good way to distract his mind and to forget about all that for a few moments. A general insanity was on his mind.

Returning to himself, with the pamphlet on his hands, he wanted to know what was 'Tomorrow' about. Would it be his freedom, or some illusory happening like the others? He remembered that on the next day, the last eclipse of the millennium would occur. Maybe all the truth would be revealed on that moment to Lender. And on the dawn, the insomnia attacked him. He woke up and started to put together the images of the heron, the monkeys and the farm. And the exact hour of the eclipse was approximating. At the right time, the junction of the facts. It was all clear now. The remembrance of when he was 12 years old:

"Lender: Dad, can I go up the mountain?
Father: No my son, not today.
Lender: Please, dad? – implored the boy, grabbing his arm.
Father: No, I've already said, on Saturday.
Lender: Please, dad.
Father: No.
Lender: Please, dad.
Father: I've already said, no. On Saturday.
Lender: When is Saturday?
Father: Tomorrow.

But the boy than found out that the present day was Tuesday. And answered crying:

Lender: You're lying to me. Tomorrow isn't Saturday.
Father: All right, you can go. But if you come back with only one scratch, you're grounded.

And the boy went up his 'mountain'".

And he passed through the first gate that gave access to the farm, went a few steps ahead, arriving to the second gate. He opened it slowly. And started to go up the mountain. When he was arriving up there, on the left side of the woods, he saw a heron that rested on the canopy of a tree. On his right, a monkey jumped up and down. Motivated by the animals he saw, the boy slowly got into the woods. And when he realized, he was surrounded by vegetation. He accidentally twisted himself on a branch. He shook one of his hands and twisted himself on a spider web this time. He screamed and jumped high because of fright, and ran with no direction. He slipped and fell face to face with a mantis. The fright was so big, that on Lender's imaginary it looked like a monster. He got perplexed and ran away even more lost than before. He saw a leopard cat on the way and when he was leaving to the clearing in the woods, he bent over a solid rock, hurting his head. He soon went back to the farm and recomposed his memory. His father was powerful, impeding him from crying. He went to his bedroom and contained the tears. Now it was explained the motive of strange malady the young man had for years. Not the mental malady, but the physical one.

He almost didn't use to cry. A rare happening, which worried his parents. Then, advised to take his bath, he kept thinking sad of everything that was happening. And when he realized that the cross of the chain he had on his neck was on his back, he started crying again. Then, his parents knocked on the door. And he tranquilized them saying he was all right. The unconscious message said to him: "You are Mussolini and you are here

to pay for your crimes against human kind". Next to that, the message said to him that the Messiah was coming and that wasn't the right time for it to happen. He felt guilty for participating of that false magic. He didn't want to offend God, neither the Creed of any person. When he left for the third time, he started to cry again, but this time more moderate. He didn't fall in tears completely. The unconscious messages revealed one more time to him the anti-Christ and the people who were supposedly behind that act of cruelty. Lender wasn't on his perfect psychic condition. He reacted in conformity with the stimulus around him.

Chapter VI
Parallel universe



Chapter VI

Parallel Universe

Finished part of the insanity, Lender was home now. And getting back to his natural condition, not the same before the trip, he thought about the things that for fate he could have lost. Above all, the love he felt. His head was still hovering above the precipice. It was all confused. Cloudy. But love remained despite all the tribulations. He couldn't distinguish fantasy from reality. He had one certainty, the wind had taken the only valuable thing that could be abstracted from all that. His love worked on the sports section. In an attempt of approximation, he decided to write:

“One time only a ball, another time a ball and a net. It may sometimes seem that the stadium is not replete, or, if it is, the virtue of those who are on the playing field is not comprehended by the senses. A stadium is like life, it scrimps when difficulties overcome the joys of the quotidian; or it is contemplated, as in a gesture or in a smile, or in the happiness that arises spontaneous, with no reason, maybe the same joy an athlete feels when kicking the ball. And it rolls – rotates and spins – and the movement produces excitement on those who hear it. Almost purposeless, but deep, when from the field, that contaminating thing passes to real life. And it is a ball, it is a goal!”

Illusion. To approach without never really doing it in fact. The image on TV was merely decorative. The lip reading of the narrative was proceeding. The only contact. Nothing more. It was, with no doubt, something concrete. But he persisted loving. To love the fellow man didn't cost him anything. And doing it, he had power to proceed with his journey without route or ending.

And the unconscious messages kept coming. Now, in front of the TV, another revelation: yonder his voice, now his thoughts were also perceptive. Then he started to wonder of everything that had passed through his mind those days. Still certain that he had a mission to accomplish, he insisted wanting to change the world.

The first days were annoying, because the sensation of someone “reading” his mind made him uncomfortable. Any sound equipment could transmit his cerebral waves. People apparently acted like if they were hearing it. Through the course of the bus, every day a new series of events took place.

On the bus stop, the discomfort. On a news stand next to the bus stop, a sound was being played, a few minutes later he didn't hear it anymore. Lender believed that was the moment his mind was being tested. So that everyone could hear it and judge him. When he got on the bus, some people looked at him feeling sorry and others were just curious. On the first he tried his best not to think about anything. He tried to be silent, it was something very tiring. And hard. He went to work already with his mind full. On the second day, he adopted a Buddhism attitude. His thoughts were directed in order to teach how to calm the mind. He recited mantras that induced his mind to calm. The people around him were already used to it. On the third day, he was revolted and so he decided between one thought and another, to appeal for someone to take the necessary steps. On the fourth day, he recited poetries, and one of them made the situation around him get worse:

“Sometimes I feel a so deep despair that I think I won't be able to handle next day.

But I always move on, no matter what it takes.

I go along with those who walk without being worried about abysses that circle them. I only wish to be like everybody else, but I'm not. It's not necessary to point out my imperfections, physical or psychic, I know it perfectly as well as I know the limit I can support.

I wish to be healthy, and to be able to enjoy the happiness of being sane. Sometimes anguish dominates my life, pain goes through my whole body, and my basis trembles. Then my inner raves in internal shouts of a deep pulsating scar. The tears proceed in continual way, although my physiognomy looks serene.

I struggle. I shred myself. I become empty. But I don't ignore myself. To ignore myself is the same as forget that I exist. And forgetting, it won't be me to act, but my imperfections.

I talk as a person who just narrates a quotidian happening that doesn't cause astonishment anymore. I talk with the perception of a person who observes time, who is an agent and a patient of the situation he lives. I talk as a person who doesn't desire any prize for supporting the pain.

I wish I could, at this moment, trick you and tell you things I don't feel, because that would be the natural way of things. It's easy to create many myths about oneself. Hard it is to recognize what you really are.

I suffered when I was put in front of a mirror, and to fall in with my real face, I saw only desolation. Today I am what I am. I don't deny myself anymore. I'm an open book to all those who want to approach me and turn over its pages. Page by page, of my history.

Far from me all the puritans, all those who pronounce themselves saints, because those are the first to throw stones, they have already thrown it on me, and it wasn't a few. Far from me those who wear the tunic of the sanctity and pronounce themselves chaste, because those have shown their false piety to judge themselves superior to the others.

Bring near those who contain love, because only love transforms and have the power to change human being."

The text said: "I am what I am. I don't deny myself anymore. I'm an open book to all those who want to approach me and turn over its pages. Page by page, of my history." It was they needed to show the imperfections. As in a terrorist act, they started to demonstrate each thought that had passed through Lender's mind. At that moment, it wasn't only one conscience, but two. The one that thinks and the other, which threw unconscious messages inside the minds of everyone who were near. In fact, they thought they were listening to Lender's voice, as the equipment acted directly on their heads. Those were very difficult days on work. The hours just didn't pass. Terror was always in the atmosphere. Minds were conditioned to work strangely. Nobody realized it, not even Lender. He thought he was the target of some kind of retaliation.

He felt that his co-workers reaction wasn't normal. So, he deduced that such reactions could be the cause of a sound clone. He made his friends realize that too. On

the weekend of the first week of that happening, they already intuitively knew that many things weren't just Lender thoughts.

For more than twelve years, he had the unfortunate company of a disease. He didn't know the cause. His organism, very sensitive, had spasms with great frequency. It was an instinctive and uncontrollable act, the only way to minimize its effects was certainly, to eat non-spiced food. All the people who worked with him already knew that, and they tried to accommodate him so that he felt the most comfortable as possible. He had, as usual, a special love for those people. And because of that, he was understood in the most of the situations. On the eclipse, it was all explained in principle of his disease. Until that moment, the conformity had remained for a long time.

On an ordinary morning, Lender's mind was impulsive. He didn't stop thinking stupidities. The young man invoked that the whole problem was derived from a possible report in foreign countries about his health problem. And the treatment method was certainly revolutionary. Doctor Gorender would be responsible for the researches, and he assumed to have the resources to cure him. Very angry, Lender spent the whole morning singing non-sense songs, with the finality to demonstrate his indignation with the scene and not to care about the fact he had that disease for a long time.

"One, two, three, I saw a cockroach in her panties"

"Two sticks holding an elephant"

"Hum, what a smell,... I farted."

"I farted, hum,... it smells like stink"

"Ohhh... again. I farted and it stinks"

"Stop taking the pill, stop taking the peppermint pill"

In the refectory, an absolute chaos. He spent the whole morning saying foolishnesses. And about lunch time, his head were infected by words that just didn't fit the moment. On his mind hovered the word "fart". And he couldn't even think about it. So, each time the word came up to his mind, he managed to pretend, so he wasn't lynched in the restaurant.

"Fa... fa... Farm"

"Fa... Fast Food"

"Fa... fa... far... Ferrier... that was close!"

"I think I've finally forgotten it... I farted..."

- And everyone lamented being there in that exact moment."

The hours didn't pass, lunch was an eternity. The mental embarrassment was intense. And the impulsivity of his mind to transmit what couldn't be said was huge. The embarrassment. He joked with the "audience". He bought an ice-cream. Then he posed and said: "what a wonderful ice-cream". The onlookers paid attention... Still dissatisfied, he did it one more time: "delicious!". And once again the same people looked at him. Already distrustful of his intentions, on the third attempt no one looked at him. Disappointed, but at the same time relieved, he counted the time to go back to the reception. The delay was being caused by his boss, who detained himself to finish eating. A punishment, a torture he would say, waiting for such a long time and controlling his vacating mind.

The first moment in the department was full controlled. He couldn't even think for example that one of his friends was fat. It would be like nailing a razor on her neck. And he contorted and controlled himself as possible, without saying anything. And when his mind insisted, he used tricks to disguise his thoughts: "Fa... fat, me. I'm fat". In order to justify what he was thinking. His superior was used to talk over the necessary. And his mental considerations, such as: "What a blabbermouth!", "There she goes again", "She's such a chatterbox!", "Oh my God, I'll have to hear it all over one more time",... A sorrowful situation. All that, without mentioning the co-worker on his side. Lender was obsessed about work. In his opinion, everyone used not to work too much, because they had laziness accumulated inside themselves. And to talk to that co-worker, he would have to "mask" such considerations that in his inner meant a false reality: "There... stopped working already", "Just looking at him I can see he is a lazy man". He just couldn't say anything about his boss. It would be craziness. But to avoid his considerations, as usual: "My God, how can't he see it just doesn't work?", "Oh my goodness, I'll have to do that useless work again", "Oh, oh! It seems like we'll be working on this for hours... and if I fart...",...

And Lender, each time a thought slipped out, searched for the antidote in order to avoid causing a hostile ambient:

"Oh, she's fat as a balloon... No, it's me"

"That woman just talks a lot... But it's talking that we achieve our objectives."

"There she comes again... Thank God she's coming, I had nothing to do"

Oh, oh... if I fart... its nonsense she won't even notice, she's already used to it anyway."

And it seemed that some people entered the room just to "watch" his interior considerations about them. It was terrible. At one time, a lady entered the room and observed attentively, seeking for something that could make Lender leaves it. And he, on the contrary, was worried about other things, and almost didn't think about what was happening. The woman got disappointed and left. Torture, torture... Torture.

And his office computer definitively wasn't a good one. For many times, the necessity to change its monitor due to a technical failure made him crazy. The technician couldn't handle anymore all the requests that every week Lender sent to him, by email. And there was a new request, due to another break-down. Lender wrote the repair request. He sent it. And in five minutes, there was the young man, with the equipment on his hands. He was polite and very kind. Efficient. But when he left, the monitor flashed again. This time in a tone of pink, sometimes purple. Lender made another request. Now he was afraid of being misunderstood. He didn't want people to think he was exaggerating, once that everyone in the department could listen to his mental craziness. And the technician didn't come. Maybe for the same reason his apprehension indicated. Later he found out that the failure came from the computer and that to change the monitor for another one wouldn't help. Center... always the center... that was Lender's complex.

Massacred by him, Lender assumed to be involved in such a difficulty that he didn't know how to remedy it anymore. He was afraid of being lynched at any moment. He knew that, just like anybody else, he isn't perfect. And for that reason, he could have committed a fault at any time. His fury with the Estate increased, because the providences to repress such a privacy invasion weren't clear. Between a joke and other, he cited words of order that made people wonder about that personal tragedy and the situation of the country concerning such a big negligence. He sang songs that reproduced thoughts of that kind. He wanted to be free. The fastest as possible. At any price.

Very tired mentally, he requested to be dispensed from work. The excuse was: "I want to go back to study German and to be one hundred per cent devoted to it. And soon I

want to do the mastership and the doctor ship I have always dreamed about". The motive was noble, but the moment to do it maybe was inopportune. There wasn't peace enough for him to do that. But he didn't consider it in that occasion, he just wanted to get away from there the fastest as he could, because he didn't want to carry with him the weight of looking to that people and having to worry about what he was thinking anymore.

His dismissal request was accepted. They thought that such measure wouldn't be necessary. But Lender, blinded and dislocated, just didn't care and maintained his position. On the same day, another young man had asked for a dismissal. And the advance notice didn't have to be executed to him. But Lender would have to do it. They certainly wanted to provoke a reaction of impatience, thought Lender, once that his main lemma was to preach discipline in the search for reason. So, he didn't protest and remained quiet in front of that unusual fact. However, some days after that, the two of them had the opportunity of leaving at the same time.

During the whole week, inconvenient thoughts followed him. The guessing games were frequent. His parents invite him to go out with them, to the market, but he insists on staying alone. Worried about leaving home in such an insane condition, they insist until the young man decides to get in the car. There, on his mind, people behaved in a strange way and, when observing him, they seemed to show a little frightened and to feel sorry for him. He just didn't care about their abnormal behavior.

He starts to process a new game on his mind. He unconsciously feels it. He guesses it. He thinks about a sequence of words. Words of objects on the market. When he finishes it, their parents give him the pushcart. He takes it to the cash register. And there he wonders what his mother would bring on her hands. Then, he starts to feel from behind the register, the items that would probably being passed at that moment. The employee asks him to stop. On his mind, the illusion of his deed: "another magic... and it proves I'm right". Perturbation, pure perturbation. On their way back, they pass in front of the market again. He sees people accounting the registers. Still on the way, the car passes in front of a free market. On his mind, the word "fish" appears. And he imagines to be sprouting from the sky hundreds of fishes, falling on the ground, next to the costumers. And the scene repeats twice again. It was a fact on his parallel world. Already at home, he lies on the couch. The TV is off. He grabs a little ball and starts to slide his finger on it. He remembers the people accounting their purchases in the market. He feels the price of each one. The unconscious message said: "you're right". And he was satisfied.

During the week, the preoccupation. A friend had invited him to a party. He feared some abnormal fact, case he went to the party. And the apprehension of seeing the day coming near made him get more afraid. His friends used to call and always make up some excuse not to go to the parties. One of his friends tells him that a person physically similar to a Buda should take him to the party. It was a psychological delirium of the young man. So, he calls a friend. His friend isn't sure. He decides to confirm later. In Lender's conception his friend's car was at the mechanics. The confirmation. The car repair wasn't ready yet. His friend couldn't go. Lender thought he was free from the party. Another friend offers a ride. Still afraid and having nowhere to go, he agreed and got into the car. Reflexive. Quiet. Just a few words, to start a normal conversation. As if it was possible at that moment. They stopped at his friend's apartment. She was getting ready. Her boyfriend was there. They turn on the stereo, the music incites words of disorder. The party would be a disaster. He wanted to give up, but he couldn't.

Arriving there, they park the car in front of a beautiful mansion. He thinks about that as a house of the future. They lead to the great hall. Many young people dancing and enjoying the night. Lender, worried, almost doesn't move. With a few shy steps, he dances a little. He observes the guests and get more comfortable. But the music, as the time passes, begins to annoy him. There is an intonation of violence in it. He remembers the

beating he was supposed to suffer. And his interior embarrassment makes him leave the place with all speed. He goes outside for a while. He contemplates the blue sky. He hears the music and laugh of the message it transmits. Later, the weather gets colder. So, he goes back inside, and seeing an empty couch, he sits down. His organism begins to malfunction. And that disturbs him, very much. He decides to sit down in another spot, where it's calmer.

A couple approaches him. A woman, whose proportions exceed normality, and a sir, with the same proportions, talks to him for a while. The woman just doesn't stop talking about beans. And that increases his interior agony. "I ate beans – I'm full of intestinal gas." – said the woman all the time. The agony he felt was so big that he asked his friends to take him back. The headache was already consuming his body. And he said goodbye to the sir. His wife had just gone to the bathroom, maybe to get rid of the beans. He wished good luck, with a sweet expression on his face. They went to Aline's apartment. On the way, they say a few words. When they were almost arriving, he approaches his friend and asks him if he is going to the city where he lives. His friend says he isn't, he is going to a nightclub. So Lender decides to stay at Aline's place. They go upstairs. The young woman settles their beds and they all go to sleep.

On the daybreak, the insomnia attacks. The neighbors complain about the noise and he wakes up. His mind couldn't stop working, so he supposed they were listening to his thoughts. The morning approximates. The sun rises and everything becomes bright. He listens a murmur from the room where Aline was. Maybe it was some dream that made her talk while sleeping. But he supposed she was hearing his thoughts and that made her sleep lighter. They get on their feet and have their morning hygiene. And they left, with Aline, who was going to have her hair cut. When they arrived there, the television was synchronized on a sports channel. They don't pay much attention to it. A chubby smart little boy doesn't stop talking to Lender. His questions are embarrassing. The young man tries all manners to escape, when he can't get rid of the questions. Unconsciously, new messages come to him, saying that it was all predestinated to happen. He talks, after the haircut, about his hallucinations. They both take a bus and go to the city where the young man lives. At the bus stop, an induced woman talks to them: "those folks had been observing you for a long time". They don't realize anything.

Ingenuity dominates them all. On the way, he hears a comment: "he must be crazy", and he thinks it refers to him. He tells Aline about all the illusory circumstances he supposed to be the reality. They arrive at their bus stop and step down the vehicle. Him, dizzy as always. Her, confused by the story. He follows his course, as usual. He decides to stop at Celo's place. The unconscious messages don't stop. He sees a silver beetle parked in front of it. Then everything sounds as a remembrance in his ears. On the corner, a silver fiat, then a silver Volkswagen, straight ahead, a silver GM, and crossing the street, a blue SUV passes by. When he was arriving at Celo's place, the same SUV reappears in front of him and goes straight again, on the other side of the street. He calls his friend. His friend's mother appears at the window and, with a smile on her face, she says that her son wasn't home at that moment. He says farewell to her and follows his way home. On the way, numberless cars of various models and brands pass near him. He decides not to think anything about it – believing he was keeping on with the words game. His parents were waiting for him at home, so they could go to a barbecue at their relatives place.

It was another birthday party. His parents started the car, everybody got in and they set off. The course was tranquil. When they arrived, they got a warm reception. The meat was getting roasted on the backyard. Some people agglomerated. The young man set down on a long bench. He tried the meat, which was very good by the way. At the co fraternization, people behaved in a strange way. The meat that was offered to the young man was pretty roasted. People observed him like his instability had affected them.

Lender, even more unstable, thought he was eating raw meat. He supposed to be under a spell or something, and that reality was, for him, different from what people observed.

And when he chewed the first piece, the normal taste of it made him be even more delighted. Some stared to him with aversion. Just in a moment, he ate and felt like he was eating other meat, which was not from cattle. The taste of it changed every time. He felt like he was eating the genitals of a cat. He didn't like much fatty meat neither. And when it was offered more meat to him, he ate just the pieces with more fatness tenor. The songs suggested that, outside, a complete turn was happening. One of the songs was about fishing.

So, he imagined fish men catching hundreds of fish, in a place where fishing was already scarce. Then, an invasion of UFOs on a littoral city. On his mind, the people from that town witnessed an infinity of dots expanding and multiplying. The dots were getting huge, until they reached the dimension of extraterrestrial spaceships. The military planes unsuccessfully tried to pursue those objects that were really fast. They didn't do anything. They just came to say: "we exist, you don't see, but we are here". Another song was about raining cats and dogs on a droughty region, where the weather forecast indicated impossibility of raining for more than one year.

Lender couldn't stop eating. He savored the meat intensively. The unconscious message said the Buda would be born inside of him at that moment. Then he felt his abdomen become solid and got a little perplexed. He could feel that something inside his body wasn't right. The action of eating seemed to indicate a kind of desire. Instinctively, he realized that people's attention was directed to his belly. He thought they were observing something like a stone growing inside him. And the most the time passed, the most horrified those people were getting. They just couldn't handle being near to him anymore. They strived. On his affected inner, he started to play with a little music box, left there by some kids. Next to him, his father was having fun playing a kind of a 'soccer game', with nails and a coin. The unconscious message said to him: "dad is going to win all the matches, without admit even one goal during a whole round". And the final score was always five to none. However much the opponent tried to punctuate, the coin got stuck and didn't get in the hole that represented the goal. Many tried, but no one succeeded. On the second round the unconscious message said to him: "dad now is going to let the opponents' score, one by one, until he loses". And the first score was five to one, the second, five to two, and from that on, until he lost, five to four. It was the influence of the 'Master', growing inside him, thought the disturbed young man. On the back of the yard, he also paid attention to a relative of him, who entered, with a cake on her hands, a room where everyone was going to delight the tidbits of the party, after lunch. That was habitual there. Like a retarded, the young man yelled inwards: cake, I want to eat that cake... and childishly looked at the dish. During lunch, his brain kept yelling more and more for a piece of that cake. On his mind, at each new yell, a new cake appeared, like by magic, inside the room, that was locked. It was going to be a surprise for the ones having the birthday. He decided to go to the room, to watch television. The show was musical, lots of happiness and animation were in the air. On the image, the spectators opened their eyes wide, with the intention to express their astonishment to that tragic comedy. On the young man's mind, it contributed to help occulting the fact that the planet was arriving, and that the jokes about it would all be explained after the facts explanation.

Time to cut the cake. The expected cake. And the honorable mention to the person having the birthday. "A Southern Cross", which is the representation of the whole family. Lender, confused, thinks that's homage for him too. He gets proud. He was, at that moment, under a strong interior stress. The unconscious message incited him to cry, in order to pay for his humanitarian crimes he had supposedly committed on his past lives. Everybody sings the birthday songs. The sound on ambient is retained by balloons

popping. The person having a birthday cries. Lender thought: he would be crying not because he was touched, but because he was sorry for him. And it got clear, later, that Lender was crying, not his relative. Lender was over all, a big 'nerd'. His reality was apart. A surprise. The cake multiplies. The people were already in other room. And the maids, one by one, came in bringing those delicious delicacies. And it comes the first, and other one. Not in the quantity expected by the young man, before lunch. But the multiplication had occurred – he wondered, confused.

Chapter VII

Torture



Chapter VII

Torture

Now the provocation stage. It was all a manner to show imperfections. He didn't know that, but he observed every little thing that happened and kept it in his memory. With no idea of where it all would end, once that his life had been rolling and rolling for almost two months. He bumped against two young men who were talking in the toilet, and one of them made a comment that didn't pleased Lender. On his way out, observing that the two guys were still talking, he decided to salute only the one who was listening. But, as a sign of regret, he looked back and raised his eyes, smiling, showing that there was no resentment. Already at home, after leaving work, a new stage waited for him.

He started now, to perceive the equipments that were affecting him. He already knew about the devices that permitted hearing the sound of his voice. As in auditive level, or mental.

"I have omitted some facts that I will possibly be writing again.

Who is doing this to me, wants me to actually write and mention everything. I think this whole intrigue is summed up in this book.

I am like a scapegoat, who someone can test his equipments and watch the reactions felt by the guinea-pig, on the expression of what passes inside. So, they play with creeds, my fears, apprehensions and my dreams, life goals...

...therefore I write verses that might mean not too much, but it is expressed here the manifestation of one or multiple thoughts of myself. I try to always query everything and to let in myself manifestations only from thoughts or relatives that might reach in any way, someone or something. However, today, through the window of my room, I see many "me" who insist being the unique being I am. How to distinguish it? – Some will ask – And how to know that what he says is true? – Other may argue. But the truth is that there are other ways of communication besides the voice that is easily felt on deep reflections. It is not needed, thus, that the voice pronounces. Let only the voice of your heart be expressed.

Do you really think I lost my mind?

Despite the pain that is absent most part of time, there is a deep nostalgia, only. I try to always preserve the ones I love, and sometimes it's needed to withdraw, so that they don't get hurt by words that are not mine, but that come from a mentor of illusions. And there it comes the time the paper finishes – the lines almost compress it selves to cede space to the writing. Remember that only love assembles things. I will try to remind that too, even in the moments my light will be cloudy by lack of faith. The end.
Lender."

In the case of the key, his friend got upset, because once he was in an abnormal condition, the young man indicated the 'Master', so that he threw the demon, which was inside of her, in hell. That occurred by mental means only. But, very upset, she said she liked Lender and that she did everything to demonstrate she wasn't a demon. It was the proof he needed to be sure he was being heard mentally. And already out of the insanity, he knew that it was possible, due to the use of a satellite. The satellite transmitted its waves to the young man's direction that permitted him to be heard. And the same

happened to people who were near, or on the other side of the television. Such equipments had accompanied Lender for a long time, without he noticed anything.

He couldn't read anymore. When he took a book and started to read, he was interrupted by the sound of a dialogue of the moment Lender was living. Words, sometimes, sounded bitter. Inside the bus, sometimes, he seemed to describe the people who were in it. And he added to it a tone of rancor, with the clear purpose of causing some kind of tumult against the person who read it. It was a conflict situation. Lender wanted to read. And he liked his readings a lot. So, to dribble what was happening, he opted for changing the text while he was reading. If he saw a negative consideration, related to a person close to him, he changed it to preserve the harmony. Is it madness? – questioned Lender. Not many times. His previous condition made him debilitate. He wanted a plausible justification for the phenomenon. He knew that the text had been changed, because he had already read some of those books before. He remembered that, on the department where he worked, it was possible to take an evidence of what was happening. A passage of the book described the department exactly as it was, suggesting a shabby look to the place. After the reading, he looked for an employee who, when reading it, verified the similarity and asked who had written that. Such a coincidence was very strange.

Still reading, the unconscious messages asked him to think about it and to stop, so he could observe what he was doing. They didn't want, for sure, to be obliged to take a drastic initiative against the young man. Other occasions, describe powerful people, with the explicit intention of indicating a thought that provoked any negative reaction. The description of the places, for a while, showed the lodging of the queen. From the gate, to the place where she was supposedly resting. And he articulated things in such a way, that the clothes and hair color, as well as the health and psyche conditions of the majesty could be found. And when the reading got into the tricks they wanted to tarnish, with words, the image of the one who supposedly was hearing it from her beautiful garden, and who he wanted to meet with such fervor, said his health condition was debilitated. In order to commit no offences, he changed the story. Then, he read it as a perfect story. The book indicated the paleness of her skin – the young man said she was red-faced. The book indicated that her eyes didn't transmit vigor and beauty anymore – the young man compared it to two white swans, or a precious jewel. And so he continued for a long time.

In other occasion, according to a book passage, Lender was supposed to insult the Shah of the great oriental city. It talked about the precious stones that ornamented his blue turban and also about the healthiness that accompanied him. Lender didn't want to go on with the reading, because the insults directed to the authority started being done on the next lines. Sometimes, the book seemed to be friendlier, alerting the young man to skip some passages, otherwise he would be caught in another trap of the destiny. It always tried to conquer the ones who changed the writings while reading. Lender wanted more. And he managed to pluck out from his rival the satellite information, not easily however. It got implicit that it would soon be converted in a new plan, with the finality of absorbing his psyche even more.

The book was, by the way, read by an unusual way. At each new day, another chapter was read. It didn't matter if on the previous day the reading had been finished. And dialogues were settled. Attempts of make Lender contradict himself and to compromise him were frequent. Everything because of his splendid ness. And it said that he was possessed and if his splendid ness weren't so great, his presence would be banished from Earth. Many times, the book seemed friendly and 'asked' him to stop reading. It tried to confuse him, saying that the nation's prime authority was ordering him to do it; and that he would rest until the young man was completely humiliated. That was for the supposed

insults to him, when Lender complained about the privileges. On other passages, it blamed other people as responsible for such situations.

And to read another book didn't help, because the effects were even more catastrophic. Lender, feeling lonely because of his friends' absence, grabbed the book with even more fervor. Sometimes, insults came from the one who narrated the story, or it was simply given to him advices to forget everything and to tread through the way of reality. It was narrated in some occasions, catastrophes and the exact indication of the place where it would happen was given. Lender didn't want to be seen as a wizard. So, he skipped such parts, as always as it was needed. It said for numberless times that his friend: Celso, whose key he had given – was sleeping deeply, and that he would never wake up from this dream. It also insinuated that the young man's parents got worried when they knew about the whole plan to drive him crazy and went to the police station. There were given details about his mother and what she was doing at that exact moment.

Through the Christian calendar he had in his house, sometimes it was made hard criticism, indicating the resignation with the Lord, other times, it was set a real struggle to show that Lender was full of capital sins. And that everything which was happening to him was deserved. He would have, thus, to find himself again on the search for spirituality and to find the solution through God. Lender knew at that point, that it was all a big manipulation. The one who offered advices was the same who confused him. And the intention was to 'feed' his imagination, for each new event.

And he couldn't write. If he did, he would be compromising himself even more. Once that writing or considering such internal issues were too risky. That risk was a mental pressure, of course, which was getting bigger and bigger. Concerning external issues, the situation wasn't different to him. Lender was also distrusted. The hidden message was that the global leaders wanted his head, because he had profaned their religion and cursed them. It was a dead end way. Anything he wrote could result in a bigger retaliation.

He couldn't eat. The coffee, very sweet, seemed bitter to him. The chicken, was tasteless, but seemed like a piece of meat soaked on beans. To eat dried grapes was like eating ham. And ham was like a dried grape of traditional sweetened taste. Lender always had the exact quantity. He didn't want to waste anything. Food is sacred and can't just be thrown away. It is a profanation with God and with those who eat. But even if he consumed just a few, by the third time he put it in his mouth, he felt already full. And so full that anything went down his throat anymore. The food was put in the garbage. On other situations, he felt like there was 5 times more food on his plate than it usually was. The weight he carried wasn't relative to what the plate contained. And if even he ate a lot, the food didn't reduce. And it was also possible, as with coffee and milk, to change the taste while drunk it. Sometimes too bitter, other times too sweet, or even a normal flavor. That was a pure torture... apprehension for not knowing what he was going to eat or to drink.

One of the reasons that made Lender leave his work would fear about his life. When he arrived to the dining-hall, his willing was to eat broccoli. Not too glutton, he put three pieces on his plate. He took a seat on by the table and started savoring the tidbits. The first piece was normal, well spiced. Also was the second. The third one tasted like medicine (purgative). When he ate, he noticed some people commenting something, but he didn't pay much attention. Going back to his work, he felt the reaction in his organism that he had an intestinal malfunction. He felt nothing else but spasms. But the people who were around him behaved like Lender were completely fetid. He didn't comprehend the disgust he provoked. They looked to the floor with repugnance and avoided passing near him. On the course to his home, the reactions were of scare, as the young man walked on the street. People were getting horrified at every moment. He didn't comprehend it, because he looked to himself and didn't notice or feel anything different. Besides the scare looks, they also made comments that induced to a feeling of pity.

And he couldn't even play around. If he drew something, it came on his mind the unconscious message, it is forbidden. It deals about Nostradamus. You will be punished. As he had not much to do at home, he distracted himself with the domino. He created clowns, pyramids, towers, castles and even a crown. But everything was forbidden. An interior voice always condemned him. And the creations were numberless. Always infantile. That was already making a logical sense. It was a chain of privations that didn't cease. Without a definite finality. He thought it was about occulting the presence of the planet which was arriving.

On his remembrance, the image of Celo teaching him how to play the games. However, such remembrance came to him for countless times, after the exact moment he had finished his leisure session.

As he mounted the figure of a clown with the pieces, he saw that he didn't have legs, the domino pieces weren't sufficient. So, he took some pieces from the knee and gave him a leg. Once again, he took a couple pieces and gave him feet. The clown had feet now, but no arms. He took some pieces from the neck and gave him arms. But still sad, he didn't have hands, and so he took a couple more and gave him hands. Hands that didn't have fingers. And the fingers were added, as he turned the pieces to other position. And the clown had six fingers. As much on his feet as on his hands.

He took colored pencils, a piece of paper and the mood to play. He drew a green column and then another one, parallel to the first. Above that, a golden cupola. And it shined brightly. A red roof was equilibrated on the top of the columns. In the center, a door. Partly open. And it had inside a rusty key thrown on the floor. Outside, a dusty black flight of stairs gave a filthy aspect to the place. Lender dreamed about such drawings... and he reproduced it, thinking it was only mere recordation.

Once again, the domino. It was the week of the queen. He had to meet her. And to demonstrate he was synchronized with the pieces, he created a crown. And exactly half of the pieces formed the basis. The rest of it had the shape of a crown. And he said: "I get the basis and you get the crown". It was like a request for her not to go away, so that on the next day he could meet her. But there wasn't a meeting and it wouldn't be, because it was all craziness.

He went to the computer, once that the drawings and dominos induced him to the supposed crime of remembering things he couldn't. He started the software of making images. He drew a panda bear crying. And it was also a recordation. He drew, days later, a fruit-pot, and it was also a remembrance. And he did a flower garden during the time he was on work. For each thought he tried to block he drew one flower. And in the end of one week there was infinity of flowers on the paper. On the center, a beautiful rose, left by one of the people who worked there.

He got the domino. And made a circle of it. The circle represented the spiral of life. And he erased it one more time and made a thunderbolt. It symbolized divine justice. The towers symbolized nothing and had no unconscious messages hidden on it that indicated anything. As the little houses and the pyramids he drew.

He couldn't think. Like it already wasn't enough having to compete with another person dubbing what he thought. He had now to banish of his inner the thoughts that entered his own psyche. A thought that wasn't his, but from the equipment that made the implants in his head. It worked this way: an unconscious message was put in a video or in a simple lip reading of a determined lettering. Next to that, on his mind, the device joined to it a key-word, that unchained a sequence of connected thoughts, and that consequently were converted in physical actions. Stimulus. Without he noticed, he was induced to do exactly what was indicated for him to do. As going to the cathedral, when he should be going to the refectory, for lunch, on the part that refers to the illusory queen.

Such unconscious messages ransomed the recordation of the voice of a person who was supposedly telling him what he had to do. If that was the case, when he saw, for example, the drawings, he would have such messages in his head, with the sonority of Celo's thoughts. If he wanted to incriminate someone, or some national or international institution, then he assumed the voice of the person who's Lender had listened any information related to the company from. This fact, a strange fact, many times made Lender suppose his friend had been victim of some macabre ritual, which in a certain way anticipated to him the things that could happen.

And he couldn't listen. The TV shows were little by little becoming forbidden. It could contain reports of political quorum and someone could get angry with it, or even an international report, that could unchain a new persecution. There were numberless the ways to limit Lender's restricted world. Just the act of listening was dangerous, once that the unconscious messages were present even on people's lips, which were also controlled mentally. The sounds on TV were also modified, as the songs he listened to. Words seemed to get in consonance.

He couldn't see. The image in TV was changed. He took a long time to find that out. And that happened with the help of the soap operas' artists, who showed what illusion was and what was real. Alienating. Lender stared at the advertisings and the eyes of the artists always pointed to his direction. He decided to change his position make a test. And the eyes followed him. Not only the eyes, but their mouths and faces indicated a consonance, as a discordance of the attitudes of the moment the young man found himself in. It was, according to the young man, a way to attribute to him a model of egocentrism each time more elevated.

He loved to contemplate the space. He used to turn off the backyard lights and observed for minutes any celestial crowd movement. One night, he saw three satellites passing simultaneously. Two on the horizontal and the other on the vertical. After that, a comet appeared, like from nowhere. On another instant, he couldn't observe the Southern Cross anymore, which was common to observation from that local. The moon also looked strange to him. Its movements, between a phase and another, indicated a disconnection. One time it was on the left side of the house and other time it was on the right side. He didn't ever know if that was an optical illusion or if he really had visualized such facts. He didn't have much knowledge about astronomy. Maybe because of that he believed the stars dislocated from their natural course. On that case he saw it, but the unconscious messages pointed it wasn't so.

And he couldn't feel it. Time and bitterness from his disease made Lender a hardheartedness person. He used to love others in abundance, but his feelings had been left behind. He didn't miss anyone or anything. He didn't felt jealousy or envy. Neither other feelings... However, under the influence of the equipment, now he missed a distant friend with enormous intensity. He didn't use to cry, but he did it two times: once, when he found out his sister was in danger, and other time later. He didn't feel anything, but they made him feel. It was summed reactions of stimulus which happened on chain reaction.

He didn't know how to perceive the symptoms on his body. His thermal sensation was controlled by those equipments. In such a way that it could make him feel cold or hot. That happened on some parts of his body. Once, he felt like there was someone throwing water on some part of his body while he was sleeping. Other times, they transmitted the impression he was being touched. And the variations were numberless, in conformity with the finality planned by the device for the season. The unconscious messages said that it could also hide symptoms of diseases, as flu, for example. And by that, it could lead anyone to death, due to the simple fact that symptoms which didn't appear couldn't be evaluated and treated.

And he wasn't safe. Another equipment, also with a tenor of destruction, was capable of breaking any object in front of it. Metal seemed to be made of matches, and easily broke up. Once Lender saw his mother putting a diaper pin in a pair of trousers. It wasn't thin. In the half of the course, aiming to put a lace inside the waistband, it divided into two pieces. It would be possible, if it were a fraud. But it wasn't. She wouldn't have such intention and neither knew about the unconscious messages. Surely it was another demonstration of what those things could do. Lender, thought he wasn't still lucid, was gathering evidences that could make some real sense about all the happenings around him those days.

And he didn't remember. People said absurd things, or they were induced to such propositions. They reacted in conformity with Lender was thinking, they answered, like if they were listening. They were always in consonance with the propositions. And it didn't happen a few times only. It happened for numberless times, day after day, intriguing the young man. So, he concluded that many things were omitted to him, due to the simply negligence of the situations. And on their minds, no recordation, but Lender remembered everything. Not because he was different from everybody else, but because they wanted it to be likes that. As a big school, where such things were being shown to the young man, little by little. However, he wasn't completely lucid yet.

It wasn't logical. Objects sometimes disappeared and appear again near to the young man. Always the occasion was propitious. Once, a female friend went to visit him. The two of them left a sheet of paper on a chest of drawers. And then they went to another room to talk more relaxed. She left, forgetting the object there. When she remembered she had forgotten it, she came back to get it back. And they entered the room. And the precious object wasn't there. They looked for it in the room next to that. They didn't find it. They entered the room one more time – didn't find anything. Only when they tried for the third time, there was the object, on the same position it was before, where the eyes weren't capable to see. The explanation came from a hypnotic process. Perception was partially blocked, and someone magnetically induced approached, leaving the object on the proximity. When Lender realized the presence of the object – by a similar process – then he grabbed it and held it for a long time. Certainly executing the unconscious messages.

Illogical. Completely illogical. Water sprinkled on Lender every time he left the kitchen to the computer room. His house had a lateral void, which was partly open. The computer was on the rear house and the course obligatory had to pass through the housework area. Between that local and the rear house there was no roof. Water felt on Lender, in minuscule drops, and he, quite startled, crossed running. His mind, very disturbed, thought it was some kind of poison that someone was throwing, being invisible. However, the reality of that materialization had no supernatural effects. The technology spilled on Lender was much, and he, stunned, found that out only months later.

And he couldn't be free. Terror, exactly terror. The greatest of all. Torture. A machine, the worst of them all disturbed him. It was like gears connected to his body, transmitting electric discharges. Other times, it was also introduced sharpened needles. And there were introduced on his rectum, instruments that tortured him and didn't let him sleep. Cuts on the pubic, indicating internal surgeries. That sensation was always present. But actually, never. The perception of such things was frequent for many consecutive days. The biggest horror of all. He was starting to pay for the debts he assumed when he interfered on political issues he shouldn't opine. On the first day, it was a sensorial hospital. It all started with luxury sessions. Nothing actually happened, just an optical illusion of the instruments that controlled his senses. The first mechanism acted just like a clothes peg, which extremities seemed like saws. Every time Lender's member got erect, such instrument pressed the basis inch by inch, and such pressure was increased to

values he couldn't calculate. And it was a drama. He spent the whole day avoiding images that induced him to sexual desire. The pain annoyed him and he was scared to go all the way until that object 'devoured' his elixir. That made his legs tremulous. The unconscious message affirmed: "You played with our creed, now it's time to pay. You will lose your member". The preoccupation was constant inside him. He wanted to get rid of that, but it was impossible. For a long time, everyone kept telling him he should stop, but he continued blindly. Nerd... nerd...

Second day. Discomfort still came along with him. "It's time to rip out your balls" – they affirmed. "You'll become a woman, and from now on you'll dress like a woman, because you profaned us and cheated us"; and for Lender, it was easy to visualize that amount of statesmen wanting his head. And the instrument pressed the basis, and the fear of losing his virility made him pray with an intensity never seen before. He tried, by every manner to get rid of the fright of mutilation.

Third day. The surgery. They introduced a metallic stick with a round top that had a wire which was annexed on Lender. The first wire was already in position. The shock is given. It merges in the internal wall of the young man. He hides his fright and yells inside. Once again, the stick is put inside him. Next to that, another shock. Another junction. And one by one, sensors with wires are annexed through his rectum. The horror was immense. And, on his vision, a nurse followed him everywhere on the house he wanted to go. His movements were always controlled. He was given only one option to move from place to place in the house, and if he insisted, he would be punished with an even more severe punishment. Shock – electric discharge.

The humiliation for his faults and for his crimes against man kind and for spreading scare. All about an illusory catastrophe, that he created on his mind and spread to the whole world. Then, kings and statesmen of the epoch demanded that the necessary steps were taken. It was needed to attend all the requests. And each one must be commented. Not even one statesman would leave dissatisfied with the punishment. And they asked: "Dress him as a woman and make him go out on the street. But that isn't enough, make him wear make-up and dye his hair with various colors.". And the coiffeur went to the young man's house. He had his hair made. The man couldn't stand being near to the boy, due to his fetidness. Previously to all that, they had put a substance in the water that propitiated accumulation of gases inside him. But the coiffeur, after realizing he would have to do it anyway, was complaisant with Lender. And he was ready. The time to go out was getting near. He forgot he was already dressed up and went to the shower. In the bathroom, he remembered. And he feared his mistake. The shock was applied. Only the shock wasn't sufficient to please everyone. "Cut one of the fingers of his right foot" – And the sensation of the cut happened. And he felt the pain, thought he looked to his finger and it was still there. He felt the blood flowing out but there was no blood.

Another try. By using induction, they asked an old lady to visit him. He greeted the woman and the little girl who came with her. They were set down on the living room. She looked frightened at him, with her eyes wide open, as if the little girl wasn't there. Lender, dumb as he was, thought it was another illusion. And he ratiocinated like the girl wasn't there in fact. He apologized and entered the car with his father. They went to deliver an order of footwear (his father was artisan). On the way, once again the presence of the coiffeur. The man wasn't the same as before, who was on the back seat of the car. The young man distractedly put his hands on the chair and he painted his nails. Each one in a different color. And his father, alert, waved at him so he cleaned it, to reduce the shame. And he cleaned it. The people who passed near the car watched that hilarious scene. And the dryer was put in action. The process of vivifying the "lady" had started.

Next to that, the hair and make-up professional wasn't on the back seat anymore, but the old lady of years before. And she kissed him all the time. While a song was played,

the lyrics said that she had thrown the young man's things away and now he would have to put up with the distemper of what she felt for him. For Lender, he had the look of a woman, with a dress on and everything. He was like a clone of that lady. And the make-up artist could have changed her face, to look like the young man. Who saw it, believed Lender was kissing intensely the woman. Such a scene would be absurd. He was revolted. He didn't see anything indeed, but people around him would laugh, for sure. Then, due to the impatience of the young man, who was moving his head hither and thither, the professional assumed the role of a nurse and burnt the skin below Lender's left eye. His father looked behind scared, and certainly he didn't see anything.

When he got home he was uncomfortable, but it was impossible to notice anything abnormal with him. But Lender thought he was wearing a dress and had his hair and nails done. He set down next the guest, who this time, was accompanied by her husband besides her daughter. Once again, his organism wasn't functioning well. The spasms started. He got embarrassed, but there was nothing he could do. Lender thought she could possibly be under some type of enchantment. And every time he had a spasm, she saw him ashamed next to her. And she, in a sign of good manners, said she felt a pepper smell on the air. And it was much pepper, because the woman didn't stop saying that for a second:

“Oh, it's pepper...
More pepper... Hum... Pepper...
It's pepper...”

He was very ashamed, so he excused himself and went to the room next to that. It was some much pepper that the woman left quickly. He thought: “Well... maybe she was really feeling too much pepper smell on the air, I can do anything about it”.

Still on the third day, the night came. A new torture instrument was placed. He felt it was sort of a recipient that involved his sexual member, and that was captioned by a mechanic system, vibrating intensely. Similar to a cylinder. On the center of the instrument there was a point, which penetrated the young man's member as a needle every time he felt sexually stimulated. It caused discomfort and consequent pain. It drained the sex off him. And for many times, hypothetically, he felt his energy flow off through those tubes, leaving his body.

A little lower, he felt something as a knife cutting the skin, with the intention of removing Lender's scrotum with nippers. Its visualization was grotesque. The nurse who manipulated the instruments, to make it worse, introduced a screw-driver in the young man's anus and rotated it, and a few minutes later, not satisfied yet, he introduced it more deeply, wounding his internal walls with shocks. His bed was icy, indicating that the blood was flowing off everywhere. But when he touched it, there was no blood, there were no cuts. He thought it was all invisible only for his eyes, once that his relatives behaved like those things were really happening.

Fourth day at the hospital. The young man was already trying to make them turn off the torture equipments. Certain that someone controlled his hallucinations from a computer, he asked the devices were turned off, once it seemed to be bruising his body. Then he challenged the scientist to reproduce holographically the figure of a mouth, then to give him pleasure and that such pleasure went all the way to the end. And he spent minutes negotiating mentally that act. Until then, all the symptoms, even the ecstasy, were fictitious. It wasn't verified physically. After much reluctance, the process started. Lender's mind had already figured visually the mouth caressing him. But when the climax was near, he induced a bite on the base of the organ, and that made him shudder. Furious, Lender got angry with the scientist. So he argued and the scientist turned off the device.

Later, when he went to bed, the torture started. The drain of genetic material continued. The sensation of the pincers and the shower transmitting impressions to him. The presence of the nurse near him, controlling everything. The previous anesthesia applications, so he didn't feel any pain. Curious, he wanted to know if all that was really being carried on as illusions. He argued this time, with the nurse. She didn't care. She put Lender's forefinger stretched over his mouth, in order to make him shut up. He didn't see anything, of course, just felt her presence. He established a dialogue where the answers were given just by the manipulation of the young man's hand over his mouth. If such gesture was made twice in a row, it meant "yes" and if it was made only once, "no". In short, she tranquilized him, saying that she didn't have the intention to hurt him. He asked her to turn on the instruments without the "traps" this time and to induce him to the climax. She did it and he succeeded. Incredible. Even without touching any part of his body, and awake. Lender joked: "You are a famous nurse now. You're very good." And she, enraged, pressed his hand over his mouth with more intensity. And like if that wasn't enough, she made him get his laughter nerves articulated for a long while. As someone pulling his cheeks.

His vision also omitted color sequences. Lender had gone to the hospital to visit a neighbor of him who had suffered serious wounds on his legs. The man was with his daughter in his car. She incessantly tried to show him the beauty of the city gardens. He passed by them and noticed nothing much. On the way, Lender was sleeping on the hypothetic situation of being a clone, and when he arrived there he would meet his matrix. It would be thus, a revolutionary treatment. The real Lender should be diseased. The clone was an android. And the diseased person should be with a kind of helmet on, which transmitted the images of where the android passed by. In this manner the patient had no conscience that his body was debilitated. And when he got recovered, the change was made with no embarrassment. They decide to go up the three floors by the stairs.

Lender, paying attention to every strange movement, moves his head side to side. He wanted to see the nurses coming to approach him in order to make the change. Before they left to the hospital, he put drew a little line on his nail with a black pencil to make sure they would change the bodies. And in his pockets, he put little objects, because if they took off his pants they would drop and on his way back, after verifying it he would find out if the fact was veridical or not. When he arrived there, he set down on an unoccupied bed and talked with a diseased sir for a while. Always expecting the doctors to arrive and make the change of the clone for the real person. Hours went by and none doctor came. He thought they could be observing him through an illusory wall. Maybe behind him. It didn't take long. Someone approached him from behind. It's them, he thought. And soon came the sensation of anesthetic going up his neck when they threaded him an illusory needle. Then, he felt like another surgical instrument was cutting his neck, point by point. They pulled his head off and replaced it for another. He shuddered and opened his mouth scared. When the act was all done, he asked to leave the room and waited in the aisle.

On the aisle, a nurse talked to a cleaner: "That's right, he doesn't remember us anymore. We helped him when he needed and now he just doesn't even care about us". So he deduced the woman was talking about one of the times he felt her presence in his room. It all made sense. He had been for all the time in that hospital. The android was the one at his home. On the aisle, he started to feel all the previous symptoms of torture. And he felt like he was being kicked on the stomach, the surgeries on his sexual parts and everything else. Then he left the hospital panic-stricken and waited for the end of the visit outside that real hospital. He was very scared. And he felt guilty. Certainly, the android was gone. And he had cowardly let all that happen, without doing anything. Poor android. It wouldn't have much chance anyway. The wounds he had would have been fatal for sure.

And on his way back home, he felt his heart stop. Not real Lender's heart, but the heart of the one who had supposedly stayed at the hospital.

And the torture ways were numberless. At the church: God – as a form to explain all the pain that family was facing, but at the same time, to feel comfort and help. They head up to the holy house of God. Inside it there were a few benches occupied. They had arrived too early. On the preparation of the celebration, those who sung at the altar seemed under hypnotic state. The song they were singing didn't sound like the traditional songs that were executed. One of them, by the way, was about war. It all seemed like a set up. The preparation was finished. The mass starts. The priest looked to the young man many times and seemed to be in communion with him. A multitude, already present, observed for a long while Lender's attentive look to the priest. Sermon time:

“There was a very perverse king, who swore to plunder the town if his thirst for revenge wasn't satiated. He wanted a person to surrender. And for many times the king had sent people to kill such person, who lived in that town. But God protected the person always. And every time his body was hurt God healed him... and healed again... And there was no sign of conversion. It is very sad people, very sad. Because God was near him all the time, interceding, healing, but he was blind. And now the enemy was there, right behind him. And had already entered the door of his house, waiting for the right moment to finish the mission. And God was sad, because he didn't acknowledge His work. The young man that in the past he was a diseased child. His body had sores all over, his legs didn't bear his weight. He was an obese boy. And God, in order to soften his situation, erased it all from his memory. God loved him. And blessed him. The only thing God wanted was his conversion. He has an incurable disease now, and God wants to heal him, but he doesn't want to be healed. It was a serious problem, very serious, but he didn't strain enough so that God acted on him, at the moment. And until now He was only waiting for the man to say: 'Oh Lord, heal me!!! God be praised'.”

Lender heard everything. From his imaginary hospital came the information he had testicle cancer. And the priest was, unconsciously, talking about the removal of his “seeds”. On Lender's mind, he preferred death against allowing the removal of any part of his body. Who knows that wasn't just the approval they needed to do the surgery? The priest insisted on making him accept it, Lender contorted himself, feeling imaginary pain inside the church. The priest talked about enemies who pursued Lender, and he was already aware that it was all about the moment he was going through. When the sermon finished, he indicated that Jesus was walking there at that moment. It was time for the Hosts. And he starts a mental battle with the young man.

“Out loud, the priest said to Lender, just mentally, through his unconscious messages:

Priest: Jesus has resurrected and God is now passing by your left side. He is healing you, He is purifying you.

Lender: No. He is passing by the right side.

It seemed like the priest was hearing the young man's thoughts. And he continued.

Priest: I am telling you, and I will not repeat. God is now passing by your right side.

Lender: No. He is now passing by the left side.

Priest: But I am telling you, God is now passing through the center.

Lender: No. He is on the altar.

Raising his voice, the priest continued.

Priest: He is among the people, here in this church.

Lender: No. He is sanctifying the priest.

Priest: God is now handing over the Host and acknowledging the church he founded.

Lender hesitated to insist, but he remembered that the unconscious message wanted exactly such negation. So, he decided to agree with the priest.

Lender: Amen.

Priest: Alleluia, Lord. Finally. Alleluia. God is, at this exact moment, operating a miracle, let's clap our hands for Jesus. Clap your hands! I was almost forgetting... there is a person here who already has a house, but it seems like he wants to change home. Don not does this. Because the house is unfinished. It's an illusion. There are only bricks there. Only the walls have been raised. If this person decides to go, he will only find suffering."

The collective co-operated so that such unreal things were realized little by little. There were, and it was undeniable, many coincidences that contributed to increase even more the uncommon state he had been living those days. Nothing made sense. Nobody was fully conscious. Not only Lender, but his parents, his relatives and unknown people. And the amazing thing about that, was that everyone forgot the absurd things they said and it contributed only to amplify the sleepy state of the young man.

On the same day, at lunch time, once again the same agony of withdrawing the famous "little balls". It was terrorism, as always. Lunch was served. And the unconscious message was: "Remove it, from under the table, at bumps, and put on your food to eat it. Do this."; and the imaginary nurse tied a string on it and pulled one of the young man's testicles. He was eating a piece of meat and by the third time he put it in his mouth, the meat's taste seemed to be other. The people around the table stared at him for a while but went back to eating again, normally.

Later, when he got up, he dropped the second ball on the floor. And his father run to it and smashed it with his foot. He had triumphant look on his face, as if it had been made justice to Lender for his debts against the society. It was all imaginary. Completely. But the unconscious messages invaded his mind with a very hard anguish. An atmosphere of tension reigned. And the situations that induced to such hallucinations were very frequent. Those were the worst took care "little balls" of the country. In other words, by shocks, by knives, as tennis ball, as food,... Terror... much terror...

Chapter VIII
Interior accusations



Chapter VIII

Interior Accusations

Still feeling he was being persecuted, he decides to re-create his particular world. On television, the hallucinations of being heard mentally start again. And this time, as if only thought wasn't enough, also arise his interior images. Everything was possible on that parallel universe. A car race was being broadcasted. The race way was crowded. A giant screen transmitted images to all over the world. That was the opportunity he needed to express what he was feeling. He put his mind to think. And he started to visualize the boy in his particular world. The same farm of old, the same tree, the flower fields, and the blue sky, as stained glass window, the mountain and the ocean yonder the horizon.

The boy was, like every time he needed shelter, under the tree, contemplating the celestial arch. Tears dropped from his face crystalline of sadness. He felt solitude invade his body. Nobody could get inside of it. The boy decides to go to the mountain near. Some rainy clouds get shape. He comes close to the field direction. Arriving there, he visualizes the horizon and observes the curved sea. A giant wave goes out its normal course and follows devastating the fields and passing on top of the mountains that were on the sea direction. The devastation is immense, and it approaches the boy. Then, he centralized the big wave distancing, until it returns to the ocean and appeases. From his world, he feels other people clapping their hands. Maybe it was a kind of contact. Yes, a contact. He saw people observing him on his illusory world. It was like they were inside a web. But it was supposed they had also the same vision he had. It didn't matter who was inside it. That was the first time he had a direct way to communicate.

And a song in a strange language was being played. He couldn't translate its meaning. He realized two hands clapping. The people loved it. More people agglomerated. And he raised his hands up to the sky. As who says: "That is the way, we all must follow it."; and he continues. Now, he pictures children in his world. He wasn't alone anymore. The music sounds like people beating the drums. They sing and clap their hands in his world. They play games in circle. And each one of them has a different nationality. Joy is printed on their faces. The message they all wanted to give was of world peace. Happy, they all make a unique choreography. From Lender's imagination, it comes the image of the Earth. From each place of the planet, fireworks emerge.

Children catch planes and go to other places in the world. They look for their friends. On countries which were enemies before, they are welcome with greetings. There was no sign of hostility in any place they went. But the remembrance of don't having his individuality makes he remember his mind is a prisoner and that he wants the liberty he dreamed so much for. He centralized a microphone and it all was getting now into a struggle to have his inside back. And the microphone changes into a dancing turtle, or it catches fire and from it sprout birds that fly, blue butterflies, beautiful snakes... but the message is contaminated. The thoughts become darkish. The beauty flows off.

And the turtles get a horrific aspect. From the snakes, it seems to sprout poison. The butterflies get a bizarre aspect and then catch fire. And people start to dissipate. They just couldn't stand to see so much horror on that web. The boy realizes the sabotage. And he says: "Why do you pursue me? I did nothing against you"; the music sound modifies, now it's a war between horrors and beautiful images. He manages to maintain the order. The other, to contaminate the message.

On another scene, actors are invited to an auditorium show. The boy presents one of the guests with a flower. Then, the flower converts into a penis, that symbolizes the unclasp of life. And on the penis top, a lotus flower unclasp, with the pureness of the

soul. But the image was vehemently criticized. It was inconceivable. The critiques weren't little. Confused, he tried to dissipate his thought and to tighten on reality.

It comes the moment of the games. All countries fraternized. The flags on its flagstaffs are motivated by the joy of representing their country in front of the whole world. Many athletes participate. A record, it was supposed. The tight dispute for a good collocation made the desire for the podium more exciting. Lender was all disturbances. He even thought he was cheering for a team that wasn't his, though the uniform looked like the one of his country. At the moment of the anthem, the emotion. The athletes' animation carried the patriotism on its back. Lender was singing internally. He thought the sound of his voice was being heard.

The athletes bring many medals. An unconscious message says: "it's doping". Lender couldn't stop thinking about that word. And it indicates a person erroneously. On the next day, the surprise. Confirmation of doping, but not in the Olympic Games. But of a soccer player from his town. The situation makes him feel remorse. Such messages, that insisted on pointing him false directions and confuse his mind, had already gone far enough.

Another weekend, another barbecue. This time, it took place in the house of a friend of his parents. Everybody shows up, except for his sister. The sensation of discomfort befalls on the young man during the whole time. He was afraid that one of his thoughts could offend or hurt someone's feelings. He didn't want to cause tumult. But the people, aware of the young man's problem, tried to make him feel the most comfortable as possible. The house owner talked about the plants she had retrained. An unconscious message told the young man the plants were invisible to his eyes. But Lender was already trying to fight against such happenings at that moment. He was trying to go back to reality. Next to that, he went to the video room. He watched, with one of the house owners, a story. He was fascinated. The whole movie was full of images and scenes that came to his senses the weeks before, by induction. It wasn't ordinary programming. It was a video tape, which was there incidentally.

And during the week, he watched many other movies. Each one, with pieces from the induced projections the young man had received. The usual, he thought, would be to watch the movie first and then having the impression of already seeing it before, by logical consequence. Instead of seeing on his mind a preview of what he was going to watch. It was all clear. Such equipments, which were manipulating his life, always gave him false impressions of what was happening. It was all carefully articulated, in order that something purposeless that was said, could be utilized days later, in a sequence of words which converted in a thought. And these thoughts would form, in chain, a whole context of ideas.

On the reality, the machines that mined his liberty were just one dark machine. A satellite. The big star of terror, which since the half of the year of 1999, started to disturb Lender in his journey here on Earth. It was capable of modifying the five senses human beings have. Instruments that can work in the same vibration as the brain does and spill other information on the neurons, creating a parallel reality, in accordance with the desired finality. Everything is illusion made by it. The mind connections are reformulated by the object. The process is simple. Each part of the brain is responsible for coordinating a function: hearing, smell, taste, vision or touch. The head communication with the rest of the body is blocked through key-neurons, and new contacts are established by adding the desired new information. The key was to co-ordinate such mental actions using the cardiac system that liberated a certain quantity of energy to the central whirl near the navel, with the finality of reproducing the sensations. And the human kind achieves thus, the "beehive stage". Where the withholders of this artifact may easily conditionate their people to a standard conduct. To do laborers work in conformity with their longings.

He didn't know for sure who was commanding all that, conducting to his personal tragedy. The unconscious messages confused him at all the time. One time they made him believe it was a group of people, other time, that it was another. It was perfect. His mind was going to walk in a spiral every time he tried to find a responsible for his misfortune. The stimulus was always present. The will of living free from the agony. And time was passing, without convincing answers about purposes and finalities. It didn't seem provided of a specific end also. It had no solution. He would have to try to achieve some point. Then, he embarked on another chain of hallucinations – the one of the probable guilty ones.

The preconception as the first guilty. On the old continent, the young man met and fell in love with a German girl, with much care and affection. And his feeling for her had increased, until the point that there weren't more limits anymore. What had started as a dream ended as a nightmare. He really loved that human being, however there wasn't a correspondence in the same intensity. His premise was: "to never push it". When he felt the feeling of friendship ruled, instead of love, he preferred to let the person go on by the way she wanted. At the first moment, the lamentation got into his heart, when other person still very recent in this episode, got involved. The simple fact of the involvement didn't bother him. Just the bitter taste of being cheated on, in the intention of occulting the romance. The triad doesn't get along. The friendship chills. It remains only resentment.

"Ignacio went to the Castle of Flanders, there he found orchids and jasmines. He walked inwards the stony ways and went to the water firth. It was a magnificent place and he had the company of the lily and the sunflower. On a recent past, both the lily and the sunflower had despised the boy, and for three days they left him a total darkness. The boy stayed a long while below the black night and took a long time to meet the radiance again.

Today, the child watered both with plenty love, and thought he is distant, he has both inside his heart. He wants then to be happy.

So Ignacio continued his journey through the flowery fields. He visited an island which name reflected the beauty. It was all beautiful. Everyone caught the boat, where the pain and the happiness started. The boy had committed many mistakes with the sunflower, he let his love surpass the limits. However, admitting his fault, he let it go on. The end."

And such resentment would have, according to the unconscious message, unchained dilation: that the smell Lender exhaled derived from a cardiac disease. The message had supposedly scattered and achieved the media.

So, his entire initial nightmare would be the incomprehension of the people in front of a personal tragedy, with the aim of impeding him of coming back, so that he couldn't transmit the disease to other people. Incomprehension. The lack of humanitarian respect that for many times had convicted people to a mediocre life, due to the fear of the stones that would be thrown.

He thought about God. He remembered his visit to the Cathedral, in the beginning. He could have, without knowing, offended the Lord. But God is love. And in such case, He wouldn't torture, but quest his redemption. He was away from church for a long time. But he didn't despise it and admitted its value before the society. He decided to live more distant from the masses. He felt good like that. Without a complex formula to follow. He knew how to comprehend the vision of all religions. He wanted only to love the man.

Hence, couldn't be God the motivator of that misfortune. Even though he was an imperfect person.

He remembered now the illusory planet he created in his mind. And the cause for that wasn't preconception anymore. Maybe the beginning of everything. And he thought about the rage of the first around the globe. About the probable deaths that could have happened because of his declarations of 'the end of the world'. In his subconscious he saw Sects preaching his confirmations and some even inducing hundreds to destroy the lives of their followers. He thought about the angst that many could be feeling. About the traumas that could have been provoked. The despair was on the faces of each afflicted being. But something didn't make sense to him, because if it had to be like that, he would be in jail. The time to happen such thing had already passed. So why was he still in liberty? He could answer that – he concluded.

The northern government – he thought. Experiences of such type wouldn't be accepted there. But on a third world country it is easy to finish up guinea-pigs to use in the development of humanitarian projects or not. To mine the information. To restrict the access to the case. To bribe the authorities in order to have free transit around the country. And to form a team of specialized scientists, who could work at distance, on their own countries. The finality: to prove that mankind is a fruit of the environment. Everything a person feels would be result of what he or she had captured in life, through the five senses. The "object" of experience would have to be analyzed, since the birth to adult age. But there was incoherence on that possibility also. Such sophisticated equipments would have to be elaborated since de 1970's. And, speaking in terms of technology, such proposition was impossible. Unless that technology had been hidden from the big public with military ends.

Other unconscious messages pointed to the Nazi Olympic Games. A way to dominate the world, using Hitler's "children". People who had been programmed to assume, on determinate times, important posts on various countries around the world and to provoke the domination of the Arian race. That kind of thought was well diffused here. But it always sounded as way to maintain the supremacy of North America, on the influence traffic among the governments. It was a lot improvable that such thing had really happened.

The abductions that years ago he remembered of could not only be just dreams, as he had crystallized inside him, but real facts. And secret services around the whole terrestrial globe were attentive to those phenomenons without explanation. Professionals on the subject have always argued that truth is hidden at high costs. People are considered crazy, in order to occulting the facts reality. It is easier to dominate the one who knows less instead of the one who knows more, because who knows more can argue when it's needed. He thought, for many times, that the government of his country had access to some kind of extraterrestrial technology that had accidentally fallen on his hands and now he was just trying to test the acquired military advantages. It was already running along the border of fiction, but as a hypothesis it couldn't be discarded.

The idea of retaliation by the government always came to his memory. He lives a democracy, that's a fact, but for him it was only torture and induction to total craziness. He couldn't get out of his mind the idea of complaining about his country situation. Certainly he had awakened the rage of the ones who ruled. He never knew what was happening on the old continent. He didn't know the content of what the newspapers had noticed. It was logical, but improbable, once that he didn't have a concrete base to affirm that.

His father served for fourteen years in a military institution. The couple had lost their first baby. Then he thought about the difficulties of having another one in a normal way. Thus, they would have ingenuously searched for the military help, with a new project of conceiving. They didn't know what they were doing. Fractions of the baby's substances

would have to be removed. That was to do the clone, without the acknowledgement of the parents. Conceived later, the genetically identical baby had on his inner a temporal memory. That would be the voices that occurred frequently inside Lender's head. A satellite controlled everything; and, by using short frequencies it entered people psyches and manipulated any person, dominating their senses. The idea of "laborer bees", where the control was exercised with the aim of maintaining people inside a determinate model, where they were threats to the system. Who tried to come out of the model would be massacred. And maybe such episode, that Lender could be crossing, was a measure to make him go back to the habitual control. He had been out his country for a long time. His criticism power was elevated. So the equipment acted on him. That possibility surpassed the limits of logic, decaying on absurdity. The young man considered every possibility.

The media – he also argued. The guessing games didn't leave his mind, the colored borders on the screen, the communication he observed on the television shows, the effect of marking time the led him to coincide with what he had previously marked, and many other things. On Europe, he spent two months without a monitor in front of him. He cogitated the possibility of having visualized, when he came back, a sequence of unconscious messages that induced the spectators to watch the desired programming. A test to observe the control level that the images and sounds had on the individual. The advertisings induced to egocentrism. The strategic position of the artists' eyes, in such convocations to consumption, made him believe, and everybody else who watched it, to always be center of the attentions. He noticed the same thing about the recorded shows, these were related to the sound. Some key sentences were called to the immediately posterior programming. The attention isn't achieved simply by the interest of the one who hears it, but also by the induction of the listener before the "keys" which lead him to the predisposition of watching that call. He noticed the same fact concerning the 'TV news anchors'. Thoughts aren't performed when the spectator is aware of the message. The anchor already gives you a chewed conclusion. It's given to the spectator only the right of disagreeing or not, as a simple head movement. The opinions are handled in such a way that the social behavior is maintained on a tendentious model of facts. Generally, if the media is against someone, the person is massacred. If it is in behalf of the person, suddenly this person became a national hero. It was a possibility, however, it wasn't a certainty.

He wondered about the fact that had led him to write. A book. Its clippings could originate a book. But the finality was vague. To demonstrate his knowledge about those artifacts? Or simply test it? Whom would it interest to write about those hallucinations? Many interrogations deviated him definitively from that question. He preferred to think he was target of an induction, which had craziness as final aim. To verify the bearable limit of a man. Each new proposition deviated him even more from achieving the answers of what had happened to him.

The mind of the young man himself was responsible for that. Among all the possibilities that one could be the most conclusive one. He hadn't have vacations for a long time. And the excess of work and study may easily cause tiredness. The consequences are very damaging to the psyche. He went to a doctor. And all the exams were negative. Just one indicated an error. It accused the presence of two parasites inside his cranium. Then it came to his mind the remembrance of the canoe trip. When he stuck his foot in the mud, trying to pull out the equipment from the streamlet. However, the conclusion of the medical report was: calcification, in other words, the parasites were dead. It was his imaginary Genoveva and Gigofrida. But the doctor was affirmative. The parasites were inactive. If they were active, the symptoms could be provoked, but there wasn't such possibility. And the only way of contagion is by eating pork. For his relief, he hadn't eaten pork for ten years, with a few exceptions. The abnormal symptoms of the

senses could, according to the doctor, indicate a collapse of the head. A request for mental rest. The apprehensions would be responsible for such an unequally of senses, of seeking and pointing culprits. Lender wasn't sure about that. He believed that the doctor was just partially right. There were many the evidences without justification.

The future also appeared for him. He felt sometimes, to be aware of objects that would still to arise. And that, by somehow, that knowledge was being handled to him, little by little. He didn't comprehend anything, all that purposeless things that he had thought worried him. He was afraid of having to go to a mental health institution and stay there until he got cured. His mother entered the living room and leaned against the couch. They talked about the difficulty of finding a number on the phone book. As always, he had the solution. "In a near future...", he said, as in a speech: "catalogues will no longer exist. The user will make use of an object with the dimensions of a paper sheet and a little larger, composed of a screen and a keyboard. After the typing of the searched name, the equipment, through a wire connected to telephonic net, will access the data base of the company where the information is stored, downloading the information to the user display.". Would it be a gap on time that permitted to make contact with future vibrations? Such proposition was also very illusory.

Chapter IX
Coming back to himself



Chapter IX

Coming back to himself

Now he is before his biggest enemy. He didn't know what had made his physiognomy become serene. He had never been in front of the mirror for so long. His image reflected and on each new day he saw other characters following him. He was looking for the truth. Not the Supreme Truth, but the one of his own life.

His feet floated, his head gyrated and his body didn't move. He searched, but never found it. Lender sometimes attempted to free himself from the thoughts of the crimes he had committed and from the idea that it made him a monster. At present he wears the sanctity tunic, however in front of the mirror it reflected an opaque image - shine less.

He had renounced the fact of having to follow a path and opt for another. He just wanted to reach some place where he could find his intimate and real being again. A place where statues gave a sensation of happiness and delight to the visitors. Now he feels like them, naive, naive.

"In despite of my most intimate dreams, craziness soars my body. I can not distinguish what belongs to me or to somebody else, by right; this week, feelings have been put on trial, I do not know who is the inquirer, or the judge who analyses the case. A vague mind, without concrete remembrances, only sensations of an immoderate manipulation and with no humanitarian finality that justify the act. Here is now that I see the slavery of the millennium which is still to come, not the physical slavery merely, but the one which dominates the senses and the actions of those who represent anything against the acts of others. Maybe it was me that one whose fate was thrown in this net, so that the equipment could be tested.

I am mystic, but not from the mystic that quests unreality – the answer, now I distinguish that many things I have considered miracles, are at this moment, conjectures of signs or hallucinations without spiritual expression. Freedom, to always search for freedom. Concerning the sentimental issue, I know that many feelings have emerged in me, and that, however some of them are not mine and others are from my psyche, I feel like I am awakening. But I must fight against such feeling, because I do not know the reality around me. How can I be hurting the ones I think I love, if actually I barely now what they feel? In my mind, there are always recordations of signs that now represent one thing, but another later. To step a firm land is hard when you have a bandage over your eyes. To end it all, as a way of stop thinking, might be the best solution."

On his mind, the remembrance of his uncommon love came back. He observed his old manuscripts from college. He wanted to send it by mail, in order to make an approximation. But he didn't have enough courage. He decided to let all that behind. And to start from nothing, from any point, his new life. Because things wouldn't be the same anymore. So graceless, so unexciting. He was now full of experiences to tell his kids and grandchildren, if someday he became a father. For his nephews, maybe. That was the most concrete hypothesis to happen.

"The Wall

There are natural barriers we impose to ourselves. By fear, or by not knowing the real situation that surrounds us. The humanity search, in many ways, to supply our safety needs. We isolate ourselves among walls, we create association bonds with those we judge the same as us, we diffuse languages, anyway, we hide behind the systems that induce to a specific social behavior.

I might seem crazy to send a letter to someone I don't know, but it's fascinating to remember that the wall can be broken, that walls no longer exist, that the association bonds interact, that the idioms become the same, and that the systems no longer induce the way of social behavior.

To socialize is a way of love, once that it's a constant growth to personal satisfaction. We must always try. It is on the relationships we know that we observe our preconceptions, our defects, and the few virtues we have.

We deviate our way always the wall obliges us, we hide our real beings so that no one sees us as we really are – what is commodious becomes a bad habit and we hurt another's feelings, as cowardliness to our own imperfections. I repeat that we must break the wall and edify a new expression for love.

Words may seduce, but nothing can be compared to gestures. Words may hurt, or even provoke storms, but if love is present the harmony prevails, and the resentments disappear and everything builds up. A gesture – a letter; incapable of expressing the joy of being tempted to brake the wall.

Something touched my intimate when I left my world and observed that there were many other worlds around me, but the wall surrounds me and I don't know how to break it. I feel an immense will of socializing with you. Maybe it's because you inspire me trust, or by any other reason – I don't know for sure.

I might sound crazy again, but I feel an immense joy when I meet you at the corners of life. I always act with much intuition and reasoning and I believe that for this we could be great friends.”

And an unconscious message affirmed since the beginning: “Your love is waiting for you. And you will live happy for ever after”. It was only a consolation for Lender. Love existed. And it wouldn't die as time passed by. And consequently, it would turn into other noble feeling. And that's the real love. Even faraway. Even being separate. Even if it's not reciprocal. Because beings who really love, by none hypothesis long for a change. For him, to donate himself is already enough. There is no bigger joy in the world but the fact of seeing the one you love happy. With other person, or alone. Life can have many facets, but love is like the infinite, it has no limits.

“Metamorphose

At present, a larva;
Of continued metamorphoses,
Death cedes place to life,
That fecundates and makes the larva sprout.

That figure which causes disgust,
With the time – beautiful charm;
And the cycle gets renewed,
From crawling life to the winged life.

Followed by continuous metamorphoses,
Death cedes place to life.
At present, a larva,
Then, a butterfly.”

The doctor, as he couldn't find diagnose any biochemical problem, fits him on a case of psychosis. The treatment is simple. A professional waits for him on the divan. As on the beginning, when he had that disgraceful nightmare. That was the crystallization of the illusory once again, maybe another coincidence, as many others. And as on the book he had just started writing, he went to the consultation room. He set down on the divan. He talked about his history...

“Ode to Icaro

Watch the birds,
Happy around the world.
They ask for nothing, they charge nothing;
The little ones sing.

Watch the sun, the rain,
Storm.
And the little ones sing.

We must be birdmen,
Of pure heart.
Swallows, sparrows,
It doesn't matter;
But light, as plumes.”

... And he got cured.