

THE AUTIST

Copper doesn't rest until it turns into gold.

(ECKART)

Mirad has revealed to you what was hidden: the alchemical work is with you and among you, and because it is always within you, you will always have it present, wherever it may be, on earth or sea. Morieno kept silence for a long time, and at the end he answered: Oh, Majesty, I am going to confess to you the truth, that God, in His great mercy, has placed this extraordinary thing in you, wherever it may be, He is always with you, and cannot separate Himself from you...! Therefore, what constitutes the foundation of the work, its true matter, is the very nature of man.

I do not know if it is the experience that fills life, or the spirit, since life and spirit are two distinct but inseparable beings, always walking side by side, and I have never been able to measure exactly how long my life has been and how much of it has been filled with the spirit. From living so much like a blind man, or better, blinded, because I thought that my certainties, even if partial, were certainties, because even today I put them to the test, since it was my mother, the great responsible for some facts of my existence, more than I imagined, because when she got annoyed with me deeply, like that time, telling me that she hated my philosophy, and that I still didn't even know it, she disturbed me, she discouraged me. Not that I was lazy to think, but because I thought that she was always right, and I felt guilty for bothering her with my questions. I ended up going crazy precisely because I tried to be as clear and honest as I could, but she did not understand me, and even if she had understood me, I say, she should have kept her understanding to herself, instead of letting my thoughts or my little mistakes reach the ears of others. Like when, for example, in trivial and superficial things, she tried to find out what I thought, she thought it could be God? I remember when she asked me once what I wanted for my birthday, and I very foolishly told her, and she went and bought it for me, or even when every time they went to the supermarket and speculated about what I wanted? But today I know that this was part of her snooping, like when she disappeared with a book from my room once, when she wanted to know everything I did, when she invaded my room like crazy to look for "dirty" shirts, and we fought about it.

did you ever ask me if I liked to hang around other people's houses? And twice I kicked the door open and kicked it in, at least no one can say I kicked someone in the face, while you stood up and threatened me with a hot iron once, simply because I said I didn't need to iron my shirt, I had had enough of you, and your insanity, even at such a young age, there was something unbearable about this house. Only today I understand why you treat my father like a God, because you were always incapable, I remember that when we lived in the big city, you could never go downtown, you could only go to the other side of town, my father wouldn't let you go ? or you wouldn't go for fear of getting lost ? In the first case, it was a great cunning of

both of us, because I don't think you could agree with that without a reason, in the second case it was also a great foolishness on your part, wanting to live enclosed in that village, a narrow street that I could "never" leave. Today you accuse me of being indolent and weak-minded, which is very curious coming from you, you also accuse me of being a self-failure, as if you hadn't done everything to help me. With your rebelliousness and malice, you only managed to show yourself to be a great child, I see you as stupid, disturbed, I'm sorry if I got it right, but it's not my fault, I remember that since I was at least 18 years old, until I was 23, I became behaved and obedient, I went to mass when you forced me. But this is over, you can no longer live in illusion, I don't know who you are, but I know what you have done to me, and I think the time has come for us to "distance ourselves", even if we don't believe in it very much, because there will always be an occasion to meet again, or maybe not. There is a time in life when children must turn against their parents, but it was not only against you that I turned, but against everyone, because you were all so united that I felt despised, even though I was convinced that I could not join you under the penalty of dissolving myself. Now even my sister seems to be against me, but I understand her, I know that she now has her life, two children, but she still has an advantage over me, her husband has been working for ten years in the same company, so he has already achieved his stability and his future seems less cloudy than mine. Even though I don't work, I continue studying every day, tirelessly, even if I had almost given up, even if since I started to love books a long time ago, Mom used to yell at me because she hated them, and I thought she said that because she was an authentic catholic, or even when others looked at me astonished when they saw me reading during the work break. Today she seems much less catholic than she used to be, or she lost her faith? or she was never catholic? I say this because when I was living alone once, and we met in a boarding house room, she told me that the Catholic Church was responsible for the deaths of many people during the Inquisition. I argued that Hitler and Stalin had killed enormously more people, but she didn't seem to have heard anything, and my father complemented this by saying that religious people are manipulative, he just didn't explain to me which religious people, those in cassocks or those without. What I found very curious was when my aunt, with whom I lived for a long time, told me once that she had heard from a priest that the Bible should not be read all at once, which I always found very difficult, and never tried to do,

What he felt now was a sense that something very bad was hovering over the place, and he couldn't help but notice his own sense of powerlessness and failure, without looking at others, and as in a reflected mirror, seeing the human misery and wealth that he tried to hide or reveal within himself. In truth, whether a failure or a winner, it is not he who thinks or considers himself as such, but he believes that others project this onto him, with their pretentious looks, of those who want to discover some defect that perhaps they do not see in themselves. But walking through the streets, I can't help but notice on many faces, a trace or aspect of depression, anguish, sadness, perhaps resentment, hatred, hurt or the simple disappointment that life is not what it could be in its absolute simplicity. Speaking in simplicity, it seems that it has long ceased to exist, I do not say the simplicity of the ignorant who does not understand the way of being and speaking of the educated and learned man. Although this "simplicity" is stronger than ever, it is almost a way to hide certain things, that only a very trained and keen observer could realize, in such people who say what they "think", but do not

say what comes. Perhaps he suffered from hysteria, an archaic word, I know, but which is perfectly suited to this time of ours, or perhaps he was weak nerves, which could also have been caused by hysteria, if he was hysterical. or, what made him even more worried, perhaps his head was no longer functioning perfectly, and he fell into an abyss of obscurity and ignorance, which took away the intelligence he still had left. He had already gone through a nervous breakdown, he thought, and although it was horrible at first, it had served to discover what he couldn't see before, the bad side of people, assuming that the people he lived with had a good side. But the reality is that he was not among the people, was increasingly distant, did not want to agree with this false or disguised happiness, let me before proceeding, explain the difference, is that you must be wanting to put me on the wall with a question: But how can you say such nonsense, false or disguised happiness, if both are the same thing? No, unfortunately they are not, false happiness is true unhappiness, while true happiness can be perfectly hidden, from certain people with whom we live and do not like, or that we know, has the potential to harm us, because we know deep down, that the true He never thought of having enemies, but he always knew that he would have very few friends, his own way of being and behaving or even thinking, prevented him from wanting to make more friendships. Especially when you want to keep your intimacy intact and inviolate, and we need to protect ourselves from certain traps that people set for us, even knowing that it is not possible to reach the depth of the human heart, under penalty of getting lost, it seems that we always leave something exposed, something so deep that if someone finds out, it would be our death. These traps always come with the appearance of friendship, kindness, solicitude and the willingness of those who want to help others, but in fact, they may hide interests that do not concern us. Today he was passing by the street, and one of his neighbors, whom he did not know and had no contact with because he rarely saw him, was washing his car, and when he passed by, the neighbor stopped what he was doing and crossed his arms to face me. Now even his relatives were watching him, he went out into the street and bumped into them, one of his uncles turned and said "Speak up boy", while the others sitting around him were also looking at him, he felt involved in a vampire theater. His name is William, and he says so to make it easier, he didn't see evil in these people, but also had difficulties to see the good, maybe he himself has already lost faith in humanity and in himself, even if instantly sometimes he saw someone smiling at him, he knew that behind that face, there was something that at this moment he also felt, disappointment. He had been disappointed with the "good" when someone approached him and spoke to him, he promptly answered, today he was no longer the same, he had changed radically, maybe he had gone crazy, he wouldn't like to, but if it was necessary to find himself again, what could he do? He realized, however, that he was not alone in the world, but there were people around him who perhaps revealed as much as he would like to know, it was the most depressing state in which he found himself, and he saw no prospects for change, he had the feeling that he was being watched and that any attempt to get out of this prison would be repressed. What was even worse was knowing that everyone thought the same way, because if they thought differently they might not be able to bear certain things. As time went by, and through her memories, she discovered how shrewd and manipulative he was, because he worried about any insignificant thing that referred to him. One day he tried to convince her to go out with higher shoes, so he wouldn't get his feet wet in the rain, that was recently, and what he thought was absurd and an exaggeration of paternal care. What overcame all the previous care, for example, when he forbade him to drink tea

when he had the flu, besides, together with his mother, scaring him with a kind of epilepsy (brain congestion) that, according to her, he would suffer if he continued reading after lunch. trying to find out if he had a girlfriend at work, as he asked her several times? What was even more frightening was that he always asked this in front of his own wife, who never said anything, which made him think today that the two of them had some sort of common interest, in knowing about his sentimental life, as his aunt also once tried to probe and find out. Most people seemed very sensitive to him, but he was sure that if they saw how he was on the inside, they would jump on his neck, because he was also holding back from doing so, not that he was violent, but it was that years of coexistence, practically forced, had made him a different person than he really was. Unfortunately he didn't have the necessary calm to act as he should, especially in his attempts that usually failed, for lack of intelligence, luck, or even other deeper reasons, which are beyond my scope, because if it is true that he believed in God, he couldn't move as he wanted. He tried to do everything within his possibilities, and he believed that they were not exhausted yet, because if they were exhausted now, he would be capable of getting desperate, some people ended up making his path more difficult, I didn't blame them for the failures in my attempts, but for making the world a more confusing place. I didn't know if I fully understood the world and humanity, but like Ulysses the little boy, brother of Homer, the courier who delivered telegraphic messages to survive and help his family, he felt completely lost in the world, without knowing how to answer certain questions that his neighbors asked, more for convenience and habit than for anything else, although he considered himself more the antipodean of Ulysses, since he was the one who would be bombarded with questions, while Ulysses was the one who asked. I knew that some time ago it was Ulysses himself, an irritating, inquisitive person who was always tormenting his uncles and others with questions. Today I saw everything as in a movie, when the neighborhood driver, "very friendly with his father" saw him, he couldn't resist approaching him and trying to talk to him, to which he used to answer, but tired of hearing the same thing over and over again, he barely answered, but fortunately this happened a few times when at the end of the work he left the wheel and went to the back seat, where he usually was, he also started not greeting him anymore. Now they were also watching him, wanting to know if he was working, and if he answered negatively, he soon felt the uneasiness between both of them, for not knowing what to answer, nor them how to continue the conversation, then, those bloodshot eyes fixed on him again, and he was perplexed without understanding exactly why. Was it with him the problem, or was there something deeper and more problematic with the people who seemed to want him well? Thus, if they wanted to know how he was, why didn't they just stop speculating and read inside his eyes what he was thinking? The fact was that everyone was stressed and exhausted from each other, of course he didn't try to make his dissatisfaction with people clear, but they didn't seem to notice, or pretended not to see, that there was no longer any relationship. He thought that the terror they would feel when they found out what was happening to him would affect them, because they were different. This terror was his, exclusively his, only he could feel, after all, he still resisted and was one of the few not to lean on others, when the loneliness of life requires us to be more than strong, and if no one can get through their days without a human support, he was trying to get through his, day by day. Maybe they don't want to see him inside, because deep down they know that the same sadness he carried was the same false joy he saw in his eyes and gestures, gestures that I mean here, spontaneity, "willingness to help", wanting to know how he was. But this no longer

amazed him, because, joining the dots, or the comings and goings of life, he discovered that those looks from his neighbors and relatives were the same, and signified the old "Curitiba" indifference that he had already faced, since he left his aunt's house and needed to find a room where to rest after work. He only had better luck when he tried to commit the greatest craziness of his life, trying to conciliate two jobs, one during the day and the other at night, in a 24-hour snack bar, when a "very nice" and communicative lady arrived at the counter to order a coffee, it was 6:30 in the morning, and she asked the girls at the counter if anyone was interested in sharing an apartment with her. She lived in an apartment above the cafeteria, and was living alone, as the rent was quite expensive for only one person, she was looking for someone who could live together, peacefully, and still help her in the division of this expense. He offered at the time, because at that time was living in a horrible place, dusty and full of confusion, where even the mattresses were half rotten, came to sleep on the floor for three months, fortunately it was for a very short time. She then said that she would wait for him on his way out of work, and show him the apartment and the room, he then went up with her to see the place, and found it perfect, not very luxurious, small but very neat and comfortable, he moved there the same week. But his stay there was also short lived, because on the first day, he and Cleide began to talk, and apparently she sympathized with him, but as soon as she began to tell him about the house rules, the disagreements began, because she imposed a day for each one to wash the bathroom and clean the whole house. She started to notice that he sometimes forgot some detail that she didn't like, and started to really upset him about it, besides the fact that he almost forgot to pay the rent on time, because he was tired and had other commitments. It may just be your impression, but he had the feeling that she began to hate him, soon he realized that everyone in the house, became cold and distant, he was no longer very close to them, but it all ended up in pure ice, the girl who slept in one of the rooms, began to suspect that he was getting her things from the refrigerator, realized, when one day at night sitting on the couch reading, she left with all her energy from inside the room, and crossed the hall toward the refrigerator, picking up a carton of milk and taking it to the room. Soon, he realized that his situation was even more serious, even the cashier at the bakery faced him with a hard face, and served him with coldness, maybe she was having some problem, which was not her place to probe, but this was routine, because at least three times a week, he needed to buy something to eat, and there was no way to get rid of her. He even thought that Cleide talked about him to the girls in the bakery, and belittled him, because there were several girls who attended him with that closed face, besides the guys who delivered chips at the entrance, they hated him naturally, without needing to know about the gossip, and for reasons that you can already imagine. He also went through bad times in this place, he still didn't know Cleide so well, that ended up surprising him even more, not only her but the other residents that he found out later joined against him, it was on a Saturday when he had arrived from work she asked him Who burned the machine? He tried to convince him that he was guilty, but understood nothing, at the time he was completely stunned, lost, and eventually agreed with Cleide, owner of the rented apartment where he lived with her and two other people, an acquaintance of his, a former co-worker who was a very funny guy, but seemed a real zombie, slept the whole day, The other, a girl who must have been 22, never asked her age, knew that she had a daughter, a beautiful girl, who whenever she went to visit her mother in the apartment, never missed an opportunity to try to pinch him. She must have been separated, and seemed to be one of those great people we can't resist meeting, But this

was only the beginning, because this fatal attraction passed soon after he understood that there was a conspiracy among all three of them to blame him for the damage to the machine and exempt themselves from any responsibility, And, to my surprise, reader, he ended up being expelled from the place where he was living, for reasons that are of no concern, a place that he meets only once in his life for a pure stroke of luck, neither luxurious nor a tenement, but a very comfortable place to live, but not to live with strangers as happened to him. It wasn't easy to discover that the whole story of the machine was nothing more than a conspiracy, and it took him a long time to understand and come to his conclusion. Even after the discovery, he couldn't shake off the feeling of guilt that haunted him, and only after much effort could he finally declare to himself, "They all fooled me, you're all complete crooks. This was even before Cleide took his things and hid them, his books and his notebook, and threatened him not to return them until he paid the rent, which he had only delayed one day because he had forgotten it. He lived for a short time, but long enough, after leaving the cleide in a boarding house in one of the most violent neighborhoods, where at night it looked like a cabuloso scenario, by the aspect of destruction of the neighborhood and of several parts of the city, which I would also verify in my city. But the reason that made him leave that place and go to his cousin's house was another woman, a young underage girl maybe, but already married to a very closed-minded guy. From what he told me, she hated that he forgot to take out the garbage every day and left it for her, she didn't work, she must have stayed home the whole day, but he couldn't know because he also worked. What happened? She kept grumbling, every time she left the room to make food, she kept talking to her partner, as loud as a speaker, and I couldn't stand her anymore. Everything was so difficult at this time, that not even the bus drivers stopped for me, at least three times, the bus passed by me, and left me, I had to wait for half an hour until another one came. And when it stopped for me, I had to face a conductor who looked at me cross-eyed, every day I noticed that he didn't like my face, the same I could say about the conductor who alternated schedules with him. The other day a group of young people came on the bus drinking beer and she told them that she thought they were cool, I saw this scene and felt like an indigent because she didn't even ask me, but she already made friends with the others like that? But everything was so difficult and strange these days, that the other day when I needed to go to the bank, I left my key in the metal door, entered the place, and it was gone, I was sure that the security guards had taken and hidden it, because I asked for it everywhere in the agency, no one found it. I returned the other day, asking if anyone else had found and delivered my key and nothing, I thought I would sleep on the street that day, when I spoke with Maria, Then she advised me to try to open the door with a bent fork, it was an absurd idea, which took me time and did not work, then she told me to try with a longer wire, also did not work. She herself tried to open the door with a fork, but couldn't even open it with the wire, so I waited a little longer to see what I was going to do, or if Ms. Maria had any other idea, she had already gone down to the pizzeria and asked me to wait. Then she said she had a spare room and that I could sleep there, and that's what I did, because only the next morning I would go to the locksmith asking him to come make another key. When I arrived from work that day, my room was open, and found the Fabio, Maria's son of the pension, he told me he had opened and would need to make another lock, which made me better that day, I was very lucky not to have entered my room and taken anything, including my laptop.

This story is not to be read by idiots, much less by those people who have never let me pass in silence on the street, which means that there is no day that I walk on the street without one of these "kind" creatures not impregnating me with their "vultures of the human soul" look, to see if they can find something objectionable to point out, or, in the worst case, condemn, without me even knowing what it is, if you know it too. The fact is that I have realized that no one wants to feel offended or inferior, but I am not offending anyone, much less trying to make anyone feel inferior for any reason whatsoever. What I have understood is that no one seems happy and content or simply happy with their condition, in which case you have my full support, but that is only part of our opposition. I see that most of you have cars, and while I walk the streets, just with my own legs, thinking, and trying to figure out how we got to this state, I can no longer stand having to meet you, and face you every day, always with this arrogance, or opposition of who is feeling superior to my condition. But see what absurdity now occurs to me while I write these lines, you pretend to be superior on the one hand, but on the other, you are offended by my mere presence, I mean, my passage, since I just pass by without giving you any conversation, and you demonstrate this only with your "inquisitive" look. I swear that I will die ignorant, in this case, because I, sincerely, have no need to talk to whom I consider my enemies, yes, I already consider them enemies, and I don't see why not to declare it, if you, with just one look, already show that you hate me, above all. What I see, are ravenous wolves, about to jump at the throat of anyone who does not think like you, or who simply is "different", but I do not want to be just another complainer here, or whiner, as some of you do, I know very well, that despite all the comfort they take in their cars, and perhaps in your house, you suffer from other problems and deficiencies. I talked more about you who ride in cars so far, but now I want to talk about the passersby, which also do not fail to be equal, as several times it occurred to me, I pass in front of an establishment and someone shouts my "name", or better nickname, I think it may be an old acquaintance, but honestly it must have been a long time since "we met" and it was only something ephemeral in work environments, in case of extreme need, as when I needed it. or better nickname, I believe it may be an old acquaintance, but honestly, it must be a long time since we "met" and it was only something ephemeral in work environments, case of extreme necessity, as when I needed to start earning a living for the first time. I no longer have the time or patience to tolerate certain people, who in fact are impersonal to me, since we never had intimacy, much less ask you to understand what I mean, simply if you are one of those people who have the habit of wanting to "remember the old days", please do not seek me. At the moment I am more concerned with understanding the modern world, in all its madness and agitation, which drags me into a frenzy and leaves me unable to follow its course. As for example, when I first entered the "job market", it was like entering another world, or another dimension very different from my own world, it was as an apprentice that I started working, and as a minor, I had to go through a "special course" dedicated especially to forming "professionals" not only in the world of work, but also in human relations, because we were taught to try to serve in the best possible way, the people who came to our workplace, and even try to know what they wanted. Today, I see how absurd it is, for a mind as young and still in formation as mine, to want to know what people wanted, because with time, I saw that it is practically impossible to imagine what

people think about themselves, and it was even more difficult not to want to know what they wanted. I went through terrible moments in this place, where the boys tormented me all the time during the break, or even in the classroom when the instructor was distracted, I was assaulted by 5 of them at once, they were all sitting around me, suddenly they started to kick me, and I tried to defend myself aggressively, I fought back, but as I was at a disadvantage, I gave up, today, I think it was more a manifestation of their juvenile boredom, than aggression itself, which for me was the same thing. I remember having fought like that, about 3 years before, because I had a disagreement with a friend of mine when we played soccer, on the soccer field, and we ended up disagreeing about our tactics, I had never fought, and that day I got beaten up a lot. It happened that their youthful boredom turned into aggression, and I only had peace when the bell rang to go inside. I began to remember how a former friend of mine fought well and knew how to defend himself, and on that day, I wished I could be him, while at the same time I hated fighting and always hated it. During this same period, while working, I had to tolerate and try to understand certain fallacies of my coworkers, who thought I was too introspective and wanted to make me talk.

It was then that I began to feel like the wolf on the steppe, and I start this story telling you why I ended up acquiring a certain aversion to people and cars, perhaps because there is no way to exist cars without people, or people without cars, sorry to express myself badly but when I said people without cars, it was in the most absurd sense you can think of, not that I think so, the problem was having to face them every day on the streets. I was then 27 to 28 years old, and I began to see that the people that passed by me, sometimes on foot, but most of the time by car, could not resist turning their faces to me and looking at me in a way that made me uneasy. But I was not alone, I have a friend who suffers from the same problem, and if you are thinking that we just hate these "perfect machines" don't be wrong. My deepest contempt is for the people who drive these contraptions, and this wheeled civilization that seems to have no idea what we pedestrians think about them. No, my friend, I don't just hate these creatures that seem to search my intimacy and discover my deepest secrets, yes, because how do you explain this curious "mania" that exists in my country especially, although I still don't know others, but I know that our country is prodigious in this type of attitude that denounces to a vigilant conscience that in reality, now there are others watching us? Yes, that was my feeling, that I was being watched and that I had nowhere to run, because they were everywhere and there are no secrets inside the human heart that cannot be known. Like Heller, the steppe wolf, I didn't understand why people drove around in real "spaceships", yes, this is one of the words people use to designate these "latest generation" cars, as well as machines. Reading then for the first time the LOBO DA ESTEPE, I HAVE A SHOCK, what was my surprise when I came across a passage, where after finishing leaving the theater, Heller is walking down the street and begins to feel strangely oppressed and distressed, feeling crushed by the cars that "wall" the pedestrians in the streets, here follows:

HELLER!

RIDING IN AUTOMOBILES

It attracted me, I opened the narrow door and entered.

In the streets, the automobiles, half unbridled, were hunting pedestrians, crushing them on the ground or against the walls of the houses. Everywhere there were dead and maimed people, and everywhere you could see smashed, smashed and half-burned cars, and over the wild confusion glided planes which were attacked from the roofs and windows of the houses by rifles and machine guns.

On every wall there were wild posters, magnificent, instigating, asking the nation, in gigantic letters that burned like torches, to take the side of the men in the war against the machines, to kill the rich after all, the obese, the well dressed, the perfumed, who, with the help of the machines, were squeezing the fat out of the rest, and to destroy the luxurious, noisy, smelly cars, to burn down the factories and to depopulate and displace the profaned land a little, so that grass could grow back on it, so that on this world of cement there would be woods, meadows and heather, streams and marshes again. There were other posters, prodigiously In this way, the book was painted, beautifully stylized, in soft, somewhat childish colors, written with extraordinary discretion and spirituality, warning all property owners and all good people to be on their guard against the threatening chaos of anarchy, movingly representing the blessing that was order, work, capital, culture, law, law, and praising the machines as the highest and final invention of man. In this way, the book was painted, beautifully stylized, in soft, somewhat childish colors, written with extraordinary discretion and spirituality, warning all property owners and all good people to be on their guard against the threatening chaos of anarchy, movingly representing the blessing that was order, work, capital, culture, law, law, and praising the machines as the highest and final invention of man.

entrating in a moving way the blessing that was order, work, capital, culture, law, law, and praising machines as the highest and definitive invention of men, with the help of which they became "gods". Meditative and surprised, I read the posters, the red ones and the green ones, and their ardent words fabulously influenced my spirit, their overwhelming logic was right, and deeply convinced, I stopped sometimes in front of one, sometimes in front of another, always ostentatiously disturbed by the abundant gunfire that surrounded me. The reason was clear: it was war, a violent, racial war, which had nothing to do with the Kaiser or the republic, nor with borders, flags or colors, nor with other things equally decorative and theatrical, trifles, after all, but in which each person, finding his living space too narrow and feeling that life had nothing pleasant in store for him, gave vent to his disgust and did everything to pave the way for the common destruction of that steel civilization. I saw smiling clearly in every eye the pleasure of destruction and death, and in myself blossomed red and wild roses, which smiled fresh and garish.

But the curious thing was that, suddenly, a school friend called Gustav, whom I hadn't seen for many years, appeared beside me, and at that time he was the most masculine, strongest, most thirsty of life of my childhood friends. I felt my heart rejoice when I saw him make a sign to me with his blue eyes. At the sign, I immediately went to where he was.

-But hello, Gustav! - I exclaimed happily-good eyes see you! What happened to you?

He smiled contritely, just like when he was a boy.

-Let's put an end to these stupid questions! I'm a theology professor, if that's what you want to know! But luckily now it's not about theology, it's about war, my son.

Come along!

Gustav shot the driver of a small truck that was snorting in our direction, jumped like a monkey into the boot, stopped the vehicle and let me climb in beside him, after which we ran like demons through the rifle fire and the overturned cars, until we left the city and the suburbs behind us.

-Are you on the manufacturers' side? - I asked my friend.

-But no, wait, I'm of the opinion that we should choose the other side, even though it's all the same deep down.

I am a theologian, and my predecessor, Luther, in his time helped the princes and the powerful against the peasants, and I want to correct that a little.

And I'll stop here with this story which is not mine, but could be, because of the shock I got when I felt like Heller himself, I know you must have been curious to know the outcome of this war, but I have to finish here, at the risk of being killed. accused of Plagiarism, although I am also a "steppe wolf".

No, he no longer wanted to know if his mother had been autonomous, it was just an idea that crossed his mind, this was just a detail in a web of events that had shaken that life. He never really understood what had happened, what caused such a profound change, or if something had really changed and he was the one who had never understood anything, but of course a boy cannot understand these things, everything has an age and a certain time, and there was no reason to know anything. Even today, a certain young man's phrase still reminds me of bad omens. In his adolescence he was a very shy and somber boy, and everyone said that he should be "smarter", one of his cousin's boyfriends even said that he would go far with his cleverness, but this was said with so much disgust that it aroused his inner hatred. He prayed a curse, sincerely, and wished that lightning would strike his head, he was never struck by lightning, but years later I learned that he had lost almost all the skin on his legs in a shock while working with speakers or some electrical installation, I don't remember. If he understood things well, he didn't understand how destiny can be so cruel to those who believe in it, it could be a confused feeling of happiness or present suffering that makes us make mistakes and get lost from destiny, it would be enough then not to make any more mistakes. But it wasn't overnight that he reached that infernal state, it was a long "irreversible" process that he himself and nobody seemed to understand, those who knew him said he had gone crazy. Everything was chaos, and every time he tried to find the "absolute truth" it seemed to get more and more distant and all that was left was frustration or a greater confusion than the previous one. It was much more than stressful, in fact it was infernal, it was the thoughts he sometimes had about others, most of them revealing aspects not yet known about human