



SUN KU - The Light of Truth

Simple considerations made of good disposition, a lot of independence, deep, interesting, as we can see the interaction from which very good ideas resulted I'm going to tell a story with a moral or the moral of the story...This story is about two donkeys that were on a journey through the old Japan, at the time of the Discoveries, the grey donkey was loaded with salt, a very heavy load; The black donkey was guiding the caravan to its destination because it had a very light load, it carried sponge boasting of its luck, the path being very rough. The grey donkey could not stand it any longer and was about to die from the effort when it stumbled and fell into a large puddle of water, melting half the load. Driven by envy, he throws himself into the water, hoping for the same fate.

The sponge became soaked with water that it was almost impossible for the black man to stand up and, logically, he succumbed to exhaustion and died.

Grandfather stories

Love is like a rainbow, it is not always present, but it always appears! The utopian chaos theory formulated $1=1+1=2:2=1$ the utopian spiral of the multifactorial rainbow of love ends in the radiation of the maximum energy entity, blossoms into sun - the earth exhales, the sun inspires the same colours to paint the world - I exhale, you inspire the same air of loving being that I am all the colours to paint your world! Everything starts from the way we feel things and there are things that unite, others separate but the truth does not hide facts. My first memory I simply have only reminiscences, where I wake up absorbed in a bright day, and I prepare myself with the power of light to come out of the darkness and distribute strength and energy to the whole constellar community. I get to thinking if one day I was lightning? If one day I were a thunderbolt, would it be destructive, frightening, noisy, implacable or would it be luminous, beautiful, radiant and energetic. Each ray has different characteristics like human beings, different modes of action, different light, that is each ray/being unique and exclusive. Well, if one day it was a ray, at least it would be original. Each ray has a form of action, just as in people, at any moment, this action appears in fractions of a moment. We have action on the ray/being, we could change its direction and destination. In relation to destinies, and for the first time I will invoke the name of God, one day I had a conversation of beliefs and faith with a follower of the Koran who told me the following story that I will describe: you pass a dice game into your hands and vehemently ask God that you get the maximum score and you got the minimum score. The story can be summed up, but who threw the dice after all? But apart from this story I want to tell you that

we have action and we have lightning/being that acts with the medium, each one rolls the die with their own energy/form/behaviour. I knew that there was going to be a transformer and that things were going to have a balance of shining forces that were going to transform reality. A revitalised energy and that those who live dissatisfaction with satisfaction were going to become all colours to paint your world. I woke up in a different reality than usual and exploring fields of writing through this book was going to expand my being. I reflect on how thought is transmitted and equate it to a light and its power. We all think from various perspectives, there is a current to follow and the soul has moments of disturbance, the way we look at them is not always naive and the energy expands. Minds troubled with misconduct are perpetuated and the voice in unison sounds louder than many voices, words are an art of expression, from this moment there will be inspiration. The heartbeat has its own rhythm that expands through the veins. Repression is done quietly because everything has its q. We all think about evil and sometimes we are made to be quiet, "but we all think", memories are not always present and I say don't practice hatred because it's bad. We all have the freedom of expression but not all of us have it at the right time, nothing and more honest than the truth, we have various forms of expression and to be well is to have balance. Balance is a cycle of routines, being nervous is an imbalance. People like to comment. Everyone has purity universal love generates compassion. The sun is a source of energy, the abnormal thing is that nothing happens, everyone forgets when they want to and there are always several perspectives, many ideas, few convictions... There are things that are irremediable, because everyone is subject to injustice. Love is a source of pleasure and always alone and protected: there are

people who don't like to think but consciousness is a lantern that enlightens us.

There are vices we all have, sometimes we have fears, we all say and do stupid things. I don't write for anyone, we all have something we don't want to remember, but it is good to know when we are sad and always admit it and not hide anything because we all have vulnerabilities, we all feel the pleasure of something and when the opportunity lurks open the door to it. There is always a feeling towards the other, but "no one belongs to anyone" and so everyone has the right to shine. Friendship is always a good start to a friend another self. Follow your instinct of what you see positive. We can all be loved and love is a generator of light, when we are loved we must respect this feeling, love each other and increase the birth rate, always with the words at crossroads games, no doubt an antagonistic phrase but with its logic to avoid suffering. "what old people have is not wisdom but prudence" so listen! Does everyone know good and evil? We hold in our hand that decision to be good or evil, madness is some sanity, really knowledge is important!!!? If possible to be graduated in the school of life... I will transform myself for you, for me and for those who like me. Change for evolution. A cable through which passes a vibrant current of anxiety, electric, run through bodies, feeding hope and something new and astonishing that leaves us static of movement but with accelerated and anxious thinking. Paralysed of movement, tension rises that frames us in reality and with controlled and measured movements, we descend the ladders of thought where we connect with each other. It is on this ladder of thought that we categorise behaviours, faces and movements

framed in the descent and ascent of the moments of life, lights feed the escalator that without stopping takes you to the madness of this reality of the XXI century, energies, magics, fantasies, everything with apparent harmonies, but be careful with the steps, not all go up the escalator of life, there are beings that climb steps that elevate themselves and above all someone moves and supports them, is that enough or is it a question of balance? Balance of forces is fundamental to the balance of movements, ups and downs at the level of each being, but not everyone deserves that we go down or that we are supported in the ascent, effort and perseverance are fundamental, rise then to the spirit of sacrifice, without injuries or stops and it will take you to the light of the thinking being. Without balancing external forces that can give way, the steps are solid and fed by cables of hope you will reach the most important electrical cable the cycle of life, that energy that feeds the earth. My electric board was the one that would command the positions and destinies of the universal current. It was a solar light that would illuminate the obscure bowels of earthly nature. What happened was that I felt at dawn a tender sadness that came with the nightfall, I lived, revived and was reborn, I am he, the powerful sun (sun)*, a radiant source that falls like drops on the ground, in this source of life and luminosity. My lighthouse, that searches incessantly, in a revolving way the movement of abnormality. I begin to feel the first electrocutions and the noisy nerves blink with cardiac electrocutions. Electromagnetic waves going back and forth thoughts undulate around the circle of waves. Electric current runs through my body the current that takes me into the circuit of the waves. The electrical impulse has fallen and I am shaken by impulses that circulate electrically, I have always known

that truth when discovered by impulse shines brightly, a blackout appears and the voices tormented by the luminous feeling of being are silenced, a candle lights the accumulated pain of melted wax. Electric doors open softly ringing, but close without time to open. The electric chainsaw cuts with the vibrant dark roots of hate. Electrocutted in luminous smoke that erases memory, electromagnetic turbulence simmers in minds, turbulent infinite electromagnetism. They extend like electrifying rays that paralyse the mind, possessing a light, electrifying black of flashes, intermittent lights plague my passage of uninterrupted current. The opaque lights illuminate miraculous beings in the dark light. Electric wires run through my vibrating body full of energy. I go up and advance towards the 10th electric circuit and there is a power failure', incorruptible even in the dark there is an electric crash and it fell electric on the words of ecstasy and sensations. Cutting luminous slashes and luminous echoes, glowing light grabs the breaking voice, the glimmering obscurity where glimpses obscure the eye-oriented walking beings. There is a fluorescence and they bloom and fall like thunder in all directions and directions. The "dazzle" and those stabbing flashes of lightning blur the pleasure of others of sensations and looks. Incandescence and cross arcs deep in your soul that hold on to atoms, dynamic and incandescent shocks. Like a tinge that hammers into me the incongruity of feelings that call for a strong and determined light, in my twilight absence in which I gently curl up, in the sharp lights of my being, and gently delight like lightning. There is a threatening light, they threaten those lights

convalescents that torment us and let us foresee danger? There is a presence light, that light that accompanies you in bucolic moments and, unable to confront it, intimidates you into secrecy. There is an intense red light that blocks accelerating nerves. Sharp and contaminating shocks of minds without impulses spread, companion light, illuminating what is neither given nor felt by the companion light. Thunder creaks and shatters noises thirsty for pleasure. Powerful lights condemn alien lives to instruction by voices. Like powerful and lacerating rays that cut ties impossible to tie the dim light in which they overshadowed the consciousness in which they penetrate voluminous beams. Intensely illuminate the mists of black light in the luminous cosmic, a penetrating and profound cosmos that soothes the forgetfulness of the soul. The lightning heats up and darkens and becomes motionless and silent, but it creaks and the noise when it happens is breathless and overwhelming that infects the rage of living and being present among other lights and illuminations or even simple passing but striking darkness of sighs and that breaks the most electrifying silences. That lightning that extinguishes your consciousness marked by the emission of eloquent groans and that precipitate the neglected action of sense of opportunity to be still at the moment when another lightning bolt fell in this world. I remember by the photo taken with my brother (today hanging in my room) and I am at the place where I ate the infernal wafers I refer to later. Then the ashes of light, those ashes that mark you with the heat of fierce and strong irons just from one blow are contaminated by the ashes of light of the past and the omnipresent future that you don't forget. The impulse of the moment cuts you off and spreads slowly, lacerating and effusively, telling you

controls you, and throws you into a well of light that drowns in the memory of incontinent words and pours out its thirst for light. Blazing are the burning ashes of a magnetic body that hisses and blinks in your heart burning with desire for something, virile and manly or else feminine and sensual, that affront of dual personality that does not give way to one side or the other. These ashes of light warm the gloomy and the frivolous and have in their warmth the protection of the rains devoured and, which spread across continents and timeless space invade us and gift us with luxurious insights and give us innumerable and depressing pleasures. The anxiety of sedentary pleasure chemistry, but not crusted but imprinted on naive faces. Alien to the emotion of feeling and being, it feels miraculous and resplendent and relieves the contractions felt by excesses, excesses that redirect us to another dimension, it develops, feeds on vice does not recede does not oscillate or collide in crazy hair of denial. The hypnotic light and gropes felt on the face experience feelings that let us foresee the yielding to desire, leads us to dynamise and believe that it exists, by it we are taken without credit without debits, stagnant as the hypnotic life of transcendent beings that get entangled in dry fountains, delirious eyebrows loaded with shamelessness and idleness. That lead us to new challenges equal in thought different in reaction, reactions that are sometimes unmeasured where we face it with the pure desire to have, to be able, to be fed by it and not driven like loose pieces of clay that come together when heated.

My second memory is precisely a photo dressed in overalls where I am wearing the same clothes as the first photo that is in my room today, I am in

Açoreira on top of a car I remember falling on my grandmother's stairs where there were some ribbons used at the entrance for the flies. I remember calling the land of my grandmother the land of the flies there was a lot of agitation the donkeys or horses always passing by. My father, who owned a blue car where my second memory was born, was a datsun. My "old man" used to tell a story, story according to him, between my grandmother and a donkey that didn't obey him, the old lady bit his ear. Today telling from the story you are about to read, no teeth fell out. I saw my grandmother's breasts only once and it was in the mirror under my parents' bed. It was the best childhood joke I had until the worst of nightmares, nightmares I used to have a terrible one, I think this may be the worst thing you can dream of as a child, which is death in the end, death and only as before dying or immortal this light that is divided between bodies alienated from movement and oscillates between two paths easy to illuminate, but without any life, subsists in the bitterness and dismay of the systemic hypnosis that feeds and develops us. Consciously it is so intense that it is extinguished and even exists erased. Psychedelic loops intertwine in the noise of the brave thunderbolts that support and potentiate the abnormality that comes from the fact that we are encompassed by all this psychedelic thunder. Well, here everything remains coherent, without potencies or scales, the yielding would only be a pretext for the abnormality, of the black thunder, caged and emitting the strangest and deepest grunts of the absorption of reason because it extinguishes itself, creaks and dislocates itself without the minimum of secrecy, apparently in a world of psychedelic lights that afflict whoever wants to lose sight of it or enjoy scaled pleasures.

prejudiced tinged by stagnant oblique colours, unwilling to create or mere indulgence. Imbued in the spirit of the fragments of thought, fragmented indeed are all those who imagine another world, distant from disturbances, which irritate us as when we scratch our eye, or simply blink. This alienated movement from another movement incandescences and pulverises minds distant and oblivious to the simple fact of what it is to be moved or agitated. Thunder is psychedelic and scares away spirits without them manifesting and because they do not exist, it is a parallel reality of rumour and intransigence like the bogeyman, and here no one feeds on bizarre personalities and cognates preexistence even though it does not actually exist. Hence all that is unreal has timeless history, but it has, something, it has fear, fear that deports us into a 5-dimensional horizon, polygonal and linear, but not susceptible or even amenable to any trace, a trace that represents the hemispheres of transcendent and apothotic thought. Ideas do not flourish or grow in the filaments of abstract reason, but impulses of already seen and decorated characters, movements of imitation and adaptation to the instant, but all consciously and minimally calculated. Without calculation it is real and unpredictable, hence it is of such genuine spontaneity that it is absurd to think of anything. The heads of yesteryear grind and grind, already faded into yellow leaves and eaten by bibliophiles, who without any perseverance intimidate the obsolete of memory and of the made and counterfeit to their measure. Surrounded by measuring devices, the labelling abexins congratulate themselves and the thunders of Abyssinia laugh. Those who live in the light of the past are exhorted, those dying beyond invade

celestial bodies in the prominent fact of happening, of the immediate. But these are all technical matters, more or less intense, but they are energetic radiations that are not compatible with the past, not even of the previous moment. Memories that therefore emit harmful radiations that do not, however, obfuscate any thought that one wishes to enkindle at any instant, impulse or moment. Because the past crosses with the present, the instant, the impulse, second or fraction, but does not influence it we are therefore always in time for the powerful light is pure current of ecstasy that cuts like wind in the face, something until then stripped of intentions and movement around the pleasure of doing or being, because what exists and counts in our being is the click ,that through the simple look transmits the light of its past, light more or less intense, sweats of past lives, but that do not guide the principle unchained of the movement of remaining impulses, without mask, lived to the second, in the instant not like those that simply crawl around lights of the past and cling to nothing. Well, this is synonymous with contamination, radiation, no thanks! Hence nothing stronger than to light up in the moment, and be at all times with all the strength, but no one is better than anyone else, it's really a question of struggle, and don't give me that innate light because each one has, thirsty of will and imagination and pure energy of development and creation, magical colours reflected in shades of yellow sun. In fact there is not much light, there are only foci of remaining existence and balanced way of objectifying, what cannot be seen. So it does not exist, it is not real, it is the fruit of something that helps us to become conscious. But what the hell is consciousness? What is really conscious or unconscious? Here is a barrier that is not materialised by

Whatever sense it makes and however it is understood, we are all headed towards the moment. This thing of putting up preconceived barriers and claiming to be insurmountable currents, when in fact there are no barriers in reality! Everything is therefore imaginary, we all live in this same current of illusions, of thirst of other spirits that do not affect us in truth because there is, or in fact there is no barrier between the desire of the unconscious always present in the conscious and that we reserve only for us, only the emptiness, there are yes imaginary of celestial creatures that live as it is said in the light of the past, by majority that deliberated that one had to have weight or measure, but once again who are they to interfere. One observes and stares at the day until it fades, nothing more natural than that limpid light in which we gladly conform. Conformities, adversities, conflicts, mere indulgences that serve as an accumulator of attitudes and conscious problematic but not so deep because they are natural. Between the natural and the transcendent there is not the slightest clash, so the normal involves us and makes us feel at ease and tranquil, everything is natural: air, joy that involves us, that which beats and runs away and above all touches, a gentle touch for those who appreciate puffs of lightness. Energy managed in the nucleus, a powerful source irradiates us, transforming us, psychological mutations, let us then consider ourselves affected by this nuclear power. This vibrant light grows in the expectant being who in reality does not suffer but, like a peacock, infiltrates the impulses apprehended and which lead us to the act of acting or not acting, impulse, this dynamic and limpid explosion. Hence we take advantage of the maximum exponent in its strength, they will be ordinary agents that correct, crumble pillars impossible to unbalance because it is the force of transformation. And nothing is stronger than

being

transformed, that change into something that elevates us and protects us from contamination. I remember crying and not wanting to go to pre-school on the first day but mainly afterwards I enjoyed the friendships, playing with my friends. As a child, it was normal for high fevers to cause the usual nightmare, the one where I was grabbed by chains and lowered into a burning cauldron but with the delirium I thought I was going to hell but suddenly I woke up and was saved in the final countdown that was taking place. I know once that I also learned to differentiate hot from cold by obeying my brother who put a hand on the heater according to him on the coldest part and him on the hottest part, result: I ended up burnt on a right wrist that reminds me of the 666 or the mark of the beast out of curiosity my last phone ended in 666. - Something will make us stop if we do not want to continue, but why stop if it is action that unfolds and generates emotions, sensations and stimuli, when someone responds and reacts to us, action my friends, patience and intelligence to understand the other confronting being. Why let negative energies paralyse us, as if we were children without an answer, courage my friends, the word is the order that will be judged and who will be the judge of reason, who will be normal or abnormal, nobody! We all have faith and I have fezada from which the doubt of wanting and of the omniscient and present desire remains, but like a harp that alludes and deceives transmits siren sounds with hallucinatory echoes. Nothing more than relaxing to hear speaking we hear twice as much as we speak and silence is action and not naivety or lack of control, few can resist silence and one must try it. It may even be tormenting but it will answer many subjective and objective questions, the sociable silence is mute but it can work as the perfect weapon for the uncontrollable,

craving impulsiveness and thirst, those who cannot control themselves. Calm down and listen, listen to the silence within you.

Once I caught a bird, tied a string to an ironing board and gave it bread, water... And that day my living toy died. My first play at the game of catching resulted badly when my brother was behind me, making me rush to that "corner" where I cracked my head, even the whitish tissue could be seen. I would walk about 4km up the hill to smoke the kentucky's at \$12.50 at these meetings a friend of mine would eat light bulbs, glasses, whatever came along, the circus had recently passed through the village. My first exercise in cycling exhibitionism was with my brother, both of us, I failed to pass some bricks and ended up being taken to hospital by him. Almost at the same time I was kicked by a pregnant bitch and then I was involved in the theft of marbles with my brother, taking revenge on the little thief who later became my friend and who had the craziest brother in the village. This friend was not invited for my birthday but he made sure to give me my first and only lego in life. Days before the 1st communion I went with a friend to the social centre and stole the sin wafer. That was just the beginning. Then I started playing hide-and-seek and that's how I hid my best friend from my mother, leaving him alone in the house, knowing afterwards that he was terrified, and calling for us, we opened the door. With friends we played with bicycles, cars, marbles, and we liked adventures... One day we went to sing janeiras (traditional Portuguese traditional songs) on saint's day and we got some money and spent it right away, I remember that they offered chouriças (smoked pork sausages) and other delicacies.

I replaced it, the school playground was under construction with lots of sand and holes, but I ventured out, when I got to class and for the first time I was going to "be hit" for such a daring, I dared to remove my hand before the teacher hit me, the second time in front of the students he forgave me and pretended. Already in the 4th grade I was selling my classmates covers of Dad's collections, like those supplements that are in newspapers nowadays. I remember the first witch where my mother took me, my father and my brother, I saw the witch touching their genitals and he didn't dare and I hated him. I am one Christmas with my cousin and my brother and he receives from the first one a pink floyd lp - the wall, great cousin. To remember the 1st communion in May 1986 in the church of freixo de espada à cinta, was an intense walk with tight shoes. The time came to leave for Estarreja, leaving behind friends and acquaintances, I managed to hide my departure from everyone with the benefit of leaving a little before the 4th grade school year, being compensated with a later letter from the teacher who was surprised with my silence. When I arrived in the municipality of Estarreja I went to live in Pardilhó, where I stayed for a few months, here I started my daily life, I know that at that time, what today they call bullying, I was the victim and I feared it, I even feared it when I travelled from home to school by bus, there was one who had the taste to "wet the soup"! The first job I remember was washing my father's car and writing the bill on the typewriter, and he paid me. I entered the 5th year with a special authorisation, that is, a term of responsibility signed by my guardian to enter the 5th year at the school c+s Avanca as I didn't have the minimum age. I even rolled up

I only used toilet paper and smoked - I even wished that the whole world stopped in time for me to enjoy a bank robbery, etc... But that year I received my first diploma in which it mentioned that the student had participated in the school cross 1988/89, placing 15^o, not bad for someone who was not yet grown up, I also felt grown up enough to jump the net and go buy cigarettes. I walked without bicycle brakes and spent the soles of my shoes when I started smoking seriously, I owed a giant sg to my neighbour, the best tavern of Estarreja, so early I preferred the buffet and did not eat in the canteen. I remember the first funeral rite I attended was that of my poor parakeet whose wings had been cut off... I was playing in the yard and I climbed a thorn-tree when I jumped to the ground and crushed the parakeet! Here begin my sequels; I fell asleep crying for having lost that animal, I ended up gathering some mosaics and I buried him there. All very well, but a cat came the next day to get it! The result of this story ends with a dog that had asked for a Christmas present but was found as a stray at the door of my house, we welcomed this "teko" and he ended up being instructed to attack the targeted cat, my teko ended up killing the cat. I even banged a rock on a lighter out of curiosity and it burst.

In my first days of work, I had fun in the bakery where I worked, what a joke... I used to take the newspaper to the bathroom to read and smoke one or two cigarettes but at the time, in order not to be caught by my brother and my sister-in-law, I was so afraid that I would throw the packet out of the window in the car. I had an experience with the shadow wolf: I was lost but found. Protected but only by choice. It feeds its dexterity on chemical solids and the indispensable water.

In the purity of his own "shadow" he dives for adventures and had a landing, cartoonish. As a wolf he was protected, but by attitude alone, immersed in apparent solitude. Today I write as caricua wolf, face his world and interpret it. Independent friend does not live without his wild but charitable nature of a true novice of life, embryo in the caricua where I graduated has blood of young loyal, honest above all a fearless nature, fierce in its essence but loyal and friend and respectful of his companion and friend. Therefore faithful travel companion and complicity always interpreted with affection and silence. I lived with him long enough to know the shadows of the caricuated "streets" and company. But I saw courage in the wolf and he established the bond of a silent confidant friend and statute as to his freedom. If there was one thing the wolf had it was freedom, he was, alone, alone! And free! Shadow wolf shining energy extra-human in its way of being. With its imposed barks in its wild independence from the nature of genes. I decided to share the respective spiritual cod, alone the evening meal with lobo, or better shadow wolf caricuated that at the same time connected by a single plate free in unison fraternally sharing also the respective drink. Are we alone by choice? Of course! We are free to think as nature shapes us. It was a gift for me this Christmas, the cartoon wolf, but he wild by innate genetic environment is pulled by his chromosomes into the sense of free state of purity of his own nature. Enigmatic as to the way of life but fuelled by a thirst to live and enjoy his solitary side but free from any restriction or imposition. I and wolf shadow are friends, uncharacteristic is in its unconventional way of acting in the coercion of others, we are

free by the hands of mother nature and so we grow and induce what they infiltrate us. Havana club is in the essence of the madness of the same thirst for revolution, to take charge of our being, here is a free but solitary pact with collaboration of animal instinct.

When I was younger I called my grandmother Surucucu, one day playing ball the teko that I had jumped, what seemed to him like 30 cm because he was low and fell from 2 meters high, I ran to call my parents when I got there the little one had survived that Christmas my grandparents were at home, I had a discussion with my parents and even told my grandmother before she died that the dog. I arrived where I am in the town, today city of Estarreja and I started to attend the 6th grade at Donaciano school, here I met my great teenage passion that would mark me throughout my youth. I spent more than 10 minutes staring at my father's mistress and I thought, I thought that if she made even the slightest noise I would have some problems.

I always liked my brother but he once hit me with a punch and hurt my father's identity when I ran away in my pyjamas down the street in Pardilhó, municipality of Estarreja and ended up in the back of the house near the brambles. I even had to put on make-up on my usual Sunday outing because of the marks on my face. I rode without brakes and wore out the shoes to brake, I sold the bicycle in which I rode without tyres, only with the rim that my grandfather gave me, and sold it by weight, where I made 300\$ for it. In this school I ended up with two negatives, one in maths and the other in handicrafts, I had never realised that I was so bad at handicrafts. Naturally involved by the society and its customs, in 1989 I start to play

As a football player, I started as a striker, scoring one goal out of the three in my long career, but it was in a training match against ovarense. Then, as I grew up, I moved back to the centre forward position, then to left winger, then to right midfielder, then to centre midfielder, until I reached the defence in the positions of central and libero. At the end of my career I was known as an athlete of a notorious anti-fair-play, I still have to register the 2nd goal scored on the day I asked the coach to be team captain and play as centre midfielder, on that game I scored a goal, I made the difference and I covered the distance from the midfield to the opponent goal doing a "panty" to the goalkeeper. I thought of taking pins to football games in order to win the moves on the pitch.

In 1990/91 I attended the 7th grade in Estarreja secondary school, I was badly integrated in this school because I was rebellious and passed the story that one day I masturbated in the classroom, being nicknamed by the history teacher as the bearer of the patriotic missile - this at the time of the Iraq war, I fatally fail 4 marks. The one that cost me the most was in Portuguese, as it was the first and only one in my school career. I decided to return to the school in Avanca where I had done the 5th year. After the school year 1991/92, I started to be called "AIDS" among my school mates, I even got a reputation of being badly behaved, but my school successes allowed me to pass the year. At that time, when I was confronted about the reason why I had come from Estarreja to Avanca, I said I had been expelled from the Estarreja school. I used to put holes in low density floppy disks to double their capacity

I used to go to classes from Estarreja to Avanca on my "bicycle", and then purposely go to Ovar to steal gum and sweets from the supermarket. The best game I played in all my career was after a direct and it was against beira-mar the club van even came to pick me up at home. I put a fly in a butter sandwich of a friend called "minete", the first porn films I saw amazed me, one woman had cock and tits at the same time something that made me think, another was of snakes and eels, scenes from my father ... Between the trips from Estarreja and Avanca I had the cp pass for them but as the tobacco addiction started to get worse, instead of buying the pass... I was already in a phase of only hitchhiking to have change for tobacco and I used to go to the bakery to eat half a rye and drink a litre of beer together with my colleagues. At my grandfather's house I fired a shot from a pressure gun and the lead ricocheted and almost hit me. Once I went to a birthday party, I burned some chewing gum and it turned black, making people believe that it was hashish. Before going to training I would call my friends home and steal bottles of champagne from my father and we would drink before training and several times we would get thrown out. One day one of these friends got so drunk that he had to be hospitalised. His father even phoned my father and complained. In the football club we had a special training, that was, our adversary the team of the Aveiro national team in search of new talents. I had a formidable training and that was when they put me in training in the Aveiro selection and I really got a place. I was playing as a striker, on the left side of the pitch, and I was a substitute for a player who was more

Later it was for FC Porto. On 11-07-1992 the under-13 selection would have a meeting in which faced the selection of Aveiro with the selection of Leiria closing the season 91-92, it was here in this game that I had my opportunity and entered in the second half as reported by the daily Aveiro, Tuesday, July 14, 1992 - Aveiro, 2 - Leiria, 1 "game in the field of the sports complex of s. Jacinto. "On the return from the locker rooms, the Aveiro team entered the field with another determination. Unlike the first half, in which the Leirienses dominated, Aveiro took control of the game and exploiting the opponent's defence better, they gave a "volte-face" to the result. They got the equaliser, through Filipe Moura, who shot in an arc to the bottom of the goal". I didn't even know what I was doing in that game, I remember running a lot until I couldn't catch the balls, I was either too slow or too fast, but in the end I scored what would be the 3rd goal of my football career, that year there was no tournament between national teams for financial reasons, could I have evolved more? You never know. The school year of 1992/93 arrived, when I attended the 8th grade at c+s Avanca school, and I was already smoking every break, I was already a rebel with deviant behaviors. I used to tell a friend that I went to the military school, I entered inside a French support class with a toilet seat on my head saying that I was Mr. toilet seat, I did not have the courage to face my father's eyes until the first internment, I used to chew herbs before going home after football trainings, the first and last time that I was beaten, I played in the beginners in a training, "I took one" and hit him and told him to wait for me outside that I would take more, and he waited... Even my head went up against the

He was nicknamed the "Pardilhó". I have my first disco in my attic and I called it ku*. I climbed through a skylight to the top of the building and even had blankets on the roof among other things, with my friends I smoked wool several times, with nuno a friend of mine I got to the edge of the limits near a chimney, an owl came out and unbalanced me and took me almost to fall from the roof. The enraged blue ray invades my being resplendent of energy that sprouts in the dirty pores of prejudices and intolerances that this blue ray will reach. The light produced by all beings rolls up in shameless artifices that are difficult not to be far-fetched with innocuous artificialities. This laser light is penetrating and invisibly penetrates even the unseen and imperceptible. It is a seer and master light in the assumptions and crossroads alien to the seer himself. Imperceptible and innocuous it provokes through its beam a suction of thoughts and preconceived ideas poisonous to its own poison and its antidote. Attic light, that smoke that pierces the light of the mind cloaked in rags of memories undone in heads without direction and action, action, that motor that cools the echelon of frantic thought of slow and massifying uncoordinated mind. Penetrating the idleness of the moment it gets excited and distributes itself among the cerebral and exciting lights in roving electric stimuli. It intensifies in the hypnotising and paralysing body mass, like a trigger of rhymes in words without a nexus. Those lofty lights enter any head tip engineering. "some people have little monkeys, others just attics ! "Other lights that overshadow the main entrance, I wish I could penetrate the attics with memories, thoughts, lives lived without great causes but with many

memories. Memories that illuminate the mind forever opened or closed in chests... I used to get VHS cassettes and not having money to pay, the rent was spreading in time and the debt was increasing, I rarely slept thinking about what I owed. I had the cassettes for months to accumulate. In 1993 I started to want to have my own money and after an invitation I decided to go and work in an amusement arcade. At that time I was 15 years old and already had a lot of authority because I maintained the order of the place and forbade the under-16s to enter. This was when I had my first contact with hashish, which was to become my subsequent consumption over the following 17 years. In this environment I came into contact with other realities but I denied and always refused the use of heroin and cocaine, making it known that if I did it throughout my life it was not with the intention or on purpose, or I may have been "undermined" but I never used them. I had inappropriate attitudes for consumption and I was already a famous "artist" being the presenter of the end of school year party for the finalists of the 9th grade in 1993/1994.

Generator, love generator or love generator what feeds this non-virtual carnal desire, and this transparent and thirsty kissing emotional entanglement of something vital for the development of energies of emotional and electric bonds. This generator feeds egos and personalities with hidden faces in the daily representation as in the taking of breakfast, or dinner, or the water that feeds the energy of everyday life. Without masks or tearful thoughts, we fit in reality the energy of love or in the love of the electrifying and cutting energy of penetrating and representative looks of love and solitude that one lives fed by a cable that is never disconnected, an incorruptible but true energy, always! Always electrifying looks thirsty for desire and

some patience invented by the monotony of the days and the oblique faces that represent nothing in this electric medium, they are loose threads. Venture into the imagination of the innate and unbridled motor of realities but with the suffocation of instantaneous contact. Indispensable contact to motor life, motor, that of the reality of the consensus of being and not being present, but alienated from other realities almost imperceptible to the desire of the conscious, but it is there! It is there always present in the sense of opportunity of the immediate, therefore the means cannot be watery, if not slippery in the thoughts of the generating love of means and available resources; as for the generating love it is always connected and on the lookout for any other means not virtual and controlled with this very being of the condescender, it cannot then alienate itself from the pleasure it generates, and proliferates in those ever-present faces of the lump of soul that you have always wanted to stifle. For you cannot alienate any piece, for energy is one and multicultural in its sense of satisfaction, satisfaction that develops various realities, for we are virtual and imaginary, only in the presence of others or in the mirror itself do we hide the new regulating energy in the spirit of neutrons, who are these the true beasts of light. Luminous dragons can light up and this current that runs through us and revitalises us daily gives us strength and the mimicry of shining and walking beings, yes! Walking, because in it can be the force of the light or of the sick and convalescent oppression that confronts dualistic and oppressive reality. Do not get down on this current of negative poles that infiltrate the subconscious and reducing deep pains of the negativist critical personality, but feed yourself on the positivity and transcendent reality of chemical and anti chemical circuits that feed the spirit of the

innovation and achievement, achievement that is personal and non-transferable as feeders of frantic races towards no pleasure, but which drags the mind into the waves of thought and its transmission. The transmission of thoughts is real and develops circuits that no one can deny and these circuits have a current that spreads in the timeless air of oppressed sensations and pleasures, because we are all beta blockers of external stimuli but they potentiate our thirst for living. These impulses therefore affect our reasoning and sometimes happen or develop conflicts in thought, but they can bring happiness, which with the excitement of the protons will lead us to the external reality. Blue light unleashed from strong emotions blue light that crosses bridges and stairs and infiltrates the power of feelings that it feeds on developing this spiritual potential where it welcomes with its ultra sensitive beams the beauty of the transparency of eloquent friendship that longs for something "blue", stronger, more intense, and develops in us constellations with deep ramifications of feeling and being alienated in this Hertzian wave. This power affects oblique minds bereft of a sense of living, turquoise blue affecting deep and lasting friendship, it carries in itself magical beams of madness and pleasure lovers of rare and toning beauty. In the filaments of twilight intensity, it develops and transmits welcoming and protective energy of evils and pleasures with agony and silence, no, it is not a mask that deludes us and alludes us to abstract thought, it is rather a strong and intensifying light of real and imaginary pleasure, but which affects and always affects those who carry themselves in it and stay without limits for intrinsic and lasting friendship. She falls in love and as if deprived of reason but

It serves as food for emotion, it comes and brings delights of pleasure and lust, this pleasure is caloric and invades everything in a frenzy of excitement of this primary colour that lies down and rolls up the accumulation of energies that empty with time but do not disappear in the present future, that is, it is always present, protective, it does not let us evolve at the level of brilliant uncontrollable pleasure.

In 1994 I started my apprenticeship as an electrician and that's when I got a nickname, as I'm still known by some, as the "faiska", because I got a shock on a loose wire and in the end there was no electricity. I started to go out at night and on my first trip to the eclipse disco in 1994, I became a "cup-catcher". I still remember that day I took a blood alcohol test and the result was over 2.0 before I started working. That night was fantastic, I ended up clutching all the bottles in the disco and being carried home by one of the managers with my head hanging out, and there he left me at home, it was wonderful, in that summer of the last year of eclipse I reach the end as a barman doing shots and replacing bartenders in the middle of the night who couldn't hold on any longer. I left avanca and arrived in ovar, in the 1994/95 school year I entered the 10th grade in the sports area of the José Macedo Fragateiro school, I was always one of the worst in physical education and sports, this was also due to my bad behaviour, I even had a medical certificate that at the time of swimming referred to an allergic reaction to chlorine, but what I didn't know was how to swim! I had a football team called "les bufons", or the farts, and I even managed to raise funds for them in the shopping area of estarreja. I used to do internships before the global tests in high school where "submarines", a mixture of beer and

cakes became a laughingstock.

When we were on our way to graduation in Albufeira, I left the supermarket with a cart full of beers that we took back to the flat where we filled the baseboard with empty bottles. At the time of my girlfriend's birthday in furadouro I got so drunk that I ended up falling asleep at the table where the soup had just come and when they woke me up I threw up at the dinner table. Then they gave me a lift home and I wanted to stay at a party and not at home. When I was eighteen I saw the movie Transpotting and I always thought it was funny that a man entered a toilet and dove into a sea of turds. I often talked to my grandma and I liked to talk to my grandma about what came out of me, which is the turd. I became champion of the team called "tchetchenos" in the football tournament and continued my progress. In 1995/96 I was already in the 11th grade at the José Macedo Fragateiro school and managed to get the transition to the 12th grade, but with mathematics and physical chemistry behind me, I never managed to catch up. I jumped out of a class through the window and came in the door saying that I had gone to the bathroom. Meanwhile I was running and complained a lot about a muscle that later I had to have an operation for a hernia in the year 1996/97, having failed one year I was about to do my military service and in the military inspection I was considered unfit, I complained that I could not run because my legs hurt.

legs. With his friends he would do tri-turbos, or 3 filters. I provoked bullying situations influencing the "back" group of the school that were the ones I called eta. I promoted meetings of 4 and 5 people in the city of Ovar at lunchtime, true attacks to the freedom of expression of the guests who got together and with my best ally nuno we coerced the groups in a kind of hazing. I will transcribe the following statement: "He worked as a monitor in the occupational programme for children of the 1st cycle of basic education "active holidays", during the months of July, August and September 1997. In Santarem, after having said I was going to the exhibition, I went to some friends' houses, even farting and shitting myself, having thrown my boxers out of the window. The waiting and him, he walked around wishing, wanting, jumping, jumping and smoking, he was walking without going to a destination. Anxiety varies with age, although one always lives in a very anxious way waiting for something, we always want something, everything in us involuntarily gets in the way of our own will. That year I drew up the following electoral proposal: it is with great determination and a sense of responsibility that we stand for election as student association of the secondary school José Macedo Fragateiro. It is our objective to promote cultural and recreational activities in order to dignify this school that needs so much to impose itself internally and externally. To achieve this goal we propose:-

Promoting cultural and sports events for the entire student population, namely a youth week, football, basketball and volleyball tournaments (male/female). Organise monthly debates, with the aim of training and informing students about the problems of society - encourage the creation of a school newspaper - training of members - acquisition of a table football pool - organisation of the youth week, with various activities - establish contact with the "media" in order to publicise the activities of our school, and in particular the initiatives of the students' association. "During the campaign, I distributed condoms to the students and maintained contacts with the health centre for the debates that were planned but did not take place because the health centre wanted the students to be deprived of classes to attend. Under the slogan of the campaign, "we give our face for you!" "follow our steps" and even "play our music", with posters of the socialist party that supported this campaign by making the headquarters available they wanted a counterpart, that is militant for the party, the militant cards were distributed but not even one militant won this political force of our association. As for the other projects, the executive council bought the table football pool and kept half of the 20 escudos that each game cost. On the day of the inauguration, and I quote: following the election which took place on the 14th January 1998 between 10am and 8pm. Two lists participated, a and b, whose representatives are included in the candidature file, and the referred act occurred within the normality. After the closing of the polls, where 740

students, the votes were counted. The results were as follows: ten blank votes- fifteen null votes- five hundred and seven votes list a- two hundred and eight votes list b. According to the votes, list a was the absolute winner in the first round of voting. After this presentation, there is no positive balance. It should also be mentioned that the previous association possessed in its patrimony a desk, a metallic cupboard, a chair, a stool and two chess sets (incomplete). Days after the campaign an anonymous accusation circulated in the school where I was nicknamed king lion and al capone because sometimes I pretended to be those characters in class, things got complicated for my side because I was also seen by the executive council as a hashish consumer and according to a psychologist of the school I was the mastermind. At the end of 1998, Psp Ovar opened an enquiry and there was a police investigation. I had just smoked a joint when I entered the police station. I denied that I was smoking and that I had tried it and didn't like it. That year about the prom there are suspicions and accusations of non-payment of that dinner, immoral thing because it was paid in the following days with the first job of my best friend of the time, the list that ran in the year

following was afraid that we had not paid for the dinner, which was done, rumours. In January of 98 I am invited for the week of the education, brought memories of his exa. Jorge Sampaio president of the republic that destined a photo with the following dedication "to the group of Aveiro, in special to the A.E. Of the school José macedo fragateiro, with a friendly hug" week of the education 24 of January of 1998 - presidency of the republic, I had lunch standing in the museum of the electricity where I greeted Mr. president. That same year I got the opportunity to work at the disco a pildrinha in furadouro, there as a barman I entertained the customers with bottles and juggling tricks that remind me of the movie "cocktail" there was a night when I shat all over myself and had the feeling that the disco had burnt down believing it even after waking up when I see myself all messed up I throw my panties out the window, They fall on a café's parasol, a few days later the mother of a friend of mine is returning the clean panties saying that maybe they had fallen from up there. I often drank two bottles of golden strike and an absinthe together with my partner. Then at a party I was serving a client in front of the boss and started to fill the glasses spilling the liquid all over the counter and I was immediately fired. One of the managers was with a client and I served them two shots spilling everything and he just told me: get out of there! I was at a wedding of my brother's best friend, I smoked weed in the bathroom and got so drunk that I put a shoe on the table and played the role of a mobile phone. In the night always accompanied by the glasses and hashish that I consumed I used to write the formula of Einstein in the covers of the school 1998-1999 monho bar - barman here I was some

months serving glasses. I accomplished a final party of 2nd period, as usual the competitor discotheque Fénix metia 900 people, in the first party of monho I reached 700 people against the almost 200 people remaining in the rival party, it was a success. After the party I took all the elements of the association to have dinner out, paying the owner of the monho the dinner and not giving him any more money for the party. That year I started my discounts as an employee at philips, a factory worker where I worked for two months with almost two weeks of absences. At that time I got a job in uniteca/quimigal. I was a barman/entertainer with my juggling tricks in the disco dacasca and it was here that I consumed my first "gum" I broke it in two and took it on different days the halves seemed that nothing I did was at body speed, like for example leafing through an entire magazine and not reading anything or getting home and putting on music and not being able to keep up. It was the first and only experience with these substances. In the disco dacasca the public relations man and the security guard when they picked me up for another day of work told me that the day before with the bottles and my juggling act I had hit a client in the head and she had gone to hospital. Because of a delay of 3 hours when I was with a girlfriend I get there and I am replaced by the drink catcher and fired on the spot. A new bar opened in Estarreja where I was in the years 1998/99 as barman/bar heroes, in one of those nights I lend a book about "the doors" and the "American" died, he and my book were hit by the train. I even made a deposit of 100\$ so I could withdraw 1.000\$...for 2 years as a doorman and until they burned the

door with motorbike petrol, but I never provoked or got involved with anyone. I organise a réveillon 1998/1999 at the heroes of the bar organisation faisca & friends I call all my friends for the New Year's Eve. I send all the clients of the bar to leave before midnight closing the bar and the New Year's Eve. I go to the rocks bar ovar where I am assaulted for advertising another event inside the establishment, I filed a complaint with the police and they go to the bar where they are told that I was breaking ashtrays inside, pure lie. I even went to the Public Prosecutor but I didn't follow up the process due to lack of witnesses. On New Year's Eve 98/99 - heroes of the bar av. Visconde de Salreu Estarreja I put together a programme in which: the 12 bells in one night [and day] ...d.j.'s on control resident sergius guest d.j. Vitinho and incognito. In the middle of the party and in order to get dressed at home for the party and my friends to show up, I threw out all the customers from the bar where I was the doorman that night of the end of the year. In my thoughts I question the order of the alphabet and think that ab or abba were way ahead, I think of creating a security system between the men, like winking or touching and feeling the other and all speeding up to see what was wrong or suffering and help. I watch television and think that the footnotes contain messages to my mind. I watch the f.t.v. channel and think that on that day I will receive the nobel prize. I thought once I was eating human organs and it was a food shop by the kilo that day I thought that the broken glass in the street were diamonds, I was watching the film snatch / porcos e diamantes in the cinema in Aveiro when I think I am the actor in the film, I start to take off my shoes and get in and out of the cinema, it was my film. In Estarreja I fled in an act of supreme freedom to near the river and

I think about climbing trees, I put half a body in the river and I think that I am a genius and that Mr. President of the Republic is watching me, I have contacts with the cows that were grazing and I try to communicate my thoughts to them. I think that they are stealing my ideas and that they want to do me harm, I start to feel strange things, to isolate myself, I used to do things like revolve the whole room, read psychology books to try to understand what was happening to me, I started to be delirious, persecutory manias, or that I was being watched and controlled either by the television or the daily newspapers, I even thought my father was going to buy me a bar, and that he was the biggest in the world, he only did bizarre things making my parents seriously worried, in this general confusion someone called the GNR and the firemen who still transported me to the hospital from which I fled drifting for hours, until I was found by the GNR soldiers who said to me: "we were really looking for you", I am taken to the hospital of Aveiro, later to the psychiatric emergency room of Coimbra. Taken by the firemen tied to a stretcher, after a conversation I think I'm going to get an injection and I go to the girls after a conversation with the head of psychiatry, but I only get the injection... When I wake up I'm in a room in the psychiatric ward! I ran away, took a taxi and went from Coimbra to Estarreja where I told the taxi driver to wait and went to warn my mother... The next day I am taken to take a pill sent by the psychiatrists without knowing that it was on purpose to make me feel bad, asking them to take me to hospital, I stayed more than 20 days under the regime of physical restraint i.e. tied with a belt to the bed! In Estarreja, the intermarche's welcome seemed like an invitation to enter a neighbouring house, I even entered the garden thinking I was

They even made a complaint but then the GNR said they were really looking for me and took me to hospital. According to the hospitalization bulletin - psychiatric service - the patient was admitted to this hospital on 1999-01-03 and discharged on 1999-02-15 - normal illness. In Coimbra hospital he received the first issue of superinteressante in which was the man turning over the papers and was the name sparks. Participated in the foosball tournament held at the psychiatric service - men huc 11 February 1999 in Coimbra I was approached by the head of psychiatry who smoked with me and put ashes into a plastic cup and deluded me saying I was going to be successful, have women and travel, when in the end the nurse came in and I thought to myself you are going to take me to some party at ftv and it will only be sex when in the end it was an injection that I would take the next day when I woke up I found myself in a room from I don't know where, I left the limits of the hospital going in the direction of passing cars and lit houses or where there was movement thinking that the police were interacting with me, I ended up being taken back by a gentleman who drove by and saw me in pajamas, I asked them to release me and to give me a term of responsibility to sign, a fact ignored by all the medical staff even though I was of age. The way out of there was like an earthquake in my social life, I became fragile for the next few years, I even had fears such as: going to the café, being afraid that the cup would fall and people would comment on my name.

As a 3rd clerk in 1999 I distributed mail and registered letters, at the time I bleached my hair, I distributed the mail by car without having a letter, within the perimeter of the factory where I was

driving at 30km/h, I wanted to feel for the first time a car even having an accident breaking the bumper and I really had to justify it.

I don't sleep, because I don't want to sleep I want to live here is an obstacle that doesn't let me sleep I'm going to face it with insomnia.

I enrolled in externato luís de camões, asked for an equivalence in portuguese of 11 values and retook the course in capitalizable units of secondary education. Declaration ipj, worked as an information animator, as a scholarship holder, from 01 March 1999 to 05 February 2000 went to schools to advertise healthy behaviour for young people. I started to see pornography online and to have contact with chat rooms. "in the performance of his duties he showed himself to be interested and dynamic, carrying out his tasks correctly, namely attending to users, disseminating information of interest to young people, updating the information media and contacting the Portuguese Youth Institute", Aveiro, 09 March 2000. I went to Tenerife alone in the last days I start thinking about the woman of my life and I write 3 postcards with the name of raquel Mamede - Bombarral Portugal and after some days I receive a phone call from her in albufeira I simulate a bad mood together with a girlfriend of the time I go to the flat to be with raquel and after some hours I find myself with the ex. I'm in the middle of a nightclub with a friend of mine jumping from one balcony to the other warning me of the ex. After a few moments she also jumped and came to meet me I fled to the living room of the flat and hid under the sheets of my best friend at the time and she asked where was Philip and I got out of the sheets and

I said I'm here, she ran away from the flat, I chased her through the streets and even tripped her to calm her down, and she stayed on the floor. I got the recurrent secondary education diploma 1999/2000 with the final classification of 16 out of 20 - over 11 December 2000, I took an exam in the interdisciplinary area and left in the middle and concluded outside, afterwards I gave it to another teacher, two days later I went to his office apologising for the lack of honesty and the teacher took another exam and attributed the mark of 20, the maximum mark used by the teacher was 16 out of 20. I got marks of 11 in Portuguese, 15 in English, 15 in French, 17 in the interdisciplinary area, 18 in philosophy and 18 in computing, I cheated in the exams, thus getting approval in the course. While I was studying I worked in the hotel "meia-lua", I was an employee, with the professional category of "trainee of reception of the 2nd year" since the 8th of February 2000 until the 31st of May 2000 "acquired knowledge in this hotel in the sections reception/ reception and bar. He demonstrated throughout this period a great capacity to learn, unusual dedication, as well as a sense of responsibility. We praise his availability and his relationship with all of us. Over 28/07/00 here I slept in the hotel rooms, had parties in the bar and went to the pool in the absence of those in charge. I had a disciplinary procedure for assaulting a colleague from the bar because he made me feel underprivileged as he knew I had been hospitalised in psychiatry. Then I went to Lisbon and got a job as a bar waiter in a coffee shop in the imaviz shopping centre. It was the year 2000 and I used to go to a disco in the shopping centre where I used to dance until late hours imagining myself the best dancer at the time.

in front of the sheraton hotel, this bottle was my 2nd experience with chemical substances, but I never did it again or looked for it in my life. I participated in the staff carnival of Estarreja in 2001 - entrudo or nothing! Entrudo or nothing! declaration ovar city council - division of culture, library and historical heritage. It is declared that it exerted functions of administrative assistant, in the regimen of contract to fixed term, between august 06, 2001 to may 30, 2002, in the services of attendance to the public of the municipal library of ovar and in the museum júlio dinis - an ovarian house "what it did with great sense of responsibility and persistence" it had documents of the library and I made to disappear the register of the "lost cases" 2001 - GNR hospital leiria between leiria and the battle there is a denunciation by radio of a trucker that was disturbing the traffic, the bt is called to the place after they tow the car they say that there is no fine, they call reinforcements and take me to leiria hospital handcuffed. In caldas da rainha I thought I saw snipers and people watching from the windows. 26/11 to 07/12 2000, in infante d. Pedro hospital 2001 - I get without license by dgv I return home with the vehicle but already without license and never drive again I get letter from court penalizing me with a fine of very serious infraction (no minimums) 30 days period of cassation, I take the license to dgv which keeps it and says to take others because of that law of being driver for less than 2 years. I even turned my room upside down and thought there were cameras filming me and that I was being watched by spies. In Leiria I think Interpol was working with me, once I put 5.01 cent. One time I put 5.01 cent of petrol and paid 5 euros, thinking I'd discovered the formula for winning and becoming a millionaire. In those days I thought I had Russian spies under the car.

I think I am a magician and that I am controlling the car with my mind and brain glued to the car machine at a constant rotation which makes me venture in the middle of the road in my underwear with a bouncy ball adventuring me that ball was launched in Caldas da Rainha and hit the ground in front of the court and went up to its roof. I am questioned by the GNR brigade of b5 command considered the regions of Coimbra and Aveiro I start to have ideas of persecution and put newspapers in the car that is towed by order of the bt in leiria. Declaration liscont - container operators, worker with the category of practitioner in the administrative area. For moment I lay down in the toilet in liscont, I had 2 months without smoking hashish and when I came back my head ached and the problems started with an early exit liscont the deep love, the suffered love was felt also forgotten deep down half lost regretted and lived. I travelled under the clouds I flew under the skies I was on the planets at mars and at Jupiter at mars, I decided to love you and at Jupiter I wanted to have you and here is my being, flying from pen to planet there was strength, there was energy, joy was something that transmitted love in the form of a flower. It had the strength of the sun, it moved like a sunflower, it had its own will in incessant search of something hot, it was a dream, a conquest, an objective, everything with passion, without dimension it was grandiose, amazing, in short, very loving. I looked out the window, I noticed the horizon, I passed my eyes over the hill, I looked ahead, I saw your star, it was brilliant, shining, I raised my eyes, I saw the moon, it was mine and yours, it was landscape, a journey, I saw you travelling over the land and under the sea, I accompanied you, we travelled, we conquered each other over the land and under the sea, it was only the moonlight. I missed you, wanting, desiring, loving, thinking, feeling. I miss you and I

want to have you.

Here, wishing to meet you, loving you, always thinking of you and feeling your presence, missing you and being without you, thinking, wanting, feeling and loving you without seeing you, desiring you with the five senses: sight that sees you without being there, smell without smelling you, hearing you without making noise, taste without tasting you and touch without touching you. The memory that for you I suffered, felt, loved, lived, never loved another I kissed, in you, saw, entered you are the love I will always remember. 30 may 2003 marriage love mar filipe moura 02 Jun. Lisboa - Madrid havana Madrid 09 Jun. Lisbon 10 Jun. 2003 I go to cuba and in havana I buy 100 dollars of marijuana which is actually shit. I was 4 months without smoking joints before I joined, then I smoked and my head hurt, that was the beginning of the intrigues with the boss and I ended up taking sick leave and going to look for a job. In the Faculty of Arts I slept in the classrooms and smoked my joints. Câmara Municipal de Lisboa biblioteca orlando ribeiro terrified by contact with the younger ones, I created a phobia of doing activities with them. After wanting to clarify some doubts with the superior technician, I say that I resign and take sick leave - I sent a letter to the president of Isel with the description of the facts, namely not being allowed to enter the toilets and leave cheese in the toaster, I left... I wrote my dissatisfaction with satisfaction on a postcard from ctt and sent it to myself to receive it. I send a letter to the president of the republic giving an account of my last 8 years. Unemployment, I contact the social security at the citizen's shop in lisbon that tells me that I am not entitled to the unemployment benefit when in reality I had it, I argue with my wife and mother-in-law and I go by train to faro with the idea of catching a plane to luxembourg.

to talk to durão barroso in the european union for the purpose of him giving me a job. Culminate just another instant, a moment coming from that thought of yours, probably we all exist not just as a virtuous image but as a function of an appearance or state the mind doesn't die the moment all physical existence ceases and suddenly everything goes out, or it could culminate.

I heard voices of command telling me to commit suicide, moments before I had told my wife that I was a "hacker", that I had a profession, I wrote a paper saying that I always loved them I went to the mini-market to buy two bottles of bitter almond and drank it all together with several pills. When my wife came in and saw that I was being hugged by that situation she called inem and the firemen arrived shortly afterwards and they gave me olive oil and when I wake up I'm in hospital with a nappy. Days later I told my neighbours that it had been a drug interaction and they even told me a nearby cafe if it wasn't one of the coffees I used to drink 02/2007 1st suicide attempt.

If my soul were to evaporate in me, nothing would remain but secret rubble, alien to fantasy. From an emerged subversion, floats the idleness of one more, particular moment. Absence, if I were to touch and see your world, would be filthy, without a mute touch of sensibility, of at least believing someone, surpasses my reality. My simple sadness is like all happiness attainable as unattainable. By magic, without irony of in one day I tell you, touch and feel me as you look at me and you will see who I am not and what I felt never so much suffering, nothing more wanting, dying for you through me for you I wrote for so much I suffered and never died and

por ti nunca perdi perdi só senti ser junto a ti num ardente fósforo que queimima a dor que em me encerra quando tudo queimar. I never took you away, moreover in you I will say that you suffer because I never left you and know that I loved you and will always love you. He is treated in the Curry and Cabral hospital where he was in a "coma" and appears awake and sees himself wearing only a nappy, I don't remember the conversation with the psychiatrist who however gives me the order for his release after signing the consent form. - I thought of throwing animals from the windows of the floors and had ideas of destroying or killing people incredible disturbances I felt cuts in the body and lacerations very disturbing states of mind and emotionally agitated a desire, I beg you give me a kiss like those you know? Give me a hidden kiss, like those we stole from each other when the desire grew give me a kiss, soft, like that, you know. Gentle, sweet to you. I'll give you a kiss from me. With all due respect, allow you and me! What do you think of me and I of you? I am grateful to you for having read me, perhaps understood me! Passing the part of the considerations if you have already read me they have already taken away your elações at least eloquent present unwrapped at the legal hour already the mass of the cock or game of the cock here the terrible question!? Reflection to the communicative ecstasy intelligible to the minimum and simple echo of the silence that moves us away acts are words of pain even in a simple ardour of rejection. Physically insurmountable obstacle but not by the hormonal and spiritual chemistry of the luminous being. Celestial bodies invade us for the blossoming of perfect love. In search of the clover of love, for wealth consists in the understanding of multifaceted beings and always with something to add to this point of view. One more addition, one more increase, this desire for

compassion and tenderness that exiles us to self-esteem

representative in social circles. Seen from the perspective of the one and indivisible self, no will is alienated no matter how many wills arise in the circle. That golden circle, the alliance of good faith, and of fidelity and respect, above all duty to, does not exist. We are pure and savage in the way we act, and nothing is more selfish than the self, which just by being so always invades the other with its point of view. When the mind is inflamed by a simple confrontation of ideas, we must appeal to common sense. When should we give way or interpose the ego with the other. Nothing more banal than rejecting what we do not want, it is easy. To love and to love is to feel the other and not me. Constructive attitude of the link between us the being. Imprinted in instinctive behaviour we only think of the self, then the me, and by the way me again. Conflicts because one is me transformed into "selves" and one is never quite sure how many "selves" one has to endure before giving in to the other. It is a kind of coming to us that is always opening. Watch the self selves with which self masks you and what level of selfishness it is. Well, the armour of the self will one day be so broken by the "you's" that exist and which are "I's" plus "me's" that they break the armour. Love: love conquers all. August 2007 divorce... Effervescent light - it falls and effervesces, dilutes and expands in ramifications of an unconquerable desire, for it is illusion like all looks which then collapse when confronted with external reality. Gifted with malice and counterfeit sporadic episodes of madness of effervescent desire like love that expands and contaminates, occupies all thoughts and lets itself be dominated and dominated, this is the exchange of revitalising energy, the luminous content is there. An illuminated sky, nothing stronger than the desire to reach the perfect balance of the illuminated sky, for it is the stars, which give it life and

move thoughts

ideas or facts, from the desire to the concrete, nothing more beautiful than the sky illuminated by constellar energies that call for a constant interaction between the stars, and star power is unique. It scares me how energies fade into flameless smoke, this is not wanting to interpret cosmic reality. I am disappointed when vitality is suppressed by accommodation and crystallisation of feelings is no doubt a mask of political correctness. O soul transform yourself into a magic and fly over the minds that have no impulsive current of the truth of the facts and the constant mutation of things, change are stages and cycles through which all pass and develop, but never on the path of fear and suffering of feelings. Free yourself and expand and above all suffer the mutation of life, that change that drives us. Light of life, submerge the passions of madness. Why? Instinctively love and we want to be loved, passions and disillusion pave the way to various illusions. Deluded and infatuated I focus and concentrate on the whole methodology of truly loving, this pierces any falsehood. Naked in the field of action of being loved we are faced with the true identity of being, therefore being loved requires of us a deep awareness of why we are loved and yet there is a necessary dichotomy of willingly giving back and loving too, this dialectic is assumed that $1+1=1$, when logically no one can enjoy anything. So logically $1+1=2$, correct, but the conduct will not be productive if the result is not the technical tie of attitudes and values and behaviour in general, hence then there is a single position in the middle of the love life. Understood and will this truth be the only source of pleasure, or the individualistic being wants another action, action is understood as true freedom. Well, I have not experienced

I do not want to be absolutely sure, therefore I imagine myself to be an ass from time to time, and nowadays it is difficult to have donkeys, but there are artificial asses, that deceive those who truly place themselves in this role, draw your own conclusions. I'm not here for that, as a matter of fact I'm afraid of crazy things, and attitudes that I don't commit, since a crazy person is only crazy under certain circumstances and when judged by others, which often depends on the "habitat". Deviating a little from this reasoning, I want to say that I am crazy, I assume that I have liked several people and from there, that we are never fulfilled, we want more love and more and more love, why so much amorous ambition, as I put the question. I take it back by saying the following, we are all free to commit crazy things in love, we are vulnerable and often manipulated. We want to believe that it is true that we love, why, because we have been loved, this feeling that awakens affection and triggers the wisdom of life

11/2007 2nd Suicide attempt with pills, an escalation in curry and Cabral hospital as soon as I enter the infirmary I am approached by the nurses "so you try to kill yourself at this hour with benzodiazepines?!", after the analysis I am intravenous I take out the needle and blood gushes out.

To live dying between living or dying? Oh, I'm sorry, does that fit? Of course, who has never killed himself? All of us have already stopped living a moment, all of us without exception think that we are going to die and then we are going to live, it is the contradiction of the ridiculous. After my birthday I try to go "beyond", I wake up 20 hours later completely disfigured and sedated, I survived, but

once. I participated in a public competition and was evaluated for a position as an administrative technician by a team of three doctors and got a score of 17.41, placing second in the competition, the night before I hadn't slept and had smoked more than 10 joints, the interview was early in the morning. This was in the Faculty of Medicine of Porto. Days later I even went there because I was having suicidal thoughts and where I wasn't even seen, I waited, but I got tired of waiting. The light guided me towards the current of ecstasy of daily life, illuminated for me the unhealthy and unreasonable future for then yes, thunders crashed into me and burst like dynamite stripped of funereal pleasure. Then yes cured I came out of the caloric bowels of rigour and exactness. But I do not know if it will enlighten my past for I fear it has no energy. Hence there are two poles, two extremes and I was struck by the positive and healing one and not the black and haunting one. This light comes from the clarity of emotion and rationality of the twilight of the immediate and impulsive, without transition and opaque of senses, not feelings embedded or nailed to emotion, the pleasure of living and enjoying at full strength what moves us on earth and gives us power no, grab the talent you have and force like a blue ray cutting and venting from un-lived suffocations and malicious and penetrating thoughts that victimize us like shadows, everything has movement, but it is present and as if it reveals itself, infiltrates the senses of sight and shows us the clarity of thought through the silence of time, and as if silent it hardens opinion and enjoys the inglorious incapacities that others transmit through negative or positive energies. At the speed of thought, of the immediate, of the second, of the fraction, of the moment, and the moment is instantaneous hence there will be no

cuts in the painting nor in the most ridiculous conduct because everyone has rights, whether they have a positive or negative effect. Already the tearing effect of the black faiska happens in the neutral pole of sensibility and is carried in the madness of vibrant energy thirsty for pleasure and luminaries, so I advise you to use your own energy to be struck by the light and it will blur a burning smile like ashes, devoid of heat, but frantic when agitated. In the other quadrant we have the blue ray with the undisturbed thought of Christmas tree lights and stresses that drive us to distraction. It is in this transition that confronts the pragmatic energies not effusive but obstructive that prevent us from experiencing the instantaneous, the thunder stirs and prominently affects the sound wave that produce supersonic speeds but not that powerful. What is real and seems unreal. Life, in the eternal hold it puts itself there and then there is no way to face it, circumvent it or manipulate it is the terror of the dissident that fizzles and culminates in one point paralysis of the mind of creation, imagination or just paint a flourishing dash of green hue and grab life in that tone of living flourish, here is the marker you always wanted to point out, live intensely.

01/2008 I make a tattoo with the letters

Darklightning and a spark on the shoulder blade and saying the power of light'08 after that tattoo I never tried against life again

2007-11/2008-01 - Commercial fast fone I am the best customer of the boss buys 5 mobile phones to the company, stops showing up at work. In Estarreja in the library in the space reserved to the handicapped parking I sat and lay down in the place alluding to my protest

about how being different implies not being different, i.e., it ended in a complaint about the size of the book itself started and ended and was filled plagiarized from a book about "being different" that was in the shop window at the entrance, which after one day was full of rules of good education and etiquette with more than 20 volumes on the stand. In Estarreja library 02/2008 I walk with the blue helmet of the works and as a worker of the public works, I write the following on the door of the room: in me reigns the silence for the suffering. I threaten my brother with death and I am taken by the authorities under that accusation for psychiatric evaluation. I go on my own initiative to the hospital visconde de Salreu where I am admitted as a patient, a discussion is generated where and about being ill or not, it is that the computer system only admitted me as being ill?! I propose to go to the psychiatric hospital of Coimbra, arriving with the military of the gnr who gave me a lift home, the following day. I went on a word strike and remained mute for more than 10 hours. I bought light and sound equipment with 100-watt amplified speakers and the CD with the anti Dantas manifesto was put on maximum volume through my bedroom window, about José de Almada-negreiros, futurist poet of Orpheus and everything. H.U.C. - Coimbra University Hospitals Inpatient bulletin - psychiatric service men - patient admitted to this hospital on 2008-02-02-02 and discharged 2008-02-18 - normal illness, changes his roommate's nappy, with another I argue with him and then leave in the middle of the treatment. Led by the authorities to the hospital I am handcuffed and not even seen by the psychiatrist, being forced to adhere to treatment against my will, tied to a stretcher and given an injection. I took the books I had borrowed and

I threw them into the lake of the town hall and took off my shirt that day, I showed my tattoo with the drawing of the power of light in front of a mass outside, I even left 15 euros in the procession. I was summoned by the Estarreja councilman of culture that, if I didn't deliver the books taken from the library, a criminal procedure would be instigated, and the worst thing is that the cd was scratched and on the day of the procession the books were thrown into the fountain of the town hall.

When I became mute because of illness I conceived a plan, to keep a multi-million dollar secret I thought I won't speak because I don't want to, I will remain mute, my son with an Arabic book handwritten by me will have the greatest treasure in the world.

In the Coimbra ward paper I was diagnosed with schizophrenic psychosis - maybe I only think I'm schizophrenic now... I was listening to the conversations in the nurses' meeting, the smartest auxiliary noticed that I was listening and said to the colleagues that it was my turn... I had written in the form "danger of escape" "keep pajamas" and I thought it was ridiculous, would I ever run away in pajamas?! To get out of this compulsory internment I'm obliged to sign a court document stating how I'm going to comply with the treatment. During the interview at the hospital in Aveiro I said that I wanted to be treated with my pseudonym "the lord of light", that I only ate fruit fallen from trees and didn't like butter and strawberry jam. What was there in the usual meals. I thought of ways of committing suicide, like throwing myself off the Discoveries standard, etc...

Living, I feel a suffering that prevents me from seeing, I would like to be real with conduct always loyal but like a sad clown I am false the smile, the joy of the interior,

does not obey the exterior. I feel a fluctuation that makes me leave the normal place, travel and stay in a point where one is far from one's own sight. I feel an abysmal stride, an unnatural phenomenon, but like a wild animal I feel the ferocity and with speed, I tear out, strangle and kill as if an innate force predestined me to fail in the moment. On a trip, without a trace remains the image of the rebellious, hateful and truly sinful, here is an oath in the sky at the temperature of the time, this violent impetus blooms and grows, it is nothing but a bad moment, all the ferocity culminated and perfected, I dress as a clown and with an itn cap - to inform Portugal in the café Venezuela. I go to the CTT (Post Office) to pick up a letter from the court, I tell the employee that due to my illness I cannot sign, I make my fingerprint, that is, I am left without writing. In Coimbra, in the hospital, as in a hotel, I found a piece of cardboard to put on the door handles, which said: "Do not disturb! Don't bother!" I carried it around the hospital perimeter with me and found myself picking leaves off a tree, and from leaves and pollen I made cigarettes out of the shrouds I had asked Tomas, nicknamed "the parachutist" to carry.

I left the hospital after a week I am taken to the hospital again with the story of the psychiatric evaluation under the command of GNR of ovar - in Coimbra I put on an exhibition of a restraint chair with the constitution offered by the assembly of the republic and open in the defence part in the absence of authorities. I turn the light on and off saying the power of light by turning off the switches of the Coimbra hospital, I buy the super interesting and there comes a great topic addressed on the origins of the devil "hashashin / vulto". As the psychiatric ward is mixed I even had oral sex with a patient in the men's room and in the bedroom. I was

in Aveiro hospital and I breathed through an open window 5 cm wide. And I just wanted to breathe the air that was blowing and I saw the garden and people running and enjoying themselves and I just wanted to breathe... Feel the freedom

Continuing to be: way of life True

stories of

Nelson brás pereira

That which is proclaimed, for which it is destined. Way of life, that is to say, it is everything that we inherit from our ancestors, then we have the mission, to procreate when we reach adulthood, that which is proclaimed by the laws of society, where we live in a democracy.

That is, everything we can acquire, the knowledge, that is, everything we seek when we know what we have built.

Why?

Because when we deal in the society in which we are inserted by the force of reason, we always have to live in a way to be an acceptable being so that we are seen by society itself as a gentleman, we cannot be mean, only more worthy than we can be; that is what we live for, we also know that there is between help.

Why?

Because we are beings to serve each other, that's why there is the acquired problem, to speak the truth when the evils are greater to me.

Why?

Because we can be a social being, but we can live a wild being.

When we are not beaten by equal beings.

But there is and always will be the doubt, the mistrust that always haunts us, by which we are taught, by which we are taught and that is the way we walk as long as we are sure that we really trust, then we serve ourselves well because we do good.

We want to please all readers who can read books, these books of mine, which you can find in any bookshop where you can be fascinated by the subjects you want to listen to and read at your bedtime.

It will be good company, they will never read and see such true accounts.

Like those who feel that I give from the true experience of one who has already erred, but knew how to heal from all the evils that have dogged me.

What will be the theme of this edition?

Flying reports, maybe it's a topic that won't be too shocking, we don't want to shock the readers, but the reports are true and are told in a way that was experienced in a cool way.

Because I had an experience within the law, the believing, we imagine a thousand and one things, we feel in the skin the true feeling of the animal instinct.

We want to win by force, and we feel we have to.

Outside the law, that being that we have all learned can find us and the weight of that comes the way we have been used to living together, because despite all the evil that

we can do, it can never be considered as evil.

I think that there will be a reincarnation in every being.

Ambition to want to live, what we want is to live in a way that we find easy, but which is not easy and becomes difficult, when we fall into the bars of the law and, when we don't have the money to pay good lawyers, we pay a higher price.

Why?

If we don't fall for the funny, we can't be funny either.

This is my story, the story of a young man, son of a Portuguese father, but born in Africa, I was brought up in Pontinha, after a separation between my father and my mother.

From then on began my real life of wanting to live easy and as I mentioned above, easy can become difficult.

Why?

Because I have always believed that the law favours us when we show repentance.

But when the facts are proven 100%, do the law, which is governed by the courts, where the crime can only be truly proven, that it really happened, that apart from various factors, which would probably confuse the reader.

Why?

Because they would be difficult to pass on to the reader the true sense of the pain of not being forgiven and having the opportunity to taste of committing a crime and feel

the evil we are doing.

When we are abandoned by society and we are that look of the neighbourhood, which everyone likes to look at.

Why?

You have an eye for seeking, that comes from individual abilities. Because we are always born with a heritage to progress in life, so that we can also teach and pass on a bitter life experience, and I'm still paying for it!

I was born in Africa, I had three sisters: elvira, cândida and são. There you have a good beginning, of a story that could be a brilliant story, but happened to be a less good story of life.

I didn't feel much malice from the men who perform that function, the so-called prison guards, I always judged them enemies because I didn't have to want to accept that I really could have got away with that trial.

I have committed several crimes along my path as I walked through life.

He used that term which was in slang, who we dealt with, it was a form of slang, or we can also the term oriented.

They were the places that we looked for and because of the way of life we led they were always the pier, where there was no violence or violence was not found in a tempting or provocative way, because we really feel good at what we do. It is not well seen in the eyes of society, because no society accepts, that others can live from crime, if it is not seen as a need to consume substances that

may seem terribly bad, but they do exist.

And as such we all have our vices, but as such we always take it badly when we don't like something that was always imperceptible to us, as bad, but this has a great vision of the places where we are all raised, they are our means and the coexistence makes our formation of wanting and having the ambition to live well and be better than the other.

There would be a lot of pickiness like the kids I grew up with, but among those kids there was a girl, I always liked her, since I met her, her birthday was the same day as mine.

I always liked her, from the day I met her, I always liked her, she lived a lot with me and she lived a lot with my sisters, we had a relationship that was very much hers, it wasn't love at first sight, I believe and I would believe that there will never be a woman like I loved that one, the first time I kissed her, I felt like the real lion, we all like to see ourselves in the savannah.

He who has the right to a life equal to all men to have a wife and start a family.

Even though she accepts the way of life I have lived and this love exists only once in a lifetime, I don't feel like the wise man, nor have I ever considered myself as such, but I met them all, they were integrated in one way or another, we all have to call, I paid a big bill but this was all because I wanted to have a good life.

I was good at what I did, I started to do robberies, I started in the simplest robberies, I did some armed robberies. But then I degraded with the excessive use of cocaine, I felt good about smoking and I didn't

wanted to leave.

It drove me delirious, but I never assaulted anyone in my robberies, if there was no reaction, I would have no need to use violence, I would always have to mitigate in the bars of the court.

I know that he who walks in the rain gets wet, he simply wanted to get the money or get the valuables they brought.

It varied from place to place, as I grew up in pontinha, lisbon was always fun for me, I looked at this city as I have read history books, a city of historical and cultural value.

I saw the progression of having a good life, of being able to live a good life, as such, in other words, I just wanted the money, I knew I was doing well, I just wanted the money and I felt bad in those acts, all I wanted was to satisfy my addiction and to feel social, in the social environment, to be well with people and to feel normal, normal in the social environment, in the relationship with people.

I felt dominant, I thought I was the lion in the mane conquering its territory and dominating life. That's how I faced the life of having a woman! Well... I faced this way of life in a positive way in the harm it could do to people, I never harmed anyone in a way to ruin others in a brutal way and leave them with nothing.

I only took advantage of the circumstance of the moment and only did it for money, for the quick obtain to smoke cocaine, but I always prolonged what was inevitable, which is that which is not born with a man, or even perhaps we can inherit, that the cause that study as it is the

man who drinks alcohol and smokes drugs reacts on the procreation of genes in the heredity that is left by the consequence of fertilisation.

I am not the "expert" in this matter to be able to decipher all this and transmit to the reader this parable, of the type to speak of it because I had to speak of it, they are ways of life. Sometimes they are seen in a good light, sometimes in a bad light.

Why?

Because the way of life we have learnt, as I mentioned above, is not always possible to act with malice, it has to be forgiven, to be well acclaimed!

Why?

Because we live from this, from standards, we live from feeling and feeling commands life, it is a form of ambition to be able to have a good life.

The relationship began, I was 22 years old, I was in the army, but I didn't want to go, but the law said so. And that's when I had the real relationship, the passion that I will never have like cristina, and here began the relationship that we all aspire to, we all want to find our true better half.

I lived intensely, I felt that if she was away from me I didn't feel well, and that's when she probably took advantage of having a little more power over me.

I loved the girl, I was jealous, but it was not a sick jealousy, it was a healthy jealousy and in that jealousy there was no real sick malice that could make me force someone to stay with me by my imposition.

Why?

I thought I was alone and if I lost her I would lose the woman of my life, but it happened. I wanted to go to the upper neighbourhood and she wanted to go to a disco in campo pequeno, we argued and that's when we broke up, maybe it wasn't her will, her older brother never accepted the relationship well. I had a fight with him, but it was before I started loving tina, but it passed was a moment of circumstance, but I liked him, but he didn't accept my way of life, he never told me, but he also never showed that he was on my side, knowing that I was of good.

It didn't hurt much, but he didn't accept my relationship with his sister. He only lived with me because of the circumstances of the context, we lived in the same neighbourhood so we had that relationship, that of our upbringing.

Her mother was from Nelas, Dona Conceição, her father I don't know, but he was a good man, Raul.

He learned to live only at his wife's expense, at one point in the neighbourhood we proclaimed him the neighbourhood inspector, he was a child, but he already had a sense of time, he was already studying.

And it was then that I quickly saw, despite the young age I was, that I had to fight for life and for what I had: father, mother, house, I never lacked food, and never did. Because despite the low salary my mother received, she paid 11 thousand escudos for rent and my father only paid the rent, but there was never any lack of food.

So it was the beginning of the end, that is, estrangement can lead to oblivion, I think it was the one that

was left in the apprenticeship, in losing my father I had to react in the same way as him.

I looked at him as a hero, a fighting man, the son of humble people, the grandmother, Elvira, was the one I lived with until I was 6 years old, until I went to school, which happens I got used to my grandmother, I was graduating, independent of my father's direct accompaniment, but at the time my eyes were not yet wide open, but I had a sense of time.

I had a sense of the moment.

They are among the purest accounts that can exist in the world. Why?

Nowadays anyone can come to the fore for their way of life regardless of their position or social hierarchy.

That is why it starts from there, the notion that nobody can really be accused of anything without concrete proof, that is, in a concrete way.

Why?

This is how laws are governed and we all have access, we must not kill, steal and rape.

But we can go back to the dawn of humanity and such events followed one another, because history is based on that.

We are the continuity, that continuity that will always be continuous, that which is destined.

And it is the absolute certainty that we live for a cause, we are not the continuation of remaining and existing on earth.

I don't know, it could vary the theme, but it could get in the way of the reader reading, it could take attention away from the real story that happened.

But these are parables that throughout the whole book will always exist because we will specify better and make understandable the situations that have been experienced.

Why?

So that we can see that it was all within a society where there were always healthy lives and understanding, part of society because in the eyes of others we may even be Judas, but there is one very important thing in life, what we sow is the fruit that we will reap.

But going forward, you have to be treated well, to be the exemplar, my father always saw me and wanted to see me as a king, but I am the king, the warrior who cannot always win and I started very young.

When I mentioned that easy is not easy, but difficult, that is where I called the hunt.

After I had hit her with a slap in the face, what I felt was that I had lost her, I felt it in my eyes, later she tried to get back together with me, but I didn't accept it and that's when the real story of the crime began, but I already had a past record, I was already separated when I served six months in the military prison in Santarem, it was the military prison.

At the time, Arnaldo was convicted, that is to say, the story of this individual fits into my path in the prison environment, in the prolongation of the book the reader will understand the true social environment, in this case

In prison, six months later he was pardoned by the Pope.

It was all investing so that I could lead a good life, I had already separated from the tina. And what did I do? I tried my luck.

I even got to work on the metro in Pontinha as a carpenter's assistant. The blacks feared me, I worked with blacks from Cape Verde, good people who wanted a better life which they didn't have in their country of origin.

They were looking for Portugal to have a better life, which they couldn't have in their own country, so the search led them to immigrate from their own country.

It was easier to look for Portugal because of its proximity.

I started to feel the proximity of the Cape Verdeans, of living with them, Cape Verdeans were called bad people because they had to fight inequality and when they arrived here in Portugal they were people who were not well accepted, because the overseas war had passed and at that time I was still a kid, I was a little boy, I was waking up and I started what nobody wants from a son, I started to wander, I was never a wanderer, I was a wanderer.

I already had the mastery of the experience I had of the past, I saw the separation of my parents when I was 8 years old, I was already studying, and as such I already knew that it would not go down well with me, I felt the estrangement of the man I had as a hero.

Seeing that lost, even at a young age I realised that I would have to help my mother, but I truly loved my father.

Every summer I would spend with him until I was still 17

I continued later when I was in the army, but then the withdrawal began that is natural.

At the time he was in figueira da foz at the transport service school where I spent my holidays with him.

My father was a hard man, he had a hard childhood, he lost his father at the age of 14.

My father reported that his goodbye was loving, it was the one he liked because it was a hurried goodbye, since the goodbye, he would never see his father again, but he grew up hard helping his mother, he was the son who lived the longest at his mother's house.

I lived with my grandmother for 6 years, but how tough she was, she had come from the bottom grew up hard, never let her children go hungry.

At the time he was a miner. He was looking for ore deals, but he didn't succeed there, he was also a cyclist, at the time he joined the army and continued his career there.

He became a normal man, he entered there by the necessity of life, as he secured what we all have to secure, a self-sufficiency.

That happened, as he was a tough man, friend of his friend, friend of his children, but he was not of many words, but he was respectful and honest.

That's what he always wanted to leave me with, but it was, there you go, it was the separation, I drifted away a bit, I didn't pursue further monitoring of the way of being and the way of life, of difficulties to overcome and the obstacle of life secured a post of

work to secure the future to be able to procreate, they are all good children, we are worthy of being his children, but also in there was a lack of understanding and loyalty on my part, I became the rascal being as I had said.

The psychological whiplash of the feeling only aggravated me, because I could never again see that good is to be practised, but as I only received evil through separation only evil was in my thoughts.

And that's how it all went down until the act of condemnation. Where did it begin?

I had already passed the separation, that's when I started to enter loneliness, but it was my way of life I already had from the past and there I felt safe from the worry of the disappointment I had felt, but there I swore, you're leaving me, I'll never give myself up again.

I went on my way of life was to consume and steal and that's when I still looked for her and looked for her several times and that's when she wanted to accept me again, I don't know you made me suffer, I won't want to have that feeling again, it was painful, but I always had to live and I still have her.

I still have her in my thoughts, that's why I lived so many years in jail, always with her in mind, always had her present in my being, that's why I have so much esteem for this passion, I haven't lived another one like it.

Linhó, after three months of preventive I entered the linhó jail of convicts, my story there begins by the bravery of a being restricted by bravery, by what in which we have to deal with the world of others, what happens is the following, as I knew that the way could be very long in cloister, I turned to the jungle to manage, it was the way

it's easier to deal with, with those who commit crimes and are in jail, it's a world where the law of stupidity rules, and when you deal with stupid people you have to know how to deal with them, but if you're too smart you can fall, that's why life there has to be led neither to the land nor to the sea, that was my salvation, that was the method I chose that made me win, but my beginning will be long and it was a troubled beginning because I saw myself without a wife, without freedom, I saw myself trapped, lost and I was young, I thought of everything that could happen in the years I could spend there. So what did I do? I began then by gaining respect, it's not easy, even though I don't want to get into violent conflicts, they happen because they go through a routine that I later came to realise, the routine that after seeing it I was disgusted to live, I never thought that human beings could do so much harm to one another because of the fact that some sell drugs, others are consumers because life inside prison what revolves around the monopoly is drugs because that's how I began to smoke heroin, As I had already entered jail for the excessive use of cocaine, I decided to start smoking heroin, but in a joking manner, look, I'm going to smoke heroin, but when I noticed that I was already hooked I couldn't do anything, but I learned how to do it, but this will be told later, so the beginning was this, to have a life in jail despite the reality that escapes the pleasures, I only resigned myself to the use of heroin because I knew that I would distance myself from the idea of having sex, I was fed by a chemical that wouldn't let me think about it. I had platonic loves as is legitimate and I got great ones, but it's something that is guaranteed, but it's not enough just to experiment, it's not enough just to want to smoke, there's always the aspect of wanting to be leaders of seeing others from

I decided not to feel sorry for anyone, because I was also there, I was paying a debt of justice, but my path was very bad, if I had learned this lesson earlier I would have won and not lost because I would have left in the middle of the sentence, but my image was burned, I was quite referenced, there is an account of my passage through these years in jail, it was the beginning of the end, a hard beginning, for which I can't regret the years that I smoked the drug, it helped me to free a great need that we all feel, it's logical to have pleasure, to have the freedom to be able to walk and to enjoy it, in all these years I also had loves that I built inside, but that will be left for later, now I'm going to talk about the path that is long, I don't know how everyone starts at the entrance when they are condemned, which is to seek well-being, even inside the cloistered life, but this is all subjective, because in our well being may not please those who look at us, may displease at various points, first may be stolen, second may become slave, work, third may become nanny or housewife by day, there is so much variety of men inside the jail that one cannot always know what goes inside the soul or what each one likes, many choose the good not to be harmed, but beyond all this there is an even more important point, you can never, never buy a friendship, even if it is paid for inside the prison, the confrontation is very hard inside the prison, there are those who have nothing, the confrontation inside the prison is weak, weak on one side and strong on the whole, I would give a thousand million or whatever I had to give to go back, to get away with it, but I wanted to walk this way, I wanted to walk the hard way, it was the way I always took

understand, my side was always more psychological.

It was from then on that I never again found the path of good inside prison, I didn't believe in good, I only saw evil. Why was that? Because I felt disgusted with myself, because in the eyes of others I was nothing more than a piranha, piranha is a slang term that we used, it means a slacker, one who doesn't want to dedicate himself to any cause except what he is resigned to do, he always follows the path of one who always gives in to the divine, power comes from that, from the belief of hope and faith, and I always carried it around with me, I saw murders in there.

But I didn't give a shit, and they let me live, they never tried to harm me, truth be told, and that's exactly how it all started, I was very unstable, unpredictable, and the headmistress of the school encouraged me to continue my studies, but that I concluded, only not everyone studying, had family support, guaranteed support.

This always exists when it is assured with a legal way of living and being able to claim whatever is wrong, that's why it is called guaranteed support, within the law they are the ones who give us the wrong when we are pushed and defeated by the system, because by not having money we are pushed into a system where if there is money everything goes very well, justice works, because if there isn't it's already gone.

No matter how much they believe you, they can do nothing to change because they are officials, and they just have to communicate they cannot act, without the requirements that are stipulated by the judiciary, there being a denunciation to an opening of an enquiry, but if they were to open an

Enquiry I was always safe because I knew how to move around inside the prison, I knew the corrupt guards, those who transported drugs to prison, some got away with it others ended up in jail.

Some of those cops that were arrested I already knew, I stood out and had an episode with one of them, alfredo, he was a man of the night, the king of the night, a nightclub operator, that's the real king of the mafia, he deserves a better life, he was an ex-goe cop, but he followed the path of crime. I'm very happy to mention him in my book because I learned a few things from him, although he was a cop and I had a less positive episode in my life with him, they tried to kill me in the linhó prison, only at the time I was already a veteran, I had served five years there. I knew all the staff, and they all knew me, and that episode was bad for the whole prison, in relation to the prisoners, because I was an incentive for all of them, I was the example they saw in me, of ensuring continuity within the cloister because we had to be there, And when I mentioned above that the Cape Verdeans would be my union, I was not wrong, they were, in fact, they wanted to pay back that episode, they tried to kill me, I was invited to be the man at the head, but I didn't want to use the union of anyone, I just made him see that if I wanted him he would be dead.

But by irony of fate nothing of that happened, they only beat him, they didn't kill him, he redeemed himself and tried to reinforce my friendship with him, but he knew inside him that he would never forget that episode, I only forgave him for the fact that he had the humility and was deceived by what they said about me, not by the prisoners, but by the prison guards' service, and

direction, for he knew he could not defeat me, he would pay the early price of death, so that's how it was I let him walk and when I realised he was humbled I learnt to respect and accept him, for he would not be alive if I did not want him, but he was not worth it, it was just a high price to pay, I was criticised by the common prisoners who hated the cops, I was scorned.

- nelson how do you accept this guy?

I accepted him because besides everything he was a professional, he gained powerful enemies in the environment in which he lived, being a cop, he had a lot of knowledge, he knew top people and he knew powerful people who could help, he threatened me to stop talking to this individual or else they would no longer have our respect and they ours, but i let him live, he was one of ours, the capeverdeans that i mentioned were nelson and carlos, they lived exactly in the area where i grew up they were my shoulder to lean on and the things that came out came later, and they wanted to see this individual massacred, but i let him walk, i don't want anything from this individual, despite everything i have nothing against him, and the story of those brothers carlos, was shot dead by a psp agent, he was referenced, he was very beaten, he played chess with me, he was an "expert" in the matter, he only knew how to play for money, i always told him, it's not worth it, we play for love of the shirt, but at that time he was already well, I was being sponsored by manuel and romão and badona, we dealt like brothers, there was mutual help, there was everything between us, in the middle where crime lurks at any second to the thousandth of a second, there's a lot of things and sometimes you can get caught in the middle and after we had done that, I decided to go on my way, I did many escorts inside the

jail, that is, I ensured the welfare of some, and to earn mine, that is, one hand washes the other.

It was the motto, the motto of mutual help, but there was always the risk of getting into a situation if we were called upon, there was a murder in Linhó, I never questioned it, they were good days and days of pleasure because I was even determined to do it, I couldn't do it, I always thought of myself, I never thought of others.

Everything went very fast until my transfer to the valley of the Jews after eight years in the linhó, they never wanted me and accepted me well, they wanted to harm me, but they respected me, they always waited for my carelessness, which I never gave them. There was a woman who was an official in the legal department, she liked me and I forgave her, but I forgave her gladly, the day they set the trap for me was exactly the time when I was more powerful than ever, I never talked much to them with the cops, it was a danger, I was ready for anything.

Regardless of the evil, the evil that could happen to me due to the fact that, I took an education based on the future and with it I could live, it is a strong factor to be like that, and to be used to it and to take the teaching that life is like that, we live to die we just take it, but when I was transferred to vale de jews, but all that was left behind a new cycle began, this was my way of life and the way of thinking, not to allow any kind of abuse, I had my character, I boiled in little water, and when I arrived at vale de judeus, I decided to take a new course, I wanted to get rid of the nightmares of the past, although I had them, of the past, I really didn't have them it was a simple way of saying, what goes there, but it's not quite like that, what goes there, goes there;

just let yourself go, let yourself be lulled into the fantasy that we really are a dominating being and become the owner of the whole galaxy, that is, everything is dysfunctional and everything is prepared for that, because they are employers and do not control the employees of their adventures of stealing and being able to say that it's legalized, it's a form of deception, one of the moments that I most glorify myself in lino was my conquest because besides ensuring my name in the square. I had one more thing, it was the moment of everything, or nothing, with no escape from winning, or dying, that was the motto I had inside me, the strength to live and to enjoy what I didn't have while I was imprisoned, I never used gratuitous violence towards my companions, I almost cried tears, I never used gratuitous violence towards my companions, I almost cried tears because of the evil that I saw being exercised by other companions who were dominated by violence and were perhaps forced to do whatever the traffickers wanted, but I didn't follow a harder path, although I clung to heroin, I swore to myself that to live inside prison I would be willing to kill and live in a dignified way so that they wouldn't bother me in the end, At the end of the day, it's all adversities of the moment that we have to deal with, although it wasn't my desire to create enemies where they don't exist and to walk badly with myself, there were those who tried to harm me, the management didn't like me, so that's when they did it, they sent their informants to be present at all times when I was open, They had a guilty conscience, but one thing caught my attention and made me change, I based myself a lot on the teachers I had, I felt platonic love for some, and that was when it was going well, but the boat

then it turned, they grabbed me and put me in the valley of the Jews, it was difficult after eight years of imprisonment in linhó, I left a vast history at the prison level, because I knew them all and they knew me and that's why they never wanted to punish me one hundred percent, I was often punished with disciplinary punishments, some for aggression and others for verbal aggression towards the guards and that's how I realised that I was really dealing with a mafia that was more powerful than I was, but in reality they were no more than me, they only had the books and the diploma, that made one different from me, because then they already were, I played a lot of turn the ball, for my amusement, in fact I played everything there was to play, I played the highest trump you can ever play, ace of spades, some people told me that I might have bad luck with that card, times change and that's when I started to realise that life is not inside the jail, but outside, but I never wanted to internalise it, but I knew that was my strong point; A dramatic story began that ended in murder, there were three brothers and they all used heroin and heroin for them was the need of the moment, they were dependent on it, they were drug addicts.

But deep down they were humble people, they had good hearts, because they needed to be helped, because the life they led, and I led too, was a hard life.

But all this is the result of a way of life, the one that moves the cause because I even made poetry in relation to the experience and the context of the situation, all of them

They asked me for a poem, whether it was to write to my girlfriend, whatever it was, they always asked me for a poem, but I lost my way and it was at the time of consumption that I adopted this way of life, I know what I know and I'm not willing to teach anyone because I had experience for that in the past, it made me a hero of someone who got into the rubbish and managed to get up.

It all came down to this, the way of experience, the way of living, the way we had to get the drug to smoke, because if it was offered and given to me I wouldn't buy it, I became a pimp for the dealers, to sell, they had to ensure my daily hangover, With powder for me to smoke, it was then that I became a pimp for the dealers, I was nicknamed for that, they all wanted to help me, they gave me drugs to sell and I used them, I had the greatest leisure that any drug addict could have, being addicted and smoking drugs.

But I was known for my sportsmanship, for my practice in training, because I trained every day and that confused people who saw me and looked at me.

It's always the prediction of the unexpected, I honestly got used to that way of life and it was difficult for me to integrate after prison into the social environment, because it's an environment that we know, it's a very small space where daily coexistence leads us all to know each other, but physically.

We all want to be in charge because we feel entitled

to want to conquer a space in which we can be sure of ourselves, to be inserted in an environment in which we always deal with fear, but it's not fear, it's simply making sure, we can overcome the situation by knowing how to be, knowing how to talk, knowing how to be in the darkest business that one can think of, the world of drugs, is very vast, It's immense and of an immense vastness everything that you can think of when you talk about criminality, so everything that you can think of that doesn't serve to make a profit, in a way that is said to be correct or that is acceptable to society and to the eyes of the law, then the dispute begins, we all want to win even if to do so we have to invent, in this case stealing, trafficking, in short, difficult charges, It's also an exploitation when there's a chronic dependency in which the addicts themselves know that they have no way out, they're very cowed by the dependency factor, they're commanded, they're subjugated, they extort money from families that feel the pain of seeing a son addicted to heroin and they assume that everything that can be lost of human dignity, in other words, to lose all the values of the education we have received, to be someone of life, to live the way we have been taught to live because these are the values that we are used to complying with the social order and the ethical values that our parents left us and that we will proclaim no matter how many children we give birth to, this is the education we will teach is always the prolongation of life.

It is written in the bible that we are born to procreate, but we can also read in the bible that Cain killed Abel, his brother, but he was blessed and forgiven, he was led into error. Sometimes it happens in life that we are

induced into error, the fatal, that which is written properly, because it was written by the experience and the form of the laws that he lived and grew up in.

Why?

The force of reason always wins out, and all the judgements one may make of life may sometimes not be the most correct all weighed down by one factor: defamation, not being funny and not falling for grace, being the one everyone wants to despise, to humiliate; They feel good this way and when there is a lack of economic power we are always limited to playing, because it is also assumed that this is a game, that is to say, there are those who say that you have to know how to play these are popular sayings so that luck can hit you and give you what you are looking for, well being, being well with oneself, being able to help because we were taught to do that too, we share a life in common with our parents, with our brothers, sisters, grandparents and grandfathers, because that's our generation, because we are the continuation of the continuation of them seeing us being generated from their offspring, that is, they know that we have the capacity to know ourselves, to know that they are ours and they are ours who are always on our side, but they never like to look, to have a member in a family that cannot please them, they have an image to preserve life was made this way of progression, of union, of well-being, nobody likes to have or to see someone who is from our family or someone close to us because at the end of the day we are all human, we have to deal with each other and the family environment sometimes wants to welcome us too much, they feel they are the owners of what they have generated and they make it a way of life that is written in all

theological readings that can be read, i.e. study of religions.

We all get moral lessons, it's proper that those who feel such a faithful proximity, who do everything around seeing our good, our loved ones, seeing them well, no matter what, and never wanting to harm them, in view of the image they preserve and the one they were taught, the values they were governed by, don't allow them to take a good look at a situation that could perhaps be solved if it weren't sometimes misunderstood. This is, all very beautiful and the media also transmits it like this, just like the façade let's show a beautiful image, they are also pressured by a power that we all accept governing, a very hard subject, but that has to do with all this that is going to be reported, it exists, we exist, we will continue to exist, education is also given to these who claim to be the owners of reason and sometimes they transmit and want disunity, they all have in common one thing to maintain a welfare, a welfare that can give them a mastery of everything they can aspire to and want the welfare for society, but they all lived and were raised with a father and a mother, they were given the appropriate conditions to be able to progress in a career that one aspires to, but they also fail, but they always forget and are governed by the image; I kept this speech because my life is enormous, I have learned a lot, I have developed what I had to develop although I was in prison, I never thought of the end, I always wanted to have direct contact with the staff of the establishments where I was, my prison career I can call it this, it will be better interpreted in terms of the word so, but it has to be, it has to be interpreted in the most honest and

sincere that there is in life. This is related to bilateral relations, these are relations that are governed by all nations, they are matters of community interest to safeguard goods, so that we can give a welfare that has been established in the world, freedom is the hardest subject to talk about, we can give all our freedom, the most beautiful thing in the world, it's the greatest pleasure we can have in life, it's being in freedom, we have to know how to overcome all the obstacles that we may encounter in life. There is a huge variety of them, I could start with the main one: the social good, we all have one thing in common, we like ourselves, we can be ugly, beautiful, it doesn't matter, we get used to living together, appearance is not everything; sometimes, behind a good appearance i can find a less good side, but it was the side of apollo, the side of beauty, described by nietzsche that i followed his autobiography, there is no major reason, the side of beauty is the one that makes us dream, that makes us adore, it brings everything good, but there it is, good walks side by side with evil, as nietzsche described there was the dionysian side, that is, good and evil incarnated in the instinct of the human being, when we talk about all the beings that exist on top of the earth, whoever they may be, whether politicians, judges, mayors or presidents of associations, everyone can be, even television presenters can be charisma and have a sense of gratitude, but also no one can be forgiven, properly speaking, forgiveness, we all have a reason and when questions are asked we must assume everything we do for the sake of the so-called laws that govern a society and that we can do justice to the word law. That's when they got the right not to be punished and to be defined by the law because

all this fits, the abuse exists, has existed and will exist is the prologue.

And the prologue comes from transcendence, a learning of the beyond, we all live because we know that transcendence is more than the beyond, it is being, being able to be, teaching and having everything, but there is a key-word that designates all of this: philosophy, way of life, pleasure of living this is what makes up one of the factors of transcendence, we continue to be and we continue to live the same way, in the evolution of being the having been generated, the being abandoned does not make anyone evil blessed the good that we may practice is the divine, the one we learn, it is our destiny we learn everything is left to us a heritage of great values, so they praise themselves in the words they write, but this is all glorification to maintain the power and to be in exaltation, because all of this could be beautiful, if it really was all fulfilled and it is written it was very good.

Why?

We would be entering the widest path of human rot, we are the slaves of legalised democracy, the exploitation of the situation of being enclosed and being subjugated to stricter rules; sometimes do not react in the same way as normal in a soothing way, is called the transcendence of being, the transformation to the most cruel side of being, that's what I felt, I learned from experience that anger is a livelihood to live, to live and survive is seen and so is proven by the values of science that is dominated as a safe way to live when it has to be so, we can not escape the question, our characteristics that make us up are diverse, but all come from the same, the mystification, there are no more perfect beings

than anyone else, everyone knows how to live, for that they need the guaranteed and credible support for the whole being, we work in cooperation, we discount so that others can have a better life, unemployment, a just cause, this is an experience that all of you will share with me, I called this story of the continuation of being, it will be the prolongation of this edition.

It all started after my parents had separated, I was admitted into a nun's college in São Miguel, that was the name of the college, I spent holidays with my father and it was close to there, but after the separation I did not have a good relationship with my father, and it was from there that everything started, my mother had moved to Pontinha after the separation, I was about 10 years old, when I arrived and got to know Pontinha, I ran away from the college, I did not accept that way of life, but they caught me, I was an innocent, I knew that the force of law existed, my father was a military man, I dared on the way through the stories that my father told me, of being a man of being integrated in the military service, he served the nation, a hard man as I have already mentioned, but he let himself be carried away by his passion to love another woman, a good man, physically powerful, intellectually too, I benefited from this having inherited his genes, I had him as a hero, this was all learning that later came to be transformed.

Why?

The domination I knew I could do, from the moment of separation, as I stayed with my mother I became independent, my mother got a lover, a working man, he worked in the post office and works, he is a man of value, it also started there, I needed to help my mother and I became the dominator of the cause it was all well handled, I regretted it, I cried, but

I won, I think this is the most appropriate theme, I loved them like nobody else, fortunately they are well, they have a life of their own, it was normal to have arguments, but they were always right, I was the one who was asleep by the transcendence of wanting more, I wanted to have without doing anything, I thought it was easy.

I started working to help my mother, but I soon realised that I wasn't going to let myself be dominated, so I started working as a casqueiro (an upholsterer's helper), who makes the structure to be moulded and upholstered.

There was an individual who worked there who was the caster, the man from the structure to upholster the sofa, he was robust in appearance, and I no longer wanted to put up with him, aggressive ways of talking, I had already experienced that with my father, so I chose to reverse the situation, I felt I had the capacity for the progression of living, it didn't weigh me down, but I could have disgraced myself that day, for the sake of not wanting to hurt him or injure him, but to safeguard myself I threw a stone the size of a hand, but I threw it deflected, I wanted to give the warning.

They still accepted me there, I continued to work there, then I left by choice, but also the owner died consumed by the hiv disease, it was a situation that I didn't like, I saw him suffer in the disease, but I always respected him, I lost the job, I started in the active, that is, in the slang is used as being guiding, and not putting up with bosses, we want independence, I felt like the son of a lion, and acted as such.

In march 1996 i was found, in the avenue underground, there had already been a series of robberies in the underground, there were denunciations of the crimes that were happening there and there happened to be an occasion when a psp passed by and came to ask us for identification, and that was it, there was already a previous, a week before i had been in the benfica super station accused of having robbed a reader, but the guy accompanying me, ricardo, was cautious, inexperienced, he had come from ovar, he didn't know the city, but he knew his way around, he was a drug addict, and at the time, as I was doing cocaine, I thought it was a good idea to have a safety crutch, that is, to safeguard me for the future, that is, to have a force, a union for progression.

But now the structure comes in here, one of the main factors of one's capacity for loyalty, the rambling begins, that's how I discovered what I already knew you can't trust if you don't know, but my experience was vast, it was huge, I was sure of myself, I was good at what I did, I had already done several armed robberies, I chose a path of not harming anyone, just getting the money.

What for?

To live, I entered this way of life and in March 1996, more exactly on the 28th, I was warned of an arrest warrant supposedly reported, I only need to add the introduction of this theme, a week before I had been arrested in the benfica super station, I found myself sleeping inside a car, the owner was a lieutenant-colonel from the air force, a man who had already been overseas, I used to sleep there, but I still had the house in pontinha, actually that night I was with ricardo, and we stole a reader and fell asleep inside the car,

we were surprised and woken up by psp agents, they belonged to the benfica super squad, but I didn't sulk and told ricardo not to sulk he would have to be strong and say a no to the end, there was no proof to the contrary, but he warned me that the cops might show up, but I reassured him, I told him it's ok, I drank a lot of whisky and I felt like sleeping and I didn't feel like going home and I lived near there. This happened, it was the worst doubt a man can feel when he teaches and trains the situation of the moment that could happen, that day I got away with it. He managed to obey my rule of not having anything to say, but they weren't convinced and went to get all the valet parking nearby to find out if they knew of any robbery, a blue cd player, but we had committed several crimes before and were all inserted in the robbery and kidnapping, we went to the enquiry in the avenue underground, the police station was located at marquês de pombal, lisbon metropolitan police station, we were questioned, i said nothing, i don't know ricardo's conversation, but as i already had a history of having gone through a previous week in an identical situation, i trusted.

That day, we left the police station, I had nothing to say, I trusted his testimony so that I could get away with it, I was getting my driving licence at the time, I was working, but I was already receiving unemployment benefit, I continued to get my license, I went to do the code, I passed, I was already driving, I felt good, I had a great time and it was then that I was served, I got a warrant for my arrest from the judiciary, they picked me up at home, I'd come from the gym, I'd been training for over a month, when I went into the judiciary, I realised, when I was questioned at the marquis police station when I was questioned at the

marquês de pombal I said nothing, but ricardo said everything, I went on to make my statement, at the fact-finding stage it was the judicial enquiry, I had nothing to say to them, nothing had been proved by the flagrant factor. So I couldn't accept that decision, it would be like turning myself in, maybe it would have been better to have had a different attitude, to tell the truth, to be cooperative, to repent, but I judged myself by my wisdom, I also wanted to play with justice, the judge who sentenced me was a man who had had troubles in his life, one of his daughters died of an overdose and other remaining sons were also hooked on drugs, I was warned by the lawyer, either I told the truth or else I was going to be a hard nut to crack, but I trusted myself.

She did not defend me as she should have done, she did not know how to be operational in legitimacy of the duties she has to fulfil, as a representative of the law, at the time I had no personal lawyer and I was never given one, I had to hire that lawyer after the arrest, after I was convicted, after I was sentenced, I hired that lawyer, it was all energy that I wanted to accumulate, I knew I was at the crossroads there was testimony I did not want to assume, I paid a high price, for the lack of collaboration and it all came down to my great conviction I even thought of killing myself.

It was a sad day for me I swore to myself that I would survive every adverse situation that might come my way, it was the beginning of the end for me for everything, I lost my freedom some time ago, I took a heavy chain and managed to survive.

It was at the time of victory that I learned the art of being able to raise my own defence through me, everyone respected me, including the administrative power which is the one that carries out the functions of the prison

establishment, because it is with this

when we want to win something we have to deal, they are the owners of the piece, that is, they own the territory they dominate, they think they are so, they are commanded to do what has to be done, to pursue the path in loyalty, regardless, of the way it may seem, may be and that everyone may have, but there is a subjugation that is disqualification, when they hold this position they think they can be masters of the situation, they are not resigned to the simplest being who has to live, this is the prognosis of what they studied and the disasters they committed, not one, not two, not four, they were diverse, very varied I called them the crucifixion of the most unfortunate, but I raised my morale because it has always been high, it all started when I arrived at the Institute.P. To Linhó it was a hard entrance, very hard, I was full of rage and will to win, I even thought of running away if I had the opportunity to do so, I managed to maintain, all because I got the respect of the veterans that were in the I.p, and they were the true pillars for me to learn life in the cloister, I fought, I battled, I succeeded, if it were not so I would be in oblivion, everyone remembers me, everyone likes to remember me, I was the characteristic image, I became a sombre and cold leader who did not know how to love and that was how I conquered glory inside the prison, they were cold acts of who had to know how to live and remain on top of the earth to win. Quickly I demonstrated to the educators, to the assistants, to the guards and to the direct that they would help me to win the difficult battle, I did not feel support just looked at the circumstance of the moment and the assistance was barbaric, it happened what could not have happened, I became the demon in myself, but I was not looking for trouble I just wanted to live and survive, it was the moment of the circumstance.

Isabel was the name of the headmistress of the school in which I maintained a healthy and pleasant respect she always accompanied me, always helped me, but later came to become a rage in me, but I always respected her. And this was all due to the strong pressure that was being exerted by the administrative system whose headmaster's name was João G. The man who had come from overseas, he got away when they tried to kill him, his story is well known, he was in charge of the administration of Linhó for several years, until after my transfer, I knew him well and he was even a man you could talk to, he was a communicator, he was interested in the subject, He misinterpreted me, maybe because of the deputies, I was well seen in the professional cycle, at the level of companionship everyone respected me and that director wanted the peak of his career, that is, I'm here to dominate, I'm here to win at any cost, I'll be well seen, that was his objective, among other things he could say more. One of the causes he defended the most was drug trafficking, he liked to help drug addicts, but he demanded a coin in exchange, he played with the law, he had the power to influence the application of precarious and conditional exits and open regime exits, he wasn't a bad guy, only those who take after their own don't degenerate and I opted for the more difficult path, the path that nobody likes to follow, but I chose to follow, to follow the path that was predestined for me, when we talk about destiny sometimes we get it right, we won't be very far from reality, I had many dreams when I was a kid and they were dreams that turned into a nightmare, a passage in the desert I had already foreseen, I had already seen my future, but it was all portrayed to me in a dream, I was accompanied by witches who were called such, they passed me the

dreams because they had to go through, the woman's power was great, it helped me, but the curiosity aroused following my arrest, I had great dispute with my brother and wanted to be better than him, a healthy dispute he wanted to be and is equal to me. At that time, we used to go hunting against water snakes to take aim, we would play snooker, sometimes we faced tough opponents but we always won, I knew he was good; today he is a lieutenant in the army. My father managed the most direct support he could give me, he handed them over, he helped him with his training, all because there was a separation. We are in the middle of my entry into Linhó, it was brave, right at the entrance the guards wanted to know me in depth, it was a normal entry, if we talk about the atmosphere there, it was a searching environment, both guards and prisoners wanted to win, there was a good director there, Manuel, but he was corrupt, but he didn't harm anyone, he just won and did his job and also helped, for three years I was under that director from 1996 to 1999, he was removed from the post of director, but became president of the parish council, but he could never get rid of what had led him to leave linhó, he was a good man, he wanted the wellbeing of all and at the same time he didn't harm anyone there was a need for works, in wing b considered the murderous wing, it was nicknamed the murderous wing, for everything, for the infrastructure on top and when receiving a visit in the parlour water would fall, it was the result of the lack of dimension of the infrastructure, we had to keep our umbrellas open, because we lived in a corrupt environment to the point that the director accepted a proposal based on money that he could exploit from the general directorate of prison services, he got off easy, the proposal was based on

repairing the training pitch, that is, the football pitch, it was muddy, very heavy dirt, that was his nickname, he could also call it sloppy, but he was good, he also knew how to walk, he knew how to manipulate the system, if there was corruption in place we had to seize the moment, I was half way through a 16 year sentence, I had served eight years for the trust of secrecy, but this would not end in the best way because there were those who would be harmed because that's how it had to be, it's part of the system, the system is set up this way there has to be a justification, and with this another year passed, It was the third year that I was in Linhó and the real dilemma of corruption came, the sale of drugs authorised by the head of the directorate, they managed everything using a prisoner they trusted, a powerful drug dealer who had made a good living selling drugs, his name was luís torres, he even had a child in prison, there was an offer from the company Skip to make and fill the bags and pay them xis, I was invited to work there, I didn't accept the fact that the men who were about to exercise that function authorised the payment in drugs and they kept the money that was then transferred via computer, that's when the real problem of manuel t. was created. Director until then; there wasn't much that could be done, there was a judicial enquiry, there were deliberate transfers, in other words, let's clean up our image, but they didn't manage to clean it all up, they went to court, the judicial enquiry had defendants, and a wide range of testimonies, but I didn't testify, I wasn't even called to do so, I wasn't going to say much either, I was just going to safeguard my own good, I felt it was more worthwhile to handle the cause, I could gain something from it if I kept silent, as soon as I knew that I would

pay the hard price.

The guard sparrow was left out of the prison service, chief amorim had to have early retirement, manuel t. He still made it to the presidency of a parish.

There was a change of management, joão g. He was the next name to follow in the administration of the p.e. He had an ambition, too big even for the context, as the works began on wing b to remodel the conditions, half the wing was closed for works, I found myself in the cell with carlos he was the son of the mother of a university professor, he was the secretary of the school headmaster, but he was a drug addict, from time to time, he stole the teacher's bag so that he could have money to use, he was a chronic addict, I felt compassion for him, because I saw him always losing, he couldn't evolve, he was resigned to consumption, but he was intelligent, he was an astute person, but in the drug trade the blacks were the bosses, he had problems with them, he even asked for protection while I was in the cell with him, but it's funny no one ever spoke to me or demanded money, debts that he had to pay, I even defended him, but he was betrayed and left me a heroin debt to the man who had already beaten him for debts, I accepted and owed him, I wasn't afraid because heroin turned me into a savage being, total domination, from then on I had to lead a hard life, it was the peak of my rage to see someone suffer because they all gave me the reason, I had several fights hand to hand, they couldn't beat me, I won the cause, they all needed my support afterwards to function and sell and be well with themselves, I had the free heroin, it satisfied me because it had spectacular values, it was companion, it was friend

and I defended the cause, but I had a very angry thing that nobody contradicted me even though I was on heroin. They all learned to respect me, they were guys from the life of crime, they all knew each other in the environment where we were inserted, they were respected, they themselves hated me, they offered me heroin to go study, it was the only way they thought I had to have a healthy occupation and learn, it was the continuation of the cycle of consumption, I was feeling good, I was used to it and it took away my desire to eat and have sex, it was the ideal way to spend my time in the cloister without having to worry about the problem of having sex and eating.

I was transferred to Vale de Judeos in 1998, and went to take a carpentry course.

I went straight into detention, it was the so-called regime 111, the hard regime, where we wait for an enquiry that may lead to disciplinary sanctions or consequences, I paid, I paid the price of claiming a right that I had which was to have a television, a radio, but they took all that away from me, and everyone knew me from the name that I called my television, Susana had been given to me by my mother, it was spectacular because I always had the television in my cell. Sometimes I made it up, I would take it, I would pawn it, I would rent it so that I could consume it on the days when I felt weaker, but I had an infinite love for it, I would be willing to kill it if someone ruined it for me, I did that few times I didn't feel well.

I entered 111 and was heard by the head of the prison, the head of the prison, Chief Amorim, a descendant of Mozambique, but Portuguese, a tall man, but thin, not a bad guy, he just wanted to have the territory dominated, he wanted it quiet, he was

so he told me stop talking like that or we would get upset, i said yes i could get upset, i was willing to do so, it was then that i left inside the boss's office, i.e. his desk, i had been working there for many years, the guard baptista, drank a lot, but honest, he didn't want to harm anyone he was like the boss, he wanted to be well, I was surprised by this guard, he tried to assault me, he couldn't, there were some other guards that were there, in the pbx and saw the confusion, they surrounded me and tried to assault me again, they couldn't, it lasted a few more minutes, but their insistence was my resistance, it was then that a guard in his 50s appeared, the iron guard, he spoke to me, told me to stop and that no one was going to assault me, but I had already assaulted the guard batista and the head of the jail, boss amorim, I didn't cause them much of a dent, I knew I was going to lose, then he told me, you are going handcuffed to the security pavilion, I was handcuffed by the presence of the boss, he is the one who ordered it, the iron guard ordered it and I went to the security pavilion, the boss ordered me to take the handcuffs off and told me to go inside the cell, as I would be in security until the enquiry was concluded.

Honestly, I gained respect for the man, he was a man was a boss, he gave the example, as the institutions that represent the forces of repression, should be well commanded to those of all, so that all feel good. For me he was the most human boss I've ever met, I met punishment as would be logical, I would have to pay for the act itself, but I also gained their respect, they stopped meddling in direct life, that of having to survive, even inside jail one lives, I called it the inhospitable place, the identical being by the phrase itself, to a place where there is nothing, we are alive just for living, but we have to

believe me, I had already heard of homicide, there were several *mareações*, this is a slang word to use in criminal life, that is, it means murder, so I had already committed some situations that could go wrong in the prison environment, I met him when I was serving a punishment in the security pavilion, I saw a young man who was already a few years old from *linhó*, and I came into contact with him give me a cigarette, but I left him alone.

The Commission was unable to see him because we were so late in the day.

it was a moment of circumstance, it was a moment, well I had seen him there, he was there, in wing b, the wing that was considered murderous, he was in wing a, a calm wing, it housed inmates that worked and wanted to be calm in jail, but there were users, there were drug dealers and there was one who is still in prison today, his name is Delfim, I'll explain his story in a moment, he sought me out, I quickly saw him the first time I met him, he was astute, a good kid, but he had also had a wild childhood, because of the path his parents took, he went back to Cape Verde, he was looking for a better life, for the historical ties that exist in the knowledge and seen as such they had the hardness of having lived, they did not lead a life that was very easy, they had to live in the quarter of the Hungarians, a quarter with people mostly from Cape Verde, the construction of the houses were not very good but they offered the minimum conditions of not sleeping on the street, having a roof over their heads, however miserable they were, they were educated, the houses were kept clean and had the tidiness of those who had a real education, but there you go, there was social inequality, they had to work hard and these people are

good people, they liked to spoil their children, but they had no time for them, they had to work to have an honest life, a life of well-being, it's their own and sometimes the estrangement can cause a shock, the children start to grow, they spend a lot of time away from their parents, the legitimate demand of when you want to be grown up, to have independence, to have self-sufficiency, to look for what was good, but he fell into drugs, it was a contact just like the one I had when I was serving time, But then I let it go, as I lost eye contact and as I didn't have time to have a more direct contact, I didn't remember him, but he came to me, I was in the B wing and I did a lot of sport and he passes by me and said if he wanted to play cards, the typical Cape Verdian game of bisca, and I befriended him there, but it lasted for much longer, it lasts until today, but by then he was already using heroin, and it was then that I remembered that I had seen him in intendente, dark deals were made there, the black market where everything is alright, as long as no one harms anyone, it was at a wild time that I realized at first sight that the boy was astute, he had soul, his appearance presented a big rasta, wild, but well treated, that was the image of the first moment when I saw him, and I realized that he was a boy that in the eyes of society, was seen as such, the outlaw, the man who lives on the fringes of society, but we all like to have an assured well-being to be able to assure ourselves, to be able to take care of our well-being, of human equality where it's worth saying that we all live with all this we've created, but we also know that good walks side by side with evil, the actions that can come from that bring about the most difficult path to live, he had been transferred from wing a to wing b, he stayed in the cell

that same morning after the night of the transfer tiquinho returned to wing a, he had made an agreement with the direction, to collaborate by putting the other at the bull's head, it's another expression also used in slang that means to leave the other hanging, That night we talked through the window and were able to contact each other that way, we were very close, and I heard a lot of noise in the cell, it caught my attention, inside prison we have to have the perception of danger, that's what makes us live and helps us win, it brings us the soul of wanting to be, the soul that we all like to embody, a strong soul full of courage and dexterity and cunning.

That night before the next morning we spoke through the window, as I heard noise I asked:

- who's there?

I had heard some noise going on, he told me:

- i'm hugo, i'm here plus tiquinho.

It was their way of sanctioning him, for the fact, that they had committed that same day that they were transferred to wing b, it was routine was then that he told me when they open the doors in this case the cells come with me to wing a, but he told me to keep quiet, but I thought, it was about hugo, he was the star, he was the man of the moment, he was addicted to heroin, he demanded that the traffickers supply him with drugs without money,

It was an obligation, he demanded it, a rebellious boy in a huge way, that's when the assault happened, I let the doors open and didn't go out, but I knew he would, I knew he'd had some hotness in the a-wing, a slang word for hotness too, which can be understood as in the slang of crime a routine event of those who walk in the rain get wet.

Then I left the cell, I did my normal routine of eating breakfast, then going to train, going to school, going to classes, that morning of breakfast, I found it strange not seeing them because this was my routine was to seek too, I was addicted, but I wasn't truly addicted yet, but I had already done some robberies and had already extorted some money, during the morning they came to tell me, the boys who were also users were called piranhas, they sought life in a more honest way, but always deceitful because addiction also led them to that, hugo went to the security pavilion with tiquinho, but another one appeared zé bola, he lived in chelas and never had a good feeling with him because I gave him some trousers from a tracksuit to emílio bairro alto and he wanted to rob emílio. he knew that the trousers were mine and had already provoked me several times, but I never cared, I never paid any attention, they had a nasty fight. emílio bairro alto grew up right there in bairro alto and he was cheeky, we were from the same upbringing and he wanted to defend what was mine, he wanted to defend the honour of being a bairrista and of having a childhood connection: Zé bola was robust and weighed about 90 kg., Emílio was a dry, typical African boy, as he was thinner, he defended his honour and faced the situation.

discussion, it wasn't easy, but he knew he had the wits to live and had to survive the issue. After Zé bola had taken off his tracksuit trousers and was holding them in his hand, they argued; I knew that Emilio would win, but I never thought that it would end up like this. He wanted to send him from the third floor, he grabbed his legs, Emilio did what he had learned, in the last resort, I'm the one who has to save myself, he grabbed his neck and forced him to break it, that is, the moment he grabbed his neck he didn't let go, there was a handrail in front of him or at the entrance to the cells, It didn't offer much security, in this case it became the unpredictable, since the first moment I thought that they were going to fall, I predicted the anticipation of the action, but then I thought and I still had some seconds after I saw and predicted and I thought that it wouldn't happen, but it did, Emilio grabbed his neck and didn't let go, and with the force that Zébal did, he conjugated two monumental forces, They fell from the 3rd floor, I even thought the damage would be greater, I even thought that one of them could die in that situation, but fortunately they were saved, the force of reason always wins, I think that's life, I've run away from the subject, to be able to explain the whole course that was taken, within this context in which we are always meeting people, We keep in contact because they are the ones who help us to talk and discuss situations, everything is pleasant if it is seen and done in this way, we may even have a life linked to drug addiction, but we feel good because we are dependent on drugs, but we are people who discuss a wide variety of themes, from the most banal, from the simplest like football to the most scientific, we read a lot so that we can then

discuss, it was always our strength was to read, well well as I left further back here just wanted to demonstrate why I say I never had good "feeling" with the zé bola, the zé bola broke the arm, to emilio nothing happened to him, was unharmed, but was that day sleeping in hospital, for prevention. I was happy to see that they got away with it, I forgave him the action, but I know he always resented me, but I understood the situation and let him go.

It was on that day in the morning, maybe around 11 o'clock in the morning that Zé bola had also gone to the security pavilion, I knew hugo was with him, I had seen him a few times, they were in the security pavilion and they took the strictest punishment in prison, it's called the limp, it's isolation, you don't have to have anything in your cell except the basic things, you have a towel, you have some sheets, you have a book to read, you can't have lighters in your cell and you're locked up for 23 hours a day, it's always hard to overcome but we end up getting used to these sanctions, because we've been through this before, of being in detention, being in detention and living in that situation, but we didn't like living like that, we knew that he who walks in the rain gets wet.

All the evil was this and to those who had carried out the punishment and things would stop there, but no, hugo in the robbery stabbed delfim twice in the stomach, they treated the man badly, to rob him of little things, a few grams of heroin and about 30 contos, it would be about 10 grams, a man who would pay the price for his nickname delfim, the patinhas, patinhas because he was arrested for robbing a train, they made a dead man, it was

It was a very well known and talked about robbery at the time, a top robbery, because it involved a lot of money, it was an exorbitant amount, at the time it was the trains that transported the money from the banks between Sintra and Lisbon. The robbery happened right there, at the exit of the train from Sintra-Lisbon and there was one dead man, but they never managed to prove that he was the one who committed the crime of murder, they never managed to prove that he was the real mastermind of the murder, but he was convicted and throughout his prison life he was subjected to several raids that came and got the drugs from him, he didn't give drugs to anyone, that is, he sold them, he kept his own drugs, he got safes inside the cell, only by a lash they could get there, but this is for now.

He had the nickname of the duckling, he was given this nickname for the fact that he didn't trust anyone, he didn't give to anyone, he knew that one hand could wash the other, that is, he could give, he could help when people asked him for help and hugo was a rebellious boy, he was clingy. A sequence followed after these events, delfim was transferred to coimbra, tiquinho vale de jews, meanwhile also me; it was the year 1998, more precisely June 27, I had already separated from hugo, he was in another cell, there were factors that led to this, the other comrades who sought him out were piranhas, because every day they stole about 30 to 40 grams to smoke and consume, they attracted the crowd by the fact that they were always oriented, it's called the aftermath of drug addiction and it was at that time when he left the limp, we decided that we would stay in the same cell, but those piranhas always spoke badly of me, because for them I was one more stone in the way, it took away their room to manoeuvre because they knew that I was the

A real slut, I attracted friends because I knew how to get along with them.

I knew how to give me to the conviviality of the context of the situation and it was that these such people who coexisted with me in the circumstance of the moment, they said bad of me, they spoke badly of me, everything in the intention of managing to take advantage of what the kid arranged, they wanted the attentions for them and they wanted to have the attentions for them so that they could be them to be well, in other words, to always have the hangover taken away, I didn't bother myself with that I knew that the life was like that everybody wants to be well and to be grateful for their profit for own benefit, but they were always the ones that I always needed, they also needed me, we became a united force, that is, if they wanted a robbery they would have our help, but for that they would also have to pay and it was the time that I was transferred to take a course in vale de judeus, I already had two or three months of course when hugo rasta was transferred to vale de judeus, when hugo rasta arrived I received him as a brother, because of the friendship that I already had with him, there are four wings in vale de jews - wings a, b, c, and d. I was in wing d, I was in the wing with delfim, who had already been transferred from coimbra to vale de jews and it was there that I told hugo if he wanted to stay in my cell, he wanted to, but there was another question that he was afraid of, because he had already tried to kill delfim in linhó, he wanted to send the man down from the third floor, and his cousin Bento prevented him from doing so, but he didn't want to stay with me in my cell, not because he didn't want to, but he feared revenge from Delfim, he had already done several things in prison, he had respect, he was a man who took revenge easily, he was known as such, but I told him forget it, the man won't take

revenge on

ti, nobody will get revenge, I had a good relationship with delfim told him several times that I didn't like what they did to him and he had told me that he had already forgotten.

I was taking the course, and these transfers came from a beating that happened in linhó, hugo rasta and the cadete were accused in a murder case that happened in linhó. We were quite young coming from linhó I could mention all their names, but I won't just mention some of them, tiquinho, jonhson, the real football player, he represented all the teams from the chains where he was or had been, toni gaivota, he had been transferred because he had also robbed drug dealers in linhó, there was also zé tó, I had lived with him a lot, he wasn't in prison yet, I lived with him under the same roof, with some friends, I had mine and he had his.

But the curiosity of this story was reversed for me, I was dating a girl who was a horse user and she was also a prostitute, in fact they were both prostitutes, I didn't like to live dependent on a woman, but I liked her to the point of living with her. At the time I only used cocaine, I didn't accept her using heroin and cocaine very well, but I kept the relationship going, I liked her and Zé Tó and Ana were also drug addicts and the curious thing about this story is that I always told Zé Tó to leave the horse, I always said that I wouldn't use heroin, Later I became addicted inside the prison and during the time I was in Vale de Jude, there were rasta, tiquinho, there were good times, there was a lot of material on the market, that is, there were a lot of drugs and Vale de Jude is a respected prison, where many men pass who have been sentenced to maximum sentences and always

It had the reputation of being a dangerous jail, murders had always happened there, so it was a jail with a heavy reputation.

As there was a lot of material on the market everyone wanted to sell to be supplied with more material, then the dispute between delfim and pinóquio starts, the real one was in prison for international drug trafficking, he was the ringleader and as the man already had a record in prisons from north to south of portugal, and that's when it started again what he didn't want to see or know. Pinocchio paid hugo a large amount of drugs to beat up delfim, he got into it and violently assaulted the man in the locker room, all because of jealousy; delfim sold the bigger packages and theirs were weaker, that's why pinocchio paid to beat up delfim.

It was an event that was not very pleasant, but the time also came, as I already had an internal record and had already served various punishments, I started having problems, I started being chased by an individual called Marcio, he was in prison for having murdered his brother, And as I needed to smoke every day I started to make collections and it was in one of those collections that Marcio appeared, he didn't want to let me take the money, he thought he had the right as he had been there more years than me, he set me up, in other words he wanted to avoid me not taking the collection money, because he also had money to receive. We had an exchange of words in which he showed physical power, but nothing happened, I left with my money, but that was the beginning of winning an enemy, I even played a football match in which a volume of tobacco was at stake for the team that won,

he played in the opposing team, I found myself playing with the group that had come from linhó, mine was composed by toni gaivota, jorge, zé tó and luís and we were athletes and we knew how to play, we wanted to win even if for that we had to underestimate the adversary and that was what happened, we lost, we lost the game because I was the head of the bet, I had pawned my television set in the greed of winning a volume, I had pawned it on ramon, the gypsy, he already had a long record, he was a man beaten in the middle, as I didn't want to lose I said I wouldn't pay, they got all upset with me and demanded the volume of tobacco, but they shut up, it was then that this guy marcão kept saying that he wanted the volume and I accepted because I wasn't right, it had been the combination of the game, he was an athlete, he always fought for reason and avoided problems when he had to avoid them. I kept going, but that boy kept trying to provoke me; One day I was about to go to the carpentry course, that's why I'd gone there, to the Jewish valley, on that day the inevitable happened, the guard went to open my cell, I rarely stayed in the cell, but that day I was frustrated, I hadn't smoked enough drugs, I was about to leave by the railing to go down to the course and as I was passing by the big marshal appeared, he bumped into me because as I was frustrated and as there had been previous I didn't hesitate, I threw a punch and he reacted, but he didn't have a chance, I had already studied him, he was a fighter, but he was desperate to provoke what happened, it was sensational, I mean, I didn't serve any punishment because the head of the wing was there that day, Edward, that was his name, a man about two metres tall, physically strong, he was an honest man, he was a straight man and he left it like that.

I continued in the course always attentive to any onslaught on his part, as I became aware he had taken some time to provoke me and as such I took precautions, what we all have instinct, common sense has dubbed women the sixth sense, but men also have it. The sixth sense is the unforeseen, it is knowing how to play and knowing how to be and respect, nothing happened after that, I tried next to provoke, but it did not succeed because my core was strong, it was assured by hugo rasta, one of the most respected men in the time that I lived in cloister, I only did not consider him the first because the first, me; everything he learned, the courage he showed, I had already had the bravery and I had already passed, I absorbed, I absorbed the courage of knowing that there was a warrior there, a loyal man, a poet, a man who liked poetry, but even in that I was better than him. I liked to listen to him, I composed several verses, one of them dedicated to him, I was the best, I was the charismatic figure of the times I ran, I was astute, I was strong, I was uninhibited, I managed to get even in the midst, where I lived with the rest of the prison population, I caught many, but they were all peaceful people, people who worked, but not me. When I stopped working and took the course, I became what I didn't want to become, the lion of darkness, I returned to the lino, it was then that everything progressed in my favour because I had returned to the house where I had already been and had dominated, there was the confirmation of my being, the rebirth of the dominion that I had already had in that house, because I had kept the respect, it was hard to chew, then I decided to look for easier ways to survive of the difficult ones that I had already found.

It's a central jail in lisbon, it housed all kinds, sons of bitches that exist in life, some went into crime by coincidence,

others went into crime for

consciousness, there was always the good and good factor, I feared nothing but myself, because I had already done everything, from being the good one, the friend, the protector, the conciliator, the one who understood all the situations, which were bitter, which were said by those who vented their feelings on me, because I felt great compassion, I had taken on the sense of unity and I did not want to enter into disillusionment. I went on my way to get parole, but there was still some time to go before I could enjoy parole, I made a decision I am not going to do anything that will harm me, but rather I will work to obtain freedom, it all became complicated because I faced a well structured command by the direction, but I could have won everything with that direction. At the time I did not accept that the motive that was taken by that direction was so rigid, that it was an authoritarian regime, because I was not about to accept that regime, I wanted to get out of jail faster, but it became even more difficult, but I will leave that for later to the readers so that they can understand a whole journey that I never tire of repeating, hard to chew, well it was at the time of the transition of manuel t.; the director that I had found, was replaced by joão g. The man who had come from Macao, an ex-inspector of the judiciary, a man who had already lived through an attack by the mafia that was established in Macao, nicknamed the 24-karat mafia.

He suffered the attempt, he escaped, but the bodyguard was killed, he went up, he came to the administration of the lino, straight man, he liked me when he saw me, he sent me word that he had confidence in me, but I did not call

for I was aware of the transformation of the being, I considered myself the scorpion king, the one with poison in his blood, I did not call him and by not calling, I lost.

It started with a minimum punishment in the housing cell, it was a punishment, it wasn't harsh, it was considered a normal punishment in the sociable rhythm inside the prison, but for me it became a nightmare, I didn't accept such a punishment. The warden, João G. He came to my cell, to talk to me, to help me, I did not accept such help, I was suspicious of the belief he had, he was right, he demanded in exchange a direct collaboration of whatever he wanted to know, I was not willing to that, because it was never of me to collaborate in those services, but it was his proof of what a good man he was. From that punishment, the worst came, I had taken two psychotropic drugs, at my window were: the hunter, the chibanga and the piranha, it was the hunter who gave me the two psychotropic drugs, a graduate of the service passed by, he was the man who had led me to be in the cell punishment, sampaio was his name. As the effect of the psychotropic drugs was still in me, it infuriated me to see sampaio pass in front of my cell, I broke the whole cell, I set fire to the mattress, I left, when the guards went to assist me, I escaped, I went to the yard, I took a stick and two stones and had written on my right arm, revenge, cruel desire. That day, I was ready to kill, the guards or whoever got in my way, but they were smart as always, they came to talk to me, they had no other way out, because they knew I was enraged and had a whole wing to defend me if I so proclaimed, but I didn't stay on my own, as I didn't know how to fight without being right, after a few hours I accepted redemption, that is, it's the period when we finish negotiations and so that I wouldn't comply too much, I accepted

that they gave me 20 days of disciplinary cell, that is limp, because that's when i met alfredo m, psp, the former goe, he was a rascal, he took advantage of the state, to start his function in the mafia, he was a hard man because he had been a medium heavy boxing champion, I knew him well, and that's when, when I fell in the disciplinary cell, I had an episode, that I didn't want to have and that could have taken his life, because he already had antecedents with the blacks that had gone to fulfil disciplinary sanctions, It was a brave time, I already knew what was happening about what had happened and I had already said out loud that I wouldn't get such a number of being beaten by him, because the management was dubious, it was made a mafia of all the blacks who fell into punishment and had committed or taken some punishment as a result of disrespecting the guards or services, employees or management, would pay through alfredo m., he had been ex-psp, ex-cop, he knew many of them and I already knew him as such, but by proclaiming out loud and speaking directly to the marine, he gave me the cane, I fell into punishment, I knew that alfredo m. would come to me, but that's when I was wrong. They tried to kill me when I was going to the changing room to take a bath, they didn't succeed, with him there were two more cops in protection who couldn't do anything against me. It was then that I showed my reason for living, it had been instilled by a question of being a bairrista, because I already had, I lived in the neighbourhood.

I lost my father early, I became an adult earlier, and this had repercussions on the life I later led. There it is, experience is the transcendence of the future, the way of life of upbringing falls upon it and when it is hard, we are obliged to have a more severe upbringing, it brings about at an early age something that no one probably wants to wish for.

It was at this time that I had already passed the phase of the *marcão*, it was at this time that I began to want more the reason, it had to have a decision at the level of companion and of the direction, but I knew that in the middle if it intruded the surveillance that was composed by guards and bosses, I obtained, I managed to acquire and meddle in another being, but who was no more than a being equal to me, sometimes it's a question of opportunities, I sought, seek and will seek to have the soul of the Lusitanian, I am a descendant of the Lusitanian race of the wild race, it has already commanded the world, it's obvious the heredity exists. Sometimes we ask the following question, why do we exist, who are we, where do we live, these are questions that bring the doubt of living, but we know we have to win, it was all programmed to be so, I continued, my prison path, later after the *marcão* fight followed the appearance of the group that made up the surveillance services called prison guards, I caught good guys, I caught everything, but honestly they also only wanted to live, they never wanted to harm me and I wanted to ignore, there it is, early on I didn't learn that you can't always win, I was in an inhospitable place, a place where life was worth nothing, I had no interest in valuing the true meaning of man that is not to serve.

I served, I served everything I had to serve, I was obedient, I knew that in political power, in social power, in repressive power there is always one thing, you have to know how to forgive. I could have been a hero acclaimed by them, I went back to the Jewish valley until I was expelled from the course, I went back to the Jewish valley, to *Linhó* I found the same boss because they were what I didn't want to find, I rebelled against everything and everyone for everything I had been through, it was done like that, I lived with everything I could

having to do to have to survive everything because the enemies were powerful were the all-consuming machines, they were nicknamed piranhas, that is, you had to survive everything, there was the diplomatic part, the establishment of relationships, that is, we have an educator, we have an assistant, a psychologist, a doctor and a lawyer, what is that worth to us if there is really nothing to say. Just living the moment of the circumstance of the moment, they are simple humans who satisfy themselves at their pleasure and I have had loves, platonic loves that get in the way of being, in this case a man, I had already had all the pleasures of life, I loved a woman who still remains in my spirit in my soul in my living, it was an intense passion, of the most lasting relationships that can exist, that are prolonged. Loving, fun, loving the being is the need to love the being at her pleasure in order to survive. The story goes straight to the last circumstance of being, everyone already knew me, they wanted to put me to the test, I faced everything I had to face, from the worst nightmares, which we learn before going to bed, they are stories told by the father and mother, so that we can live in harmony and wellbeing so that wellbeing can prevail and we can preserve the gifts of the heredity of the beginnings of being, everything although it is absorbed by size, the vastness is immense if we speak of union, the equality of the rights of being. We have all been entrusted with a mission, it persists, it will continue to grow, I will continue to see it grow, with strength, precision of the moments of action, for that I will have to be precise. It is with forgiveness, I continued life as I had to continue and I caught honest, truthful people, it was all great, I caught people capable of anything, they were determined to

everything, because I had the sense to live as they had, but they wanted to be smarter, I surpassed them in everything, I knew how to combine their cleverness with me with my wisdom, they were astute, but they always wanted to be more than me, but I combined their cleverness, I knew how to play, I also played with their knowledge with mine. I went on living in seclusion, enclosed, it was a hard time, no matter how much beauty I could see, no matter how much compassion I had to have, I knew that the way was one, to leave. I never wanted to harm anyone, I just wished they would let me live, I then set out for the battle that was constant, for they were all strong, they were all beings, but I cared about that, nor did I have anything to do with the rest of the story going forward. I was hard on my companions, on all of them, I didn't choose anyone, I just wanted to maintain the hierarchy of the prison and I did, they all obeyed me if I wanted to, but I also let them live, it was my way, drugs for me to smoke and they could walk well, there were some who cried for me to stop because the path was brave, a hard path to take inside the prison, I had no other choice, it was without escape, win or die. It was all done for the condemnation that I carried, I managed despite all this, to find the hard way, I knew that I could get out in the middle of the sentence, I could know that I could also get out at the end of the sentence, I inverted everything, that is, I didn't worry, because I was fine, I had the jail under me, it was all my companions, it was then that I became angrier for the sense of being, I knew that I had allies. I pursued the path of evil, I was interpreted as such, I thought I was the lion, but I was addicted to heroin, a hard thing to do, to consume. I went into the fight, the fight that has no equal, I faced: judges and teachers and assistants, head of

guards, I benefited a few times with them, but they weren't many, but they weren't enough to say that I was well, because the follow-up brought me a problem, the biggest problem of all being, am I or am I not, do I want or don't I want, that is, everything that we can aspire to, was the continuation of everything, I had learned, better still, I had lived a situation after the separation of my father and mother. My father was in the military, my mother didn't work at the time, then she came to work cleaning the curry and cabral, she still works there. I liked my mother, I didn't learn to live with my father, I mean, I lived, but I was always in doubt, because he didn't have a good character, I mean, his character was inconstant, he was military, he performed functions in the Portuguese State, I wanted more, I mean, more than what he built. However heredity was generated, better explaining the habituation when we are small, we always take into account who gives us, it will be what all the philosophers said, the approach to the example of the parents, because the example that is given to us when we are born is that example to follow of who put us into the world, in this case it will be a global case, having father and mother, it was the work the conclusion of me growing up. I became what I am, a humble, peaceful being who knows how to live, I am considered a type, the one who walks and has to feed, I became the real beast, I never faced jail the same way again, I became the perfect killer of all situations because I was to live, and they knew I was willing to kill to live, they chose as always the real type, the one who dominates all situations, I swore to myself that I would not hurt them if they did not hurt me. I went on, enraged, ever watchful of every movement, or reaction, be they of

whoever they were, at the global level of companions, direction at the level of everything that encompasses the whole being in the world of justice, for all of this I paid a price that was difficult to pay, for all of this everything was put into my event, everyone knew me and I also knew them all, it was the perfection of the game, it was the union, the union of who lives and is in daily contact with the population, independently, of the situation; as the tiger that I was I didn't know how to forgive, they actually feared me, they were respectful towards me, it was nothing to do, we're talking about a prison, we're talking about a lot of things, it encompasses a value that's hard to earn, freedom, unless we don't have to go through more difficult situations of life addictions, habituations that can bring exaggeration when we talk about consumerism, we are consumerist beings, as such I became the invincible beast, I called myself the lion, I fought against beasts like me, with even tougher wisdom, but I did not know how to forgive.

I knew that there were many sons of a mother and the experiences of life had been different, some had been sons of good people and others had been sons of bad people, like all this I want to confirm the presence of all that society has to give, they let identical situations walk without doing anything, each one needs to be well, we live in a society where everyone wants well, however it is the beauty of seeing others, The proximity, if you come for good, I will receive you well, if you come for bad, I will receive you badly and you will take everything with you, of all my bad being, but I also know that I have to walk, I cannot be so hard, they are more than mothers, I also had to respect, I implemented a rule for all to be well, knowing that crime persists and the need is great, I let myself be carried away by the events, I became the

called drug addict, the one that everyone despises, but I had value and was recognised, no one, no one would disrespect me, regardless, of the weakness I felt at the moment. They all acclaimed and respected me, they wanted more from me, I would have to be the example, I would have to be kinder, more docile and affectionate.

I paid the price of not showing them what they wanted to see of me, I was hard, I was rude, I was everything for the sake of my decision, I could have earned more, I could even benefit more in everything, they liked me, they even told me their dreams, but I became the beast and I wanted to be. It was because of the situation I was living in, the enclosure, the isolation, I had women too, it was all subdued with platonic love, I loved them, I love them.

It was all a matter of living the moment, I had great platonic and amorous passions also to the point of having the contact, but I always avoided spoiling someone's life for me to get the beautiful pleasure, I didn't find the need for that, I was already stuck, I wouldn't spoil anyone's life if they didn't spoil mine. I continued in love, I continued to love as I only knew how to be, they were all, they belonged to my loving, because they loved me, sincerely, they respected me, it was I who did not live well, I was imprisoned, I knew I had to fight to conquer all that I had lost, freedom, but it was then that I did not know how to stop, directors, assistants, educators I would have understood, but I also had to stop, stop everything, stealing, using drugs, disgracing the life of others, but I was always good, I never mistreated, I never beat up anyone if I had no reason to do so and even if I did it would be difficult for me to do so, for the sake of humanity itself, I always took

taking into account the moral values, the values of each scene, because I am also being, but they knew they were going to have the biggest beast they had ever met, but it was all programmed by me, because I wanted it that way, I left them in expectation, in the fear that they would lose. It was all a matter of expediency, it was an expediency of getting up, consuming and dominating, I understood this early on, even before I entered prison, they were difficult hours, days that would never go by, years that I had to fulfill, I dominated because I had to control the situation that was to follow, I even got to playing, but the joke was costing me money. Because the monkey playing, the monkey playing was the monkey in the mother's pussy, I was dying in a game, because I knew how to dominate. I was in the exercise of the day, I wanted to train a bit and I proposed to him to come and train with me, it was a weak figure, it was just for fun, I squeezed his neck, he lost his senses, but at that moment I felt a tightness in me that I didn't want to do, as I was being shown, I played, I looked at him I got up and he walked with me, I told him if everything was ok, there was no contradictory answer, but when I looked at him I got the feeling that something had really happened, because he lost his senses. It was an overconfidence, I didn't know my strength and there began a hell that I had already had, I got up and looked at him and told him:

- Are you okay? You had me worried.

I always showed him compassion for the moment, I didn't want to hurt him, I looked at him I wanted to appease all the evil, I had misunderstood him from training, it was over the top on my part, he ended up killing himself, it was all in the hope of one day in valley of Jews.

I hoped that in the valley of the Jews I would live, it was

a simple diversion for me, that is, it was a training to which I was not prepared, my strength was at its peak, I dominated, because I knew how to dominate, but as life has its price, I paid a high price for being too much of a man in jail, I served up to 5/6 of the sentence, that is, any prisoner with a sentence longer than six years can take advantage of the 5/6, it's a law.

But we have the middle of the sentence, about 2/3 and then the 5/6. I got out on the 5/6 and it was all a programme for the benefit of my biography in my life of reclusion, enclosed, I dealt with good people, people with whom I negotiated, who were part of the management, people I could even love if I wanted to, then from tobacco and I felt an immense hatred for those people. They were people who meant nothing to me, only the management because of the functions they performed. There was a sub-chief who I held in high esteem, she was the first woman to take a challenge from me, I was loyal, but afterwards I thought I was wrong, she was the one who refused me my first temporary release in 10 years of imprisonment. She didn't appreciate me and demanded my drug test, but I was too shrewd to realise that it would stop there, I was granted temporary release after a request I made to the judge. She granted me four days of temporary leave, on the condition that I would be heard by the Police, and they ordered me to do so. She granted him four days of temporary leave, extended on the condition that he would take the test for drugs, in other words, the manoeuvre, they always knew, and I also underestimated him many times, but I always respected him, because he deserved my respect. They were beings that performed their best function, but it happened, the test was positive for the consumption of opiates, that is heroin, cannabis, hashish consumption, but I was playing

to my advantage when I put the

I asked my doctor ana f. for a medicine, because it was under, or over a heated argument that I sought her help, for everything that she had helped me with, I asked her for the medicine, called tramal, it was the moment when I felt that I had an ally, doctor ana f. Or tramal accused opiates in the circumstances of the routines, this was the situation in which I would be clean. I had accused opiates, in the drug screening test, and it was then that I combined 2+2, in other words, I was cleared of the drug screening through my doctor, she helped me, passed the document affirming the question, the drug screening as I had appealed the decision that had been made, my right was to appeal, I appealed and requested the highest authority, judge of the sentence execution court, This is the highest instance for prisoners to be sent free, with the benefit of using the middle of the sentence 2/3, there was a battle, I physically attacked a prison guard, it wasn't because I wanted to, he sought my fame as a prisoner, respected, but I also built this respect, respect, by respecting I knew I couldn't play against the system. The system prevails by itself because there has to be social order, everything that one might want, wellbeing, the decisions were diverse, I had everything, everything within my reach to be able to enjoy the middle of the 2/3 sentence, as my fame was great among the guards and among the companions, there were guards who also wanted to challenge me and everything at the psychological and physical level and everything else that you can think of, because I knew that it could happen in the instances that I had to follow, the hearings are called for in the middle of the 2/3 and 5/6 sentence as well, the application was based on the

cleaning up my report on the issue of screening for cannabis; But as I am a social being and have never lived in prison, I had to relate to the rest of the prison population and I told the judge that I didn't consume anything at the time. The decision of my precarious exit was postponed, because it was at Christmas time, and the judge was going to be away for a fortnight, i.e. Christmas holidays, but she was right and gave me my precarious exit after almost two and a half months. But I overcame it and held on well until the day of leaving precarious, he gave me four days of prolonged precarious leave, which was successfully completed. But it was going to be a tougher issue for me, as I had to be more respectful and stay out of trouble, but as soon as I got in, two months after my precarious period, there would be someone who wanted to get in my way and it happened. I got involved in a fight in which the boy was a bit badly treated, but I was lucky that he was an individual, an individual with a man's repertoire, we were locked in the cells, by order of the enquiry, with this we were heard, I sent him a paper apologizing to him so that he wouldn't get in my way, there was no need for that. We were heard, the chief who heard us was the German shepherd, his nickname, at first he didn't want to hear the boy because he said that it couldn't be, it couldn't have been a joke, because he had tried to hit me with a knife. Then he managed to accept the

The boy's version and he called me and I told him the same version, that it was a training, a joke, that it could have ended badly, he also did not accept very well the version that I had told him, that is, as he was a beaten guard, he already had many years of service and dealing with "casdatrolas", that is, it is the name given to those who already have many years in jail, nothing happened to me or to the boy, they took us out of the punishment.

I continued a normal life, I started to avoid problems even more, I managed to successfully take four more temporary leaves, and then it happened again, March 2007, I had 11 days left to take another temporary leave, at the beginning of April, I had cheated an individual with drugs, that is, I gave him sand instead of the real stuff, he came to me, I couldn't hit him or I would be sanctioned this time, I had already been warned, I just defended myself and that was that.

But a problem never comes alone, I let that pass, that's what happened in the advent of this reason, it unfolded what could not have unfolded, again a riga, but this time I would not get away with it, they would cut my precarious and that's what happened. I called an individual to my cell to get information because this individual didn't like my way of being, and I had sworn to the man who gave me the information, crazy nuno, a real warrior, he also enjoyed the precarious like me, I had sworn to him for my nephew, that I wouldn't do anything, that I only wanted to know the name, I insisted for a whole day on the promise that I wouldn't do anything, we were almost at the closing time of the cells, I called the individual to my cell, I asked him the reason of he talking about something

I knew that crazy nuno would never lie to me in a situation like this, he was one of the men that I always respected because he was also a true warrior. I assaulted him and it was then that the guard entered my cell and saw the man lifeless on the floor from the punch that I punched him, but the guard saw nothing, he only saw the man fallen, he could not say anything without having witnessed it, but that guy was a rat, that would complicate my situation, But even so I knew I wouldn't get away with it, because I had never snitched on anyone, and they were eager to punish me, the management, the bosses were eager to punish me for everything, because I never kept quiet about the demands that the prisoners made to claim anything. I was always seen as such, an instigator of these causes or forms of struggle and it was then that they gave me five days of punishment, I served them in cell, it was a lighter punishment, I defended myself by alleging that the individual had felt bad and fallen and he said his version, that he had really been beaten and this happened at a time when my 2/3 was about to be judged. I would have a good chance of getting out with nothing to harm me, i.e. no disciplinary sanctions in between. But this time I would have to plead innocence when I was heard for my 2/3, I told the doctor that I was innocent and that I hadn't assaulted anyone, not to take that into account, I felt prejudiced by the situation, but I waited for the decision and the decision cut off the possibility of my leaving at 2/3 and I could only benefit directly from a new appreciation, from the appreciation of my 5/6 of the sentence, that is, I would be obliged to leave at 5/6 because the law favours me there, in this case it favours me, I would leave anyway at 5/6, but I would

The punishment was given to me in March, and I was heard in May of the same year, for the parole hearing. The punishment was given to me in March, and I was heard in May of the same year, for the appreciation of the parole, the decision of the 2/3 cut had not yet come, and it was then that my life could have become even more complicated, I felt anguished, sad, but I also knew that the bulk of my conviction had already passed. It was when another situation happened, this time with a guard, it could have been a situation that could have passed, if it wasn't for the fact that the guard had spoken to me in a harsh and tough way, I didn't obey his order, I punched him in the face, he was alone with me, but another guard appeared, he quickly joined his colleague and they joined me to assault me, I didn't punch him any more, they also quickly stopped trying to assault me, they only asked me to go to the waiting room of the infirmary, they came to talk to me, asking me what had happened, I told them that nothing had happened, I just hadn't followed the order, because as the guard was still bleeding from the mouth, they knew that it had been an aggression in any way, from a simple aggression to an accidental situation and that's what I told them, I had no reason to attack the guard, I even spoke well with him, I also told them that it had been an accident and that's what I always claimed.

They put me locked up waiting for the enquiry, called the Jewish valley security section, called admission. But I was willing to go with my thesis going forward that it really had been an accident, I couldn't admit it was an involuntary act, I would have lost.

So I had to base my argument on the fact that if I wanted to take this thesis forward, there had to be a contradiction between the guards. The milk guard was the one who assaulted me, but he also never wrote that I actually assaulted him, the one who reported it was the other guard, who had taken a boy there who was in protection, he had also gone to the infirmary, it's routine, when the inmate is in protection, he has to be accompanied by guards, I actually know that he saw what I did, because he witnessed everything, so it was he who reported it to me to be punished with a disciplinary sanction that took me to court as well.

But the day I was heard at the Public Prosecutor's Office, I found out that a case had been filed for alleged aggression against the guard "leite", but the person who accompanied me that day was the guard "oliveira", the guard's history with me, was a friendship that I created inside the prison, I was attending a course on office applications at the computer level, I had a monitor called lina, I fell in love with her without wanting to and that guard, oliveira, also liked her and he took her cut. He knew that I liked her and she liked me, so there began the bond, he gained me friendship, he could have spoken badly of me in order to want to stay with her, he started to talk to me more, and he listened to my declarations at the public ministry, and he wrote down everything I had said, I maintained the thesis that it had been an accident, because I would never imagine that that guard would help me, he got to like me, after that he ended up in Monsanto, a jail that was remodelled from a common jail to a high security jail, it was there in May 2007 that the jail was inaugurated, meanwhile I went to Monsanto because I had to wait for the process to unfold, a complicated jail was made to lodge

terrorist crimes, more violent crimes, criminal organizations, we are always watched, constantly, because we live in a more severe regime, that is, at the beginning the prisoners were all handcuffed to leave the cell, they only had one hour of recreation per day. But I only went there in May 2008, I also took this regime of being locked up in the cell for a long time, but I didn't get the handcuffs anymore, I got a regime that is not open, but we had other occupations, we had football, handball and gym, we could also go to the library, but it was all interspersed, it wasn't all on the same day.

I went to answer and defended the same thesis again, but when I got out of the van to go to the hearing room, I see that the guard leite, the offended party was accompanied by the guard oliveira and I was far from imagining that I would have a lovely surprise when I started to hear the statement of the guard leite, I heard the thesis that I had defended when I was questioned at the public ministry and that's when I felt that the guard oliveira had helped me. The court also said that they were not convinced that it was really an accident, but they did what they had to do, if there is no proof to the contrary, no one can be condemned. I was acquitted and my lawyer was excellent too, as I had been waiting for the trial in the high security prison in Monsanto, they did an evaluation, I had exactly two months left to go free and they transferred me to the

i.p. De Alcoentre, I had already spent time in that prison, I was transferred there following several complaints I had made in the prison, it is an open regime prison called the colony prison, when I missed two months they sent me back to

there, to go out into the street, I went out.

I really wanted to be in an open prison, because I spent a year and a half in Monsanto and no matter how many occupations we have there, it's a very closed regime.

It was difficult to overcome, even I who already had a lot of experience inside these prisons and it was exactly there in Monsanto that I gave up heroin, it was impossible for drugs to enter there because no food or anything from the outside could enter, the visit had a glass that did not allow physical contact, but I always said to myself that of all the evil that happened to me I had a benefit and I gave up the use of heroin.

*** closure *** Pink

floyd - us and them " us

and them

And after all we're only ordinary men

Me and you

God only knows

It's not what we would choose to do forward he cried from the rear and the front rank died

And the general sat and the lines on the map moved from side to side black and blue

And who knows which is which and who is who

Up and down

And in the end it's only round 'n round haven't you heard it's a battle of words the poster bearer cried

Listen son, said the man with the gun

There's room for you inside

"i mean, they're not gonna kill ya, so if you give 'em a quick short, sharp, shock, they won't do it again. Dig it? I mean he get off lightly, 'cause i would've given him a thrashing - i only hit him once! It was only a difference

Of opinion, but really...i mean good manners don't cost nothing do they, eh?"

Down and out

It can't be helped that there's a lot of it about

With, without

And who'll deny it's what the fighting's all about?

Out of the way

It's a busy day

I've got things on my mind for the want of the price of tea and a slice "

The old man died

Copyright © pink Floyd

Fragments i

Enclosed and exposed in an icy north an old sheet waiting to be rolled up a light burnt in orange tones a blanket warmed as much as forgotten the soul that demands and tolerates the electrifying colds of a loose, unbound fictional and existential memory, the sound propagates the warmth of the rhythm loosens time to invade the self and explore without heat a warm cooling world,

the atmosphere was not the same the sphere rolls into a corner a tilted point under the ocean of the surface, to the interior of the scorching magma to the jungle of exploring and impressing the impressive of leisure and having no other way to say it are words, hot words or very cold ones, like the very cold sombre corpse eternally cold a hot dreaming of a spring and a valley, a river without laughter a mutilated hope waiting to meet and show what eludes and alludes to create slowly and show what is only imagined without distance and with due equation one problematizes the whole question hot very hot, even scalding the sound of the guitar that vibrates of thirst for a culture in which its fruits are born and more or less astute without perdition resolve the situation now existentially stopped, affected by the morbidity of the words that transmit the deafness of silence, that tell care to the most careful that is to raise the suspicion of the unsaid but effectively transmitted, felt and written. The whole truth is that there is no truth between thought and action and the way of finding oneself through behaviours that generate artifices and manoeuvres to the driver himself, and he finds himself surrendered to the illusion of the word without meaning but said with reason, it is unbelievable but every form has an underlying act to the pure misfortune of the untimely to see growing and to know what to do a situation that lacks some sense of the description itself, vision or sense, we often say what we do not think and see that is to know how to do and learn from others and with signs of equal or similar or in the form of addition here is an example of mission any abstract sense of unrealistic form was in fact a unitary totalist as fragmented but united character of a world that is similar and as we always have the similarity but not its equality there may be a

deep of reason and lost in its alienation, here is a character by the way of being and feeling the heat that comes from the same its interior could be similar to a painter of a form of frame as straight as architect, of the absolute not definitive reason with that relative to any subjugation or subversion of the imaginary of a simple reality in which came out with naturalness the sagacity and sharpness without importance, carried by the future that everything has of pure, as the reality of a hard past unconsciously and considerably exerted in its ferocity the experience of a word that always imagines an image desolation here a moment captured by the attention armed with fragments here the conscious joins the present invades me being to write, omnipotent of not being clear as straight as the lines of a horizon where the sun sets and hides immersed and asleep he saw himself defeated, but never regretted because it would be born again and be the brightest because it was the only one, the sun will keep our experience bright and energetically sets in motion in which all the details are described to the slightest sensitivity just to happen and memorize each word with its meaning and kept in the silence of his patience, a dark insight, not projected, but lessened of any non-rational instinct, the being that invades me is not the self it builds itself and maintains the pillars like an Achilles, always current in the fictional world that presents itself to us, without anyone being attentive these spies of the self are my praises of the notoriety, the harsh reality, of only heating the engines of the locomotive in which we make this very crazy and deep trip in which the tunnel, may not see again the so interior of its dark with the exit of that image and a luminous end, waiting only for an end

what motivates and drives us and an unbreakable force something as fascinating as nothing reliable, difficult to know and never learn it was a web that breaks however, forming the web again, it was resistant and as if an accident in the narration, there was a deep shot that killed him at a young age, the underlying hatred but never indifferent to anyone or his mind or any people, thus in an intelligent way he said to all the people that we are all our sum, and that more different and similar people equal come, to his original character, in fact there is a puppet to any act and the piece that represents, a lost trip in the space of the letters the art of creating the space to the own death of any end point, the culmination was never the end, dying for us never happens only happens to those who know us and when we die we never know it was a word that had no end but simple and ingenious a little tricky like the fox that wants to feed on an immeasurable hunger of what is to learn, and always wants more to know, therein lies the source of longevity, never knowing what does not happen, and yet in the guarded past was a climber and moved the faith of his mountain, and the limits are only the beginning of a precipice a youth of attitude, surpasses any altitude and when we descend and see how much we have already reached in the conquest just to know, a little more to be and never want to lose and we all manage to fly to any point where we never fall because we learn to fly and imagine everything, but everything is words fragments, ideas, and thoughts. Deep waters of so deep the arts of illusion alluding to a theme without certainty the sea air appears and as if by magic of the lightness of energy and sentimental soaked and tender of a little more an addition coming from a single moment unmistakable and never invincible because the

His victory was always his defeat and what else could he learn just by being the loser of yet another battle in which he says nothing and feels the slippery taste of the one he gave victory to, for it is enough for us to learn and know how to live with everything that rejects us.

Fragments ii

Plunged, sunk, in the distance a stairwell creaks the metal steps a cleaning rag, a bucket on the floor, marble squares, on the walls joined in four, a drop-drop falls and in the depths, lightly, someone shakes the floor matted light, helpless, a single clogging of the surface a ray of light with shadow effect, reflected in the glass a face, a look shattering, a single dive, shipwrecked, emerging the buoy that saves me from suffocation, mad, escaping and lost between stars and the void of abyss virtue in terms of attitude, in plenitude of suffering and being, before fearing, then I let go of the piano on the descending road flying over the tarmac the piano was on the ground and then the first sound played the first image the sound of the deep echo of the emptiness of a fin that swims in water, finally i jump, full-bodied of no movement and everything that blows and is dragged, to an illusion faded, it was different, for a moment in an ocean of depth, liquid and salty the writing of the pencil without colour, it was an actor the show culminates in a party of a gift that makes me happy a pyjamas on the bed, a bed spilled effervescent and different, it was an image without a landscape, everything from an inhalation, alteration of perception, and the transmutation was evident, no tears, no lines, no norms, without something missing everything in the nothing, a tale, that doesn't grow doesn't appear, hardly narrates itself and we are tied, truth, chains and padlocks everywhere

a slingshot, a target and one is stupefied like an arrow without reach, a noose in a knot a writing spilled, incontinent, a blurred writing, never erased, everything that one saw wanted and who has always wanted to have, and deep down would only be a being, cutting and laminating the rough beard, a single moustache, a hair, one and one more of each face, a touch, from each insolvency its sin, from its timelessness to the present and behold it totals one and only a cloth in its bucket, a drop in the ocean, a tied thread and a violated and torn writing, passages only texts on paper a brilliant night made of an instant a radiant and warm sun, a luminous tile and a mirror to see different, then from the light illusion, the drop that fell on the ground and everything without a no, then it would come out to the surface the reading of a tenderness in which the muffled cloth of a dive extends to the reason and everything comes to the question, the brightness the intensity of the sensation of the situation becomes evident that after profaned and chained it becomes free of any will or signan open window in a closed curtain one sees the theatre of one's own stage a plank, a lifeguard, behold the fortune, saved, then on the sand stretched out, I saw land and lived, from then on the moment of the dive, all pride incandesces and we descend to the bottom of a world, of seeing a simple song, turn it into satisfaction, suddenly a blow, a vision, we all lived the reality of one among other premonition something that would happen and would succeed the spasm of the liberated and awakened to the being that feels and from a lyric of a sonnet never perfect of a rhyme disconnected, ran a single phrase of that phase, so where we would go without leaving and where we were without entering, in the line of the mysterious disappearance a dust in the dirt a point of truth in the illusion of all imagination then explodes the comet, and in this planet live

it's not always bullshit, with a suspicious base the intrigue was set, the plan does not abort then I hear an absorbed voice, and the howl of the lyrics is the wolf of history, from perfection to destruction was contained a rocket in a star at the seaside so strange what had already been said and I start to go down the ladder in the gap of emptiness a single step drop, then the metal railing was automatic and only a foot in the river, barefoot and cold, everything that does not seem is to be everything disappears and fades. All the universal is such and such, then only a tongue, in a mouth opened by the thirsty pleasure of kissing you behold that kiss and desire, a bite of your gaze when in the voyage of your boat I pull over and a seeing with truth a thing, which is not unreal but an imagination, from your petite nose a warm sensation, and flies and conquers pluto, with the heart a stone in the pond a life separated a portrait not always photographed behold the madness was going to have a mental sanity went to the point where everything created and from a loose kiss waiting to bind, with a strength only of existing, with a conviction, always tied to your heart a will to pump and from a flow one imagines the current where the box was four walls and a look of a filament without reason waiting to light up the force, which does not fear, does not win, nor lose, it is the will to create and from the vague sea with a brush paint the whole alphabet with each colour, its syllable and the force, culminates in the will to go and go and let oneself go above all to build a castle in the stone under the waterfall and the river in the current to take everything forward, above all I had something in mind, very different from the same and a simple tale of the journey, of the sound virtuosity of what is not seen but is propagated so I climbed one more step still the ladder walked backwards in the advance of a step and a levitate and only one try to climb each step to its firm and convinced air of imagining the piano that broke in the

floor of the tar it only had a key, and it was not dodo nor ré
it was to have faith in the belief always a divulging of being
and to obtain only one more perfumed instant of the hot
landscape in the shine of the sea I see you loving, in my dive,
you were my buoy in the shipwreck my boat in the washed
cloth that cleans the piano mounted in a living room where
nobody wanted to be and I only wanted was to enter there
then in the door it was the exit of everything that will
imagine and never deepen, it was the desire to have you in a
tie the heart and your pair, it all pump and then the
turbulent, it is less sensible and in the act of the bombing it
was already the event of the war for the peace everything
united with several sense a to leave in the to go and to
expand what came back and then the bird that sings and
enchants only today learned its music in the letters, all
ordered without coordination the task was to bring and in
the end to fear not to believe and finally not to return this
trip of all the course was already depth of the drop in the
roof, of the window ajar and the cold, in the dark of an act
of a fact, never happened but reported and supposedly
invented to be thought that emergence was only to let off
steam that water was only thirst of your kiss in a desire only
to touch you and the piano was part of a plan to touch you
the note that will conquer you a sharp feeling a blade
without cut was a strong writing that will not strike the
already felt a tie in the night free of stars a trip over the
future that will not arrive, the present different from the
past and it was the blow, it was only a story that profaned
everything and in the end left what came from pluto to
write only the love of a single heart between two walls
impossible to jump, where the fence moved nothing away,
in an open circle, of a rectangular square that knot that
tightness, of shaking the dust and seeing the piano only
playing in your do and in the dark room of an image

photographed, by the film of the roll, small images, in shades of fragments I see that it is you reflected in a piece where everything comes together because I want you, reflected in my image, only you are the frame of the mirror.

The ordinary

How to get out of this pain that immerses and sharpens the suffering of a single and unique pain. A glance was enough to without kill, to problematize and every drop of tear is discovered of a heart plunged and profaned, then the current arises that makes me mad and chains my wrists and all the impulse of being condemned to the sick and tenebrous soul this dust that shakes us bursts through the senses and more than physically omnipresent of the steam of the soul this turbulent root of alienation is found in a single labyrinth, the me you dragged by the current submerged the apathy of one more day, shattered the chain that squeezes me, loosens in the almost urgent moment, everyone waits the allegory of living, transported from bucolic moments.

The torch burning, it will fulminate, here is a glow and it ignites the flame that for you burns my poor heart, a loose horse waiting to be tamed I enjoy everything I feel, for to feel you as I feel you, in that infinite time that intersects with the surrounding past and that marks any life to be lived.

Our reunion throbs in magic just looking at you and seeing your maternal face, the sensation of tenderness and tenderness only lifts all my bitterness, I only need to live and always see you until I die, a hot movement of lips to a sensuality, a transparent happiness like a felt embrace waiting to be lived, a strong union above all beyond wanting you,

i aspire for you to be as happy as a little child a root sown,
nurtured and strengthened friendship is the noblest of love
let my heart beat your rhythm.

Father in a woe was father the magical moment of the
greatest learning always of hope to the greatest love of
having a child love greater only of mother love of child is
giant always attentive and intelligent father and son my son
explodes me of joy the feeling, emotion, affection, love and
affection, is a force that alludes us to the eternal joy, the
desire for affection, sharing, lesson and due teaching of both
overflows with happiness to which which one of us aspires
in being eternally young apprentice in novice father. I
wanted to tell you how much I love you, how I feel you, how
every which moment of anxiety of a question and only a
little more because you fascinate me. Your brilliance will
always be for me an image of ecstasy in a frame where we
both fit, but you are always the most beautiful. Far you
came from the simple birth to think only to fill you, how you
enrich me, you are a madness the true tenderness

Tear

One day if I had a tear I'd put it on your face so you'd never
cry again

Dream I wanted to dive intensely, I woke up in the middle of
the sea of a sleep that will last for years, the sleepwalking
dreamer, of a soul of the night that at dusk the shadow
invades and awakens the darkening of the pure and raw
illusion, of the most eternal awakening and seeing what the
deep sleep of it one day is - of awakening and believing in
the myth of dreaming always to arrive and reach just one
more piece, to be an infinite line with your trace...

Pair

I wanted a kiss a tranquil sleep that numbs us and we desire it the most perhaps you do not want to know the sweetness that is in you and in which you say soft words that refresh us the palpitation of a heartbeat that imagines you tight, intertwined and never untied I am a current in the veins that your heart pumps I am a breath of air with lightness and clarity rhythmically never suffering or badly beating I am like rain in water and stone in sand I am yours, the one who does not let go and who promptly tastes you without tasting you behold I am a sock in search of its mate a boot plunged untied waiting to be tied and a tie that I never undo because you are the shoe of my mate whom I love to love.

Life

In the eternal keeping it there it puts itself there and then there is no way to face it, circumvent it or manipulate it is the terror of the dissident who effervesce and culminates in a single point paralysis of the mind of creation, imagination or just paint a flourishing line of green hue and grab life in that tone of living and flourishing, here is the marker you always wanted to point out, live intensely

Amar

Behold, he quickly finds himself again, from the desire to the conquered he is going and crashing on the rocks of the salty and bathed sea, deepened and immersed, and then he emerges

The cold that comes in through the quiet and abstracted swimming saw me involved with the water from the spring, and the west became the

passage to the other side nothing is difficult just never tread the same step and move forward let your heart play the music that calls to you wind, sea and a land to conquer just love.

Wall

If it were to happen I would not know it blows the cold, restless mind, frozen, profaned, sold and the soul, that pure weapon of sentimentalism without path, tied to a body that hallucinates and goes on never arriving, because the soul does not deceive, the interest superiorizes but it is pure hence it prominently exposes itself in a closed circle, half-open so that with the subjugation the illusion and coming from the immensity a thunder arises and everything stops at the moment of the luminosity of the effect but the illness of the spirit those needs of the body and that consciously plunges us into the abyss of our own being and levitates, remains and as an appendix which disturbs the states of the soul and the sickness of the spirit is in a tumour endured pain and as if negligent the effect and impact on those who are the metres and the walk is the encounter of the soul, the spirit of the body grouped together in a living in which everything destabilizes factors or because the body can no longer bear the wound of age or diseases of ailments and then this spirit of the self and our selfishness come to our will but disturbs the soul and this in maximum exponent of thinking acts on the spirit corrupted and invaded pure, hard strong as a wall unable to start.

Think

A liquid of imagination poured, a spill of fascination an immersed and deep madness she bears amiably through beams of harmony and a body

of magic invades and penetrates the conscious unconscious of the world of appearances behold that living becomes the beauty of a pure breathing and the infinite becomes the visible limit and expands between words feelings and an acting without amending your thinking provoke the thinking and always imagine superiorize the being, thinking and acting to change.

Friendship

Twilight at dusk to see everything happening in the shelter far from the imaginary enemy, the battle would go through a truce, with peace of mind, returning to tranquility, night was falling, and I began to feel that touch that feel on the soft skin the will and energy friendship without age the pure gesture of affection stronger than any passion or love and whatever the nest just the touch of a thumb and just imagine what was felt and passed the current of all energy.

Learn

Dazzled, fascinated and with a spilled broth, in fact really overwhelmed or affronted but seated, in state alert, without the minimum sense of minimalism, behold, it spins through the entire city, then confused or misunderstood, I don't know if it was decided but everything makes sense to us at the simple pleasure of writing to you at an unrequired request, when it happens everything that you felt and saw remains and vanishes, however only to look, read and write interpret, assimilate transporting and teaching and learning, here the breath grows with the strength of the wind, and then disappearing, flying 7 seas, putting down what was said for said, here I was diving, going deeper, all the friend of the friend that indivisible friend and yet not visible was an alert, an

the thought of the talent that flies, runs, wanders and imagines there and not being there but always witnessing comes back to birth what one day everyone only thinks about because today, now is the future and the hard writing of the enjoyment of a simple puff and above all create and imagine and recreate again and return to its place for which it had never left, but over there, I'm already looking at the clock, punctually present and facts witnessed, are watched and in an original feeling, of pleasure that comes with the tenderizing and the darkening so normal so banal, only and simply the dawning and the waking as well as the darkening and the lighting of the night magically and pragmatically it was levitating and rowing in a boat with a north, a shrill and shimmering course it was her, that one single point, with return and a sea so hard to imagine it was immense and tremendous fury of the oceans that towards which one goes to the clandestine trip without shelter it was the square sphere a triangle reversed as a pyramid of a sarcophagus of spirit of impenetrable soul like a forgotten living, happening from the place an image of a leaf that does not dry, its irrigation for the pen and the writing of our planet each antenna, satellite or simple wire that keep contact with the other planet and we travel like trees on which branches are born and the gardener's flowers that shine all day are like a shining in the moonlight was going to happen and then one more jump one more jump of seeing a kid being born and above all seeing him grow and learn and apprehend everything he observes and transformed act, which in the language of the child is soft skin in supremacy of the children in relation to the parents and due teaching of the double connivance of observing learning and of a learning and knowing like a twin that have a pair in which learning is mutual very much mine and yours I challenge you we will grow and

always learning to know and much to live.

I feel a suffering that prevents me from seeing I would like to be real with a conduct always loyal but like a sad clown I am false the smile, the joy of the interior does not obey the exterior I feel a floating that makes me leave the normal place would be to travel and stay at a point where one is far from one's own sight I feel an abysmal wide step, an unnatural phenomenon but like a wild animal it feels the ferocity and with speed, it pulls out, strangles and kills as if an innate force predestined it to fail in the moment and in advance and in a journey without a trace remains the image of the revolting, hateful and truly sinful behold an oath in the sky at the temperature of the time, the fresh, cheerful and serene marigold comes and says stop blossom and grow, that violent impetus is but a bad moment all ferocity to be culminated and perfected suddenly let nothing or almost nothing disturb you and the purest impetus tells you make the noise of the air and set you thinking i will overcome everything without fearing, without ever learning not to live with the trap this hatred you possess is not yours, in your human self you see that good deeds will make you the star on earth at the fall of the curtain i ask you to play the piano for i have a plan we will go leaving when you arrive never stop you from accomplishing yourself and fly flat and over the stormy cloud is a multi-factorial condition that makes us tear rain from the tender and humid earthly face serene the reading seems to have a conjecture an architecture without engineering in its power, alludes to the fantastic, the unattainable realistic, because we have all the powers we believe, especially there was a dark enveloping glass but in smoky tones absolutely transparent values are like flowers have to water them constantly and what is seed grows in the mind be different from the equal to the

that we all have instincts and ferocity the very soul of man apart from the proper magic potion is the vertiginous tunnel into which one sees the entrance a light and whose end is the derailment of a bottomless pit all that we have of pure apprehended and executed.

Behold, no one will win in your world the tunnel is the passage live the light of the entrance and light your way because what we have is the line of life and that is to be conducted.

Deep love suffered love was felt also forgotten deep down half lost regretted and lived.

Mask living in end like end and all finalize, behold that for sure, nothing so sure as that which has nothing uncertain plus a tiny and continuous line of a limit that does not let us foresee the infinite, therefore like the lines we have two points the rising and the only infinitely only the face of death slowly arrives like a breath everything that was felt, ended because never saw another face but the end the mask of the tenebrous.

Souvenir

For you I suffered for you I felt with you I loved with you I lived with you I never loved another I kissed in you I saw in you I entered the love that I will always remember I felt never so much suffering nothing more wanting to die for you through me for you I wrote for so much I suffered and never died and for you I never lost I only felt.

Lover in a certain instant seemed distant one day only away from the love of someone already a lover.

Reflections

Waiting for something to be born in the mirror is me and my reflection how good it is to reflect only and not only your image also this simple reflection without mirror was transmitted.

Clear night in a dark night as clear as dawn where songs by your charm become like the true whistle of the bird that flies and all aspire to freedom .

Writing

I... and the greatest asset I can possess a paper and an irresistible pen above all I aspire only to the thought

Death

I died! Yes, it was the beginning of the end the beginning of the volte-face without bitterness, but also without tenderness it was the journey made without image, and without courage contrasting the smaller and the bigger it was time to leave or to stay in this place, imagining everything and nothing from time to time he would leave, and would go to the extreme that says I'm not afraid, nor do I tremble the journey has a return in that world immersed in the depth of the beauty that all I have, is everything and of everything, I want nothing, because when I leave I will take nothing, this is what I thought.

Abyss I am on a precipice where the abyss is the end.

Waiting and he walked like that, wishing and wanting, jumping, jumping and smoking, walking without going to a destination. Anxiety varies with age, although one always lives in a very anxious way waiting for something, we always want something, everything in us involuntarily interferes as our own will.

Staircase

I sat down, equated it, but the result was not close to what I expected, I went down the stairs by the lift and between light and dark and tightness, it manoeuvred according to its own will, so it went up and slowly came down, never falling.

Headquarters

From a tear, an intuition or destruction, that thought is beautiful a swallow from the canteen of the fridge and brought to the place of thirst and all is satiated and magnificent existence.

No desire to end, ending is how in it comes I hear the words beyond I saw this terrifying as winner once again I don't want to go and so I exist and fall short

Sun

What was happening I felt at dawn a tender sadness that came with the evening I lived, revived and am reborn I am he the powerful sun.

To be reborn in the curtain of smoke behold he is born there without parchment of the event behold it was momentary and the slab moves away and it is only enough to live one more life for an image is simple see every instant in your image and be reborn

Looking at the perfume, the smell of insanity, madness torture of thought all unlinked without kin, an orphan of the heart, the pain of one love for so many others that hurts the look and kills desire and longing culminate just one more instant, one moment coming from that thought of yours, we probably all exist not just as a virtuous image but as a function of an appearance or state the mind does not die at the moment of all the

physical existence and suddenly it all goes out, or it could culminate.

Living by dying

Between living or dying? Oh, I'm sorry, is that a choice? Obviously, who hasn't killed themselves? We've all stopped living for a moment. All of us, without exception, think that we're going to die and then we're going to live, it's the contradiction of the ridiculous.

Leaver

Dear friend ... I write too far...you were gone...my little friend...tonight my soul...cries for you! Take my heart a chance...please forgive me my friend...my freedom...lost away in heaven... You were taken...return's a pleasure...so quiet... Silence, the half-way to who were died...forgiven...last word...

Interrupted

If in me my soul evaporated, nothing would remain but secret rubble, alien to fantasy. From an emerged subversion, floats the idleness of one more, particular moment.

To be

A sound, a core of mouth, a soft touch, a colour a single dream to enchant in a single moment, unique desperate and inspired of an acuteness, without distance, without limit the cut of the suffocation, surpasses the imaginary in this paint-blood picture, of reddened pain and inflamed by the sense, of not possessing an enigma, but a reality, a vision. When to the other we join and see how to believe from an approving and encouraging look of an existence, adulterated,

inverted and mirrored.

Of all the sorrow that I feel I must belong to someone, without fear of compassion, mad, without passion and of the pure soul of a knot without chain, but intertwined, and united, of a single sense, of wanting and finally having, and in the end being nothing...

Absence

If I touched and saw your world, I would be filthy, without a mute touch of sensitivity, of at least believing that someone surpasses my reality. My simple sadness is like all happiness attainable as unattainable. By magic, without irony of in one day I tell you, touch me feel, how you look at me and you will see who I am not and what I will be next to you. In a burning match it burns the pain that is in me when everything burns. I never took you away, in you I will say that you suffer because I never left you and know that I loved you and I will always love you...

The figure

I love you more times than my heart can beat

I breathe out | you breathe in | the same air | of

loving I am all the colours to paint your world...

For me, for you and for those who love me

One day

You planted a root in my heart today, that tree

It's called love to a life ever, can be
torn away for it lives within me

Transformer

Balance of forces glittering that transform
reality.

Board electric board commands the
positions e destinations of the universal
chain.

Sunlight

Light up the bowels

Obscures of the earthly nature.

Luminous fountains fall like drops to the ground in this
fountain of life and luminosity.

Lighthouse

It searches incessantly in a revolving way for the movement
of abnormality.

Electrocutions

Nerves noisy blink with cardiac
electrocutions.

Electromagnetic waves

Wavy thoughts go back and forth around the circle of waves.

Electric current

This current runs through my body and takes me to the wave
circuit

Electric impulse

I am shaken by impulses that circulate from
electrically.

The light of truth

Truth shines brightly when discovered by

impulse.

Blackout

Shut up the voices tormented by the luminous
feeling of being.

Luminous candle

Pain is lit

Accumulation of melted wax.

Electric doors

They open softly by touching, but close without time to
open.

Chainsaw motorbikes

Cut with the vibrant hate roots of dark energy. Electrocuted

Electrocuted in luminous smoke that erases the memory.

Electromagnetic turbulence

They boil in minds turbulent infinite
electromagnetism.

Electrifying ray

How to one ray electrifying which paralyses a
energetic mind.

Evil lights

Each being has a light diabolical light
electrifying of flashes.

Flashing light

Flashing lights plague me

The passage of uninterrupted current.

Opaque light

Opaque lights illuminate miraculous beings in the dark
light. Electric wires

Electric wires run through my body vibrating with energy.

10th electric circuit

I climb up and move towards the 10th electrical circuit and
there is an incorruptible power failure.

Electrical fall

Dropped tram on the words of
ecstasy e of sensations.

Light cutting

Cutting and luminous echoes,

Resplendent light grabs the breaking voice. Glimmering
gloom

Relampeja obscures the walking beings with ocular
orientation.

Fluorescence

They bloom and fall like thunder in all directions and
directions.

"obfuscation"

Lightning lancinating blur o pleasure of
others of sensations and looks.

Incandescent

Deep arcs cross in your soul that hold electrode -
dynamic, incandescent shocks.

Electrocutables

Like a tinge that hammers home to me the incongruities of
feelings that call for a strong and determined light.

Twilight absence

I softly wrap myself in the sharp lights of my being, softly
delight in lightning.

Reminiscences

I wake up absorbed in a luminous day, I prepare myself to
come out of the darkness and with the power of the light, I
will distribute strength and energy to the whole constellar
community.

Threatening light

They threaten those convalescent lights that torment us and
let us foresee danger.

Presence light

That light that accompanies you in bucolic moments and
unable to confront it intimidates you into secrecy.

Red light

The intense red light and nerve-blocking accelerator.

Shock

Sharp, contaminating shocks of minds without impulses
spread.

Company light

Enlightened o which not if gives e nor
feel light of company.

Thunderbolts

Thunder creaks and shatters thirsty noises of pleasure.

Powerful light

Powerful lights condemn alien lives to instruction by voices

Rays

How to rays powerful e lacerating that cut
impossible knots to tie.

Frosted light

They have obscured the consciousness into which
voluminous beams of light penetrate.

Bright light

Intensely illuminating the mists of the luminous cosmic

black light

Like a deep, penetrating cosmos that soothes the soul's
forgetfulness.

Power of light

The healing power of the light illuminated the filaments of
reason in the foreskin of despair, I am grateful to it. That
light guided me towards the current of ecstasy of daily life,
illuminated for me the unhealthy and unreasonable future
for then yes thunderbolts crash into me and flash like
dynamite stripped of funereal pleasure.

Then yes healed by her light and movement I was healed and

came out of the caloric bowels of rigour and exactitude. But I don't know if that light will illuminate my past because I fear that it has no light that runs energy. Hence there are two poles, two extremes of energy. And I was hit by the positive and healing one and not the dark and haunting one. That light comes from the clarity of emotions and rationality of the twilight of the immediate and impulsive, without transition and opaque of senses, not embedded or nailed feelings. The light is strong, it is intense and will burn everyone with its rays on anyone who opposes it, join the light, the senses.

There will be no more energy and impulsive force, grab the talent you have and force it like a blue ray that cuts and ventilates you from un-lived suffocations and malicious and penetrating thoughts that victimise us like shadows with no light to feed them. Thus I want to say that there is light in you and there are thunders, storms, energies and light, essentially limpid light, and pure in its most primitive form the fire that fire that crosses us and feeds us and sometimes burns us, so is life made of transitory and opposing lights against the very reason or sense of energy that gives us strength and vitality to withstand its faded shocks and without strength that recriminate themselves and find in causes excuses of their involvement, there is no light without energy and everything has energy, everything has its light and movement and current, this is the being itself, which intimidates us and so often confronts us with strange accusations that we do not understand because they are not directing nor do they dare clash with another energy but rather try to extinguish its light, but it is present and as if revealing itself, it infiltrates the senses of vision and shows us the clarity of thought through the silence of times, and as if silent it hardens opinion and enjoys the inglorious incapacities that others transmit through

negative or positive energies. But it is a fact that the light of the blue ray intimidates, but welcomes in that energy those who want to transport themselves and this at the speed of light, of the immediate, of the second, of the fraction, of the moment, and the moment is instantaneous so there will be no cuts in the picture nor in the most ridiculous conduct because all have the right to energy, whether they have a positive or negative effect. On the other hand, the tearing effect of the black faiska happens in the neutral pole of sensibility and is carried in the madness of vibrant energy thirsty for pleasure and luminosity, so I advise you to use your own energy to be struck by the light and it will blaze a fiery smile like ashes, devoid of heat, but frantic when agitated. From another quadrant we have the blue ray with the undisturbed thought of Christmas tree lights and stresses that drive us to distraction. The blue ray knows its path, direction, orientation and has the discernment to frame energies and photons, possible short circuits, but vibrant and impulsive it always travels at the speed not of light but of the blue ray. It is in this transition of energy that confronts the non- effusive but obstructive pragmatic energies that prevent us from experiencing the instantaneous, the thunder stirs and prominently affects the sound wave that produce supersonic but not so powerful speeds. As direct confrontation and oppressed by the luminous people thicken the opaque lights that distort what is real and seems unreal, but there are fictitious lights too that is the power of the light of imagination.

Blue ray

Enraged the blue ray invades my being resplendent with energy that sprouts in the dirty pores of prejudices and intolerances that this blue ray will reach.

Laser light

This laser light is penetrating and invisibly penetrates even the unseen and imperceptible. It is a seer and master light in the assumptions and crossroads alien to the seer himself. Imperceptible and innocuous it causes through its beam a suction of thoughts and preconceived ideas with poison to the poison itself and its antidote.

Attic light

This smoke pierces the light of the mind cloaked in rags of memories undone in loose heads of direction and action, action that motors that cools the echelon of frenetic thought of slow and massifying uncoordinated mind. Penetrating the idleness of the moment, it becomes enthusiastic and distributes itself among the cerebral and exciting lights in stimuli of a wandering electric current. It intensifies in the body mass and distributes hypnotic and paralysing light, like a triggering of rhyming words without nexus. These loft lights enter any head with eclectic root of cutting-edge engineering. There are those who have little monkeys, others just attics, other attic lights that overshadow the main entrance, I wish I could penetrate the attics with memories, thoughts, in short life lived without great causes but with memories. Memories that illuminate the attic forever and some are always open or closed in chests.

Lightning

It warms and darkens and becomes still and silent, but creaks and the noise when it happens is breathless and overwhelming that infects the rage of living and being present among other lights and illuminations or even simple passing but striking darkness of sighs and

that breaks the most electrifying silences. That lightning that extinguishes your consciousness marked by the emission of eloquent groans and that precipitate the action neglecting the sense of opportunity of being immobile at the moment when another lightning bolt fell in this world. Ashes of light, those ashes that mark you with the heat of fierce and strong irons only from one blow are contaminated by the ashes of light of the past and the omnipresent future that you do not forget and that rebel against you. It cuts you off from the moment's impulse and spreads slowly, tearfully and effusively telling you to control yourself, and throws you into a pool of light that drowns in the memory of incontinent words and pours out its thirst for light. Blazing are the burning ashes of a magnetic body that hisses and blinks in your heart burning with desire for something, virile and masculine or else feminine and sensual, that dual persona affronts you like a dual personality that yields neither to one side nor the other. These ashes of light warm the sombre and the frivolous and have in their warmth the protection of the rains that are devoured and spread across continents and timeless space.

In the light of pleasure

That light that invades us and gifts us with luxurious insights and leads us to the countless depressing pleasures and the anxiety of the chemistry of sedentary pleasure, but not encrusted but imprinted on the naive faces of other people's pleasure that illuminate the being or feeling or emotion. Emotion that feels miraculous and resplendent pleasure and relieves the contractions felt by the excess of pleasure, excess that redirects us to other senses and pleasures. As for the light of pleasure it develops and feeds on vice which does not

recoils and does not oscillate and collides in crazy hair with the pleasure of denial.

Hypnotic light

Gropes felt in the hypnotic face of light witness feelings that let us foresee the desire of the addiction of this light that leads us to dynamize and believe that light exists. By it we are taken without credit and without debt, stagnated like the hypnotic life of transcendent beings who are addicted to sources of hypnotic pleasure. Addictions that rave through the hair and eyebrows charged with modesty and idleness. Transcendent this light that leads us to new challenges equal in thought different in reaction, reactions these unmeasured and pure that face the pure desire to have the light, in its power to be fed by it and led by the loose stones that come together like clay in heating.

Bright light

Intensely this light splits between bodies alienated from movement and oscillates between two easy paths to light, but without any electric current it is self sufficient and subsists in the bitterness and dismay of the systemic hypnosis that feeds and develops us. But consciously it is a light so intense that it is extinguished and self transmits powers even when extinguished.

Psychedelic thunder

Psychedelics intertwine in the noise of the brave thunder that supports and enhances the abnormality that comes from the fact that we are encompassed by this psychedelic thunder. Well, here, if we were to eradicate coherent light, without potencies or scales, that would only be a pretext for the abnormality of the black thunder, which cages and grunts

in the strangest and deepest senses of reason-absorption because it fades, creaks and shifts without the slightest secrecy, apparently a world of psychedelic lights afflicting whoever wants to crash in it, or enjoy prejudiced staggered pleasures tinged by stagnant oblique colours, without the will to create or mere indulgence. Imbued in the spirit of the fragments of thought, fragmented indeed are all those who imagine another world, distant from disturbances, which irritate us as when we scratch our eye, or simply blink. This movement alienated from other movement, incandesces and pulverises minds distant and oblivious to the simple fact of what it is to be moved or agitated. Thunder is psychedelic and scares away spirits without them manifesting, as they do not exist, it is a parallel reality of rumour and intransigence like the bogeyman, and here no one feeds on bizarre personalities and cognates preexistence even though it does not actually exist. Hence, everything that is unreal has a timeless history, but it has, something, it has fear, fear that deports us into a horizon of 5 dimensions, polygonal and linear, but not susceptible or even susceptible to any trace, a trace that represents the hemispheres of transcendent and apothotic thought. Ideas do not flourish nor grow in the filaments of abstract reason, but impulses of already seen and decorated characters, movements of imitation and adaptation to the instant, but all consciously and minimally calculated. Without calculations, thunder is real and unpredictable, so it is of such genuine spontaneity that it is absurd to think of any other source of psychedelic energy. The heads of yesteryear creak and grind and you have already faded into yellow leaves and eaten by bibliophiles, and without

any perseverance intimidate the obsolete of memory and the made and counterfeit to their measure. Surrounded by measuring devices, the labelling abexins congratulate themselves and the thunders of abyssinia laugh. Those who live in the light of the past are exhorted, those dying beyond invade celestial bodies in the prominent fact of happening, of the immediate. But all are luminous matters, of more or less intense light, but they are energetic radiations which are not compatible with the past, not even of the previous moment. Therefore, past lights emit harmful radiations that do not, however, dazzle any luminous and radiant light that one wishes to light at any moment, impulse or moment. Because the past intersects with the present, the instant, the impulse, second or fraction, but does not influence its energetic current or its luminosity. We are therefore always in time for the powerful, limpid light of the ecstatic current that cuts the wind in the face of pleasures hitherto devoid of intentions of revolving movements around the pleasure of making light or being illuminated, because what is certain is the power or voltage of the intense current that unleashes the electrical impulse that through the simple look transmits to the light of its past, less intense light, radiations of past lives, but which do not guide the principle of the light unleashed from the movement of the impulse of the unmasked light, living from the second, from the instant, a simple click is enough and that's it, light is made in the sharp and dangerous look and burns looks of envy and hatred which simply crawl around the lights of the past and cling to celestial bodies with radiations. Well, radiations are radiations and this is contamination, therefore, nothing stronger than to light your light in the moment, in every moment with all the current without

Radiations, because no light is stronger than another, it is really a question of radiations, and don't give me these innate lights because everyone has their own pure light, thirsty of will and imagination and pure energy of development and creation. Luminous magic that has colours in its light, reflected in shades of sunny, energetic yellow. In fact there is not much light, there is only foci of remaining and balanced existence of objectifying what is not viewable. So it does not exist, it is not real, it is the fruit of the powerful ray that alludes us to awareness. But what the hell is consciousness? What is really conscious or unconscious, this is a barrier that cannot be materialised no matter how much sense it makes and how much we understand that we are all headed towards the moment. This decadence of materialising preconceived barriers and insurmountable currents are said to exist when in fact there are no barriers in reality. Everything is therefore imaginary and real or unreal we all live in this same current of illusions, of the thirst of other spirits that does not affect us in truth because there is, or in fact there is no barrier between the desire and the light of the unconscious always present in the conscious and that we reserve only for ourselves because we think of the currents, but here also there are no currents or impulses, there are imaginary aerospace celestial creatures that live as it is said in the light of the past, by the majority that deliberated that the light had to have power or measure, but once again who are they to interfere in the light, in the light one does not touch, one observes the light and stays to look until it goes out.

Natural light

There is nothing more natural than this limpid and natural light, for it is natural to conform. Conformities, adversities,

conflicts, mere indulgences that serve as an accumulator of attitudes and conscious but not so deep problems because they are natural. Between natural and light there is not the slightest clash, so the natural involves us and makes us feel at ease and tranquil, because everything is normal and natural. Air, natural joy that involves us, that which beats and runs away and above all touches, a gentle touch for those who appreciate puffs of lightness.

Nuclear energy light

A powerful source of energy irradiates to us transformations, psychological mutations, so that we may consider ourselves affected by this nuclear power. This vibrant light of energy grows at the luminous impact of the transcendent being of mutations and which in reality does not suffer them but, like a peacock, infiltrates the impulses apprehended and which lead us to act. Impulse that is dynamic and clear of explosive radiations. Hence we will have the maximum exponent in its energy force, they will be nuclear agents that correct and crumble the light that is impossible to unbalance because it is the maximum exponent of the force of transformation. And there is nothing stronger than transformation, that change that elevates us and potentiates us in relation to radiation.

Psychotropic lights

As if by magic or harmony they land and float and beat their wings those psychotropic lights that fascinate us and exchange the reality that we want as a good wish but auspiciously for a bad omen when we return from that world, where as a time machine it takes us away from the real dimension and transports us to a world of fantasy, unreal or pleasures. Hence there is a third dimension of sensory activity and dark energy

when envisioned from the perspective of other madmen by reality nefarious to oxygenation and flow the psychotropic lights that gain ground in various perspectives and voluptuous dimensions and that grind those who hold back in sporadic episodes. No oppositions between world or lights or realities because nature itself is lights.

Thunder

As if a bitter and luminous breach, enrages the thunder that feeds the earth of the survivors of the amorphous and transparent light. Refugees in celestial bodies of bitterness they pour uncontrollable rage potentiated by this lava of light and power. It burns and feeds the light of the being that lets itself be invaded by these nefarious blackouts in the darkness absent of light and subservient power and lets itself be warmed by the magma of the energetic thunder and potentiates the happiness of light. Happiness of the light in luminous beams of uncharacteristic beings of being.

Generator

Generating love, or the generator of love!

What feeds this non-virtual carnal desire, and this emotional liaison of transparent kissing and thirsting for something vital for the development of energies of emotional and electric bonds. This generator feeds egos and personalities with hidden faces in the daily representation as in the taking of breakfast, or dinner, or the water that feeds the energy of everyday life. Without masks or tearing thoughts, we fit in reality the energy of love or in the love of the electrifying and cutting energy of penetrating and representative looks of love and of the solitude that one lives fed by a cable that never disconnects, a

incorruptible energy, but true, always! Always electrifying the thirsty look of desire and of some patience invented by the monotony of days and oblique faces that represent nothing in this electric medium, they are loose threads. Venture into the imagination of the innate and unbridled motor of realities but with the suffocation of instantaneous contact. Indispensable contact to motor life, this motor of the reality of the consensus of being and not being present, but alienated from other realities almost imperceptible to the desire of the conscious, but it is there! It is always there in the sense of the opportunity of the immediate, therefore the means cannot be watery but slips in the thoughts of the generating love of means and available resources; as for the generating love it is always connected and on the lookout for any other means not virtual and controlled with this very being of the condescender, it cannot then alienate itself from the pleasure that it generates, and proliferates in those ever-present faces of the piece of soul that you always wanted to stifle. For you cannot alienate any piece of energy, for energy is one and multicultural in its sense of satisfaction, satisfaction that develops various realities, for we are virtual and imaginary, only in the presence of others or in the mirror itself do we hide the new regulating energy of the spirit of neutron energy, which are these the true beasts of light. Light dragons can light up!

Electric current

This current that runs through us and revitalises us on a daily basis gives us the strength and the mimicry of shining and walking beings, yes! Andantes because in it can be the strength of the light or of the sick and convalescent oppression that confronts dualistic and oppressive reality. Don't be

Instead, feed yourself on the positivity and transcendent reality of chemical and anti chemical circuits that feed the spirit of innovation and realisation, realisation that is personal and untransferable like feeders of frenetic rushes to no pleasure but which drags the mind towards the magnetic waves of thought and its transmission. The transmission of thoughts is real and magnetising and develops circuits that no one can deny and these circuits have a current that spreads in the timeless air of oppressed sensations and pleasures, because we are all at the outset beta-blockers of external energies but which potentiate our thirst for living. These impulses therefore affect our reasoning and sometimes conflicts in thought occur or develop, but they can bring electric happiness, which with the excitement of the gates will lead us to external reality.

Blue light

Unleashed from strong emotions the blue light crosses bridges and stairs and infiltrates the power of feelings that it feeds on and develops this spirited potential. It welcomes with its ultra-sensitive beams the beauty of the transparency of eloquent friendship that longs for something bluer, stronger, more intense, and develops in us constellations with deep ramifications of feeling and being alienated in this Hertzian wave. This power affects oblique minds stripped of sensation of living in shades of blue, turquoise blue that affects deep and lasting friendship, it carries in itself magical beams of beauty-loving madness and pleasure

rare and invigorating blue. In the filaments of twilight intensity it develops and transmits welcoming and protective energy of evils and pleasures with aug- nia and silence, no, it is not a mask that deludes us and alludes us to abstract thought, it is rather a strong blue light and intensifier of real and imaginary pleasure, but which affects and always affects those who carry themselves in it and stay without limits for intrinsic and lasting friendship. It falls in love and as if stripped of reason but serving as food for emotion, it comes and brings delights of pleasure and lust, this pleasure is caloric and invades everything and it is a frenzy of excitement with this blue light that lies down and rolls up in the accumulation of energies that empty with time but do not disappear in the present future, that is, this protective light is always present and does not let us evolve at the level of uncontrollable luminous pleasure.

Electric cable

Vibrating current of anxiety, runs through bodies through electric cables feeding hope and something new and haunting that leaves us static of movements but with accelerated and anxious thinking. Paralysed of movement, tension rises that frames us in reality and with controlled and measured movements we descend the ladders of thought where it connects us to each other. It is in this escalator of thoughts that we categorize behaviours, faces and movements and we fit ourselves in the descent and ascent of the moments of life, the light feeds the escalator that without stopping takes you to the madness of the reality that is in force in the Xxi century, energies, magics, fantasies, everything with apparent harmonies, but be careful with the steps, not all go through the escalator of life, there are beings that climb steps

who rise and above all someone supports them, is that enough or is it a question of balance. Balance of forces is fundamental to the balance of movements and of descents and ascents at the level of each being, but not all deserve to be descended or supported in the ascent, effort and perseverance is fundamental, rise then to the spirit of sacrifice, without injuries or stops and it will take you to the light of the thinking being. Without balancing external forces that can give way, the steps are solid and fed by cables of hope you will reach the most important electrical cable the cycle of life, that energy that feeds the earth.

Effervescent light

It falls and effervesces, dilutes and expands in ramifications of light of an unconquerable desire, because it is illusion like all the glances effervescent with light that later crumble when confronted with external reality. Gifted with malice and counterfeit sporadic episodes of madness of effervescent desire like love that expands and contaminates, occupies all thoughts and allows itself to dominate and be dominated, this is the exchange of revitalising energy, the effervescence that never goes out, the luminous content is there.

Illuminated sky

There is nothing stronger than the desire to reach the perfect balance of the illuminated sky, as it is the stars that give it life and move thoughts and ideas or fact from desire to concrete. Nothing more beautiful than the sky illuminated by constellar energies that call for a constant interaction between the stars, and the power of the stars is unique, as I say nothing stronger than a soul with an illuminated sky of will and desire for change and

interaction and star touch magnetise thoughts. Leakage of energy

It scares me how energies vanish into flameless smoke, that is not wanting to interpret cosmic reality. I am disappointed when vital energies are suppressed by accommodation and crystallisation of feelings is no doubt a mask of political correctness. O soul of pure energy transform yourself into a magic and fly over the minds that have no impulsive current of the truth of the facts and the constant mutation of things, the change are stages and cycles through which all pass and develop, but never in the path of fear and suffering of feelings. Free yourself and expand and above all suffer the mutation of life, that change that drives us.

Light of life

They submerged the passions of madness. Why, instinctively we love and want to be loved passions and disillusion pave the way for various illusions. Deluded and in love I focus and concentrate on the whole methodology of truly loving, this pierces any falsehood. Naked in the field of action of being loved we are faced with the true identity of being, therefore being loved demands of us a deep awareness of why we are loved and yet there is a necessary dichotomy of willingly giving back and loving too, this dialectic is assumed that $1+1= 1$, when logically no one can enjoy anything. So logically $1+1=2$, correct, but the conduct will not be productive if the result is not the technical tie of attitudes and values and behaviour in general, hence then there is a one position in the middle of the love life. Understood and it will be

that truth, the only source of pleasure, or the individualist being wants another action, action being understood as true freedom. Well then, I have not lived long enough to go through the following stages, whether logical or illogical will be at the discretion of several of you, I do not want to be absolutely sure, hence I imagine myself to be an ass from time to time, and nowadays it is difficult to have asses, there are artificial asses, who deceive, but those who truly put themselves in this role sometimes, draw your own conclusions. I'm not here for that, as a matter of fact I'm afraid of crazy things, and attitudes that I don't commit, since the crazy person is only crazy under certain circumstances and when judged by others, that is, it often depends on the "habitat". Deviating a little from this reasoning, I want to say that I am crazy, I assume that I have liked several people and that is why we are never fulfilled, we want more love and more and more... why so much amorous ambition, as I have put it. I take it back by saying the following, we are all free to commit crazy things in love, we are vulnerable and often manipulated. We want to believe that it is true that we love, why, because we have been loved, this feeling that awakens affection and triggers the wisdom of life, the act of loving and transmitting this love in a clear and spontaneous way, saying I want to because I have the right to be loved, for then love each other and give light to life through a united and heartfelt effort on a path without tears or pain. Enjoy a wonderful being that gives you the maximum progenitor energy. The light reproduces itself in beams that illuminate the solar system itself, believe me. Never on a distant horizon can you capture the light of love, it spreads through contact, stimulate these revitalising energies. And make the equation grow and be $1+1+1+1+.....=$ more infinite. Well then

In the love field there are magnetic forces, seductive force and attracts the desire to meet, and satisfy the desire or simply enjoy.

Energy associations

light : heat : sun : power : segregation : saliva : kiss :
sharing : feeling : joy : party : birthday : years : age : old
age : patience : perseverance : conquest : sacrifice :
pain : cure : doctor : health : vitality : energy : power :
impotence : frustration : suffering : falling : vertigo :
dizzy : crazy : mad : hospital : hospitalization :
deprivation : desire : will : want : winning :
conquering : battle : war : death : loss :
disappearance : absence : loneliness : thought :
creation : invention : lie : cruel : immoral : punishment
: punishment : reprimand : fine : police : protection
: safety : stability : equilibrium : imbalance :
abnormal : disease : psychiatry : help : therapy :
clinic : injection : nurse : morphine : drug : illusion :
disillusion : anxiety : nervousness : tension : fight : fight
: fighter : winner : race : competition : adrenaline
: fear : fear : doubt : interrogation : question : answer
: curiosity, interest ; satisfaction : pleasure : orgasm :
sensation : conscientious : accountability : guilt :
guilty : innocent : free : freedom : justice : honesty :
truth : sincerity : transparency : invisible : unreal : non-
existent : imagination
: creativity : dream : sleep : rest : calm : still : stop :
sign : symbol : drawing : pencil : rubber : tyre : road :
travel : transport : train : thread : needle : pin :
sewing : operation : intervention : change :
transition : step : scaling : classification : indexing :
terms : words : sentences : dialogue : communication :
expression :

demonstration : presentation : introduction : preface:
foreword : book : leaf : tree : nature : wind :air : sea
: fire : earth : solar system : energy : light : power :
blue ray :)

Energy revitalizations

Live dissatisfaction with satisfaction

Light of prosperity

I am all the colours to paint your world

Paralysing light

Something will make us stop if we do not want to continue, but why stop if it is action that unfolds and generates emotions, sensations and stimuli, why when someone responds and reacts to us, action my friends, patience and intelligence to understand the other being confronted. Here is the question why release energies that paralyse us as if we were children without a response. Courage my dear friends, the word is an order to be judged and who will be the judge of reason, who will be normal and abnormal ...nobody! We all have faith and I have faith in those who have faith, so the doubt of wanting and of omniscient and present desire remains, but like a harp that alludes and deceives transmits siren sounds with hallucinatory echoes. Nothing more than relax and listen we have 2 ears and a mouth to hear twice as much as we speak and silence is action and not naivety or lack of control, few resist silence you must try it may even be tormenting but it will answer many subjective and sociable questions silence is mute but can work as a perfect weapon to the uncontrollable desirous of impulsiveness and desire so calm down and listen listen to the silence within you!

If one day it was lightning

If one day there was a ray, would it be destructive, frightening, noisy, implacable or would it be luminous, beautiful, radiant and energetic... Each ray has different characteristics like human beings, different modes of action, different light, that is each ray/being unique and exclusive. Well, if one day it was a ray, at least it would be original. Each ray has a form of action, just as in people, at any moment, this action appears in fractions of a moment. We have action on the ray/being, we could change its direction and destination. In relation to destinies and for the first time I will invoke the name of God, one day I came to have a conversation of beliefs and faith with a follower of the Koran that told me the following story that I will describe: they pass you a dice game for the hands and vehemently ask God that you get the maximum score and you got the minimum score. The story can be summed up, but who threw the dice after all? But apart from this story I want to tell you that we have action and we have ray/being that acts with the medium and each one throws the dice with its energy/form/behaviour.

Teachings of a father graduated in the light of life

I thank my father for this contribution to my teachings too... a bit of everything... this is how we are formed... when we are attentive to life... To what surrounds us ... with sensitivity to everything

Reflective light

I think I'm going mad

Bright morning

How good it is to wake up in my world, with the canary singing singing, o fish a swimming e a

tree a oxygenate.

Meet my accomplices: the pintas canary that enchants with its song. The smartie fish that swims and glides over the water. And the amazon bonsai that breathes and inspires. Besides these three shining and inspiring beings of my world, I hold another globe of the world under the window that totalises the world as it was 20 years ago, only by way of example there still existed the union of Soviet Socialist Rep. Soviet Socialist Republics still existed. I possess still two roses of the desert, the two composed for the time in grain of sand of the desert that make me idealize a united globe, under the globe they are these roses one in its original colour that for me means perseverance and other painted in strong green tones that symbolizes for me the hope. In this world of mine I write, imagine, and feel as if undisturbed. In a perfect warm atmosphere and with a bright morning I write for some loving soul that here wants to imagine the rose of fraternal union.

200 days with "ordinary" filipe moura

I woke up in a different reality than usual and exploring fields of writing through this book was going to expand my being.

I reflect on the way thought is transmitted and equate it with a light and its power.

As we all think from various perspectives there is a current to follow.

The soul has moments of disturbance. The way we look at ourselves is not always naive.

The energy expands. Minds troubled with bad behaviour are perpetuated.

The voices in unison sound louder than one voice.

Words are an art of expression.

From this moment on there will be inspiration. The heartbeat has its own rhythm which expands through the veins.

Repression takes place by stealth.

Everything has its q. We all think about evil. Sometimes they make us shut up.

We all think. Memories are not always present.

Don't practice hatred for it is bad. Not everyone gets the opportunity at the right time.

Sometimes we only suffer because we let it. We all have the freedom of expression.

Nothing more honest than the truth. I have several forms of expression.

To be well is to have balance.

Balance is a cycle of routines. Being nervous is an imbalance. People like to comment.

We all have purity. The sun is a source of energy.

Universal love generates compassion. The abnormal thing is that nothing happens. We all forget when we want to. There are always several perspectives. Many ideas, few convictions.

Some things are irremediable. Everyone is subject to injustice. Love is a source of pleasure.

Always only e protected. There are people
who not like to think.

Consciousness is a lantern that enlightens us.

We all have addictions. Sometimes we have fears. We all talk rubbish. I don't write for anyone.

We all have something we don't want to remember but it's good to know when we are sad and always admit it and not hide anything.

We all have vulnerabilities. We all feel the pleasure of something.

When opportunity knocks, it opens the door. There is a feeling towards the other. No one belongs to anyone and therefore everyone has the right to shine.

Friendship is always a good start a friend another me.

Follow your instinct of what you see positive.

We can all be loved and love is a generator of light.

When we are loved we must respect this feeling.

Love each other and increase the birth rate. Always with the words at cross-purposes. No doubt an antagonistic phrase but with its logic of avoiding suffering. "what old people have is not wisdom but prudence" so listen!

We all know good and evil and we hold in our hand that decision to be good or evil. Madness is some sanity. Really knowing is important and if possible being a graduate in the school of life. I will transform myself for you, for me and for those who love me. Change for evolution.

Electrifying associations !! I feel! I reflect! I apprehend! I capture! and I expel energy all day long! Light attracts light! Power is knowing! To know is to learn! To learn is to discover and to feel! To feel is to reflect! To capture is to learn! To apprehend is to realize! To realize the self!

I am, you are, he is, we are, they are! We are all me!

And I am them! And they are us!

And who are we after all? We are because we exist! We exist because we were created!

Creation through conception! Light of life!

Light of creation! Imagination and reality!

Dualism between what we wish and what is in fact! Facts that are interpretation of reality!

The reality that surrounds us! Habitat in which we were created! Environment that transforms us! Transformation/change! Innovation and change! Change cycles stages! Stages of transition!

Transition barriers!

Overcoming cycles and overcoming difficulties!

Difficulties created and imagined or reality!

Difficulties/problems interaction between subconscious and conscious!

Conscious e realization! Unconscious e projection! Projection of the self!

Existence!

I exist therefore we exist! We are one self!

One world!

A world, in an "I" transformed into us! We act on this world and on them we!

I act under part of you! You

are present over them!

They are the world!

World of beings!

Beings, whether they are or not! Living or inanimate!

Produce light, capture light! Light energy!

Power energy! Power is desire! Desire is want! To want is real!

All have managed to reach o real! Real is facts and behaviours! Behaviour is action!

Action é response to to the world! World at action is transformation! Transformation is modification!

Change é real! Change é a desire permanent! We are permanently in the pursuit of a desire!

Desires can be oppressed! Not everything we desire is in the world! Dissatisfaction!

For what we cannot have and does not exist! Unreal non-existence! Non-factual thinking! Non-factual not attainable! Unattainable despair! Despair suffering!

Suffering for what does not exist!

What does not exist attracts

desire!

If we wish to o whatnot exists! No go to reach

happiness! Happiness fulfillment of wishes!

Unhappiness Unrealization of unattainable wishes!

Unattainable!

It produces depression!

Depression psychological state of the unrealised. Not

realised, not factual unreal!

In the world there are unreal facts that exist! Forces and facts that are presumed as world that is out of reach!

It is not attainable it is spiritual! Spiritual is a way of feeling the self! We all live with spirit! Spirit/predisposition

Motivation something that drives

us! Impulsion for the act!

Action on others! Act, action!

Others them, them me! Me vs them (world)! Social world!

Learning behaviours! Knowledge apprehension! Knowledge of the real facts! Knowledge as a weapon! Transmission of knowledge! Between me, them and us, the world! To know the world is to be in it!

We they are the world of knowledge! We all

have some knowledge!

Sharing knowledge is learning!

Learning is living together! Living together is communicating! Communicating is Relating! To relate is to interact!

Interacting is acting on the world!

Act on the world is transforming! To transform the world through knowledge is evolution!

To evolve is to be knowledgeable!

To know is to know to transform! Transform knowledge into a world! A multicultural world of wisdoms!

Infinite wisdoms!

Infinite unreachable!

Being wise is utopian! Utopian is a desire to achieve! Will!

Will is inner strength!

Inner strength is the self! The self transforms the world!

The world is transformed by them. They are the world in transformation!

We are the ones who change the world! Through reason! Reason justice!

Justice equal rights! Rights only because we are the self! Duty before them!

We must be fair to the world! Act with

awareness and on the basis of what is real!

Act consciously with unreal facts! Unreal facts

imagination

Imagination - creation! What does not exist is created! Creation power of imagination! To be able to create is to be free! Freedom is to know! To know is to interpret!

To interpret is to assume! To assume is commitment! Compromise is a pact! Pact is oath!

Swearing is loyalty!

Loyalty is truth! Truth

is one!

Uno am I!

We are one world! We are

they, we, you. Beings.

To grow is to be. To be is to

exist. To exist is a real fact.

It is reality that we exist and we are the world! A

world of living and inanimate beings!

The world is transformed by me and by you and by

them. The world is evolving!

To evolve is to be more knowledgeable!

To be knowledgeable is to have

knowledge! To know is to know!

To know is to experience! To experience is to feel! To feel is
to know!

We only feel it when we experience it!

We only experience it if we want to!

Freedom of choice to experience what we want! Right, duty
to be respected!

We don't want to, we don't know!

No know don't transform us! Knowledge

purchased!

For the different selves of the world!

You don't know, you want to try it, ask another me!

Elections are taken from the experience of I and them!

There are things wrong that à from the
outset other have already experienced!

And it is common sense that they are not good! Common
sense wisdom of life! Wisdom of life!

Shared experiences!

Acquired knowledge! Through interaction, to interact is to
transform!

The world is interaction!

The world is us! The world is me, you, us, you, them!
Share, friendship!

Friendship complicity!

Shared values!

The same self in several knots. Society is us. We all have a
friend! Between us we can act!

By acting among ourselves we are affecting him!

He the world! Affectation of the world! Transformation!

Transformation new me, us, them, you! A new world. New
reality.

Desire

Give me a kiss...like those you know?! Give me a hidden
kiss, like the ones we snatched from each other when
desire was growing give me a soft kiss like those

you know! Meigo doce a saber a ti! I give you a kiss my

Insomniac

I don't sleep, because I don't want to sleep, I want to live. Here's an obstacle that won't let me sleep. I'll face it with insomnia

Cartoon wolf shadow was lost but found. Protected, but only by choice. It feeds its dexterity of chemical solids and the impres- cible h2O. In the purity of the shadow itself dives for adventures and had a landing, caricua. Like wolf was protected, but by attitude alone, plunged into apparent loneliness. Today I write with caricua wolf faces his world and I interpret it. Independent friend does not live without his wild, but charitable nature of a true novice of life, embryo in caricua where I graduated has blood of young loyal, honest above all a fearless nature, fierce in its essential but loyal and friend and respectful of his companion and friend. So faithful companion of travel and complicity always interpreted with affection and silence. I lived a little enough to know the shadows of the caricua streets and c^a. But I saw courage in the wolf and he established a link of silent confidant friend and statutory as to his freedom. If there is one thing the wolf had it was freedom, but he was alone, alone! And free! Shadow wolf shining energy extra-human in its way of being. With his barks imposed his independence from the wildness of his gene nature. I decided to share the respective codfish spiritually and alone the Christmas Eve with wolf or better still shadow wolf caricuated that at the same time free in unison fraternally linked by a single dish and the respective drink. Are we alone by choice? Of course we are free to think as nature shapes us. It was a gift

for me this christmas the wolf caricuaao, but he wild by innate genetic environment pulls his chromosomes to the sense of free state of purity in his own nature. Enigmatic as to the way of life but fuelled by a thirst to live and enjoy his solitary side but free from any restriction or imposition.

I and shadow wolf are friends but uncharacteristic in their unconventional way of acting from the coercion of others, we are free by mother nature and so we grow and induce what they infiltrate us. Havana club is in the essence of the madness of the same thirst for revolution and take over our being, here is a free but solitary pact with collaboration of canine instinct.

With all due respect, allow yourself and me! What do you think of me and I of you? I am grateful to you for reading me, perhaps understanding me!

Passing to the part of the considerations if you have already read me you have already taken your elações at least eloquent present unwrapped at the legal hour already the mass of the rooster or game of the rooster here is the terrible question!?

Reflection to communicative ecstasy intelligible to the minimum and simple echo of the silence that distances us. Acts are words of pain even in a simple ardour of rejection. Physically insurmountable obstacle but not by the hormonal and spiritual chemistry of the luminous being. Celestial bodies invade us for the blossoming of love-perfect. In search of the clover of love, for wealth consists in understanding multifaceted beings and always with something to add to this point of view. One more addition, one more increase that desire for compassion and tenderness that exiles us to representative self-esteem in the

social milieus. Seen from the perspective of the one and indivisible self, no will is allied no matter how many wills arise in the circle. That golden circle, the alliance of good faith, and of fidelity and respect, above all duty, does not exist. We are pure and wild in the way we act, and nothing is more selfish than the self, which just for being so always invades the other with its point of view. When the mind is inflamed by a simple confrontation of ideas, we must appeal to common sense. When should we give way or interpose the ego with the other. Nothing more banal than rejecting what we do not want, it is easy. To love and to love is yes to feel the other and not the self. Constructive attitude of the link between us beings, suffers from a harmony that by the living being together with other beings. Imprinted in instinctive behaviour we only think of the self, then the self, and by the way the self again. Conflicts because one is me transformed into I and one never knows exactly how many I's one has to put up with before giving in to the other. It is a kind of come to us that is always opening. Attention to one's own I's with which self you mas- faces and to which level of selfishness we are. Well, the armour of the self will one day be so shattered by the you's that exist and that are more I's than I's that shatter the armour. And then what is it like to stand in front of the mirror and be only the reflected me that exists because all the me's were shattered by the me's of the world. For we are left alone, and then, when we wanted to be soli- tary only because of the selfishness of various I's against I's. Solitude that word which much self-love has but which has not created any love of the I plus you. Love: I and you omnia vincit amor love conquers all.

Ai se tu sabes e quisesses ai que tu sabes e nunca deve porque esta ansiedade perdulária porque é saudade e é

séria vens de lá para cá I nao vejo nem dá como seria
perfeito seria um feito que tu viesses e trazesses

you neither bring nor appear oh what a pain to want and not be able to but you can nor want I wish the meeting at one point is like that life is very colourful colours I have many that give me a dot you should be here near me I can't see the garden roses bloom and fall white petals fade away longing and desire never alone, without dumping I am here you are there and I wanted you here your beautiful and brown eyes are like olives from the sea that when I think of them only you make me remember I woke up, I woke up I left the darkness without longing I found myself and wrapped passion and desire in everything I saw and remembered strong kisses, strong embraces everything I gave and received and did not ask for arose from the rebirth of being, and did not ask to be with love without pain I saw, wished, had and remembered everything I was given was all that they could no longer insist was given love, affection, compassion all for passion this word that never says no to a free heart and is waiting to give what is not even asked for there is donation is truth is to give, without asking or demanding if you don't hear a don't ask, give look for the shovel and find the elixir the treasure that there is no equal, only a treasure that is not gold is lasting love you knew well what I wanted but I did not tell you you saw that there was something deep, something that I saw but did not translate it was a power, without having it was to be born, without seeing it grew inside me so that it likes me and for you I wrote, and I did not see what grew inside me was love it was something that I wanted but did not have, but desired moreover loved how I liked to see it grow at nightfall everything happening without fear, without trembling without fear of falling asleep warming the solitude like a hand under the heart you were there, by the window I did not see you, but I knew, I felt the perfume was hers a smell of sandalwood and jasmine I listened, but did not hear however I realized it was not there and recognized

yesterday it was the same, but today it was different I saw,
smelt and listened it was front

the front without equal, it was something special, it hurt and it was essential to me to breathe and inhale I breathed for you, I did not see you, I did not feel you and it was not the end because you were there, far away but present I asked a monk to show me the front, the future and I guessed, that you were there at the end, at the window looking without seeing you, without giving you I took you to the sea I gave you to know the smell of the sea air of the humid breathing and joy was what I saw the sea, the sand, the humid, the air and yes your breathing.

I light that thoughtful cigarette and enjoy the harmony between the being and the thinking object makes me wander between lines and flow in the thought objective ideas and interactions between writer and reader never read wire to wick what I wrote, that strange, but I know someone reads why do they like, will reach what I want to convey or is it something vague the cigarette went out and I think for me will be ...! I do not know, but I write as a form of spiritual and intellectual release is good for me wish that those who read me are happy and well opted for another genre of writing lately I am more concrete not so much for light and energy but for love and understanding destinations, love's mind vociferate the words affectionate for someone who likes to read something more loving, sensible and I am open arms to love to the confidence without conflicts and without wanting to be ambivalent in my words I am more direct and concrete I want to reach the feeling that feeling that unites the reader to the writer affinities so I want to be what I have always been spontaneous but appealing to friendly words of concordance between the letters that come together and form sentences always with connection, and very realistic I expect thoughtful words, meditative sentences sorry if I make you think but it is good to think even if it is about the

absurd because it is something that exists just to say that I
also exist

this simple way or temperament through an ordinary filipe moura for all the unusual who read me because it is not common so much patience to read what I write and I confess, I read little but when I do it also makes me think and here is my challenge read and continue to read and think. I am grateful and happy even if it is not for thinking that someone also thinks thoughts! Maybe you do not feel it, I feel it, like rain on the stone enters the holes of the pavement are united under sand and earth hard and demanding connection there is no place, no space nor one more stone here is an effective relationship stone, earth, sand we walk on them so are the relationships between cold stones with or without sand or earth but united by the mason's hand that joined them and perfected love should on all earth be united like the stones of the pavement the mason is the man who connects several stones and does not connect stone hearts but feelings that can be moulded to any other piece we should be a set of pieces that together can withstand any weight nor does the wear and tear of time dare to destroy the pavement that we walk on so are the people suffer too much load but if they are united the impact is less joined you the other piece with love will be the sand and earth that unites us without fragility, only wear minimized if all the pieces are together and well paved man perfects his own stone and joins the others together they are strong and constitute a long and solid path all over the world it is something that unites us like lego and this is an unbreakable fortress all united and without flaws if each stone suffers the wear nothing more than sand to put them in place stones like men have time of life just like the stones man is replaced due to wear and time of life there are small stones, big ones and so on some that fit by nature others

that are necessary to polish so is the man on the earth is molded to fit in the correct place visualize with a puzzle in which all the pieces fit so all people have a place and are not less important than others that will be a puzzle without pieces a distorted image we are all needed in the world the planet earth needs all men and women no one is nothing, everything has a way of being and connecting to the other here is a huge puzzle the earth where we live and are connected to each other without knowing it but we all play a role in the puzzle some more straight, others crooked, but it is natural that everything fits after all we want a path this pavement is the harmony between beings that all cooperate for the same end the love and connection between pairs how can we define ourselves if others do not show themselves feel and do not say the truth feel is to exist is something to share and if it hurts to live also share costs but why not solve everything without problems because we lie and are fantasized feelings are our face our face and when you love someone should show the face as it is if you show the face as it is sorry if I am as I am but I show how I am and show the face and my face is not sold not for being too expensive because the money never bought me nor I want to be for sale and much less buy someone but one thing is certain I am against the euro in favor of the face not the crown they say that buys everything because I am not king and do not want crown I want but faces with feelings with suffering because if you do not suffer does not exist and if you do not suffer was sold was bought is happy because it has money I never saw the face shows everything and it takes face to assume that we are not good enough and we have to be good enough to assume we are because we are no good no one is good enough because one day the crown replaced the face and that

it would be the crown without a face the same pain the same ardour it was love passion it was our imagination our transposition from the imaginary to the real i am loyal to passion to love to ardour and even in pain for this your splendour I exist and I am an actor in our world you are a silent movie actress but our passage is a romantic film shooting that intones a song "here is our ardour love without pain" you could be I will be you are then we are both we look and see the same perspective the same course the same future our corner the same space fits everything takes everything I am projecting to idealise at last working for the same way through the same way I breathe and sigh you always sigh if you were afraid of the future it was hard to see you suffer without hurting because you were not hurt it was life you know that yes I do not know if yes because I imagine and imagination is not reliable but I know that yes we are together even if separated just to be here I communicate you answer I know where you are you never know if I will be but I find myself here and there I am always there with you I continue without knowing because I only imagine but I imagine everything good without borders there are no barriers are you and me always around here together or apart we are connected, i need you and you need me you act i react you laugh i smile you speak i approve you look you see you notice i agree we are always in tune how i want you how i desire you just for a kiss i travel i run i fly i always stumble but i don't fall neither get hurt you are the cure to my desire i promise i will meet you and discover everything and i know nothing because i had already imagined how the future would be i saw you and felt you felt you felt me you and I felt you felt me too because you read what I wrote and what I felt was that I want you close to me always I overcome the mutiny but there is no battle sorry for the typo no one is to blame because you want to see even without looking I know I imagine

you see that the imperial conquest is real and it was not imagination, it was a sight without deception.

Nullity or zero here is that nobody leaves the game when someone reaches what he wants he feels temporarily happy because the ambition is to conquer and then conquer again so he is happy for reaching and frustrated because he has reached and always wants something more and now I am happy but then I thought of another wish now then Mr. Genius grant me not three wishes but an arem of wishes and now Mr. Genius don't disappear I want something more behind beauty is character that force that drives us to always follow a personal and achievable idealism so one defends an individual behavioural and social ideal. Behind beauty lies character, this force that impels us to always follow a personal and feasible idealism, therefore we defend an ideal of behaviour and social individuality, my dear friends, this difference that marks the attitude of acting and materialising according to an idea, a thought, a way of being in conformity, therefore in search of, or arriving at pride this force of nature that allows us to be who we are unique beings and generators of the very reason to which any one of us aspires to be special, oh don't believe it, one day you've already fallen we put up with it but we also love and fight standing with faith falling without wanting to go falls without parachutes all undone in guilt without excuse and up! Your green, your brown your enchantment princess your soul is alight I want you, like someone who wants to live, to breathe joyful your colours cure me of my pains your shine is my fascination your beautiful and lovely hair beat there create links between the roots of the heart to kill loneliness I congratulate myself with gratitude for that passion that hand that touch, that smile that takes me to paradise

I saw you I looked at you I noticed you I looked again I noticed you again I liked you

I loved it, it was a gesture of love.

You were like that and you said yes to me I saw that it was not like that I asked you how you were and you almost cried I felt sad and you asked me not to be like that I asked you not to be happy I am like you if one day you find yourself lost think of me as a starting point think that life is a map and that you found me and I said welcome start the journey here and that nothing you already have account with me and that you have me in your hiding place give me a kiss and everything will be beautiful.

To imagine without creating to write without reading to listen without listening to to study without memorizing here is a motto has a theme to see and feel and let go in the letters in the words in the phrases in the poems with me everything is a theme today I feel actualized modernized without past although I remember I forget and do everything again in the present I feel the understanding the truth I feel the age in the face I look in the eyes and seewithout ironies or demagoguery I am spontaneous I am factual, punctual and actual today was like this forget about it do it like this as it would be if there was no previous moment It comes from inside I look at the outside I remember I exist and I see myself in the now the instant is already gone it is already gone look at the present face the moment the instant the event not of the past but the now appeared almost emerged that word of the act of a single fact of a desire of a will at last of a pleasure just writing nothing said but corresponded to the vision of that day and the writing was born the energy the joy of a man who lives his day-the day floats and almost fades the limpid and serene water that runs down the tender face are tears that run down your face of girl of lady of woman that sometimes gets lost and does not know well what she wants but longs to be as sweet as cherry are letters are words

sometimes so

silly others so clear they come from inside with a glow i don't know if they make furor but i feel a burning of a wound of a journey to your intimate it is a turning point a passage in your world and i see with a profound look I know what you feel I know what you fear I know what you want In these afternoons in these nights of solitude there is passion there is a desire you close your eyes you feel you fear you want and I think of your happy and eager smile waiting for someone brave they take they steal they invade but do not take the me that is yours our dream our meeting on the bank of a river I smile you play with a stone under the water that moves and moves the stone is hard but you and the water are pure owners of the greatest madness if I sit down I reflect I write between lines in the imaginary like a fish in an aquarium where nothing and nothing but does not tire of breathing oxygenate and seek the freedom of swimming one day without an aquarium to hold him and then dream hello I see you there I ask how you are I am more or less you say I listen and think the more I see the less of your less i see too much never less i see and feel what worries you and does not vacate your positive and creative mind but it was never negative it was constructive i drink the coffee i lose faith someone grabs me i feel the claw that protects me someone who never forgets me and tells me you are there yes i want you happy happy and content as all the time you happy and content like everyone else is what I wish for this population in evolution so there is passion I looked ahead I saw you present it was enchanting it was magic everything I wanted was you only you just me and you how happy we were I looked at the rain that fell and united us wet and in love we were all flooded by these drops of magic and by everything that transmitted was joy whenever I feel whenever I write it is something I see I remember and I see you always ahead in the future and in the present I want-

you forever whenever i think i see you with me navel to navel lips to lips body to body united more than friends it was always something i saw and did not say it was something i wanted and felt something strong a connection without affliction i put you in my imagination it was creation of something beautiful in shades of yellow like the sun never goes out and radiates energy all day when i turn off the light it becomes dark everything obscure i enter that dimension there is a dark reason there is darkness there is no reason you in my imagination it was the creation of something beautiful in shades of yellow like the sun that never goes out and that radiates energy all day long when i turn off the light it becomes dark everything is obscure i enter this dimension there is a reason darkness there is no motivation there is imagination of nothingness of emptiness of what cannot be seen everything is projected into the dark a wall is imagined obstacles are brought down worse than tentacles the show begins i turn on the light the curtain rises until when

I go dreaming you think but you don't think just like nothing is the same the mind thinks differently from people to people you think i also think well! We think and act always only one being to happen as i see the darkness i am a passenger not of light love for as long as i am whole i feel the parts of the body asleep emotions broken by the tone by the sound that tells me relax emphasized and absorbed by the ear i am reappearing not falling asleep but maybe it's better to forget something to relieve the tension the pulse i am stopped tied readjusted maybe it's already past i free myself and i am quiet but there is always a solution to the question i don't react but i act i take charge of the situation here is a good occasion to finish the suffering.

I thought i dreamed i woke up and saw you in a dream it seemed like a tale you were the one who had more charm

more beauty the air of a princess you were my inspiration it
wasn't imagination it was your knight your warrior for you I
had any action without armour protecting my heart you
were sleepy you opened your mouth you fell asleep I
thought of you leaning against your side

lying down I asked for a kiss you granted her a desire I wished to be with you I found myself dreaming with you I see you serene petal of lily your perfume seduces me leads me to your encounter I get dizzy and confused we are on your roof seeing stars I lean against you and even get lost you make me smile you make me feel it is so good to let me go beyond there is no one you are so gentle one among more than a thousand or better infinite it is so beautiful what I feel for you more it is impossible to feel is to let myself go for you for your magic for your joy.

You're so cute you're a baby that already walks on his feet you're so sweet you're a friend I want you with me you're funny you're the best you're the greatest you're everything I wanted and wished for a beautiful son you're very loving you're very smiling you're a sympathy you're the greatest joy you're my son you're my world naughty naughty boy you're you tiago my son you're my boy my cute and cool kid you're great all day long your smile, your smile, your joy are fascinating energies of something pure you jump the wall you jump the fence you come to me for the candy you come and give me your pudding you are so sweet so nice all day long you are always smiling and ready to go to the street, to the garden you are a boy a rascal i like you and you like me i want you to know that i always want you near me

I travelled under the clouds I flew under the skies I was on the planets on Mars and in Jupiter on Mars I decided to love you and in Jupiter I wanted you and here is my being flying from pen to planet there was strength there was energy there was joy it was something that transmitted it was love in the shape of a flower it had the strength of the sun it moved like the sunflower it had its own will in incessant search of something burning it was a dream it was a conquest it was a goal everything with passion without dimension it was grand it was amazing

at last very loving i looked out the window i noticed the horizon i passed my eyes over the hill i looked ahead i saw your star it was bright sparkling i raised my eyes i saw the moon it was mine and yours it was landscape it was a journey i saw you travelling over land and under the sea i accompanied you we travelled we conquered each other over land and under the sea it was only the moonlight.

Saudade is to want is to desire is to love is to think is to feel is to miss you is to want to have you here is to desire the meeting is to love you is to always think of you is to feel your presence.

I feel like creating something but it is very vague to imagine creating and transforming writing for someone to read I don't know what but I know why but I lack inspiration I have to take a stand to face this situation of writing and having something to read I start thinking trying to let go I will give up as it is not easy to achieve.

If there was a day to tell adventures or misadventures only in one day nor of 1 year today after 1 year I can see 50 days are 365 days a year 7 days a week 24 hours a day here is a little bit of 50 days of moments for these 365 a year some days of the week and some minutes for the 60 24 hours times at last, live the moment!

I was abstracted I had gone there I came I was absorbed a bit twisted it was a bit strange but it wasn't dreaming I was awake ready to roll the die was straight ahead

according to how the mind worked I imagined and above all it was something I created and then I had to live with my being and that is living and being.

You know what? There are things that transform things ,it is already something and thing that was thing provokes n of things but when? When it was transformed and it was really the thing that was already something, well, things of life!

It was mist under those who fly it was air just to breathe it was wanting to win without fearing it was the moonlight by the sea I was the captain I had everything at hand on board the voyage the image of the battle won appeared it was an achievement.

if one day this would happen oh what joy, someone would say i close the doors, open the windows and fly fearlessly under paradise there are those who unconsciously make judgements i perpetuate myself to mutual agreement there are loose notes, in an atmosphere in a very hot place there are lilies, there are marigolds do you want there is wet earth, humid on the ceiling, a dim and helpless lamp holds onthe tension rises there are arduous moments, even difficult ones, but no one but no one knew what only one understood and understood how to be alone in the crowd here is one thing but to live without existing and above all to want to live I smiled for moments I cried for regrets I wrote what I did not understand but above all I felt I saw everything and nothing I looked because then I cried only because I gave myself and never left you but I know nothing and here is the perfume that expanded and ignited the sharp pain of passion it was time to say no just because then something existed something moved in the veins the blood flowed sometimes distant from a heart that did not pump it was just to have an idea how passion beats strong and

powerful even in the soul of a poor person above all it was people and had a mind because it is afraid of something it feels at last there is always an end and a beginning I think I deserve

it is not for me nor for you it is for both because we love and also reject something that ends something that is born blooms and grows what everything one day existed and in a second disappeared it was like this everything that happened not only because one wanted to live one day and one more instant always inconstant without being very important it was a moment it was time in a setback it was and stopped being it was enough to believe sometimes to be reborn as I could look and not imagine it was the truth in tender age what is exact it demonstrates if in the act a single action of conquering a heart fruit of the imagination it was a connection without anything or anyone saying no what happened was something I feared everything that trembled was not in vain it was like someone passing the hand with a mop there is always someone on the side of the no because then one has to say yes even thinking no this is not being right but yes is no and it has always been like this never wanting to but sometimes making a yes transformed into a no here is sincerity fighting for the freedom to act with truth a no is no and a yes because I am not and I am not just for wanting to be alive because I exist and I was already when I thought I was to read to expand and write to sleep I ran while walking and was still I was in movement fruit of free and clever thinking I was attentive to the movement I walked and walked only because I loved I am even if I am not in this world loving I do not believe in superstitions I believe in man and his inventions questions suppositions imaginations illusions be with ions or protons even create rockets the light is in the energy and that one did not see but produced without guide went and got it was the man was so vulgar was only imagine and create there was sense not the sixth sense as it was said but it was so real that it happened whenever he wanted.

If we lived for moments by moments, be they

eloquent or even warm, no one would say that love was pain that hurts imagine love without pain, for whatever it is, it needs ardour with the glow of a breath longer than you could imagine the truth is in loving and giving, even suffering, even not seeing, but above all feeling and inflicting pain to love, even not seeing, but above all wanting to protect his love from pain, protection that creates a relationship coming from emotion love without reason because then the pain comes from the heart in your gaze I see the sea that just by looking makes me love the eyelashes beat in the sand the tears roll in the waves I see a sandy beach with shells I stumble on the stars a cry, a grain so my heart is fed.

If I suffered it was because I did not see or understand what I experienced smile sunflower cheer up and beautify yourself with the sunbeams freefree yourself and show your beauty what suffocation what madness what fears everyone has a little it was something that moved I did not see how this happened it was a torment for a long moment how could I face a whisper now it did not laugh because someone saw a man who for a moment faltered just because he looked and left there what no one noticed why was it silent i suffered from something i lived and suffered how i felt the night was cold i returned by the road with everything and with a nothing a no one had never been beyond but as someone i fell short if in your eyes i saw certainty i acted with clarity and had the dexterity of sadness now that for the uncertain you do not act, you were incorrect then I looked at the ceiling and everything seemed deserted to me oh what pain oh what a sad and anxious vision look at me glorious at the hour that I go to the floor only because I fell and I descended in the humility of everything that exists in humanity the silence the disturbing voice of the disturbing silence of someone that for what

does not say becomes happy I woke up in a day that I lost
for me said that it was not joy

what i felt and all in one day tomorrow would get better was
what i wanted just because there is man gets sad

In the darkness of loneliness reach out don't say no to a
brother for it is not in vain to touch your heart if it were only
to be alone there would be no pity

On these stones I sit I write for you what I never forgot your
smile your company was something I always felt when I was
alone, from time to time I thought of you after I felt good
just remembering you.

Whenever I dream I wake up and look at myself and ask
myself if it is really like I imagined or thought or if I just
travelled the dream nothing builds nothing changes it is a
wrong perception so I rarely dream it is frustrating to wake
up and everything is the same without change, in the end
dreaming or not dreaming everything stays the same.

In a sad and misanthropic night environment, silent and
silent, very taciturn, there is however a star shining, a moon
shining to illuminate even in the most ferocious and
atrocious environment, there is hope, someone trustworthy,
a being that encourages us and pulls us upwards, a friend,
someone who looks at us with indifference without belief
does not look at us with love inflicts us with pain somehow
does not believe in being a friend and who looks only at his
navel he too one day will feel the difference who is a friend
of the friend and feels the belief of love even in the hour of
pain what one day man was going to be no one could say if
they said it was without knowing because man always
makes something else happen was rooted in his way of
living, from the moment of birth to grow and finally die
everything that man did no one could foresee and not even

knew why he did it this is man and his being.

I saw in your look a certain gleam something set it off it was intense and it had a cause the one of loving I looked again it continued to shine the look was conquering me it shone like a scintillating and strong star that captured my attention it was a beautiful sensation that of passion when I see where I want to be I want you to go with me on the same path it is written on this parchment that you are my shoulder friend someone with whom I want to be always and always I am longing for that place that we will conquer with our moonlight and the same star always shining.

I don't understand or even just don't know it was enough to understand to understand to know then yes I could argue I would be enlightened of what happened I was beyond what happened I just wanted to know where it started and finally ended I want you to know that despite everything that may happen whose end I can not predict that I will not forget you and that you can always count on our love in any situation because it is not only passion I looked in the dark saw the depth of the night it was time to relax increase the music on the radio and let me take the night is companion we can share the most sensitive sensations, for she keeps her secrets well I like to call her the silent night for she always has a good ear but little speaks although always conniving and so I am happy.

How to live as a prisoner of the whole world a puff of freedom to relieve anxiety this feeling of prison makes the tension increase the nerves blink without others seeing behold what ties that are loosened on us that are untied how it is to be free and natural to something more banal or sensual not even I imagined how it worked was

writing and having something that imagined and represented my being the ordinary being the feeling and seeing me writing everything that passed through the mind had pleasure I hope that you when reading equally.

This solitary position, individual and without destination, this disorientation that pushes us to forgetfulness to the total loss of feeling, breathing and the desire to believe, this is what each one faces when living, one look, one sigh, the cigarette smoke expands, one breath after another, I look at the clock, the minutes go by, the cigarette burns slowly for something that I search for incessantly, from this moment on, another breath, a word before the hour passes i hope this addiction goes away one day it happened that pass of magic fruit of the effort of the perseverance of the positive attitude it was something good or even exceptional it would be original if such appeared by the nature of wanting and being better and more than! Winner and overwhelming finally conqueror of the dawn in the silent night everything in my hand without a catch everything by illusion with the following condition to be happy or even very happy just because I wanted

And since everything depends on the way we feel things today, on this day of any century, I am predisposed to happiness to live what I have not lived to listen to what I have not heard and to be where I have not been. Well, to be reborn to live to turn the ordinary into something subtly unusual is already present in the unconscious, something that does not lie to us.let it jump and let it fly in the senses of imagination let the heart beat strong to attain at once the

The supreme freedom of a person who does not judge himself by his actions - to be is to live free.

One day I was going too fast I crashed and got left behind so I started again with the encouragement of a crash and the confidence of a recovery I insisted and lived as if there was no other chance I took a slow but firm and convinced step I returned to the craziest race in the world the race is called life it was for her that I fought and reached the goal of being happy to be well positioned on the home straight...I saw that fighting alone is necessary freedom and this is the sister of loneliness because I always started alone standing out of the first and last place. It is only possible to be first and last when we run alone. This was the spirit of fighting but we are never alone and we have life ahead of us and this is running for living and being first and last when we are starting a cycle it is natural that we start last but there are points where we are winners. This is life first in one place and last in another but never stopping like this there is no runner in the race of life we are always winning and at the same time losing and this is fighting and winning in life!

Driven by leisure I meditated, equated and finally took a side an action on restlessness man becomes unhappy when he does not live alone when he can not stand being still it is necessary to look for happiness this comes from within because one seeks something impatiently coming from the outside well this restlessness makes us sad enduring loneliness and being still strengthens us if we can live with ourselves we reach fullness happy he who seeks nothing because he found himself do not think of this as an autistic way of living but the greatest happiness is within us.

6t there...6t there when you don't ask...6t there when it's not

I need... To be there when you want me... To be there even when I'm not there... To be there when you don't feel me... To be there when you call me... To be there when you think of me...# I'm there when you imagine # # I'm there even if I don't want to be there # I'm there when you love me # I'm there because you exist # I'm there because you dream of me ...I think of being there...

If one day I saw you, and looked at you I would say what an interesting girl, you had something in your eyes bright the cheerful and sparkling smile you were a woman for who wants beautiful and sensual you were the one that seduced me and that I ever wanted just for what I felt you liked the magic? That was my everyday life.

One day I imagined all that just for being, I don't know what I'll say later to write was different it was really scary that dream of being and not knowing what would happen I tried to describe what would never see ended here a trip about that world of silence that existed and that someone suffered I think no one should do just for doing what others do not do for lack of courage do not act, but know how to ignore the welfare of someone who can not look and see stop smoking and think! I put out the cigarette, the clash begins as a cure for the remaining desire.

I'm writing to exorcise and create. After two minutes the truth of writing and having something else that is not you begins. I feel that I am not capable, on the other hand I feel a warrior of what has more true, the conquest. It's 16 minutes since the extinguishing of a cigarette, the desire to rekindle it grows. Everything passes, when you feel what is happening.

I'm thinking so you'll have to wait. From weakness to the urge to win everything will come like the sunset. I exist in permanent contact with desire. I think of the half hour after the hour I see myself and feel myself wanting to surpass time. Travelling through the seconds, the minutes are like rockets celebrating each advance. I feel lightly, thinking about what the advance I reach will be like. There's a backward step because there's an accessible cigarette. At 35 minutes here's the act I want to undo.

It was without thinking, it was acting in a mechanical and procedural way.

I had this access during a process of extinguishing the situation.

I reposition myself in the momentary, in the spontaneous of creation. Words, phrases with action and connection. I hear on the radio that the plan might abort, I reflect and feel I have a north. Another 45 minutes and here is another cigarette, I think, of course! Everything, but almost everything, makes me think and that must be faced.

It is an hour with a result of 20 years for the 30 that I have.

How we live 66% of our lives thinking about the 100% that the 33% can give us. It was complicated, but explained.

If I really aspire I have to fight and study a way to perform

It's not easy, I hardly ever smoke a "single" cigarette again. It comes up at one o'clock, and I followed a route that has no project.

Logically, I will smoke over the situation. My nature had to contain purity.

Two hours 03 minutes passed and then I thought.

I will manage to emerge, something will work. I started by smiling, by thinking that something was going to come out.

The easiest thing was to give up, but I was going to insist. I strengthened and all I could think about was saying I won.

Something not natural was abnormal.
As I will reflect, the best thing is to sort of pretend to sleep.

The will will come but I won't run away. I'm without light, but the energy will never fail.

I feel a shimmering power that will never dazzle me. I will change, from this I will not hesitate to transform everything.

I'm going and I know why I'm going.

A quiet, banal cigarette, something hesitant than irritating.

When one day a seagull comes I will ask him to bring you back I had what I did not want when I wanted nothing I lost everything how would I be without you I wrapped the description in this passion I had a giant love and always galloping when I thought of you, I saw what I lost here, you there how I wanted to be a volcano as if it shook your heart this giant love, always triumphant everywhere I felt, a deep desire coming from my world I always wanted you, even more when you laughed the look of happiness was stronger than all the electricity, through which passes all the current that ties us and never separates us never had the intention of a fortuitous clash imagine the bridge under the river where the pavement no longer meant anything I saw the volcano and ran, and hid I read on a piece of paper words sweet as honey the letters were not bullshit had meaning

and were buried in the past something that the wind
thought and blew that face painted the

brush on an unloved painting you were that resulting part of art you were painted on the canvas, it was the one it was her.

The figure

I ran away, I ran but he grabbed me and pulled me, he took me with him.

A cursed figure that you can't even see but which propagates itself. He is the unrecognisable figure of an apparition experience. The figure muttered: you're afraid of a faceless man!

Yes - I replied with some fear. Do not be afraid because I only exist in the presence of light.

I have spoken of light and energy but never of a man whose face I do not know and voluptuously appears and runs away without reaching his physique.

The shadow is a being of the darkness that does not live without light. Strange you are a shadow that hides in the dark and in the silence. But you emerge from the light and with that hat that you wear faceless, black. I ascend to the skies, I magnify with the distortion of your gaze and metamorphic light. To the skies I laugh like no one else, I laugh with the air of a sultan and with an air of confusion, I respond with the speed of the black skies and I densify myself to the drop of the crystalline and sharp rain. But for a man without a face the water pierces my body and my own trench coat does not soak. For it is made of shadow. These figures of the imaginary were recreated by me to scare away in the silent night those who flee from darkness and look for light.

I am a shadow friend of misfortune.

The whole evil of the figure is not to

exist.

It's a missing apparition.

The scream as a form of life-giving pleasure emerges from the clouded soul,

The sense of protection for others and the terrible buzzing of the soul.

The one who rises does not always fall but rises the hoax to the effrontery.

What you really see is the rise and not the fall off the cliff.

In the heights of the waves, where the green lies and the blue fades.

Red emerges as a warning of the principles of others.

The dark, the gloomy, the frivolous is not always present as if sharpening the despair of a shrill, silent cry.

In the words refers to the encounter of supernatural magic that involves passion.

Without a catch, letter by letter a literary wall of words is built, an inevitable fact emerges... where the writing and the tears of an unbreakable contentment flow, whose being is not opposed, but as if revitalised and emerges by a break in the antarctic ice that repels the very magic of being among the miraculous beings and as if emptying into a burning fire of desire to pronounce what has long been announced. He writes and translates into his soul the relief of the machine of creation. Between lines and sayings here is what one thinks and another comments.

Vertigo

A beginning, a precipice, because time is not ephemeral.

The parallel fall of a bad start, I cool down. On tiptoe I balance and jump, I dive. I don't cancel myself, I jump and imagine the vertigo. Quickly the heart startles, for something I imagine travelling. In the forefront, I saw all life in a second as I glided through the air. It was the free fall that fall of hitting the ground...through the wet tarmac that shines on the road I breathe the deep air is icy! The wet asphalt I feel the cool water that shines in the dark reminds me of the bright and shimmering sky and that's how strong that ground was, strongly that impact would destroy what was to come. The clock stopped and immortalised the moment of his thought. At a speed greater than the wind it came pirouetting and winding itself around and went up, up, back to the previous moment so that there would be no later I call it for that reason the elevation of the fall into which it fell rising vertiginously.

The pride of feeling the I see how the other suffered someone who felt and that the other never saw in the skin of others I hope you never suffer the spirit of help and mutual help rises on the paths there are boulders are these obstacles that raise pride is born in me belief because the world came to fight to the end and watch over you and finally be and go deep to meet the other and his world the fencing in the art of fencing there are blows to inflict everything goes through a feeling of a blow from the point of the sword the fight of a suffering unwillingly, that transmits the power of winning and having and behold, shines the winner and loser when falling, feels the pain but rises and wins is a fighter who conquers pain imagines himself at the top of the last act and glimpses the glory of the winner and vanquished all who fight deserve the longed victory.

That morning

It was a frivolous and distressing dawn the tear not

very far from an unmeasured cry that made sense on the moistened face of the dawned morning already the night had preceded had elapsed the time arose a lament and said to be attentive to the sun that would come and that evaporated the tear that dripped and the world with the clouds said smiled simple amazed I decided to decide for what would come I decided to decide for what was to come I was going to control and this truly test the decision was taken it did not appear from nothing I was going to manage to emerge from the bottom of the feeling that I was feeling the hour of habits about to leave courage and perseverance fed me the hope the abyss was clarified and from the fog and treacherous wind appeared the will to conquer something that I would reach.

The luck was going to launch itself time to love the self and to progress in the fights and battles without fail it was a sure shot for the following days I hit the hand I read the hours, minutes and seconds and freed myself, as if by magic it was what I saw that day happy and contented more than many people it was different it came from the mind certainly it was going to happen it was going to result simply.

The web

I looked seriously at my surroundings I saw the landscape and it was not ugly I looked at society I saw a web where everything but everything is connected and I imagined the spider was a plot a real drama death was the spider's visit and the web was for her a kind of supper the spider took who suffered the most and wove the least, he stung people and as if he was putting them to sleep this devourer got everyone one day I dreamt that the one who died in his web was the ugly spider death would cease to exist and mortality would succumb this was the dream of being immortal

without fear of the web, of the spider and of life we all
succumb but it's up to us to form the

If it is possible to be good so that life does not turn ugly, to have the will to live and not to see the spider as the end but as the end of a cycle of a society/web that is always under construction, the construction of the web was evolution and for the spider there is no solution, what remains is the web, the ugly spider and my imagination.

Luzes café between the barely extinguished cigarette and the toasted coffee I am present in this space is an airy and well frequented place where people appear from anywhere I see myself in the future to create a bond in this space where I will write and have a goal that I hope to achieve in about 2.000 hours of which about one per day I dedicate myself in this space more specifically called café lights where I hope to illuminate between lines my daily life I feel relaxing energy even if it is for an instant I will maintain a daily process of writing a constant creating, rambling, thinking and writing is something I find exciting and challenging the sea I imagine myself between seas in the bottom of my world there is life! I dive into the ocean of writing where I see ink that drips to create between beautiful lines texts, phrases, poems or even simple reflections without much attention or haste, even tensions exist yes intentions in my ocean hunt letters with harpoons to reach deep into the hearts that feel diverse emotions, sensations but what matters is to dive into our sea and above all love for the various seas.

I light the lantern of power to energy and then the illuminated emptiness goes out, with a sensation of fulfilment an endless desire awakens in me. It happens that the luminous flame illuminates an afternoon that passes slowly, very lazy, it is a light awakening of a brilliant look and as if a conquest is born in the presence of a knowledge

to be exhaling a dense perfume, intense and contagious, a smell that one feels pleasure when inhaling and how good it is every day to breathe never the same air smile the smile that is not always precise but that makes you beautiful discreet intimate smile a sign of joy and of pampering as if it were a fascination a timeless joy very natural and relaxed when you smile wisely a glow hits me that cunningly does not lie and when it touches me it is stunningly different I remain slightly deep thinking for an instant how happiness arises in reality from the duality of a cheerful smile to a look with much brilliance as I have sometimes experienced.

Fado a fado a destiny that marks the longing without a distant age the desert but very close to the thirst of seeing you the desire of wanting only to belong to you the feeling not everything I feel I write but I feel what I write.

This is in a simple but not diminutive way what my heart hears words to the wind. If the wind were to carry you some words I would write with the rain what I would say to you on a postcard I would draw a picture of the sun with its rays and tell you that you are my energy and that for you my sun will always shine even on days when it snows.

To think, reflect and act or not to act is not expressed, one feels and as it is difficult to feel and not to express, sometimes it is enough just to exist, but to reflect before reacting as if to feel, to process and to pretend as if to control thought, to act or not to act immediately.

It is a feeling after reflecting then yes a reacting that we may not feel also we may not react sometimes

for silencing a thought and only staying for the presence that means being.

The obstacle will not be the obstacle the very show to win without fearing sometimes we feel a pain but it matters to live and fight to develop ourselves sometimes this is to grow and learn in the fight for life we always have to react to the loss, to the misfortune to overcome the obstacles is the maximization of the self in overcoming is the maximum pleasure to conquer and give us the proper value to overcome ourselves and gain value in learning from defeats and finally to win is the essence of living.

Sea whirlwind the water rolling in the sea, the sand turning drop by drop grain by grain a breeze rolling on the ground, I grasp with one hand the drops of the ocean with another the sand of the sea landscape is an immensity immersed in the hand loosens, frees itself, expands a feeling of who had everything in their hands but not everything is in their hands nor everything is reached sometimes it escapes between hands what we keep in the heart and feel in the hands everything has an emotion and a catch that emerges forming a whirlwind.

Not that what I tell you is true, but it's not an absolute lie!

The flaming pain of a loss. Where, but where are you? What have I done?

I have not dreamed, for I am awake waiting.

You will come, you will save me from this murmur that takes me away, tears me apart, breaks me up and corrupts me and says you are not! Where I am, I want more, I can't bear just being and breathing.

I walk along the fronts and here's something that won't let me

move forward.

Because I go back and forth to where I am not even or think I am.

I want to run away, I drop my cigarette, it hits the rocks and fulminates.

My heart is like this cigarette that goes out until it wants to be rekindled, you will be the one who tightens and unties itself. Because I don't want, I don't want to be a loose thread that gets tied up anymore, no more tightening.

I don't want to be what you say or say about me, I want to be what I feel.

That blind knot, can't you see that it strangles and tightens and destroys. That knot will shatter.

It all comes back to the null. I want to be just the 0 without any logical follow up, I don't want to be positive or negative, but you insist that I have to do and happen.

Let me. Why

do I cry?

I don't know, but the tear always knows why it falls and gets loose, I also know why I sometimes fall for the other's mistakes and why I hold on without letting go.

I want to cry, I want to let go. This bitterness of feeling that leaves me with a hot cold from which I shiver, but it's worth crying, and laughing and feeling. The end will take care of the end to which arrives a tear not poured but always on the lookout and drips down the face the tear of indifference.

I was thinking, how you are. So banal, so like what you think you are, you're a pattern.

I don't care what I count on, I want to see what you can't give me and what I need is not you.

I want me. I want you as you always were, what I thought was what you were, or when you weren't, you made yourself how to become.

I am me.

I don't know how I started this story I think the few will hit, but I also don't have an arrow or the bow, let alone a target.

I don't aim to hit, I don't even want to punt, I feel that what I hit is myself, the arrow is stuck in my heart, that's why my pain. A lonely heart, scarred by a blow that does not revitalize it, the pain is too strong for the will to pump.

I am not free. I will never be totally free, I love my freedom, but I feel tied down because he has love for me.

Why do they love me?

Do they love. They want to be free and attached to someone. I want to feel alone and unnoticed.

I don't want to understand anything, I don't want to think about anything, because you invade me, I want distance from what is approaching.

I don't want love that they say is freedom. I just want to let go of what's in me.

The anguish, the loss. He was and is no longer. I came in the moment without feeling that you left.

This nature of doing and undoing and more, of telling us what we are going to do.

I don't want to do anything, I don't want to go far, I want to go where I don't go.

I will leave and take nothing.

I do not cry, I do not laugh, I do not think, I do not look and for feeling I am not dead.

What a tragedy!

I go and I must go, one day I too will succumb.

Why? Yes, I ask why this, why that, but I don't want to think what has already been transmitted.

I don't want to fight, I don't want to be so much like someone who never was.

The voice torments those who
mourn. Wait.

I go travelling, I come and go patiently.

What can I say, that I don't have, I don't have much and I lack so much.

Invade me the being that tells me I don't want any more. I don't want to.

I don't want to go back, I want to be here when the music plays and the wind blows.

I don't want to be the devil, I don't want to be an angel, I don't want heaven or hell. I want the earth where everything exists.

I don't want to leave, I want to stay where I am, I don't want everything there is, I just need a space to breathe and think

in it.

Imagining and creating my own existence.

I just want air to breathe. I want me loose like the air I blow.

I saw, I smelt, I listened, I also told you what you didn't think you would hear.

As I have told you so much and nothing or almost nothing has touched you. It would be asking too much for your attention, no more seduction. I want to see you raw.

You know I would sometimes exfoliate my skin to feel that I am living flesh and that I suffer from a pulling of skin that is hard to grow and repair itself.

For you I am in living flesh full of marks and wounds.

I don't know what I want to express. But something gnaws at me because I don't desire, but I want.

Deep down I would like to have a little of everything or nothing, because what I have is worth nothing to me.

I am alone and you are more alone than before. I was writing what, after reading it, will show what my being wants to transmit.

I know it is not easy. I think much will not be said, much will also be what will not be understood.

Overruled.

Vehemently I want to reject what impoverishes me.

Trivial things have no place in the heart there is too much emotion.

What we see with a simple glance can mark our hearts.

He can't stand it, he, doesn't want to see it, but he feels what his eyes see.

Never open the eyes of your heart because it may no longer see and suffer.

I'm here.

Can you see me? I don't think so! Can you feel me? I don't think so either! What do you see in me?

Hum, I stayed here so that you wouldn't forget me, I can't bear not having you, because what unites us sometimes separates us, but I'm here.

I won't pretend

I'm going to write and let it flow.

What I want to write is undoubtedly a tear.

How I wrote a tear as it is, sad, lonely, wet, loose.

Let me cleanse your crying, your pain, your sadness, your loneliness, that suffocation that is being alone.

Let me lick your tears, I want to drink that pain you feel

Alone, alone. With me, this is me, only me!

What am I like? I'm just me.

The feeling expands to truly felt pain.

How it is to feel that it is us. To think about the self is to go beyond what comes from the outside.

Turned inwards I know that I exist, to exist for others it is enough to look at us, but they will never see the same

I want loose pages, loose sheets, loose sentences, loose pages, loose sheets, loose sentences, I want everything to come loose, I don't want to keep anything, I want to empty myself, that's the only way I'll evolve, that everything I write, everything evaporates, the pain of one more sentence, each word its pain, I want to write to free myself. I don't want to suffer.

Another day the morning, the fresh morning air, noisy too. I want the night, the silent night, where I see in the dark the light you bring with you.

Let's unite silence and darkness.

Let's make light in the blackout. Verses, songs, charms, magic, poems, phrases.

I want to be your light in the dark night.

As I let myself go in the recesses of the deep tides the siren's harps play loud. I want to stay and look at you, without telling you what I'm going to write to you.

To never forget you.

Nothing! I wanted

nothing,

The purpose with these words is null. I don't want you to read, I also no longer want to write what I want to tell you one day.

But now I just wanted a little bit of nothing.

I don't know if you will read, let alone understand what I have to tell you.

What I want you to understand is that you count, yes you count for me and from there you can count on me. But I don't tell anyone.

I will wait for death to deceive me.

Death? Death doesn't exist!

And this one is always present. I'm not afraid of death but of losing you.

Not that anything hurt, but the pain of having and not having is the difference of being, how can this be so?

I don't want anything, because I want little and nothing of much, I want nothing I repeat, I had everything when I didn't know and now that I know what there is I want nothing, if I reject what there is and isn't I will be free, free of everything that ties me and I will let go of bitterness, of what it is to have.

Enough, I just want to be!

Can I be just me? Yes, me and nothing else, I don't want this nothingness either. "timeless"

It beat, and beat again and again incessantly it beat with an unprecedented flow of an anomaly or wound then one day it opened and never opened again it was the opening and in an instant the closing how shall I pronounce it, it was mine, always mine but in the end yours he, you and I in a word then the heart! The deep sadness of being

It is not knowing oneself, being attentive and learning to live with one's inner self, and behold, the abyss is infinitesimal. To have and to belong is something that always fades away, as if to give up.

Always utopian and behold, the being is born, lives and learns and when it really realises it knows well, that it has moved a long way from knowing everything and its own being, what has changed?

Everything in my world changes! Why?

Why am I willing to change and face everything but almost everything coming from my world my dumb world? It is the intellect that tells me to act in the right way! Can you imagine?! In a dimension of the stratosphere, without limits of expansion enters the disillusion of magic timelessly unavailable at the level of illusion itself always with the tenebrous appearance of the true illusion of the word already pronounced disillusion; generator of intimate conflicts of the simple agony that overcomes any harmony.

Enigmatic, profound and sensitive, this is the non-binding energy of the letter plus letters or too many letters, not enough words.

Here is a menhir that is becoming sedimented and with the writing many things are said in a short time.

In vain, things will come to you many will be those that will leave you, others will not be worth. To tell you that the greatest will be for a brave fighter, but I "use" you that few will be worth, but those within the smallest interior see the value that only you can obtain. To live, to grow, to learn, and in the background always the utopian little knowledge.

Here is a day to learn, little by little, that writing was meant to unify the knower of ordinary knowledge from scientific knowledge, that both can be explained only with the profound wisdom that is reading

+

I'll start where I want to end.

The smoke expands inside my room. Through my insides too, this one is violated. I want to break with you and the others.

Will I make it?

Strength, strength and strength that haunts me and tells me to move forward without fear!

You'll be finished before my days.

All the outside I will reject, how I will feel...I don't know, but here I will leave my little story if you are on this page, you were curious about my little story.

What I will tell you in these pages will be for me to find the true being that dwells in me, without an outside world.

How this is possible, we will see how I will describe my story.

For the moment I am not advancing, in fact I am retreating ready to advance. The smoke continues to pervade this space.

This story begins where it will end.

What I want to tell you is the struggle against everything. Let's see if I can get to the end and say I have everything and wanted nothing, as a maximisation of the inner self.

You're here now, in a few moments I've equalled in cigarettes the number of pages you read through.

Let's get on with the fight, it will last as long as

Blow on the hours, the minutes, the seconds. It's over! I'll start where I left off.

I am ready, this smoke goes through the window and is released into the air, I want to be this smoke that only exists from the air.

I just want to breathe the air

I want to float and imagine what I am going to tell here. I do what I don't want to do, I start by making the same mistakes over and over again.

The battle, it is far from being fought.

What I want to convey to you is feelings, situations and conflicts.

And the struggle is to overcome the being that I was. I want to be the other, the figure that haunts me.

My own conscience which alerts me and tells me: emerge, overcome yourself

Here I am standing still, but struggling against the movement I am pursuing.

Vult of mine, come to my self. Free yourself, expand yourself, let me be like you through me.

Here begins what I am going to be. What doubts, moving forward without retreating, here is a figure that pursues me.

Do, happen and be reborn again to live and feel. Without demagoguery and illusions, live what you cannot see.

For only in this way will you progress, stand up and say. I want to be what I am, I am me.

The being that I was and the figure that I will be.

I will be as I imagine. To the one who pursues me I'll tell him go ahead.

Face me e me free myself. By finally still is yet to begin.

Everything I thought. Beware of this being that stalks you and in the end is your friend.

I no longer regret this moment. The end of the torment came, he touched me and whispered to me: are you there?

This is the end of the principle that I will report on here.

For now I say: enough, come to me and incorporate me until victory.

Vult into me you become. Take me! You'll be my scent for the last time. Yes, you're leaving.

No me show myself sad with a your your departure. In fact I'm looking forward to your departure.

Go as you came, leave as you came. I don't want you, but you're an inordinate misfortune. Your presence is an affront.

I know that for you, I have never won, only lost.

You are like cigarette smoke a friend of the disease.

Leave and go, go away, because when I arrive I won't be there. As I told you, I emanate your scent that just by going... I gain another flavour and perfume.

Perhaps you don't know, nor do you have in mind what you have provoked.

For as long as I can remember I have known you for a few

years. Long enough that now here lies the will to

continue with you.

I will carp in thought initially at your presence, but, auspiciousness for lesser evils.

You are object and I create our bond, but funereal and illusory pleasure for somewhat weak living conditions. I dare by deprivation. For only thus to be light and natural, for what nourishes me.

Fresh, serene, warm and harmonious will be the compensation

Natural of the wind that runs like the weather always in direction with its north. The currents of air blown against us will be storms that face us, nothing more natural than the smoke of the air itself.

In which we find in the exterior as well as interior nature the harmony of being free from chains.

It blooms, grows and sediments the very root of liberation. The will to not doubt our encounter is the very rose of the times of the desert sands that firm reason. The freeing of the image of the ordinary human, to the eccentricity of the intimate relationship that distances us. We are different, I am natural and organic, you are artificial and synthetic. Without the act that I will neutralise, you will make me happy.

I'm going to open the door for you to come and talk to me. But I will leave it ajar for you to leave soon after. Vult are you aware of your spread, you consume my patience with uneasiness. You are and will be of little consequence.

We all have those stupid phases, it's usually as a child.

But if we are told as adults to release the child in us, then I also had a bad

phase. I'm going back to patient tranquillity.

You can go and I'll lock the door. I know why you came, but I also know where you're headed.

The abyss is wide, wider the thought of letting go of you.

Run away, without me, enclose yourself and explode. From the first day your word has been my phrase, but don't count on me when the next time you say hello, I'm here, but surely your journey will be the return to the hard but harmonious reality for those who want to let themselves be invaded, what do we have what are we looking for? Only one word from you, that is goodbye.

And you came going, far away leaving...

It was the last time...longing coming to break. The tear fell and erased the cry.

The rope that tightens me, is not the same one that suffocates me. The knot in my throat, held by a thread.

You strangle the mind and suffocate the conscience.

What you provide is a slow death of rejuvenation and walking in this way and talking as we have done. It will never erase the sharp pain that with a single rolled blow cuts the shrill living.

High in the memory the tearing and phantasmagoric blow. It was your dichotomous presence between being and not being. A life travelled in photographic moments that stores everything and in an instant evicts itself. Because you live in me outside of me. Erase your destiny and live the fraction.

That timeless feeling spreads the following moments. Like flying without leaving the place.

This instant that not stops because you breathe e

never

you can stop, which makes you breathe.

Living is as strong as the impulse to breathe. But just breathing is not living.

When you stopped living you didn't stop breathing.

Hence, what comes to us is a helpless image.

Without limits or consequences, to the next stage. That which emerges from being another at every instant sweeps us away from what we really are, that illusion of the precipice is self-flagellation of living while we are alive, what moves us is that nature which surrounds us and constantly only distracts us, I mean that all absorption of the moment is mere illusion since nature reflects all frames randomly and superlatively superior to every instant of human movement.

Everything that arises around the vultro of the self is exterior that magnifies the interior, however capturing only the sensation of distraction is a greater being that moves us mother-nature. If at any moment, virtuous, contradictory invades you is assimilated in the instant of the mind these entries cannot equate to the learning and outgoing of any impulse.

I'm glad you've emerged, from the immense and distant thought. I'd like to talk about... You decide, you always manoeuvre. Reversing the roles says shutting up.

The flight of a word is an act. How to ignore you and take you away.

You there are flying on shadow of
the wind. Because you

you hide, appearing when you want to. Don't you
see?

Get busy of another, you will have another friend
thatnot o your simple misfortune.

Everything emerges vaporising.

It was like this, that counting to ten, I realised how much the
glimpse of the instantaneous moment of the window of the
future was going to open and see only the last smoke that
expands and how the click of the future becomes big and
vast.

Copyright Filipe Sá Moura © 2009