



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 will now tell a story with a moral, or the moral of the story? This story is about two pack donkeys that were on a journey through ancient Japan, at the time of the discoveries, the gray 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 and the road was very rough, the gray donkey could not take it anymore and was about to die from the effort when stumbling falls into a large puddle of water melting half the load, the black donkey watching in amazement the incredible luck of his companion who gets up, lightened taking what was left of the load. Driven by envy, he throws himself into the water hoping for the same luck.

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 colors to paint the world - I exhale, you inspire the same air of loving being that I am all the colors 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 wonder if one day I was lightning? If one day I were a lightning bolt, would it be destructive, frightening, noisy, relentless, 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 is 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 about beliefs and faith with a follower of the Koran who told me the following story, which I will now describe: they pass a dice into your hands and you ask God vehemently that you get the maximum score, and you get the minimum score. Gentlemen, the story is short, 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 its own energy/form/behavior. I knew that there was going to be a transformer and that things were going to have a balance of shining forces that would transform reality. A revitalized energy and that those who live dissatisfaction with satisfaction were going to become all colors 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 with 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 bad behavior are perpetuated and the voice in unison sounds louder than many voices, words are an art of expression, from this moment on there will be inspiration. The beating of the heart has its 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 hate because it is 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 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 conscience is a lantern that enlightens us.

There are vices that we all have, sometimes we have fears, we all say and make mistakes. 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 "nobody belongs to anybody" and therefore everybody 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 that 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 be a graduate in the school of life... I will transform myself for you, for me, and for those who love me. Change for evolution. A cable through which passes a vibrant current of anxiety, electric, run through bodies, feeding hope and something new and amazing that leaves us static of movement but with accelerated and anxious thinking. Paralyzed 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 categorize behaviors, faces and movements

framed in the descent and ascent of the moments of life, lights feed the escalator that without stopping take you to the madness of this XXI century reality, energies, magic, fantasies, everything with apparent harmonies, but be careful with the steps, not everyone goes up the escalator of life, there are beings that climb steps that rise and above all someone moves and supports them, is this 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 to go down or to be supported on the way up, 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, a radiant source that falls like drops to 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. The electromagnetic waves that go back and forth wave thoughts 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 glows brightly, a blackout arises and the tormented voices are silenced by the luminous feeling of being, 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 dark vibrant roots of hate. Electrocutted in luminous smoke that erases memory, electromagnetic turbulence simmers in minds, turbulent infinite electromagnetism. They extend like electrifying rays that paralyze the mind, possessing a light, electrifying black of flashes, intermittent lights plague my uninterrupted current passage. The opaque lights illuminate miraculous beings in the dark light. Electric wires run through my vibrant body full of energy. I move up and forward towards the 10th electric circuit and there is a power failure', incorruptible even in the dark there is an electric crash and fell electric on the words of ecstasy and sensations. Razor sharp luminous cuts and luminous echoes, resplendent with light clutch the breaking voice, the glimmering obscurity where glimpses obscure the eye-oriented walking beings. There is a fluorescence and blooms and falls like thunder in all directions and directions. The "dazzle" and those stabbing flashes of lightning blur the pleasure of others' 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 I curl gently into the sharp lights of my being, and gently delight like lightning. There is a threatening light, they threaten these lights

convalescents that torment us and let us foresee danger? There is a night-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 that which neither gives nor feels the companion light. Thunder creaks and shatters noises thirsty for pleasure. Powerful lights condemn alien lives to instruction by voices. Like powerful, lacerating rays that cut ties impossible to bind the dim light in which they overshadowed the consciousness into which they penetrate voluminous beams. Intensely illuminate the mists of black light in the luminous cosmic, a deep penetrating cosmos that soothes the forgetfulness of the soul. The lightning heats up and darkens and becomes motionless 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 neglected action of the sense of opportunity to be still at the moment when another lightning bolt fell on this world. I remember by the photo taken with my brother (hanging in my room today) and I am at the place where I ate the infernal wafers that 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, tearfully 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. In blaze 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 yields neither to one side nor 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 countless and depressing pleasures. The anxiety of sedentary pleasure chemistry, but not crusted, but imprinted on naive faces. Unaware of 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 retreat does not oscillate or collide in the 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 dynamize and believe that it exists, by it we are taken without credit without debts, 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 outfit as in the first photo that is in my room today, I am in

I remember falling on my grandmother's stairs where there were some ribbons used at the entrance for flies. I remember calling my grandmother's land the land of the flies there was a lot of commotion with 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, not a single tooth fell out. I saw my grandmother's breasts only once and it was in the mirror under my parents' bed and it was the best childhood joke I had until the worst of nightmares, nightmares I used to have a terrible one I would come down from a chain and enter a cauldron, I think this may be the worst thing you can dream of as a child that 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 enhance 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 is extinguished, creaks and moves without the minimum of secrecy, apparently in a world of psychedelic lights that afflict those who want to crash in it or enjoy scaled pleasures.

prejudiced tinged with stagnant oblique colors, unwilling to create or merely indulge. Imbued in the spirit of the fragments of thought, indeed fragmented are all those who imagine another world, distant from disturbances, that irritate us as when we scratch our eye, or simply blink. This alienated movement from another movement incandescens and pulverizes 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 rumors and intransigence like the bogeyman, and here no one feeds on bizarre personalities and cognomes of 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 blossom 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, which is why it is so genuinely spontaneous that it is absurd to think of anything. The heads of yesteryear grind and grind, already faded into yellow pages 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 labeling 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 intense or less, 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, overshadow any thought that one might want to ignite 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 ecstasy current 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, which through a simple look transmits the light of its past, a more or less intense light, sweats from past lives, but which do not guide the principle unleashed from the movement of remaining impulses, unmasked, lived by the second, in the instant, not like those who simply crawl around past lights and cling to nothing. Well, that is synonymous with contamination, radiation, no thanks! Hence, nothing is stronger than to light up in the moment, and be in every moment with all the strength, but no one is better than anyone else, it's really a matter 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 colors reflected in shades of yellow sun. In fact there is not much light, only foci of remaining existence and balanced way of objectifying, what cannot be seen. So it doesn't exist, it's not real, it's the fruit of something that helps us become conscious. But what the hell is consciousness? What is really conscious or unconscious? Here is a barrier that does not materialize by

As much sense as it makes and as much as it is understood, we are all headed towards the instant. 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 the thirst for 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 ourselves, only the void, there are indeed imaginary celestial creatures that live as is said in the light of the past, by the majority that decided 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 to it. Conformities, adversities, conflicts, mere indulgences that serve as an accumulator of attitudes and conscious problems, 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, the joy that involves us, the one that hits 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 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 that 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, this change into something that elevates us and protects us from contamination. I remember crying and not wanting to go to preschool on the first day, but mostly afterwards I enjoyed the friendships, playing with my friends. It was normal when I was a kid to get sick with a high fever and it caused 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 safe in the final countdown that was going on. I know once that I also learned to differentiate hot from cold by obeying my brother to put one hand on the heater according to him on the coldest part and him on the hottest part, result: I ended up burned on a right wrist that reminds me of 666 or the mark of the beast out of curiosity my last phone ended in 666. - Something will make us stop if we don't 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 paralyze 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 faith, and that is why the doubt of wanting and 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 yourself 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,

impulsive and thirsty, those who can't control themselves. Calm down and listen, listen to the silence within you.

Once I caught a bird and tied a string to an ironing board and gave it bread, water.... And that day my living toy died. My first game of catch resulted in my brother chasing me, causing me to rush into that "corner" where I cracked my head open, even the whitish tissue was visible. I would walk about 2 miles 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 just 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 the hospital by him. Almost at the same time I was stomped by a pregnant bitch and then I was involved in the theft of marbles by my brother, taking revenge on the little thief who would later become my friend and who had the craziest brother in the village. This friend was not invited for my birthday but made a point of giving me my first and only lego in my life. Days before my 1st communion I went with a friend to the social center and stole the sin wafer. That was just the beginning. Then I started to play hide-and-seek and that's how I hid my best friend from my mother, leaving him alone in the house knowing later that he was terrified, and calling for us there we opened the door. With our friends we played with bicycles, cars, marbles, and we liked adventures... One day we went to sing the janeiras (traditional Portuguese songs) on saint's day and we got some money and spent it right away, I remember that they offered chouriças (sausages) and other smoked food, we were in the 3rd grade and meanwhile the teacher was

substituted, 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 was about to "be hit" for such a daring move, 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 come out 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. I am at Christmas with my cousin and my brother and he receives from the first one a pink floyd lp - the wall, great cousin. Remembering my 1st communion in May 1986 in the church of Freixo de espada à cinta was an intense walk with my shoes already tight. The time came to leave for the county of 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, my daily life began here, I know that at the time what today they call bullying I was the victim and I feared it, I even feared it when I traveled from home to school by bus, there was one who had a taste for "wetting 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 grade with a special authorization, i.e., a term of responsibility signed by my guardian to enter the 5th grade at c+s Avanca school because I was not yet the minimum age. I even rolled up

I only used toilet paper and smoked - I would wish that the whole world stopped in time for me to enjoy a bank robbery, etc... But that year I receive my first diploma in which it mentions that my student participated in the school cross 1988/89, placing 15th, not bad for someone who is not yet grown up, I also felt grown up enough to jump the net and go buy cigarettes. I rode without bike brakes and spent the soles of the shoes in my beginning to smoke seriously was to owe a giant sg the neighbor the best tavern in Estarreja early preferred the buffet and did not eat in the cafeteria. I remember the first funeral rite I attended was that of my poor parakeet whose wings had been clipped? I was playing in the backyard and climbed up a thorn bush when I jumped to the ground and crushed the parakeet! This is where my after-effects begin; I fell asleep crying because I had lost that animal, I ended up gathering some mosaics and buried it there. All very well, but a cat came the next day to get it! The result of this story ends with a dog that I had asked for as a Christmas present but was found as a stray at the door of my house, we took in 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 at work, I had fun at the pastry shop where I worked, what a joke... I used to take the newspaper into the bathroom to read and smoke one or two cigarettes, but in order not to be caught by my brother and my sister-in-law, I was afraid I would throw the pack out the window in the car. I had an experience with wolf shadow: 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 adventure and had a landing, cartoonishly. As a wolf he was protected, but by attitude alone, immersed in apparent loneliness. Today I write as a cartoon wolf, I 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 caricuaao where I graduated has the blood of a loyal, honest young man above all a fearless nature, fierce in its essence but loyal and friend and respectful of his companion and friend. So faithful companion of travel and of complicities always interpreted with affection and silence. I lived with him long enough to know the shadows of the caricatured "streets" and company. But I saw courage in the wolf and he established a bond of silent confidant friend and statute as to his freedom. If there was one thing the wolf had it was freedom, he was, 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 rather shadow wolf caricatured 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 to the sense of free state of purity of his own nature. Enigmatic as to the way of life but fueled 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 their unconventional way of acting in the coercion of others, we are

free by the hands of mother nature and thus we grow and induce what we are infiltrated with. 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 like 30 cm because he was short and fell from 2 meters high, I ran to call my parents when I got there the little one had survived that Christmas were my grandparents at home, I got to have an argument with my parents and even told my grandmother before she died that the dog. I arrived where I am in the town, today the city of Estarreja, and started to attend the 6th grade at the donaciano school. Here I met my great teenage passion that would mark me throughout my youth. I even spent more than 10 minutes staring at my father's mistress and thought, I thought that if she made even the slightest noise I was going to have some problems.

I always liked my brother but he once punched me and hurt my father's identity when I ran in my pajamas 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 makeup on my usual Sunday outing because of the marks on my face. I rode without brakes and spent the shoes to brake, I sold the bike in which I rode without tires only with the rim offered by my grandfather and sold it to the weight where I made 300\$ for it. In this school I end up with two negatives, one in math and another in manual labor, I never realized I was so bad at manual labor. Naturally involved by the society and its customs, in 1989 I start to play

soccer until I finished this career in 1998 as an athlete of the Estarreja sports club. As a soccer player, I started as a winger, scoring one goal out of the three in my long career, but it was in a training game against ovareense. Then, as I grew up, I moved back to the center forward position, moved to left winger, then to right midfielder, then to center midfielder until I reached the defense in the positions of center and libero. I was known at the end of my career 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 the team captain and play as center midfielder, in that game I scored a goal, I made the difference and covered the distance from the midfield to the opponent's goal making a "panty" to the goalkeeper. I thought about taking pins to soccer games in order to win the plays on the field.

In 1990/91 I attended the 7th grade at Estarreja high school, I was poorly integrated in this school for being rebellious and passing 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 the year 4 negatives. The one that cost me the most was in Portuguese, since 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 grade. After the 1991/92 school year, I started to be called "AIDS" among my schoolmates, and I was known as a bad boy. However, my school successes allowed me to pass the year. I used to puncture low-density diskettes to double their capacity, and that's what I did.

with a manual drill, I used to go to classes from Estarreja to Avanca on my "bicycle", purposely going later to Ovar to steal gum and sweets from the hypermarket. The best game I played in my whole career was after a direct and was against beira-mar the club's van even came to pick me up at home. I put a fly in a butter sandwich from a friend called "minete", the first porn movies I saw amazed me, one woman had a dick 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 to take them, but as the tobacco addiction started to get worse, instead of buying the pass... I was already in a phase of only hitchhiking in order to have change for tobacco and I would go to the bakery to eat half a regueifa and drink a liter 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, already on a drug craze, I burned some gum and it turned black, making the party believe that it was hashish. Before training, I would call my friends home and steal bottles of champagne from my father and we would drink before training, getting kicked out several times. One day one of these friends got so drunk that he had to be hospitalized. His father called my father and complained. In the soccer club we had a special training, that was, our opponent the team of the Aveiro national team in search of new talents. I had a formidable training and that's when they put me in training in the Aveiro selection and I even got a placement. I was playing as a striker, on the left side of the field, and I was a substitute for a player who had been playing more than one year.

later 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 selection entered the field with another determination. Unlike the first half in which the Leirienses dominated, Aveiro began to take control of the game and better exploiting the opponent's defense, gave a "volte-face" to the result. They got the equalizer, 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 soccer 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 and I was in the 8th grade at the school c+s Avanca and I was already smoking every break, I was already a rebel with deviant behavior. I told a friend that I went to military school, I entered a French support class with a toilet seat on my head saying that I was Mr. toilet seat, I didn't have the courage to face my father's eyes until the first internment, I chewed herbs before going home after soccer practice, the first and last time I was beaten, I played in the beginners in a practice, "I took one" and hit him and told him to wait for me outside that I would get more, and he waited... Even my head went up against the

tar he was nicknamed the "Pardilhó". I got my first disco in my attic and named 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 off the roof. The raging blue ray invades my being resplendent with 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 into shameless artifices that are difficult not to be farfetched 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 unraveled memories in directionless heads and action, action, that motor that cools the echelon of frantic thought of slow and massively uncoordinated mind. Penetrating the idleness of the moment it gets excited and distributes itself among the cerebral and exciting lights in roving electrical stimuli. It intensifies in the hypnotizing and paralyzing body mass, like a rhyming trigger in the nonsense words. These attic lights enter into any head tip engineering. "some people have little monkeys, others just attics ! ", Other lights that overshadow the main entrance, I wish I could penetrate attics with memories, thoughts, in short lives lived without great causes but with many

memories. Memories that illuminate the mind forever opened or closed in chests... I would get VHS tapes and not having money to pay, the rent spreading over time and the debt increasing, I rarely slept thinking about what I owed. I even had the cassettes accumulating for months. In 1993 I started to want to have my own money and decided after an invitation to work in an arcade. At the time I was 15 years old and already had a lot of authority since I maintained the order of the space and forbade anyone under 16 to enter. This was the first contact with hashish, which was to prove to be my subsequent consumption over the next 17 years. In this environment I came into contact with other realities but I denied and always refused the use of heroin and cocaine, knowing that if I did it throughout my life it was not with the intention or on purpose, that is, I may have been "undermined" but I never used them. I had inappropriate attitudes for consumption and I was already a famous "artist" as the host of the end of the school year party for 9th grade seniors 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 daily energy. 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 loneliness 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 days and oblique faces that represent nothing in this electric medium, are loose threads. Venture into the imagination of the innate and unraveled motor of realities but with the suffocation of instantaneous contact. Contact is indispensable to motor life, a motor that is the reality of the consensus of being and not being present, but that is alien to other realities that are 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 that very being of the condescender, it cannot then alienate itself from the pleasure it generates, and proliferates in those ever-present faces of the piece of soul 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 revitalizes us daily gives us strength and mimicry of shining and walking beings, yes! Walking, because in it can be the strength of the light or of the sick and convalescent oppression that confronts dualistic and oppressive reality. Do not be overwhelmed by this current of negative poles that infiltrate the subconscious and reducing deep pains of the negativist critical personality, but rather feed yourself with 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 toward 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 that potentiate our thirst for living. These impulses therefore affect our reasoning and sometimes happen or develop conflicts in thought, but that 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 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 that affects deep and lasting friendship, it carries within it magical beams of madness and pleasure loving 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 eludes us and alludes us to abstract thought, but a strong and intensifying light of real and imaginary pleasure, but that 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

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 color 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 doesn't let us evolve at the level of brilliant uncontrollable pleasure.

In 1994 I started learning to be an electrician and there I got a nickname as I am still known by some as the "faiska" because I got a shock from a loose wire and in the end there was no electric current. I started going out at night and on my first trip to the eclipse disco in 1994, I became the "cup-catcher". 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 bartender doing shots and replacing bartenders in the middle of the night who couldn't hold out anymore. I left avanca and arrived in ovar, I entered the 1994/95 school year in the 10th grade in the sports area at the José Macedo Fragateiro school, I was always one of the worst in physical education and sports, this was also due to my bad behavior, I even had a medical certificate at the time of swimming referring to an allergic reaction to chlorine, but what I didn't know was how to swim! I had a soccer team called "les bufons", or the farts, and I even managed to raise funds for them in the commercial area of Estarreja. With the drinking I went through the PJ in Aveiro with another friend, I used to do internships before the global exams in high school where "submarines" mixed beer and

cakes became a laughingstock.

During our senior trip to albufeira we left the supermarket with a cart full of beers that we took back to the apartment where we filled the baseboard of the apartment with empty bottles. During my girlfriend's birthday party at the 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 all over the dinner table, then they gave me a ride 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 found it very funny that the man enters a toilet and dives into a sea of turds and many times when talking to my grandmother I liked to talk to what comes out of me that is the turd or just shit from my high school bullies who bullied even the older ones they were really intimidating, at my brother's wedding party with 3 bottles of rum and many shots and grabbed the blinds that morning throwing up. I became champion for the team nicknamed "tchetchenos" in the soccer 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 math 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 had been running and complained a lot about a muscle and later on 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 couldn't run because my legs hurt.

legs. He would do tri-turbos with his friends.

3 filters. I provoked bullying situations influencing the "back" group of the school that were the ones I called eta. I promoted meetings for 4 and 5 people in the city of ovar at lunchtime, true attacks to freedom of expression, guests who got together and with my best ally nuno we coerced the groups in kind of hazing. I will transcribe the following statement from the Estarreja town hall: "He worked as a monitor in the occupational program for children in the 1st cycle of basic education "active vacations", during the months of July, August, and September of 1997. In Santarem, after having said I was going to the expo, I went to the house of some friends, even farting and shitting myself, throwing my boxers out the window. In 1997/1998 I repeated the 12th grade where I failed the exam due to my dedication to the student association that I started to lead that year. The anxiety varies with age, although we always live in a very anxious way waiting for something, we always want something, everything in us involuntarily interposes itself as our own will. That year I prepared the following electoral proposal: it is with great determination and sense of responsibility that we run for these elections to the students' association of the José Macedo Fragateiro secondary school. It is our goal to promote cultural and recreational activities in order to dignify this school, which needs so much to impose itself internally and externally. To achieve this goal, we propose:-

Promote cultural and sporting days for the entire student population, namely a youth week, soccer tournaments, basketball and volleyball (male/female). Elaborate monthly debates, with the objective of educating and informing students about the problems of society- encourage the creation of a school newspaper- formation of associates- acquisition of a foosball pool- realization of the youth week, with various activities- establish contact with the "media" in order to divulge the activities of our school, and in particular the initiatives of the student association. "During the campaign I distributed condoms to the students and maintained contacts with the health center for the planned debates that didn't take place because the health center 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 forms 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 electoral act that took place on January 14, 1998 between 10 am and 8 pm. Two lists participated, a and b whose representatives are included in the candidacy file, registering that the referred act occurred within the normality. After the closing of the polls, where 740 people voted

students, the votes were counted. The results were as follows: ten white votes- fifteen null votes- five hundred and seven votes list a- two hundred and eight votes list b according to the voting list a emerged as the absolute winner in the first round of voting, possession was granted by the association elected last year, which then presents the association's balance sheet for the one thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven school year. After such a presentation there is no positive balance. It should also be noted that the previous association has in its patrimony a desk, a metal cabinet, a chair, a bench and two chess sets (incomplete). Days after the campaign an anonymous accusation circulated around the school where I was nicknamed the lion king and al capone because sometimes I would pretend to be those characters in class, things got complicated for my side because I was also seen by the school council as a hashish consumer and according to a school psychologist the mastermind. At the end of 1998, Psp Ovar opened an inquiry and there was a police investigation. According to the anonymous complaint, I was the son of the mayor of Estarreja and was the head of a drug trafficking network. I had just smoked a joint when I entered the police station. I denied that I was smoking and that I had tasted it and didn't like it. That year on the prom fall suspicions and accusations of non-payment of that dinner, immoral thing because it was paid in the following days with the 1st job of my best friend of the time, the list that ran in the year

next he was afraid that we hadn't paid for the dinner, which was done, rumors. 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 bartender I entertained the customers with bottles and juggling tricks that reminded me of the movie "cocktail" there was a night when I shat all over myself and had the feeling that the disco had even burned down believing that even after waking up when I see myself all messed up I throw my underwear out the window, They fall on top of a café's parasol, 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, one of 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 was immediately fired. To make a long story short, 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 pot in the bathroom and got so drunk that I put a shoe on the table and played cell phone. In the night, always accompanied by the glasses and hashish that I consumed, I used to write Einstein's formula on the covers of the 1998-1999 monho bar - bartender here I was some

months serving glasses. I accomplished a final party of 2nd period, as usual the concurrent 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 members of the association out to dinner, paying the owner of the monho for 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 at uniteca/quimigal. I was a bartender/entertainer with my juggling tricks at the disco dacasca 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, such as leafing through an entire magazine and not reading anything or coming 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 person and the bouncer 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 the hospital. Because of a delay of three hours when I was with a girlfriend I get there and am replaced by the glass catcher and fired on the spot. A new bar opened in Estarreja where I was in the years 1998/99 as a barman/bar hero, 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 motorcycle gasoline, but I never tease or get involved with anyone. I organize a réveillon 1998/1999 at the heroes of the bar organization faisca & friends I call all the friends for New Year's Eve. I send all the bar customers out 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's Office but I didn't follow up on the case for lack of witnesses. On New Year's Eve 98/99 - heroes of the bar av. Visconde de Salreu Estarreja I put together a program in which: the 12 bells in a single 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 of me, I think about creating a security system among the men, like winking or touching and feeling the other and 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 store by the kilo that day I thought that the broken glass in the street were diamonds, I was watching the movie snatch / pigs and diamonds in the cinema in Aveiro when I think I am the actor in the movie, I start to take off my shoes and go in and out of the cinema, it was my movie. 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 think that I am a genius and that Mr. President of the Republic is watching me, I have contact with the cows that were grazing and try to communicate my thoughts to them. I think that they are stealing my ideas and that they want to harm me, I begin to feel strange things, to isolate myself, I would do things like turn the whole room upside down, read psychology books to try to understand what was happening to me, I began to have delusions, persecution mania, or that I was being watched and controlled either by television or by the daily newspapers, I even thought my father was going to buy me a bar, and that he was the greatest in the world, he only did bizarre things and my parents became 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 told me: "we were just looking for you", I am taken to the hospital in Aveiro, later to the psychiatric emergency room in 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 talking to 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 cab 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 the hospital, I remained more than 20 days under physical restraint or tied to the bed with a belt! In Estarreja, the intermarche's welcome seemed like an invitation to enter a neighboring house, I even entered the garden thinking I was

thief and they even filed a complaint but then the GNR said they were really looking for me and they took me to the hospital. According to the hospitalization bulletin - psychiatry service - the patient was admitted to this hospital on 1999-01-03 and was discharged on 1999-02-15 - normal illness. At Coimbra hospital he received the first issue of superinteressante in which the man was flipping through 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 deceived me saying that 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 towards the cars that passed and the lighted houses or where it contained movement thinking that the police were interacting with me, I ended up being taken back by a gentleman who passed by car and saw me in pajamas, I asked them to let me go and give me the 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 coffee shop, 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, and 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 won't let me sleep, and I'm going to face it with insomnia.

I enrolled in externato luís de camões, asked for an equivalency in portuguese of 11 points and retaken the course in capitalizable units of secondary school. 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 behavior for young people. I started seeing pornography online and having 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 information supports and contacting the Portuguese institute for youth", Aveiro, March 09, 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 raquel Mamede - Bombarral Portugal and after a few 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 apartment to be with raquel and after a few hours I find myself with the ex. Girlfriend putting a fixed spoon in the doorbell and seeing a friend of mine jumping from one balcony to the other warning me of the ex. Being that moments later she also jumped and came to meet me I fled to the apartment room and hid under the sheets of my best friend at the time and she asked where was the Philip and I got out of the sheets and

I said I'm here and she ran away from the apartment, I chased her through the streets and even crawled over her to calm her down, and she stayed on the floor. I get the recurrent secondary education diploma 1999/2000 with the final classification of 16 values - over December 11, 2000, I took an exam in the interdisciplinary area and left in the middle and concluded outside after I went to deliver it to another teacher, after two days I go to his office apologizing for the lack of honesty and the teacher takes another exam and assigns a score of 20, the maximum score used by the teacher was 16 values. I got the grades of 11 in Portuguese, 15 in English, 15 in French, 17 in the interdisciplinary area, 18 in philosophy and 18 in computer science, I cheated in the exams, thus getting approval in the course. While I was studying, I worked at the hotel "meia-lua" as an employee, with the professional category of "2nd year reception trainee" since February 08, 2000 until May 31, 2000 "acquired knowledge in this hotel in the reception/ reception and bar sections. 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 undermined as he knew he had been hospitalized in psychiatry. Then I went to lisbon and got a job as a bartender in a coffee shop in the imaviz shopping center it was the year 2000 I used to go to a disco in the shopping center where I used to dance until late hours imagining myself the best dancer at that time I had with me a bottle of popper's which I would inhale before going to work I liked to smell and look at the sky

in front of the sheraton hotel, this bottle was my 2nd experience with chemicals, but I never did it again or looked for it in my life. I participated in the Estarreja carnival staff in 2001 - entrudo or nothing! Entrudo or nothing! declaration ovar city hall - 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 for the radio of a trucker that was disturbing the traffic, the bt is called to the place after they tow the car they say there is no fine, they call for 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 no license by the dgv I return home with the vehicle but already without a license and never drive again I receive a letter from the court penalizing me with a fine for a very serious infraction (no minimums) 30 days period of suspension, I take the license to the dgv which keeps it and says to take others because of that law of being a driver for less than 2 years. I even turn my room upside down and think that there were cameras filming me and that I was being watched by spies. In Leiria I think Interpol was collaborating with me, I once put 5,01 cent. I once put on 5.01 cent of gas and paid 5 euros, thinking that I had discovered the formula for winning and becoming a millionaire. In those days I thought I had Russian spies under my 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 into 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 courthouse 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 a moment I lay down on the toilet at liscont, I had 2 months without smoking hashish and when I came back my head hurt 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 traveled under the clouds I flew under the skies I was on the planets on mars and in Jupiter I decided to love you and in Jupiter I wanted to have you and this 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 for something hot, it was a dream, an achievement, 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 bright, shining, I looked up, I saw the moon, it was mine and yours, it was landscape, a journey, I saw you traveling over the land and under the sea. I had that longing, to want, to desire, to love, to think, to feel. I miss you and it's wanting to have you

Here, wishing to meet you, loving you, always thinking of you and feeling your presence, there that I miss you and being without you, thinking, wanting, feeling and loving you without seeing you, desiring you with all five senses: sight that sees you without you being there, smell you without smelling you, hear you without making noise, taste you delight me without tasting you, and touch you 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. May 30, 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 that is actually shit. I was 4 months without smoking joints before I started, then I smoked and my head hurt and that was the beginning of the intrigues with the boss and I ended up quitting and going to look for a job. I ended up taking a leave of absence and going to look for a job. Câmara Municipal de Lisboa biblioteca orlando ribeiro terrified by the contact with the younger ones I created a phobia of doing activities with them. After wanting to clear up some doubts with the superior technician, I say that I resign and take medical leave - I sent a letter to the president of Isel with a breakdown of the facts, namely not being able to enter the toilets and leave cheese in the toaster, I left... I wrote the 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 office at the citizen's store in lisbon that tells me that I am not entitled to unemployment benefit when in reality I had it, I argue with my mother-in-law and wife and take the train to faro with the idea of catching a plane to luxembourg.

to talk to tough guy barroso in the european union to give me a job. Culminate just another instant, a moment coming from that thought of yours, probably we all exist not only as a virtuous image but in 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 command voices 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 found herself hugged with that situation she called inem the fire department arrived shortly after and gave me olive oil when I wake up I am in a diaper in the hospital. Days later I told my neighbors 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 that someone, surpasses my reality. My simple sadness is like all happiness attainable as unattainable. By magic, without irony of in a 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 through you I wrote for so much I suffered and never died and

for you never lost I only felt I will be next to you in a burning match that burns the pain that in me when everything burns. I never took you away, in fact 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. He is treated at the Curry and Cabral hospital where he was in a "coma" and appears awake and sees himself with only a diaper, I don't remember the conversation with the psychiatrist who nevertheless gives me the release order after signing the consent form. - i thought about throwing animals out of 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 and emotionally agitated states of mind a desire, i beg you give me a kiss just like those you know? Give me a hidden kiss, like the ones we stole from each other when the desire was growing give me a kiss, soft, like that, you know. Gentle, sweet to you. Give you a kiss from me. 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 the part of the considerations if you have already read me 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 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 ardor 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, that 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, especially 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. With the mind inflamed by a simple confrontation of ideas, we must appeal to common sense. When should we yield or interpose the "I" with the other? Nothing more banal than rejecting what we don't want, it's easy. To love and to love is yes to feel the other and not me. Constructive attitude of the link between us the being. Imprinted in instinctive behavior 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 yielding to the other. It is a kind of come to us that is always opening up. Watch the self selves with which self masks you and what level of selfishness it is. Well, the armor of the self will one day be so broken by the "you's" that exist and that are "I's" plus "me's" that they crack the armor. 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 that 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 revitalizing energy, the luminous content is there. Illuminated sky, nothing stronger than the desire to reach the perfect balance of the illuminated sky, for it is the stars, that give them life and move thoughts

ideas or facts, from desire to concrete, there is nothing more beautiful than the sky illuminated by constellar energies that call for constant star interaction, 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 crystallization of feelings is no doubt a mask of political correctness. O soul become 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 is stages and cycles that everyone goes through and develops, but never on the path of fear and suffering 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 for 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 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 behavior in general, hence then there is one position in the middle of the love life. Understood and will this truth be the only source of pleasure, or does the individualistic being want another action, understood action as true freedom. Well, I have not lived the

I don't want to be absolutely sure, that's why I imagine myself to be an ass from time to time, and nowadays it is difficult to have donkeys, but there are artificial asses, who deceive those who truly put 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, 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 from there, that we are never fulfilled, we want more love and more and more of it, why so much ambition for love, as I put it. I take it back by saying this, 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 ward 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 gush blood.

Dying between living or dying? Oh, I'm sorry, does that fit? Of course, who has never killed himself? We've all stopped living for a moment, everyone without exception thinks we're going to die and then we're going to live, that's the contradiction of the ridiculous. After my birthday I try to go "beyond" and wake up 20 hours later completely disfigured and sedated, I survived, but

once. I participated in a public contest and was evaluated for a position as an administrative technician by a team of three doctors and got a score of 17.41 getting second place in the contest, the night before I hadn't slept and had smoked more than 10 joints, the interview was early in the morning. This was at the medical school in Porto. I went there a few days later 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 in the direction of the ecstasy of daily life, illuminated for me the unhealthy and unreasonable future for then yes, thunder rumbled in me and flashed like dynamite stripped of funereal pleasure. Then yes healed I came out of the caloric bowels of rigor and exactness. But I don't know if it will illuminate 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, not the dark 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 in full force 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 vision 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, the immediate, the second, the fraction, the moment, and the moment is instantaneous hence there will be no

cuts into the picture nor into the most ridiculous conduct because everyone has rights, whether they have a positive or negative effect. On the other hand, the tearing effect of the black faiska happens at 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 blur a smile burning like ashes, devoid of heat, but frantic when agitated. In the other quadrant we have the blue ray with 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 paralyzing the mind of creation, imagination or just painting a flourishing dash of green hue and grabbing life in that tone of living flourish, here is the marker you always wanted to point out, live intensely.

01/2008 I get 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 buy 5 cell phones to the company, stop showing up at work. In Estarreja in the library in the space reserved for the handicapped parking I sat and lay down in the place alluding to my protest

about how being different implies not being different, that is, 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 shelf. In the Estarreja library 02/2008 I walk with the blue helmet of the works and as a public works worker, I write the following on the door of the room: in me reigns the silence for suffering. I threaten my brother with death and I am taken by the authorities under this 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 sick or not, is that the computer system only admitted me as being sick?! I propose to go to the psychiatric hospital in Coimbra, arriving with the gnr soldiers who give me a ride home the next day. I go on a word strike and remain 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 at maximum volume through my bedroom window, about José de Almada-negreiros, poet of futuristic Orpheus and everything. H.U.C - Coimbra University Hospitals Inpatient bulletin - psychiatric service men - patient was admitted to this hospital in 2008-02-02 and discharged 2008-02-18 - normal illness, changes his roommate's diaper, 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 take out the books that 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 even summoned by the Estarreja councilman of culture that if I didn't deliver the books taken from the library a criminal procedure would be instituted 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 light in the town square.

When I became mute because of the disease I conceived a plan, to keep a multimillion dollar secret I thought I won't talk 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 I was diagnosed with schizophrenic psychosis - maybe I just 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 my 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 that had fallen from trees and that I didn't like butter and strawberry jam. What was there in the usual meals. I thought of ways to commit suicide, like throwing myself off the pattern of the discoveries, etc...

Living, I feel a pain that prevents me from seeing, I wish I could be real with conduct always loyal but like a sad clown I am false the smile, the joy from within,

does not obey the outside. I feel a fluctuation that makes me leave the normal place, travel and stay in a point where one is out of sight. I feel an abysmal wide step, an unnatural phenomenon, but as a wild animal I feel the ferocity and with speed, I pull 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 a swear in the sky at the temperature of the time, this violent impetus blooms and grows, it's nothing but a bad moment all the ferocity culminated and perfected I dress as a clown and with an itn cap - informing 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, like in a hotel, I find a piece of cardboard to put on the door handles that says: "Do not disturb! Don't bother and I walk with it on my wrist around the perimeter of the hospital and find myself picking leaves from a tree, and from leaves and pollen I make cigarettes out of the shrouds that I 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 a display of a restraint chair with the constitution offered by the assembly of the republic and open in the defense 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 covered about 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 the hospital in Aveiro and I was breathing through an open window 5 cm. And I just wanted to breathe the air that was blowing and I saw the garden and people running and enjoying and I just wanted to breathe... Feel the freedom

Continuation of Being: Way of Life

True Accounts of

Nelson brás pereira

That which is proclaimed, for which it is destined. Way of life, that is, it's everything that we inherit from our ancestors, then 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, all that we can acquire, the knowledge, that is, all that 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 such a way that we are an acceptable being so that we are seen by society itself as a gentleman, we can't be mean, only more worthy than we can be; that's what we live for, we also know that there is between help.

Why?

Because we are beings to serve each other, that is 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 practice good.

We want to please all readers who can read books, these books of mine, which you can find in any bookstore where you can be fascinated by the topics you want to hear 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 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 this is a topic that won't be too shocking, we don't want to shock the readers, but the reports are true and are reported 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 our skin the true feeling of the animal instinct.

We want to win by force, and we feel like it.

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 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 raised in Pontinha, after a separation of my father and mother.

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

Why?

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

But when the facts are proven 100%, do the law, which is ruled 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 convey 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 that we are doing.

When we are abandoned by society and we are that neighborhood look that 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 not so 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 to be enemies because I didn't want to accept that I really could have gotten away with that trial.

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

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

They were the places that we were looking for and because of the way of life that 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 about what we do. It's not well seen in the eyes of society, because no society accepts, that others can make a living from crime, if it's not seen as a necessity for consumption of 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 view 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 in the middle of 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 very her relationship, it wasn't love at first sight, I believe and 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 raise a family.

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

I was good at what I did, I started doing robberies, I started in the simplest robberies, I did some armed robberies. But then I degraded with the excessive consumption of cocaine, I felt good about smoking and not smoking it.

I 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 could see the progression of having a good life, of being able to live a fat life, as such, that is, I just wanted the money, I knew I was okay, I just wanted the money and I felt bad in those acts, I just wanted to satisfy my addiction and to feel social, in the social environment, to be okay 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 its 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 how is the

Men who drink alcohol and smoke drugs react on the procreation of genes in the heredity that is left by the consequence of fertilization.

I am not the "expert" in this matter to be able to decipher all this and be able to transmit to the reader this parable, of the kind that I talk about because I had to talk about it, they are ways of life. Sometimes they are taken well, sometimes they are taken badly.

Why?

Because the way of life that we have learned, as I mentioned above, cannot always be acted with malice, one must be forgiven, to be well acclaimed!

Why?

Because we live from this, from patterns, 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 maybe she took advantage of having a little more power over me.

I loved the girl, I was jealous, but it wasn't a sick jealousy, it was a healthy jealousy and in that jealousy there was no real sick malice that could lead me to 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 neighborhood 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 to love 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 on the good side.

It didn't hurt much, but he didn't accept my relationship with his sister. He just lived with me because of the circumstance of the context, we lived in the same neighborhood 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 neighborhood we proclaimed him neighborhood 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 he did.

I looked up to him as a hero, a fighting man, 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 that 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.

So it starts from there, the notion that really nobody can 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 mankind and such events followed each other, because history is based on this.

We are the continuity, that continuity that will always be continuous, the one that 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's 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 were experienced.

Why?

So that you 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, so that you are the exemplar, my father always saw me and wanted to see me as a king, but I am the king, the warrior who can't always win and I started very young.

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

After I hit her with a slap in the face what I felt was that I had lost her, I felt it right in the eyes, later she tried to get back with me, but I didn't accept and that's when the real story of the crime started, but I already had a history, 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, the story of this individual fits my path in the prison environment, and as the book goes on, the reader will understand the real social environment, in this case

After six months in prison, I was pardoned by the Pope.

It was all investing so that I could lead a good life, I had already separated myself from the vat. 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 that they didn't have in their home country.

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

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

I began 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 not well accepted, because the overseas war had passed and at that time I was still a kid, I was a little kid, I was waking up and that's when 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 this lost, even at a young age I realized 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 practical school where I spent my vacations with him.

My father was a hard man, had a hard childhood, lost his father at the age of 14. It was my grandmother's ambition to grow up in life, to have more support and to have more money.

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, 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 business, but he didn't succeed there, he was a cyclist too, he joined the army at the time and continued his career there.

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

This 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, but it was, there you go, it was the separation, I drifted away a bit, I didn't pursue a more in-depth follow-up 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 practiced, but since 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 start?

I had already passed the separation, that's when I started to enter the 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 are leaving me, I will 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 don'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 for 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 this, as I knew that the road could be very long in cloister, I turned to the jungle to manage, it was the way

easier to deal with, with those who commit crimes and are in jail, it's a world where the law of stupidity reigns, and when you deal with stupid people you have to know how to deal with them, but if you are too smart you can fall, that's why life there has to be taken neither so far to land nor so far to sea, this was my salvation, this 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 have to be in the years I could spend there. So what did I do? I started 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 realize, the routine that after seeing it I was disgusted to live, I never thought that human beings could do so much harm to each other by the fact that some sell drugs, others are consumers because life inside jail what revolves around the monopoly is drugs because that's how I started smoking 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 the next thing I knew 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 having 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 was going to abstain 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 loves, but it's one thing 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 my 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 release a great need that we all feel, it's logical to have a pleasure, to have the freedom to be able to walk to be pleasing, 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 that is to seek a 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 a slave, work, third may become a nanny or housewife by day, there is so much variety of men inside the jail that you can not 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 found the path of good inside the jail again, I didn't believe in good, I only saw evil. Why? Because I felt disgusted with myself, because in the eyes of others I was nothing more than a piranha, a piranha is a slang term that we used to use, it means a lazy person, one who doesn't want to dedicate himself to any cause but what he is resigned to do, he always follows the path of one who always gives in to the divine, the power comes from there, from the belief of hope and faith, and I always carried this around with me, I saw murders in there.

But since 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 school principal encouraged me to continue my studies, but that I concluded, just 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 are those who give us the wrong when we are pushed and being 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 is not, it's gone.

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

Inquiry I was always safe because I knew the movement inside the jail, I knew the corrupt guards, those who transported drugs to jail, some got away with it others ended up in jail.

Some of these cops that were arrested I already knew, I stood out, and I had an episode with one of them, alfredo, he was a man of the night, the king of the night, a nightclub exploiter, that's the real king of the mafia, he deserves a better life, he was an ex-goe cop, but he went down the path of crime, and 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 that time I was already a veteran, I had served five years there. I knew all the agents, and they all knew me, and that episode was bad for the whole jail, related to the inmates, because I was an incentive for all of them, I was the example that they saw in me, of assuring a continuity inside the cloister because we had to be there, and when I mentioned above that the Cape Verdeans were going to be my union, I wasn't wrong, they were, in fact, they wanted to get revenge for that episode, they tried to kill me, I was invited to be the man at the head, but I didn't want to use anyone's union, I just made him see that if I wanted him he would be dead.

But by the irony of fate, none 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 of 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 couldn't defeat me, he would pay the early price of death, so that's how I let him walk and when I realized he was humbled I learned to respect him and accept him, for he wouldn't be alive if I didn't want him, but he wasn't worth it, it was just a high price to pay, I was criticized by the common prisoners who hated the cops, I was scorned.

- nelson how do you accept this guy?

I accepted him because 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 who 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 the shoulder to lean on and the venting 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 these 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 by then 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 is a lot and sometimes you can get caught in the middle and after we did that, I decided to go on my way, I did many escorts inside the

jail, i.e., I ensured the welfare of some, and to earn mine, i.e., 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 employee in the legal department, she liked me and I forgave her, but this one I forgave with pleasure, 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 willing to do anything.

Regardless of the harm, the harm that could come to me from the fact that, I took an education based on the future and being able to live with it, it is a strong factor to be like that, and be used to it and 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 in 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 you really are a dominating being and become the owner of the whole galaxy, that is, everything is dysfunctional and everything is prepared for this, because they are employers and do not control the employees of their adventures to steal and be able to say that it is legalized, it is a way to deceive, one of the moments that I most glorify myself in the lino was my conquest because besides securing my name in the square. I had one more thing, it was the moment of all or nothing with no escape from winning, or dying, that was the motto that I had inside of me, the strength to live and to be able 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 to my comrades and I almost cried tears because of the evil that I saw being exercised by other comrades 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 jail I would be willing to kill and live in a dignified way so that they wouldn't bother me in the end, in the end, these are 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, 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 that I had, I felt platonic love for some of them, and that was when it was going well, but the boat

then it turned around, 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 realized that I was really dealing with a mob 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 ball a lot, for my amusement, in fact I played everything there was to play, I played the highest trump you could ever play, ace of spades, some people told me that I could realize that I would have bad luck with that card, times change and that's when I started to realize that life is not inside the jail, but outside, but I never wanted to internalize, 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, that is, 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 in the life they led, and I led too, it was a hard life, you could even say it was slavery, because of the way life was made, every day we had to smoke or we would have a hangover.

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, they always asked 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 from the past, it made me a hero of someone who was in the garbage 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 I had it offered and given to me I wouldn't buy it, I became a pimp for the dealers, to sell, they had to assure me of my daily hangover, with powder for me to smoke, it was then that I became a drug dealer's pimp, 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, they always had a paranoia, the paranoia that I have already mentioned in this book, the mistrust and that is doubtful, when we practice evil we are always worried, will evil happen to 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 the daily coexistence leads us to know each other, but physically.

We all want to be in charge because we think we have the right

to want to conquer a space in which we can be sure of ourselves, to be inserted in an environment in which we are always dealing 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 is immense and of an immense vastness all that can be thought of when one speaks of criminality, so that all that can be foreseen of businesses in which they do not serve to 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 also goes through an exploitation when there is a chronic dependency in which the addicts themselves know that they have no way out, they are very cowed by the dependency factor, they are commanded, they are subjugated, to extort money from families that feel the pain of seeing a son addicted to heroin and assume that everything that can be lost of human dignity, in other words to lose all the values of the education that we took to be someone in life, to live the way we were taught to live because those are the values that we are used to abide by the social order and the ethical values, that our parents left us and that we will proclaim no matter how many children we will beget, that will be the education that we will teach is always the prolongation of life.

It is written in the bible, 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 with.

Why?

The force of reason always wins, and all the judgments one may make about life may sometimes not be the most correct all weighed down by one factor: the defamation, the 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, there are those who say that you have to know how to play are popular sayings, so that luck can hit you and give you what you are looking for, the well-being, the being well with oneself, being able to help because we were taught for that too, we share a common life with our parents, with our brothers, sisters, grandparents, and grandfathers, because there it is, this is our generation, because we are the continuation of their seeing us being generated from their offspring, that is, they know that we have the ability 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 may not 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 take us in too much, they feel they own what they have generated and they make it a way of life that is written in all

theological readings that can be read, that is, the study of religions.

We all take moral lessons with us, 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 hurt them, in view of the image they preserve and the one they were taught, the values they were governed by, doesn't allow them to take a good look at a situation that could perhaps be resolved if it weren't, at times, misunderstood. This is, all very beautiful and the media also transmits it like this, just like the façade we are going to 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 of 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 they aspire to, but they also fail, but always forget and rule by the image; I kept this speech because my vastness is enormous in this life, I learned a lot, I developed what I had to develop although I was in prison, I never thought of the end, I always aspired to have direct contact with the employees 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. It is related to bilateral relations, they are relations that are governed by all nations, they are matters of community interest to safeguard the goods, so that they can give a welfare that was thus instituted 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 is the greatest pleasure that one can have in life, it is to be in freedom, we have to know how to overcome all the obstacles that we have in life and that we may encounter. There is a huge variety of them, I can 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 greater 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 are, whether they are politicians, judges, mayors, or presidents of associations, everyone can be, even television presenters can be charismatic 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 one 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 of 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, having it all, 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's our destiny we learn everything is left to us an inheritance of great values, so they praise themselves in the words they write, but this is all glorification to keep the power and be in exaltation, for all of this could be beautiful, if it were really all fulfilled and it is written it would be very good.

Why?

We would be entering the broadest path of human rot, we are the slaves of legalized democracy, the taking advantage of the situation of being encased and being subjugated to stricter rules; sometimes they don't react in the same way as normal in a calming way, it's called the transcendence of being, the transformation to the more cruel side of being, that's what I felt, I learned from experience that anger is a sustenance of living, 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't 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, everyone knows how to live, for that they need the guaranteed and credible support for the whole being, we work in cooperation, we cash out 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 have called this story of the continuation of being, it will be the prolongation of this issue.

It all started after my parents' separation, I was admitted to a nun's school in São Miguel, that was the name of the school, I spent vacations with my father and 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 gone to live in Pontinha after the separation, I was about 10 years old, when I arrived and got to know Pontinha, I ran away from school, 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 was all well taken care of, I regretted it, I cried, but

I won, I think this is the most appropriate theme, I loved them like no one else, fortunately they are fine, 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 that was easy.

I started working to help my mother, but soon realized that I was not to let myself be dominated, I started working as an upholsterer's helper, that is, the one who makes the structure to be molded and upholstered, I worked in my neighborhood in Pontinha, I worked there together with toninho, a young man from my generation, I had several brothers, but I was the favorite.

There was a guy who worked there who was the caster, the man with 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 this 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 rock 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 then I left by choice, but also the owner passed away 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 my 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 I was the son of a lion, and acted as such.

In march 1996 I was found, in the avenida subway, there had already been a series of robberies in the subway, there were reports of crimes that were happening there and there happened to be an occasion when a psp came by to ask us for identification, and that was it, there was already a record, 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 and didn't know the city, but he knew his way around, he was a drug addict, and at the time, since I was using cocaine, I thought it was a good idea to have a safety crutch, that is, to safeguard me well 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, this is how I discovered what I already knew you can't trust if you don't know, but my experience was vast, I 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 hurting 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 notified of a warrant for my arrest supposedly reported, I only need to add the introduction of this theme, a week before I had been arrested at the benfica super station, I found myself sleeping inside a car, the owner was a lieutenant colonel in the air force, a man who had already been overseas, I was used to sleeping there, but 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 station, but i didn't get scared and told ricardo not to get scared he would have to be strong and say 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 whiskey and i felt like sleeping and i didn't feel like going home and i lived close by. 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 were not 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 inquiry in the avenue subway, the police station was in 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 driver's license at the time, I was working, but I was already receiving unemployment benefits, 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 had come from the gym, I had been training for more than a month, when I entered the judiciary, I realized, when I was questioned at the marquis police station when I was questioned at the marquis police station when I was questioned at the marquis police station

marquês de pombal I said nothing, but ricardo said everything, I went on with the deposition, at the fact-finding stage was the judicial inquiry, I had nothing to say to them, nothing had been proven by the flagrant factor. So I couldn't accept such a 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 tough nut to crack, but I trusted myself.

She didn't defend me as she should have, she didn't know how to be operational in legitimacy of the duties she has to fulfill, as a representative of the law, at the time I didn't have a personal lawyer nor was I ever given one, I had to hire after the arrest, after I was convicted, after I was convicted, I hired this lawyer, it was all energy that I wanted to accumulate, I knew I was at the crossroads there was testimony I didn't want to assume, I paid an expensive price, for the lack of cooperation 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 got a heavy chain and managed to survive.

It was time to win that I learned the art of being able to raise my own defense through myself, everyone respected me including the administrative power that is the one that carries out the functions of the prison, because it is with this

when we want to win something we have to deal, they are the owners of the piece, in other words, they own the territory that they dominate, they think they are so, they are commanded to do what has to be done, to follow the path in loyalty, regardless, of how 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 the masters of the situation, they don't resign themselves 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. To Linhó it was a hard, very hard entry, I was full of rage and the will to win, I even thought of running away if I had the opportunity to do so, I managed to hold on, 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 about life in the cloister, I fought, I battled, I succeeded, if it weren't for that I would be in oblivion, everyone remembers me, everyone likes to remember me, I was the characteristic image, I became a somber and cold leader who didn't know how to love and that's how I conquered glory inside the jail, they were cold acts of who had to know how to live and stay on top of the earth to win. Quickly I demonstrated to the educators, the assistants, the guards and the direct to help me win the difficult battle, I felt no support I just looked at the circumstance of the moment and the assistance was barbaric, it happened what could not have happened, I became the devil in me, 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 principal of the school in which I maintained a healthy and pleasant respect she always accompanied me, always helped me, but later became 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 principal's name was João G. The man who had come from overseas, got away with it 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, he was even a man you could talk to, he was a communicator, he was interested in the subject, I was well-liked in the professional cycle, at the level of companionship everyone respected me and this director wanted the pinnacle of his career, in other words, I'm here to dominate, I'm here to win whatever it takes, I'll be well-liked, 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 an influential power to judge 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 you talk about destiny sometimes you get it right, you won't be too 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 even 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 used to 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 gave them to me, he helped him in his training, all because there was a separation. we are in the middle of my entrance into linhó, it was brave, right at the entrance the guards wanted to know me in depth, it was a normal entrance if we talk about the environment that lived 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 this director from 1996 to 1999, he was removed as director, but became president of the parish council, but could never get rid of what had led him to leave linhó, he was a good man, he wanted the welfare of all and at the same time he didn't harm anyone there was a need to do 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 parlatory 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 the

the arrangement of the training field, that is, the soccer field, it was muddy dirt, very heavy was his nickname, I could also call him slender, but he was good, he also knew how to walk, he knew how to manipulate the system, if there was corruption in place one had to seize the moment, I was getting out in the middle of a 16-year sentence, I served eight years for the trust of secrecy, but this wouldn't 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 went by, it was the third year that I was in linhó and the real dilemma of corruption came, the sale of drugs authorized by the head of the directorate, they maneuvered 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 jail, there was a proposal from the skip company 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 that were about to exercise this function authorized the payment in drugs and they kept the money that was then transferred via computer, that's when the real problem of manuel t. happened. Director until then; there wasn't much that could be done, there was a judicial inquiry, there were deliberate transfers, in other words, let's clean up our image, but they couldn't clean it all up, they went to court, the judicial inquiry had defendants, and a plethora of testimonies, but I didn't testify, I wasn't even called to testify, I wasn't going to say much, I was just going to protect my own property, 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 out of the prison service, chief amorim had to take 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 brought an ambition, too big even for the context, as the works started in 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 principal, but he was a drug addict from time to time, he stole the teacher's purse to 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 that nobody ever talked to me or demanded money, debts that he had to pay, I even defended him, but he was betrayed, he 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 could not win 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, I was a companion, I was a friend

and I defended the cause, but I had a very angry thing that no one would go against 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 confinement without having to worry about the problem of having sex and eating.

I was transferred to Vale de Judeos in 1998, I went to take a carpenter's course, but I didn't finish it, and after ten months I went back to Linhó.

I went directly into detention, it was the so-called 111 regime, the hard regime, in which we wait for an inquiry that may lead to sanctions or disciplinary consequences, I paid, I paid the price of claiming a right that I had which was to have a television, 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 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 good.

I entered 111 and was heard by the chief of the jail, 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 to stop talking that way or we would get upset, I said yes, we 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 on the job 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, but 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 nobody was going to assault me, but I had already assaulted the guard batista and the head of the jail, chief amorim, I didn't cause them much of a dent, I knew I was going to lose, then he told me, you will go handcuffed to the security pavilion, I was handcuffed by the presence of the chief, he is the one who ordered it, the iron guard ordered it and I went to the security pavilion, the chief ordered me to take the handcuffs off and told me to go inside the cell, because I would be in security until the inquiry 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 everyone, so that everyone feels 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 the 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 he was serving a punishment in the security pavilion, I saw a young man who was already a few years old from the *linhó*, and I made contact with him, give me a cigarette, but I left him alone.

It was impossible 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 the prisoners that worked and wanted to be calm in jail, but there were consumers, there were dealers, and there was one who is still in jail today, his name is *delfim*, I'll explain his story in a moment, he sought me out, I quickly saw him that first time I met him, he was astute, a good guy, 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 Hungarian neighborhood, a neighborhood 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, no matter how 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 a lot and these people are

good people, they liked to spoil their children, but they didn't have time for them, they had to work to have an honest life, of well-being, it is proper 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 big, to have an independence, to have a 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 punishment, but that later I let go, as I lost eye contact and as I hadn't had 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 sports and he passes by me and said if he wanted to play cards, the bisca game, typically Cape Verdean, and I befriended him there, but it lasted for much longer, it lasts until today, but he was also using heroin at that time, and it was then that I remembered I had seen him in intendente, dark deals were made there, the black market where everything is all right, as long as no one harms anyone, it was a brave time that I realized at first sight that the boy was astute, had a soul, his appearance showed 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 is worthy to say that we all live with all this that we create, but we also know that good walks side by side with evil, the actions that can come from this 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 the prison we have to have the perception of danger, it is this that 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 talked through the window, as I heard noise I asked:

- who is 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 they were transferred to ward b, it was routine was then he told me when they open the doors in this case the cells come with me to ward a, but he told me to keep quiet, but I thought, this was hugo, he was the star, he was the man of the moment, he was addicted to heroin, he demanded the dealers to supply him with drugs without money,

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

Then I got out of the cell, I did my normal routine of eating breakfast, then going to train, going to school, going to classes, that morning at breakfast, I was surprised not to see them because this was my routine was to look for them too, I was addicted, but not yet truly addicted, but I had already done some robberies and had already extorted some money, during the morning they came to tell me, the boys that were also consumers were called piranhas, they sought life in a more honest way, but always deceiving because the addiction also led them to it, hugo went to the security pavilion with tiquinho, but another one appeared, zé bola, an angolan who lived in chelas, i never had a good feeling with him because i had given him some sweatpants to emílio bairro alto and he wanted to rob emílio, he knew that the pants 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, he was cheeky, we were from the same upbringing and he wanted to defend what was mine, he wanted to defend the honor of being a parishioner and having a childhood connection, then several others followed, the prophet, also from the neighborhood and that's when the nasty fight broke out: Zé bola was robust and weighed about 90 kg., Emílio was a dry boy, typical African, as he was thinner, he defended his honor 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 took off his sweatpants and was holding them in his hand, they argued; i knew emilio was going to win, but i never thought it would end this way, the soccer ball wanted to send him from the 3rd floor, he grabbed his legs, emilio did what he had learned, as a 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 wouldn't let go, the place had a handrail facing the entrance to the cells, whatever and it didn't offer much security, in this case it became the unpredictable, from the first moment I thought they were going to fall, in other words I predicted the anticipation of the action, but then I thought and I still had a few seconds after I saw and predicted and I thought that it wasn't going to happen, but it did, emilio grabbed his neck and didn't let go, and with the force that zé bola did, he combined two monumental forces, they fell from the 3rd floor, I even thought that 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 theme a little bit now, to be able to explain the whole course that was taken, within this context in which we are always meeting people, we keep in touch because they are the ones who help us to talk and discuss situations, everything is pleasant if seen and done 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 themes, a lot of different themes, from the most banal theme, from the simplest like soccer to the most scientific, we read a lot so that we can then

discuss, has always been our forte was to read, 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 his arm, the emilio nothing happened to him, was unharmed, but was that day sleeping in the hospital, for prevention. He was still in the prison hospital for three weeks, they put platinum in his arm, it was the biggest damage he had, I was honestly happy to see that they got away with it, I forgave him the action, but I know he always had a grudge against me, but okay, I understood the situation, I 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 that 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 get used to these sanctions, because we've been through this before, 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 served their punishment and things would be over, 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 some 30 thousand escudos, 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 the train, they made a dead man, 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 took place 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 murder crime, 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 subject 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 ducky, 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 jesus, meanwhile so was i; it was the year of 1998, more precisely June 27th, 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 that's when he got out of the limp, we decided that we would stay in the same cell, but those piranhas always talked bad about me, because for them I was one more stone in the way, it took away space from them because they knew I was the

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

I knew how to get along with the context of the situation and that's what these people who lived with me in the circumstance of the moment, they said bad things about me, they talked bad about me, all in order to get the benefit of what the kid got, they wanted the attentions for them and wanted to have the attentions for them so that they could be the ones to be well, in other words, always have the hangover taken away, I didn't bother with that I knew that life was like that everyone wants to be well and be thankful for their benefit, but they were always the ones that I always needed, they also needed me, we became a united force, that is, to be assured that if they wanted a robbery they would have our help, but for this 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 the course when hugo rasta was transferred to vale de judeus, there are four wings in vale de judeus - 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 judeus, and it was there that I told hugo if he wanted to stay in my cell, besides giving him two stab wounds he wanted to send the man from the 3rd floor down here 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 jail, he had respect, he was a man who took revenge easily he was known as such, but I told him forget it, the man will not take revenge on

ti, no one 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 was over it.

I was taking the course, and these transfers came from a beating that happened in linhó, hugo rasta and cadete were accused in a murder case that happened in linhó. We were quite young people that had come from linhó I could mention all their names, but I'm not going to mention just a few of them, tiquinho, jonhson, the real soccer player, he represented all the teams from the chains where he was or had been, toni gaivota, he had been transferred for also having done several robberies of drug dealers in linhó, there was also zé tó, I had lived with him a lot, he wasn't in jail 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, I liked her and Joe and Anna were also drug addicts and the curious thing about this story is that I always told Joe to leave the horse, I always said that I would not use heroin, Later on I became addicted inside the jail 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, in other words, there were a lot of drugs and Vale de Jude is a respected jail, where many men who were sentenced to maximum sentences pass through and always

It had a reputation of being a dangerous jail, murders always existed and 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, there begins the dispute between delfim and pinóquio the real one was in prison for international drug trafficking, 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 did not 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 several punishments, I started to have problems, I started to be chased by an individual with the nickname marcão, 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 these 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, that is, 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 soccer game in which a volume of tobacco was at stake for the team that won,

he played on the opposing team, and I found myself playing with the group that had come from linhó, mine was composed of toni gaivota, jorge, zé tó, and luís, and we were athletes and knew how to play, we wanted to win, even if to do so we had to underestimate our adversary and that's 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 beaten man 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 continued to say he wanted the volume and I accepted because he was right, it had been the deal 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 this guy kept trying to provoke me; One day I was about to go to the carpentry course, that's why I had 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 through the railing to go down to the course and as I was passing by, the big marshal came up and ran 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, Eduard, that was his name, a man about two meters 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 by him, as I was 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 didn't succeed because my core was strong, it was assured by hugo rasta, one of the most respected men in the time I lived in cloister, I just didn't 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 I had a warrior there, a loyal man, a poet, a man who loved poetry, but even in this 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 middle, 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 got my degree, I became what I didn't want to become, the lion of darkness, I went back to the lino, that's when everything progressed in my favor because I had returned to the house where I had already been and had dominated, that 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, so I decided to look for easier ways to survive than the difficult ones that I had already found.

It's a central jail in lisbon, 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 well 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 with me, because I felt a great compassion, I had taken the sense of unity and 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 will not do anything that will hurt me, but rather I will work to get 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 didn't accept that the reason that was taken by that direction was so rigid, that it was an authoritarian regime, because I wasn't about to accept that regime, I wanted to get out of jail faster, but it became even more difficult, but I'll leave that for later to the readers so that they can understand a whole path that I never tire of repeating, a tough one, 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 macau, an ex-inspector of the judiciary, a man who had already lived through an attack by the mafia that was established in macau, nicknamed 24-karat, there were some guards killed while performing their duties because the place belonged to the portuguese administration, and that was the reason why they sent public reinforcements to serve the nation.

He suffered the attack, escaped, but his bodyguard was killed, he went up, got to the administration of the lino, straight man, he liked me when he saw me, he told me he had confidence in me, but I didn't care

for I was aware of the transformation of the being, I considered myself the scorpion king, the one with poison in his blood, I didn't pay attention to him and by not paying attention, 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 jail, but for me it became a nightmare, I didn't accept such a punishment. The warden, João G. came to my cell, to talk to me, to help me, I didn't accept such help, I distrusted the belief he had, for he was right, he demanded in exchange a direct collaboration of whatever he wanted to know, I wasn't willing to do that, for it was never of me to collaborate in such services, but it was his proof of what a good man he was. From this punishment, the worst came, I had taken two psychotropics, at my window were: the hunter, the chibanga and the piranha, it was the hunter who gave me the two psychotropics, a graduate of the service passed by, he was the man who had led me to be in cell punishment, sampaio was his name. Since the effect of the psychotropics was still on 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 the period when we finish negotiations and so that I wouldn't do too much, I accepted

that they gave me 20 days of disciplinary cell, that is limp, because that's when I met alfredo m, the psp, the former goe, a rascal was a bairrista, he took advantage of the state, to start his function in the mafia, he was a hard man because he had already 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 there was already a history with the blacks that had gone to fulfill disciplinary sanctions, It was a brave time, I already knew what was going on about what had happened and I had already said out loud that I would not get such a number of being beaten by him, because the direction 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 direction, 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 on my way to the locker room to take a shower, they couldn't, with him were two more cops in protection who couldn't do anything against me. It was then that I showed that I wanted my reason for living, it had been instilled by a question of being a parochialist, because I already had, I lived in the neighborhood.

I lost my father early, I became an adult earlier, and this had repercussions on the life I later led, there you have it, it's experience is the transcendence of the future, the way of life of upbringing falls upon it, and when it's hard, we are forced to have a harsher upbringing, early on it brings about what nobody wants to wish for.

It was at this time that I had already passed the marcão phase, it was at this time that I began to want reason more, there had to be a decision at the level of companion and direction, but I knew that in the middle the surveillance that was composed of guards and bosses would intrude, I managed, I managed to acquire and meddle with another being, but who was no more than a being equal to me, sometimes it's a question of opportunity, I sought, seek and will seek to have the soul of the Lusitanian, I'm 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 doubt to 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 you go, I didn't learn early on that you can't always win, I was in an inhospitable place, a place where life was worthless, I had no interest in valuing the true meaning of man other than serving.

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 returned to the Jewish valley until I was expelled from the course, I returned to the Jewish valley, to the lino 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 this, I lived with everything I could

had 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, you have an educator, you have an assistant, a psychologist, a doctor, and a lawyer, what good is that if there is really nothing to say. Just the 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 to survive. The story is 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 talk about the 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 watch it grow, with grit, precision of the moments of action, for this I must have precision. It is with forgiveness, I continued life as I had to continue and I caught honest people, true, 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 my wisdom, they were cunning, 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 path was one, to leave. I never wanted to harm anyone, I just wished they would let me live, I then left 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 them to, but I also let them live, it was my way, drugs for me to smoke and they could walk well, there were those 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 no 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, that's when I got 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 combat, the combat that has no equal, I faced: judges and educators and assistants, the head of the

guards, I benefited a few times with them, but they weren't many, but they weren't enough to say that I was okay, because the follow up brought me a problem, the biggest problem of all being, am I or am I not, want I want I want I don't, that is, everything that we can aspire to, was the continuation of everything, I had learned, better yet, 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 at Curry and Cabral, she still works there. I liked my mother, I didn't learn to live with my father, that is, I lived, but I was always in doubt, because he didn't have a good character, that is, his character was inconstant, he was a military man working in the Portuguese state, I aspired to more, that is, more than what he built. However, heredity was generated, better explaining the habituation when we are small, we always take into account that 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, there being 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, one who walks and has to feed, I became the true 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 true type, the one who dominates all situations, I swore to myself that I wouldn't hurt them if they didn't hurt me. I went on, enraged, always on the lookout for every movement, or reaction, whether they were from

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 hard to pay for all of this was all 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 is 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 didn't know how to forgive.

I knew that there were many children of the mother and the experiences of life had been different, some had been children of good people and others had been children of bad people, like all of this I want to confirm the presence of all that society has to give, they let walk identical situations 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 the other, 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, of all my bad to be, but I also know that I have to walk, I can not 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 a drug addict, the one everyone despises, but I had value and was recognized, no one, no one would disrespect me, no matter how weak I felt at the moment. They all acclaimed and respected me, they wanted more from me, I had to be the example, I had 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 own dreams, but I became the beast I wanted to be. It was because of the situation I was living, the enclosure, the isolation, I had women too, it was all subdued with platonic love, I loved them, I love them.

It was all about living in 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 think it was necessary, 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, they loved me, sincerely, they respected me, I was the one who didn't live well, I was in prison, I knew I had to fight to conquer everything I had lost, freedom, but that's when I didn't know how to stop, directors, assistants, educators guards wanted to make me soften up, I would have understood, but I also had to stop, stop everything, the stealing, the using, the disgracing the life of others, but I was always good, I never mistreated, I never beat anybody 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 that they were going to have the biggest beast that they had ever met, but it was all programmed by me, because I wanted it that way, I left them in the expectation, in the fear that they were going to lose. It was all an expedient, an expedient to get up, consume and dominate, I realized this early on, even before entering jail, 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 play, but it was expensive. Because the monkey at play, the monkey at play 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 little and I proposed to him to come 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 it was okay, 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 in life has its price, I paid a high price for too much man inside the jail, I served up to 5/6 of the sentence, that is, any prisoner since a sentence over six years can enjoy 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, it was all a program made 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 that 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 that I held in high esteem, she was the first woman to have a challenge from me, I was loyal, but then I thought I was wrong, she was the one who refused me my first precarious exit in 10 years of imprisonment. She didn't appreciate me and demanded my drug test, but I was too shrewd to realize that it would stop there, I was granted temporary release after an application I made to the judge. She granted me four days of temporary leave, on the condition that I would be heard by the head of the department, and they ordered it, the judge granted him four days of temporary leave, extended on the condition that he would take a drug test, that is, the maneuver, they always knew, and I also underestimated him many times, but I always respected him, because he deserved my respect. They were beings performing their best function, but it happened, the test was positive for opiate consumption, 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 medication, because it was under, or over a heated discussion that I sought her help, for everything that she had helped me with, I asked her for the medication, called tramal, it was the moment that I felt that I had an ally, doctor ana f. Either the 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, that's when I put 2+2 together, that is, I cleared the drug screening through my doctor, she helped me, she gave me the document to affirm 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, the judge of the court of execution of sentences, 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 out my reputation was great, I was respected in a prison environment, 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, well being, the decisions were diverse, I had everything, everything in my power 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 that also wanted to challenge me and everything on a psychological level, physical and everything else that you can think of, because I knew 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 request was based on the

cleaning up my report on the issue of screening for cannabis; In that request I told the judge that the analysis had indicated that I was using chamon or hashish, but as I am a social being, I have never lived in prison, in other words I had to relate to the rest of the prison population and I told the judge that I wasn't using anything at the time, the only result was hashish. I was postponed because it was Christmas time, and the judge was going to be away for two weeks, that is, Christmas vacation, but she was right and gave me the precarious exit after almost two and a half months, it was a long time of anguish, because I wanted to leave precarious, because I had been there for many years, ten years. But I overcame it and held on well until the day I got out of precarious, it gave me four days of prolonged precarious leave, for which it was successfully accomplished. But it was going to be, a tougher issue for me, because I would have to be more respectful and stay out of trouble, but right when I got in, two months into my precarious period, there would be someone who would want to get in my way, and it happened. I got involved in a fight in which the guy got a bit roughed up, but I was lucky that he was an individual, he was an individual with a man's repertoire, we were locked in the cells, by order of the inquiry, 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 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

version of the boy and called me and I told him the same version, that it was a training, a joke, that could have ended badly, he also did not accept very well the version that I had told him, that is, as he was a beat 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 the boy, they took us out of punishment.

I went on to a normal life, I started to avoid problems even more, I managed to successfully take four more temporary leaves, and then it came up again, March 2007, I had 11 days left to take another temporary leave, at the beginning of April, I had tricked a guy 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 it go, 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 the way I was, and I had sworn to the man who gave me the information, crazy nuno, a real warrior, he also enjoyed precarious like me, I had sworn to him for my nephew, that I wouldn't do anything, I just 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 and asked him why he was talking about something

I knew that the crazy nuno would never lie to me in a situation like this, it was one of the men I always respected, because he was also a true warrior, I felt anger at him denying me and denying the nuno. 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 this guy was a rat, that would complicate my situation, but even so I knew I wouldn't do very well, because I had never snitched on anyone, and they were eager to punish me, the management, the bosses, for everything, because I never kept quiet about the demands that the inmates made to claim anything. I was always seen as such, a motivator for these causes or forms of struggle and that's when they gave me five days of punishment, I served them in the cell, it was a lighter punishment, I defended myself by claiming 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 hurt me, i.e. no disciplinary sanctions in between. But this time I would have to plead innocence when I was heard for the 2/3, I told the doctor that I was innocent that I hadn't done anything aggressive, that she shouldn't take that into account, I felt prejudiced by the situation, but I waited for the decision and the decision was to cut off the possibility of me getting out at 2/3, going directly to only be able to enjoy a new appreciation, of the appreciation of my 5/6 of the sentence, that is, I would be obliged to get out at 5/6 because there the law favors me, in this case, I would get out 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 review. The punishment was given to me in March, I was heard in May of the same year, for the parole review, the decision of the 2/3 cut had not yet come, 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 follow his order, I punched him in the face, he was alone with me, but another guard appeared, he joined his colleague very quickly and they joined in on me to assault me, I didn't punch him anymore, they also quickly stopped trying to assault me, they just 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 or an accidental situation and that's what I told them, I had no reason to assault 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 had me locked up waiting for the inquiry, called the Jewish valley security section, called the intake. But I was willing to go with my thesis going forward that it really had been an accident, I couldn't admit that it was an unintentional act, I would have lost.

So I had to base this 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 was assaulted, but he also never wrote that I really 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, that's the routine, if the inmate is in protection, he has to be accompanied by guards, I really 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 that I was heard at the Public Prosecutor's Office, I learned that a lawsuit had been filed for an alleged aggression against the guard leite, but who accompanied me that day, was the guard oliveira, the guard's history with me, was a friendship that I created inside the jail, I was attending an office applications course at the computer level, I had a monitor named lina, I fell in love with her without wanting to and this guard, oliveira, also liked her and took her cut. He knew that I liked her and she liked me, so the bond started there, he gained me friendship, he could have spoken ill of me in order to want to keep her, he started talking to me more, and he listened to my statements in the public ministry, and he wrote down everything I had said, I kept the thesis that it had been an accident, because I never would have imagined that this guard would help me, he got to like me, after that he went to Monsanto, a jail that was remodeled 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 house

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, and I also took this regime of being locked 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 soccer, handball and gym, we could also go to the library, but it was all interspersed, not 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 beautiful surprise when I started to hear the guard leite's testimony, 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 claimed that they were not convinced that it really was an accident, but they did their job, 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 jail 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 jail, I had a transfer that was the result of several claims that I had already made in the jail, it is an open regime jail called the prison colony, 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 regime jail, because I took a year and a half in Monsanto and no matter how many occupations we have there, it is a very closed regime.

Difficult to overcome, even I who already had a lot of experience inside these houses prisons and it was exactly there in Monsanto that I gave up heroin, it was impossible to get drugs in there because no food or anything from the outside could get in, the visit had a glass that didn't allow physical contact, but I always said to myself of all the evil that happened to me I had a benefit 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

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Fragments i

Enclosed and exposed in an icy north an old sheet waiting to be rolled up a light burned 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 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 words, like the very cold shadowy corpse eternally cold a hot dream of a spring and a valley, a river without laughter a mutilated hope waiting to be found and show what eludes and alludes to create slowly and show what is only imagined without distance and with the proper equation the whole question is problematized 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 say care to the most to care this 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 behaviors that generate artifices and maneuvers 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 the whole form has an underlying act to the pure misfortune of the inopportune to see growing and 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 in reason and lost in his alienation, here is a character by the way of being and feeling the warmth that comes from the same his interior could be similar to a painter of a frame shape as straight as architect, of absolute reason not definitive as 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 has everything 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 of desolation here is a moment captured by the attention armed with fragments here is the joining of the conscious to 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 I saw myself overcome, 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 set 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 from any non-rational instinct, the being that invades me is not the self it builds itself and keeps 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 the so inside of its dark again with the exit of this image and a bright end, waiting only for an end

what motivates and drives us and an unbreakable force something as fascinating as nothing reliable, hard to know and never learn it was a web that breaks however, forming the web again, it was resilient and like an accident in the telling, 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, so in an intelligent way he said to everyone that we are all our sum, and let more different and similar people come, equal to his original character, in fact there is a puppet to any act and the piece he represents, a lost journey in the space of letters the art of creating space to the very death of any end point, the culmination was never the end, dying for us never happens, it 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 for what is learning, 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 achieved 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 we never fall because we learn to fly and imagine everything, but everything is words fragments, ideas, and thoughts. Deep water so deep the arts of illusion alluding to a theme without certainty the sea appears and as if by magic of 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 how much more he learned just by being a loser of yet another battle in which he says nothing and feels the slippery taste of the one he gave victory to, because all we have to do is 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 glance at the shattering, a single dive, shipwrecked, emerging the buoy that saves me from suffocation, crazy, evaded 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 road descending over the tarmac the piano was on the ground and then that first sound plays 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, into an illusion faded, it was different, for a moment in an ocean of depth, liquid and salty the writing of the pencil without color, it was an actor the show culminates in a party of a gift that makes me happy, a pajamas 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 rips, 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 you are stupefied, like an arrow with no reach, a noose in a knot, a writing spilled, incontinent, a blurred writing, never erased, everything you saw you wanted and who has it always wanted to have, and in the end you would be nothing more than a being, cutting and laminating the rough beard, a single mustache, 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 only and only a cloth in its bucket, a drop in the ocean, a thread tied and a writing violated and torn, excerpts only texts on paper a bright night made of an instant a radiant and warm sun, a shining tile and a mirror to see differently, then from the slight illusion, the drop that fell on the ground and everything without a no, then came to the surface the reading of a tenderness in which the muffled cloth of a dip extends to reason and everything comes to question, the brightness the intensity of the sensation of the situation becomes evident that after profaned and chained becomes free of any will or sign...an open window in a closed curtain one sees the theater of one's own stage a board, 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 the pride ignites 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 sentence of that phase, so where we would go without leaving and where we were without entering, in the line of mysterious disappearance a dust in the dirt a point of truth in the illusion of all imagination then explodes the comet, and on this planet live

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 letter is wolf of history, from perfection to destruction was contained a rocket in a star on the seashore so strange what had already been said and I start to descend 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 your 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 be attached, 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, is the will to create and from the vague sea with a brush paint the whole alphabet with each color, its syllable and the force, culminates in the will to go and go and let go, above all to build a castle in stone under the waterfall and the river in the current to carry everything forward, above all I had something on my 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

the tar floor had only one key, and it wasn't dodo or redo it was to have faith in believing always a spread of being and getting just one more scented instant of the warm landscape in the brightness of the sea I see you loving, in my dive, you were my buoy in the wreck my boat in the washed cloth that cleans the piano set up in a living room where nobody wanted to be and I only wanted was to get in there then in the door was the exit of everything that will imagine and never deepen, it was the desire to have you in a bond the heart and your partner, it all pump and then the turbulent, is less sensible and in the act of bombing was already the event of the war for peace all united with various meanings a departure in the go and expand what was coming 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 fear not to believe and finally not to return this journey of all the way was already depth of the drop on 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 thirsty for 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 kept nothing apart, in an open circle, of a rectangular square that knot that grip, of shaking the dust and seeing the piano only playing in your do and in the dark room of an image

photographed, through 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 ache. A glance is enough to not kill, problematize and every drop of tear is discovered of a heart immersed and profaned, then the current that makes me mad and chains my wrists appears 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 vapor 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 another day, shattered the chain that squeezes me, loosens in the almost urgent moment, everyone expects the allegory of living, transported from bucolic moments.

The torch burning, fulminating, 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 that is just looking at you and seeing your maternal face, the feeling of affection and tenderness only lifts all my bitterness I just need to live and always see you until I die a hot movement of lips to a sensuality, a transparent happiness like a hug felt waiting to be lived, a strong union above all beyond wanting you,

I aspire for you to be as happy as a baby boy a root sown,
nurtured and fortified friendship is the noblest of love let my
heart beat your rhythm.

Father in a womb I was a father the magical moment of the
greatest learning always of hope to the greatest love of
having a child love greater only of a mother love of a 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 proper teaching of
both overflows with happiness to which which one of us
aspires to be eternally young apprentice in novice father. I
wanted to tell you how much I love you, how I feel you, how
each which moment of anxiety of a question and just a little
more because you fascinate me. Your brilliance will always
be for me a picture of ecstasy in a frame where we both fit,
but you are always the most beautiful. You came from the
simple birth to think only to fill yourself, how you enrich me,
you are a madness the true tenderness

Tear

One day if I had a tear, I would put it on your face so you
wouldn't cry anymore

Dream I wanted to dive intensely, I woke up in the middle of
the sea of a sleep that will last for years, the somnambulist
dreamer, of a soul of 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 - to wake up and believe 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, maybe you don't 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 on water and stone on 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 bow that I never undo because you are the shoe of my mate that 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 that fizzles out and culminates in a single point paralyzing the mind of creation, imagination or just painting a flourishing line of green hue and grabbing life in that tone of living and flourishing, here is the marker you always wanted to point out, live intensely

Loving

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 behold, he stands out

The cold that comes in through the quiet, 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 wouldn't know blows the cold, restless mind, frozen, profaned, sold and the soul, that pure weapon of sentimentality without a path, tied to a body that hallucinates and goes on never arriving, because the soul doesn't deceive, the interest superiorizes but it is pure so it prominently exposes itself in a closed circle, half-open so that with the subjugation the illusion and coming from the immensity comes a thunderbolt and everything stops at the moment of the luminosity of the effect but the sickness 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 that disturbs the states of the soul and the sickness of the spirit is in a tumor endured pain and as if negligent the effect and impact on those who are the meters 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 disease 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 poured imagination, 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, 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 seeing 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 was beginning 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 it 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 a state of 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 he felt and saw remains and fades away, however only to look, read and write interpret, assimilate transporting and teaching and learning, here the breath grows with the force of the wind, and then disappearing, flying 7 seas setting the said for said, here he was diving, going deep, all the friend of the friend this 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 each one only thinks of because already, 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 of preference, current punctuality and facts witnessed, are watched and in an original feeling, of pleasure that comes with the dawning and the darkening so normal so banal, just and simply the dawning and waking as well as the darkening and lighting of the night magically and pragmatically it was levitating and rowing in a dinghy with a north, a shrill and shimmering course it was her, that one single point, with a return and a sea so hard to imagine it was immense and tremendous fury of the oceans this one to which the clandestine voyage is headed without welcome 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, that 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 that is always loyal but like a sad clown I am false, the smile, the joy inside does not obey the outside I feel a fluctuation that makes me leave the normal place I would like to travel and stay at a point where I am far from my own sight I feel an abysmal broad step, an unnatural phenomenon but like a wild animal I feel the ferocity and 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 voyage without a trace the image of the revolting, hateful and truly sinful remains, and here is an oath in the sky at the temperature of the time, the fresh, cheerful and serene marigold comes and says stop, bloom and grow, that violent impetus is but a bad moment all the ferocity to be culminated and perfected suddenly let nothing or almost nothing bother you and to the purest impetus it says make the noise of the air and set you thinking i will conquer all without fear, 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 turns us into tearing rain from the tender and moist serene earthly face 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 that which 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 dizzying tunnel into which we see a light entering and whose end is the derailing 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.

A mask living in an end, like ending and everything finalizing, behold, for sure, nothing so sure as having nothing uncertain but a tiny and continuous line of a limit that doesn't let us foresee the infinite, therefore, like the lines, we have two points: the rising and the only infinitely the face of death slowly arrives like a breath, everything that was felt is over because it has never seen any other 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 far away just a day away from the love of someone already in love.

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 a 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 turning away without bitterness, but also without tenderness, it was the journey made without an image, and without courage, contrasting the smaller and the bigger, it was time to leave or 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 this world immersed in the depth of beauty that all I have, is everything and of everything, I want nothing, because when I leave I will take nothing with me, 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 and 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.

Ladder

I sat down, equated, but the result, however, was not close to what I expected, I went down the stairs by elevator and between light and dark and tightness behold, it maneuvers 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 refrigerator and brought to the place of thirst and everything is satiated and magnificent existence.

No desire to end, ending is how it comes I listen to 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 dusk I lived, revived and reborn I am he the mighty sun.

To be reborn in the smoke screen behold, there he is born without a 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 his image and be reborn

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

physical existence and suddenly everything goes out, or may culminate.

Living by dying

Between living or dying? Ouch! Pardon me, does that fit? Obvious, who has never killed himself? We have all stopped living for a moment. All of us, without exception, think that we are going to die, and then we are going to live, and that is 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...

Disrupted

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.

Be

A sound, a core of mouth, a soft touch, a color 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, exceeds the imaginary in this painting painted blood, of reddened pain and inflamed by the sense, of not possessing an enigma, but a reality, a vision. When we join the other and see how to believe from an approving and encouraging gaze of an existence, adulterated,

inverted and mirrored.

Of all the sorrow I feel that I must belong to someone, without fear of compassion, crazy, without passion and of the pure soul of a knot without chain, but intertwined, and united, of one 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 as all happiness attainable as it is 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 you burn the pain 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 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 colors 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 because it lives inside 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

Obscure terrestrial nature.

Light 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
circuit of the waves

Electric impulse

I am shaken by impulses that circulate from
electrically.

The light of truth

The 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 Motorcycles

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 a ray electrifying that paralyzes 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 toward the 10th electrical circuit and
there is an incorruptible power failure.

Electrical fall

Dropped electric on the words of
ecstasy e of sensations.

Bright cut

Cutting and luminous echoes,

Resplendent light grabs the breaking voice. Glimmering
gloom

It flashes obscurely at the walking beings with ocular
orientation.

Fluorescence

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

"obfuscation"

Lightning lancinating blur o pleasure
other people's pleasure of sensations and
looks.

Incandescent

Deep arcs cross in your soul that hold on to 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 bright day, prepare to come out of
the darkness and with the power of light, distribute strength
and energy to the entire 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, nerve-blocking red light accelerates.

Shock

Sharp, contaminating shocks of unimpressed minds spread.

Companion Light

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

Thunder

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 to tie.

Frosted Light

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

Bright light

Brightly illuminating the mists of 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 has guided me toward the current of ecstasy of daily
life, illuminated for me the unhealthy and unreasonable
future for then yes thunder rumbles down on me and
rumbles like dynamite stripped of funereal pleasure.

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

I came out of the caloric bowels of rigor and exactitude. But I don't know if this light will illuminate my past, for 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, not the dark and haunting one. This light comes from the clarity of emotions and rationality of the twilight of the immediate and impulsive, no transition and opaque of senses, not embedded or nailed feelings. The light is strong, it is intense, and it 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 like a blue ray that cuts and ventilates you from un-lived suffocations and malicious and penetrating thoughts that victimize us like shadows with no light to feed them. So I want to say that there is light in you and there is thunder, storms, energy and light, essentially clear light, and pure in its most primitive form the fire this 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 blurred and powerless shocks 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 try to extinguish its light, but it is present and as if revealing itself, it infiltrates the senses of sight and shows us the clarity of thought through the silence of times, and as if silent it hardens the 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 everyone has the right to energy, whether they have a positive or negative effect. The tearing effect of the black faiska, on the other hand, happens at 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 undisturbed thought of Christmas tree lights and stresses that lead 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 speeds but not as powerful. 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 wells up in the dirty pores of prejudice and intolerance that this blue ray is going to hit.

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 unraveled memories in loose heads of direction and action, action that cools the echelon of frenetic slow-moving thought and massifies uncoordinated mind. Penetrating into the idleness of the moment it enthuses and distributes itself among the cerebral and exciting lights in rambling electric current stimuli. It intensifies in the body mass and distributes hypnotic and paralyzing light, like a rhyming trigger of nonsense words. These loft lights enter any head with eclectic root of cutting-edge engineering. Some people 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 a 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 to be still at the moment when another lightning bolt fell on this world. Ashes of light, those ashes that mark you with the warmth of strong and fierce 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. The burning ashes of a magnetic body that hisses and blinks at your heart burning with desire for something, virile and masculine or feminine and sensual, this dual character confronts you like a dual personality that does not give in one way or the other. These ashes of light warm the gloomy and the frivolous and have in their warmth the protection of rains devoured and spreading across continents and timeless space.

In the light of pleasure

This 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 addiction that does not

It recedes and doesn't oscillate and collapses into crazy hair of pleasure from denial.

Hypnotic Light

Gropes felt in the hypnotic face of light witness feelings that let us preview 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, stagnant like the hypnotic life of transcendent beings who are addicted to hypnotic sources of pleasure. Addictions that rave through 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 gather 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 electrical 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 goes out and self conveys powers even when extinguished.

Psychedelic Thunder

Psychedelics intermingle in the noise of the brave thunder that supports and enhances the abnormality that comes from being encompassed by this psychedelic thunder. Well, here, if there were 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 blurs, creaks, and shifts without the slightest secrecy, apparently a world of psychedelic lights afflicting anyone who wants to crash in it, or enjoy preconceived staggered pleasures tinged with stagnant oblique colors, without the will to create or mere indulgence. Imbued in the spirit of the fragments of thought, indeed fragmented 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 another movement, incandescens and pulverizes 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 rumors 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 unreal has 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 amenable to any trace, a trace that represents the hemispheres of transcendent and apothotic thought. Ideas do not blossom 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 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 grind and fade into yellow leaves and are 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 labeling 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 lights, but they are energetic radiations that are not compatible with the past, not even of the previous moment. Past lights, therefore, emit harmful radiations that do not, however, overshadow any luminous and radiant light that one wishes to turn on at any instant, impulse, or moment. For 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 and limpid light of ecstatic current that cuts in the wind on the face pleasures until then stripped of intentions of rotating movements around the pleasure of making light or being illuminated, because what counts is certain is the power or voltage of the intense current that triggers the electrical impulse that through the simple look transmits to the light of its past, a less intense light, radiations from 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 that simply crawl around the lights of the past and cling to celestial bodies with radiations. Well, radiations are radiations and that is contamination, so there is 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 matter of radiations, and don't give me that innate light, because everyone has his own pure light, thirsty of will and imagination and pure energy of development and creation. Luminous magic that has colors in its light, reflected in shades of sunny, energetic yellow. In fact there is not much light, there are only foci of remaining and balanced existence of objectifying what is not viewable. So it doesn't exist, it's not real, it's the fruit of the powerful ray that alludes us to awareness. But what the hell is consciousness? What is really conscious or unconscious is a barrier that cannot be materialized, no matter how much sense it makes and how much we understand that we are all headed towards the instant. This decadence of materializing preconceived barriers and insurmountable chains are said to exist when in fact there are no barriers in reality. Everything therefore is imaginary and real or unreal we all live in this same current of illusions, of thirst for 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 again there are no currents or impulses, there are imaginary aerospace celestial creatures who live as they say in the light of the past, by the majority that ruled that light had to have power or measure, but again who are they to interfere in the light, in the light one does not touch it one observes the light and stares until it goes out.

Natural light

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

conflicts, mere indulgences that serve as an accumulator of conscious but not so deep attitudes and 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 Power Light

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

Psychotropic Lights

As if by magic or harmony they land and float and flap their wings these psychotropic lights that fascinate us and exchange the reality that one wants as a good wish but auspices for a bad omen when we return from that world, where as a time machine 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 reality crazies the oxygenating and flowing psychotropic lights that gain ground in various perspectives and voluptuous dimensions and that grind down 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 light in luminous beams of uncharacteristic beings of being.

Generator

Generating love, or generating love!

What fuels this non-virtual carnal desire, and this transparent and thirsty kissing emotional entanglement of something vital for the development of energies of emotional and electrical 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 daily energy. 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 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 unraveled motor of realities but with the suffocation of instantaneous contact. Contact is indispensable to motor life, an engine that is the reality of the consensus of being and not being present, but rather alien to other realities that are 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 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 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 revitalizes us daily gives us strength and mimicry of shining and walking beings, yes! Walking, 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 get

Instead, feed yourself with the positivity and transcendent reality of chemical and anti chemical circuits that feed the spirit of innovation and realization, realization that is personal and not transferable as the feeders of frantic rushes to no pleasure, but that drags the mind into the magnetic waves of thought and its transmission. The transmission of thoughts is real and magnetizing 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, for we are all at first beta blockers of external energies but which potentiate our thirst for living. These impulses therefore affect our thinking, and sometimes conflicts in thought occur or develop, but they can bring electrical 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 deprived of the feeling 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 eludes us and alludes us to abstract thought, but a strong blue light and intensifier of real and imaginary pleasure, but that 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 is a frenzy of excitement with this blue light that lies down and rolls up 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.

Electrical cable

Vibrating current of anxiety, runs through bodies through electric cables feeding hope and something new and haunting that leaves us static of movement but with accelerated and anxious thinking. Paralyzed 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 on this stairway of thoughts that we categorize behaviors, faces and movements and we fit into the descent and ascent of the moments of life, the light feeds the escalator that without stopping takes you to the madness of reality that prevails in the Xxi century, energies, magic, fantasies, everything with apparent harmonies, but be careful with the steps, not everyone goes on the escalator of life, there are beings who climb steps

who rise and above all someone supports them, is that enough or is it a matter 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 everyone deserves that we descend or that we are supported in the ascent, the 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 effervescent looks of 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 revitalizing 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, because 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 the sky illuminated with will and desire for change and

interaction and star touch magnetize 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 crystallization 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, change are stages and cycles that everyone goes through and develops, but never in the way of fear and suffering feelings. Free yourself and expand yourself and above all suffer the mutation of life, that change that drives us.

Light of Life

They submerge 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 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 behavior in general, hence then there is a one position in the middle of the love life. Understood and it will be

This truth is the only source of pleasure, or the individualist being wants another action, and I mean action as true freedom. Well, I haven't lived enough to go through the following stages, whether logical or illogical will be at the discretion of several of you, I don't want to be absolutely sure, so 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 a 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 from there, that we are never fulfilled, we want more love and more and more... why so much ambition for love, as I put the question. I take it back by saying this, 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, 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, for it spreads by contact, stimulate those revitalizing energies. And grow the equation and be $1+1+1+1+\dots=$ more infinite. Well then

In the love field there are magnetic, seductive forces that attract 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 : crazy : 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 : tire : road :
travel : transport : train : thread : needle : pin :
sewing : operation : intervention : change :
transition : step : scaling : classification : indexing :
terms : words : sentences : dialog : 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 colors to paint your world

Paralyzing light

Something will make us stop if we don't 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 paralyze us as if we were unresponsive children. Courage my friends, the word is an order to be judged and who will be the judge of reason, who will be normal and abnormal? no one! We all have faith and I have faith in those who have faith, so there remains the doubt of wanting and the omniscient and present desire, 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 can 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 wishers of impulsiveness and desire so calm down and 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 is 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'm going to invoke the name of God, one day I had a conversation about beliefs and faith with a follower of the Koran who told me the following story which I will now describe: they pass a dice into your hands and you ask God vehemently that you get the maximum score and you get 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 and each one throws the dice with its own energy/form/behavior.

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 reflect and then I'm

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 shiny and inspiring beings of my world, I also have another globe of the world under the window that totalizes the world as it was 20 years ago, only by way of example there was still the union of Soviet Socialist Rep. Soviet Socialist Rep. I also possess two desert roses, both composed by time in grains of desert sand that make me idealize a united globe, under the globe are these roses one in its original color that for me means perseverance and the other painted in strong green tones that symbolizes for me hope. In this world of mine I write, imagine, and feel as if undisturbed. In a perfect warm atmosphere and with the bright morning I write for some loving soul that here wants to imagine the rose of fraternal union.

200 days with the "ordinary" filipe moura

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

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

Since 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 conduct 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 that expands through the veins.

Repression is done 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 suffer only because we let it. We all have the freedom of speech.

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 many 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
that not like to think.

Consciousness is a lantern that enlightens us.

We all have addictions. Sometimes we have fears. We all talk nonsense. I don't write for anybody.

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.

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

When opportunity lurks, it opens the door. There is a feeling for each other. No one is anyone's 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 crossroads games. No doubt an antagonistic phrase but with its logic of avoiding suffering. "what old people have is not wisdom but prudence" so listen up!

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 after all, who are we? 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 actually is! Facts that are interpretation of reality!

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 that world
and on them we!

I act under part of you! You
act 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 is power! Power is desire! Desire is want! To want is
real!

All can reach to real! Real is facts and
behaviors! Behaviors are action!

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

Change é real! Change é a desire permanent!
Permanently we are 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 unattainable!
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 unrealized of unattainable wishes!

Unattainable!

It produces depression!

Depression psychological state of the unrealized.

Unrealized, non-factual unreal!

In the world there are unreal facts that exist! Forces and facts that are presumed as world that is not within 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 behavior! Apprehension of knowledge! Knowledge of the real facts! Weapon of knowledge! Transmission of knowledge! Between me them us the world! To know the world is to be in it!

We are the world of knowledge! We all have

some knowledge!

Sharing knowledge is learning!

To learn is to live together! To live together is to communicate! To communicate is to relate! To relate is to interact!

Interacting is acting on the world!

Act on o world é to transform! To transform
the world through knowledge is evolution!

To evolve is to be knowledgeable!

To know é to know to transform! Transform
knowledge into a world! Multicultural world of
wisdoms!

Infinite wisdoms!

Infinite unreachable!

To be 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
conscience 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 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 in evolution!

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!

Choice of freedom 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 various selves of the world!

Don't know, want to try it ask another me! Elections are taken from the experience of me and them!

There are things wrong that à in the first place 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! Among 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 the desire was growing give me a soft kiss like that

you know! Sweet sweet knowing you! I give you a kiss
my Insomniac

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

Shadow wolf caricature was lost but found. Protected, but only by choice. It feeds its dexterity from chemical solids and the impres- cible h2O. In the purity of his own shadow he dives for adventure and had a landing, caricuaO. Like wolf was protected, but by attitude alone, plunged into apparent loneliness. Today I write with caricuaO 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 the caricuaO where I graduated has the 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 travel companion and complicity always interpreted with affection and silence. I lived with him long enough to know the shadows of caricuaO streets and c^a. But I saw courage in the wolf and he established the bond of a silent and stately confidant friend as to his freedom. If there was one thing the wolf had it was freedom, but he was alone, alone! And free! Shadow wolf shone extra-human energy in his form of being. With his barks imposed his independence wilderness of his gene nature. I decided to share the respective codfish spiritually and alone the evening meal with wolf or better still shadow wolf caricatured that at the same time free in unison fraternally connected by a single dish and the respective drink. Are we alone by choice? Clear are free to think as nature shapes us. It was a gift

for me this nature's wolf caricature, but he wild by innate genetic environment pulls his chromosomes to the feeling of free state of purity in his own nature. Enigmatic as to the way of life but fueled 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 we are infiltrated with. Havana club is in the essence of the madness of the same thirst for revolution and taking 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!

Moving on to the considerations part, if you have read me, you have already taken away your eloquent remarks, to say the least, this unwrapped present at the legal time already the mass of the rooster or rooster's game, here is the terrible question!

Reflection to communicative ecstasy intelligible to the minimum and simple echo of the silence that drives us apart. Acts are words of pain even in a simple ardor 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 the understanding of 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 environment. 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 faithfulness 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 by being self always invades the other with its point of view. With the mind inflamed by a simple confrontation of ideas, we must appeal to common sense. When should we give in or interpose the "I" with the other? Nothing more banal than rejecting what we don't want, it's 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 behavior we only think of the self, then the self, and now the self again. Conflicts because one is me transformed into I and one is never quite sure how many I's one has to endure before giving in to the other. It is a kind of come to us that is always opening up. Attention to one's own selves and what level of selfishness one is at. Well, the armor of the self will one day be so shattered by the you's that exist and that are more me's that crack the armor. And then what is it like to stand in front of the mirror and be just the reflected me that exists because all the me's have been shattered by the me's of the world. For we are left alone, and then when we wanted to be solitary only because of the selfishness of various I's against I's. Loneliness that word which has much self-love but which has not created any love of the I plus you. Love: I and you omnia vincit love love conquers all.

Oh, if only you knew and wanted to, oh, you know and you should never, why this wasteful anxiety because it is longing and it is serious, you come from there to here, I don't see or

give how perfect it would be if you came and brought me

you neither bring nor appear oh what a pain to want and not be able to but you can nor want I desire the meeting in one spot that's how life is very colorful I have many colors 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 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 didn't ask for came from the rebirth of being, and didn't ask to be with love without pain I saw, wished, had and remembered everything they gave me was everything 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 the birth, 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 I wanted but didn't have, but desired, moreover I loved how I liked to see it grow at dusk everything happening without fear, without trembling without fear of falling asleep warming the loneliness like a hand under the heart you were there, by the window I didn't see you, but I knew, I felt the perfume was hers a smell of sandalwood and jasmine I listened, but didn't hear however I realized it was not there and recognized yesterday it was

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

the unique front, it was something special, it hurt and was essential for me to breathe and inhale I breathed for you, I didn't see you, I didn't feel you and it wasn't 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 the smell of the sea air, 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 from thread to wick what I wrote, how strange, but I know someone reads why do they like it, do they 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 I opted for another type of writing lately I am more concrete not so much for light and energy but for love and understanding destinations, mind of love vociferate the words affectionate for someone who likes to read something more loving, sensible and I am with open arms to love to trust without conflict and without wanting to be ambivalent in my words I am more direct and concrete I want to reach the feeling that unites the reader to the writer affinities so I want to be what I always was spontaneous but appealing to friendly words of agreement 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 form 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 else is also thinking thoughts! Maybe you don't feel it, I feel it, like rain on the stone enters the holes in the sidewalk 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 the earth be united like the stones of the sidewalk the mason is the man who connects several stones and does not connect stone hearts but moldable feelings to any other piece we should be a set of pieces that together can withstand any weight nor the wear and tear of time dares to destroy the sidewalk we walk on so are the people suffer too much load but if they are united the impact is less jointthe 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 here 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, large 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 right place visualize with a puzzle where 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 an end to the puzzle some straighter, others crooked, but it is natural that everything fits after all we want a way this sidewalk is the harmony between beings that all cooperate for the same purpose the love and connection between pairs how can we define ourselves if others do not show 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 just like you love them.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 or 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 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 be good enough.we are because we are not good enough, 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 ardor it was the love the passion it was our imagination our transposition from the imaginary to the real i am loyal to the passion to love to ardor and even in pain for this your splendor 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 ardor love without pain" you could be I will be you are then we are we both look and see the same perspective the same direction the same future our corner the same space fits everything takes everything I am projecting to idealize at last working on the same way through the same path 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 or get hurt you are the cure to my desire i promise i will meet you and discover everything and know nothing because i had already imagined how the future would be i saw you and felt you felt me i saw you and felt you, 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.

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

Nullity or zero behold that no one leaves the game when someone reaches what he wants he feels temporarily happy because the ambition is to conquer and then more conquer so happy to achieve frustrated because he reached and always wants more something more if you please and now I'm 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 do not disappear I want something more behind the beauty is character that force that drives us to follow always a personal idealism and achievable therefore defends an individual behavioral and social ideal. behind beauty is character this force that drives us to always follow a personal and feasible idealism therefore one defends a behavioral and social ideal individuality, my dear this difference that marks the attitude of acting and implementing according to an idea, a thought a way of being in accordance 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 - don't believe it - one day you have 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 charm, princess, the soul is alight I want you, like someone who wants to live, to breathe joyful, your colors cure me of my pain your brightness is my fascination your beautiful, beautiful hair, beating there, creating links between the roots of the heart to kill loneliness I am grateful for this passion, this hand, this touch, this smile that takes me to paradise

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

I loved it, it was a gesture of love.

You were like this and you said yes to me I saw that it wasn't like this I asked you how you were and you almost cried I felt sad and you said don't be like this I asked you I'm happy I'm 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 study without memorizing here is a motto has a theme to see and feel and let yourself go in the letters in the words in the phrases in the poems with me everything is a theme today I feel modernized today 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 my face I look in the eyes and see without ironies or demagoguery I am spontaneous I am factual, punctual and current 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 from the act of a single fact of a will of a desire finally 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 a girl of a lady of a woman who sometimes gets lost and doesn't know what she wants but longs to be as sweet as cherries are letters are words sometimes as sweet as

cherries

others so clear come from the inside with a flash I don't know if they make furor but I feel a burning of a wound of a trip to your intimate it is a turning point a passage in your world and I see it with a deep look I know what you feel I know what you fear I know what you want In these afternoons in these nights of loneliness 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 don't 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 never tires of breathing oxygenate and look for 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 woes 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 like all the rest of the world I want 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-

always when 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 didn't say it was something i wanted and felt something strong a connection without affliction you in my imagination 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 torn down worse than tentacles the show begins I turn on the light the curtain goes up until when

I'm dreaming you think but you don't think just like nothing is the same the mind thinks differently from person to person you think I think too 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 relaxation 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 do not react but act I take charge of the situation here is a good opportunity to finish the suffering.

I thought I dreamed I woke up and saw you in a dream it was like a fairy tale you were the one with the most charm and the most beautiful princess air you were my inspiration it wasn't imagination it was your knight your warrior for you I had any action without armor 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 of you I see you serene petal of lily your perfume seduces me leads me to meet you I get dizzy and confused we are on your roof looking at 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 kind one among more than a thousand or better infinite it is so beautiful what I feel for you more it is impossible to feel it is to let myself go for you by your magic by your joy.

you are a cutie you are a baby who is already standing up you are so sweet you are a friend I want you with me you are fun you are the best you are the greatest you are everything I wanted and wished for you are a beautiful son you are very loving you are very smiling you are a sympathy you are the greatest joy you are my son you are my world naughty naughty boy you are tiago my son you are my little boy my cute and cool kid you are awesome 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 traveled 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 to have 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 hot 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 looked over the hill i looked ahead i saw your star it was bright sparkling i lifted my gaze i saw the moon it was mine and yours it was landscape it was a journey i saw you traveling over land and under the sea i accompanied you we traveled we conquered 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 because it is not easy to achieve.

If there was a day to tell adventures or misadventures in just one day not even 1 year ago today 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 little twisted it was a little strange but it was not a dream 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 had to live with my being and that is living and being.

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

It was mist under who flies it was air just for breathing 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 trip the image of the battle won was an achievement.

if this were to happen one day oh what joy, someone would say I close the doors, open the windows and fly undaunted under paradise there are those who judge unconsciously I perpetuate myself to mutual agreement there are loose notes, in an atmosphere in a very warm place there are lilies, there are marigolds do you want there is wet, damp earth on the ceiling, a dim and helpless lamp holds on to the filaments of reason the tension rises there are hard 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 does 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

it is not for me or 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 ceased to be it was enough to believe sometimes to be reborn as I could look and not imagine it was the truth in a tender age what is exact shows itself in the act a single action to conquer a heart fruit of imagination it was connection without anything or anyone saying a no it was something that happened it was something I feared and everything trembled it was not in vain it was like someone passing a hand with a hand, it was not in vain 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 no because then one has to say yes even thinking in the no this is not being right but the yes is no and it has always been this way never wanting it 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 because I want to be alive because I exist and was already when I thought I was reading to expand and writing to sleep running while walking and standing still was in motion fruit of free and smart thinking was attentive to the movement 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 whether with ions or protons they even create rockets the light is in the energy and this is not seen but produced

without a guide went and got it was the man was so ordinary was only imagine and create there was sense not the sixth sense as they say but it was so real that happened whenever he wanted.

If we lived for moments by moments, be they

eloquent or even warm, no one would say that love is pain that hurts imagine love without pain, for whatever it is, it needs ardor 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 I get to love, batting my eyelashes in the sand, rolling my tears in the waves I see a beach with shells, stumbling on the stars, a cry, a grain, this is how 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 beams of the sun free yourself and show your beauty.it was something that moved I didn't see how this happened it was a torment for a long moment how could I face a whisper now I didn't laugh because someone saw a man who for a moment faltered just because he looked and left what no one noticed why was it silent i suffered from something i lived and suffered how i felt the night was freezing 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 time when I go to the floor just because I fell and descended in the humility of all that there is in humanity the silence the disturbing voice of the disturbing silence of someone who by what he doesn't say becomes happy I woke up one day when I lost for me said 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 wonder if it really is as I imagined or thought or if I just traveled 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 with no change, in the end dreaming or not dreaming everything stays the same.

In a sad and misanthropic nighttime environment, silent and quiet, very taciturn, there is however a star shining, a moon shining brightly, even in the most fierce and atrocious environment, there is hope, someone trustworthy, a being that cheers us up and pulls us up, a friend, someone who looks at us with indifference, without belief, does not look at us with love, inflicts pain on us, somehow does not believe in being a friend and looks only at his own navel, and one day he too will feel the difference between a friend and a friend and feel the belief of love even in the hour of pain, since the moment of birth, growing up and finally dying everything that man did no one knew how to foresee, not even the moment of death.

knew why he did this is man and his being.

I saw in your gaze a certain brightness something set it off, it was intense and had a cause, that of loving. I looked again and the gaze continued to shine, it was conquering, shining like a bright, 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.

I don't understand, I don't get it, or even just don't know, it was enough to understand to understand to know, then yes, I could argue I would be enlightened about 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, the end of which I cannot predict, I will not forget you, and that you can always count on our love in any situation, because it is not only passion, for she keeps her secrets well I like to call her the silent night for she always has a good ear but speaks little although she is always conniving and this makes me happy.

How to live as a prisoner of the whole world a puff of freedom to relieve anxiety this feeling of imprisonment makes the tension increase the nerves blink without others seeing and behold that ties that are loosened in 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 my mind had pleasure I hope you when you read it too.

This solitary position, individual and aimless, this disorientation that pushes us to forgetfulness, to the total loss of feeling, to breathing, to 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 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 it appeared by the nature of wanting and being better and more than! Winning and overpowering at last 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 how we feel things today, on this day of any century, I am predisposed to happiness to live what I have not lived to hear 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 the 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 is to live free.

One day I was going too fast I crashed and got left behind, then 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 back to the craziest race in the world the race is called life was for it that I fought and reached the goal of being happy to be well positioned in the home straight ...I saw that fighting alone is necessary freedom and this is the sister of loneliness. Well, I always started alone, standing out from the first and last place. It is only possible to be first and last when running alone. This was the spirit of fighting but we are never alone, we have life ahead of us and this is running to live and to be first and last. When we are starting a cycle it is natural that we start last but there are points where we are winners.

Driven by idleness I meditated, equated, and finally took a side an action on restlessness man becomes unhappy when he doesn't live alone when he can't stand being still it is necessary to look for happiness this comes from within because one searches for something impatiently coming from 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 has found himself don't think of this as an autistic way of living but the greatest happiness is within us.

6tar there...6tar there when you don't ask...6tar 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... to be there for whatever...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'm there when you're here... I'm there always... 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, it was different, it was really scary, that dream of being and not knowing what was going to happen, I tried to describe what I would never see, and here I ended a trip over that world of silence that existed and that someone was suffering. I put out the cigarette, the struggle 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 other than yourself begins. I feel that I am not capable, on the other hand I feel like a warrior of what is most true, to conquer. It's 16 minutes since the extinguishing of a cigarette, and 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 impetus of the desire 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. Traveling in the seconds, the minutes are like rockets as I celebrate each advance. I feel lightly, thinking about what the advance I achieve will be like. There is a backward step as there is an accessible cigarette. At 35 minutes here is 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 this 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 blueprint.

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

Two hours 03 minutes passed and then I thought.

I will be able to emerge, something will smile. 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 got stronger 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 will not run away. I'm without light, but the energy will never fail.

I feel a shimmering power that will never overshadow 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, somewhat hesitant than irritating.

When one day a seagull comes I will ask it to bring you back I had what I didn't want when I wanted nothing, I lost everything. How would I be without you? I wrapped my description in this passion I had a giant love, always galloping when I thought of you, I saw what I lost, me here, you there, how I wanted to be a volcano that shook your heart, this giant love, always triumphant, anywhere I felt it, 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 sidewalk no longer meant anything I saw the figure and ran, and hid myself 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 was you the resulting part of the art was painted on the canvas, was the one was she.

The figure

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

Cursed figures that you can't even see, but that propagate. He is the unrecognizable figure of an apparition experience. Whispered the figure: you are afraid of a faceless man!

Yes - I replied with some fear. Fear not, for I exist only 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 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 heavens, magnified by 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 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 vulgar raincoat 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 the darkness and seek light.

I am a shadow friend of misfortune.

The whole evil of the figure is not to exist.

It is a missing apparition.

Screaming 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 stands up does not always fall down but rises up the hoax to the effrontery.

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

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

Red emerges as a warning of the principles of others.

The dark, the gloomy, the frivolous is not always present as it sharpens the desperation 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...into which the writing and the tears of an unbreakable contentment flow, whose being is not opposed, but as if revitalized and emerges by an antarctic ice break 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 leap, I dive. I don't cancel myself, I jump and imagine the vertigo. Quickly the heart startles, for something I imagine traveling. In the forefront, I saw all of life in a second as I glided through the air. It was the free fall of hitting the ground...through the wet tar that shines on the road I breathe the deep air is icy! The wet asphalt I feel the cool water that glows in the dark reminds me of the bright and shimmering sky and that was how strong that ground was, strongly that impact would destroy what was to come. The clock stopped and immortalized the moment of his thought. At a speed greater than the wind it came pirouetting and curling in on itself turned around and went up, up, up, back to the previous moment so that there would be no later I call it the rise of the fall into which it fell climbing 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 tip of the sword the fight of a suffering unwillingly, that transmits the power of winning and having and behold, the victor and the loser shines when he falls, feels the pain but rises and wins, is a fighter who wins the 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 did not

very distant 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 flowed and the world with the clouds said smiled simple amazed I decided to decide for what was to come I was going to control and this truly test the decision was made it did not arise from nothing I decided to decide for what was to come I was going to control and this truly test the decision was taken not emerge from nothing I was going to be able 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 the fog and the treacherous wind appeared the will to conquer something that I would achieve.

The luck was going to launch itself time to love the self and progress in the fights and battles without fail it was a sure shot for the following days I set the hand 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 it would certainly happen it would simply result.

The Web

I looked seriously at my surroundings, I saw the landscape and it was not ugly. I looked at society and saw a web where everything but everything is connected and I imagined the spider was a plot, a real drama. one day I dreamed that the one who died in her 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 is up to us to form the

If possible, we should be good so that life doesn't get ugly, have the will to live, and don't look at 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 - there is the web, the ugly spider, and my imagination.

Luzes café between the barely extinguished cigarette and 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 then have a goal that I hope achieved in about 2.000 hours of which about one a day I dedicate myself in this space more specifically called café lights where I hope to illuminate between the lines my daily life I feel relaxing energy even if only 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 at 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 feeling of fulfillment an endless desire awakens in me. It happens that the bright flame illuminates an afternoon that passes slowly, very lazy, it is a slight 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, this is a scent 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 pampering like a fascination a timeless joy very natural and relaxed when you smile wisely hits me a glow that cunningly does not lie and when it touches me it is stunningly different I get slightly deep thinking for an instant how happiness arises in reality from the duality of a cheerful smile to a look with a lot of brightness as I have sometimes experienced.

Fado a fado a fate that marks the ageless longing far away the desert but very close to the thirst of seeing you to the desire of wanting only to belong to you to feel 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 words to you, I would write with the rain what I would say to you on a postcard and on it 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.

Thinking, reflecting and acting or not acting is not expressed, one feels and as it is difficult to feel and not express, sometimes it is enough just to exist, but reflecting before reacting as if to feel, processing and pretending as if to control the thought of acting or not acting immediately, this is the most sensible thing to do.

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 just staying for the presence that means being.

The obstacle will not be the obstacle the very show to win without fear sometimes we feel a pain but it is important 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 winning 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 grab the drops of the ocean with one hand with the other 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 and not everything is achieved, sometimes it escapes between hands what we keep in our heart and feel in our hands everything has an emotion and a catch that emerges forming a whirlwind.

Not that what I tell you is true, but it is 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, 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 stand the just being and breathing.

I walk along the fronts and here is something that does not leave 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. 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 warm cold from which I shiver, but it's worth crying, and laughing and feeling. The end will take care of the end to which comes a tear not poured but always lurking and running down the face the tear of indifference.

I was thinking, how you are. So banal, so much like what you think you are, you are 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 the arrow or the bow, much less the 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, therefore my pain. A lonely heart, scarred by a blow that doesn't 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 be lonely 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 is in me.

The anguish, the loss. It 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 don't cry, I don't laugh, I don't think, I don't 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 conveyed.

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

The voice torments those who
whine. Wait.

I go traveling, 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 anymore. 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 breathe.

I saw, I smelled, 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 too much to ask 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 off 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 that which later reading will convey what my being wants to convey.

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

Overruled.

I strongly 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, for it may no longer see and suffer.

I am 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 you wouldn't forget me, I can't stand not having you, because what unites us sometimes separates us, but I'm here.

I won't pretend

I will write and let it flow.

What I want to write is definitely a tear.

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

Let me wipe away 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, all by myself. With me, this is me,

just me! What am I like? It's 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 inward I know I exist, to exist for others just 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 quiet 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 loudly. 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 nil. 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, much less understand what I have to tell you.

What I want you to realize and 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 little and of much I want nothing, 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 is not, 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, because I don't want this nothingness either. "timeless"

It beat, and beat 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 yourself, being attentive and learning to live with your inner self, and behold, the abyss is very small. To have and to belong is something that always fades away, as if to give up.

always utopian, behold, the being is born, lives and learns, and when it really realizes it, 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! 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 dark appearance of the true illusion of the word already pronounced disillusion; generator of intimate conflicts of the simple agony that overcomes any harmony.

Enigmatic, deep 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 becomes sedimented, and with writing, much is said in a short time.

In vain, things will come to you many will be left, others will be worthless. 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 gradually learn that writing was meant to unify ordinary knowledge from scientific knowledge, that both can be explained only with the profound wisdom that is reading

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I'll start where I want to end.

The smoke expands through the interior of my room. Through my interior 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, let's see how I will describe my story.

For now I don't move forward, in fact I step back ready to move forward. The smoke continues to permeate 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 maximization of the inner self.

Already here, in a few moments I have equaled in cigarettes the number of pages you read through.

Let's go ahead 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 finished.

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

I just want to breathe the air

I want to float and imagine what I'm 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 that warns me and tells me: emerge, overcome yourself

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

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 haunts me.

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

For only then 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 chases me I will say 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 here.

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

Vult into me you become. Take me! You will be my scent for the last time. Yes, you will leave.

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 are 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 disease.

Leave and go, go away, 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 flavor and perfume.

Maybe you don't know, or have in mind what you provoked.

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

years. 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 the object and I create our bond, but fun and illusory pleasure for somewhat weak living conditions. I dare by deprivation. For only then to be light and natural, for what nourishes me.

Cool, 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 that we find in the outer as well as inner 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 are firming reason. The freeing of the image of the ordinary human, to the eccentricity of the intimate relationship that pushes us apart. We are different, I am natural and organic, you are artificial and synthetic, and that is why you cannot express without me. Without the act that I will neutralize, you will make me happy.

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

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 tranquility.

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

The abyss is wide, the 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 trip will be the return to the hard but harmonious reality for those who want to let themselves be invaded, what do we have what we seek? Only one word from you, and 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, caught 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 been doing. It will never erase the sharp pain that in one laminated blow cuts the shrill living.

High in the memory the tearing, ghostly blow. It was your dichotomous presence between being and not being. Life traveled in photographic moments that stores everything and in an instant dumps it out. 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 step. 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 that 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 can't match the learning and outgoing of any impulse.

I'm glad you emerge, from the immense and distant thought. I would like to talk about... You decide, you always maneuver. 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 in the 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 vaporizing.

That's how, counting to ten, I realized 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.

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