

G. Taylor

Krisis

with a k

Krisis, from the Greek meaning “change evolution...”

Thank you!

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WEBS: krisiswithak.com (English Edition) krisisconk.com (Spanish Ed.)

“(...) A crazy man his life he passed, but in his senses died at last.”

*The ingenious gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha
Part II (1615).*

“(...) que acreditó su ventura, morir cuerdo y vivir loco.”

*El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quijote de La Mancha
II Parte (1615).*

Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616).

***“The world is a fine place and
worth fighting for and I hate very much to leave it.”***

“El mundo es un buen lugar, valdría la pena defenderlo.”

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961).

***“Only those who will risk going too far
can possibly find out how far can go.”***
*“Sólo quienes se arriesgan a ir demasiado lejos
pueden descubrir hasta dónde pueden llegar.”*

T.S. Eliot, poet; (1888-1965).

“Climb the ladder of life with young George throughout the pages of ‘Krisis with K’... Climb it at your own pace, as you wish and at your own convenience... But climb it bravely and optimistically... Every ‘Krisis’ (from the Greek language “change, evolution...” is similar to a rung of the ladder of life, an opportunity to take advantage of every personal or societal crisis... Live in the "yes" of life and banish the denial that cripples you! Browse the pages of *Krisis with a K* you won’t find anything negative! And as George did cultivate the magic words, the Philosopher's Stone: **Yes, always, thanks, I love you! Open ‘Krisis With a K’ at random. Choose one page without thinking! All the answers you seek are there and inside you.”**
(G. Taylor)

“walker, (...), / it is made by walking.”

“caminante, (...), / se hace camino al andar.”

Antonio Machado, poet; (1875-1939)

*“(...)/ But there’s a sun beam in the fight/
that always leaves the shade defeated.”*

*“(...)/ Pero hay un rayo de sol en la lucha/
que siempre deja la sombra vencida.”*

Miguel Hernández, poet; (1910-1942)

SYNOPSIS

Krisis with a K. YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED WITH LAUGHTER AND MOVED BY THE PASSAGES DESCRIBED HEREIN... FIND WHY A GHOSTLY SHIP IS SAILING THE PAGES OF THIS BOOK... (“Because hell survives inside you... and your happiness, your Heaven are always in permanent danger.”, page 151”).The ringing of the doorbell –as Destiny does– never forewarns us. It suddenly arrives at your doorstep and comes into your life. Such as the child George enjoyed licking his chocolate-stained fingers, enjoy the challenges which arise before you. If you delve into other horizons and relationships appearing throughout this book you'll know who you are and where you're going to while getting to know the leading character of this novel. When George felt his own death near he then understood life. And after two suicides attempts he learned that if one yearns for death to escape into the arms of oblivion one will not rest after death. Learn from nature and life as George did through his own personal experiences. Enjoy your adventures and the world of dreams, climb mountains and touch the clouds; smile and weep; navigate and dance with life; share and evolve like George did later becoming *Jordi* and *Gorka* ...

The novel consists of 200 stories based upon George’s life, legends and mythology from multiple cultures and civilizations. You will find lots of surprises; greetings and conversations translated into languages such as Chinese, Arabic, Russian, German, French, the African Bambara as well as Wolof, Latin, Mayan, Euskara, Gaelic, Catalan, Valencian and some other languages.

G. Taylor donates 80% of the profits generated from the sale of *Krisis* to **UNICEF, The Red Cross** and **Educo** projects carried out in Africa, Asia, India, Central and South America: let’s stop the death of 100 million children from starving.

Live in the "yes" of life and banish the denial that cripples you as it has disappeared from this novel! And cultivate as George did the magic words –the Philosopher’s stone: **Yes, always, thanks, I love you!**

In order to be honored due to their **contributions to culture, conviviality, coexistence and universal solidarity** G. Taylor mentions in “*Krisis with a K*” hundreds of women and men from different walks of life i.e. **John F. Kennedy, Luther King and Mandela, John Lennon, Molière, Hermann Hesse, Diana ‘Lady Di’, Chavela Vargas, Jadiyah al-Kubrà, Yanusari, Poe, Michael Jackson and Whitney Houston, Chaplin, Warhol, Marilyn Monroe, Cervantes and Shakespeare, Benedetti, Federico Fellini, Blas de Otero and Mikel Laboa, Teresa de Calcuta and Chiara Lubich, ‘Coco Chanel’, Chopin, Gandhi, Steve Jobs, Nuréiev and Darwin.**

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GAME-ORIENTED AND EDUCATIONAL PROJECT

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G. Taylor

krisis

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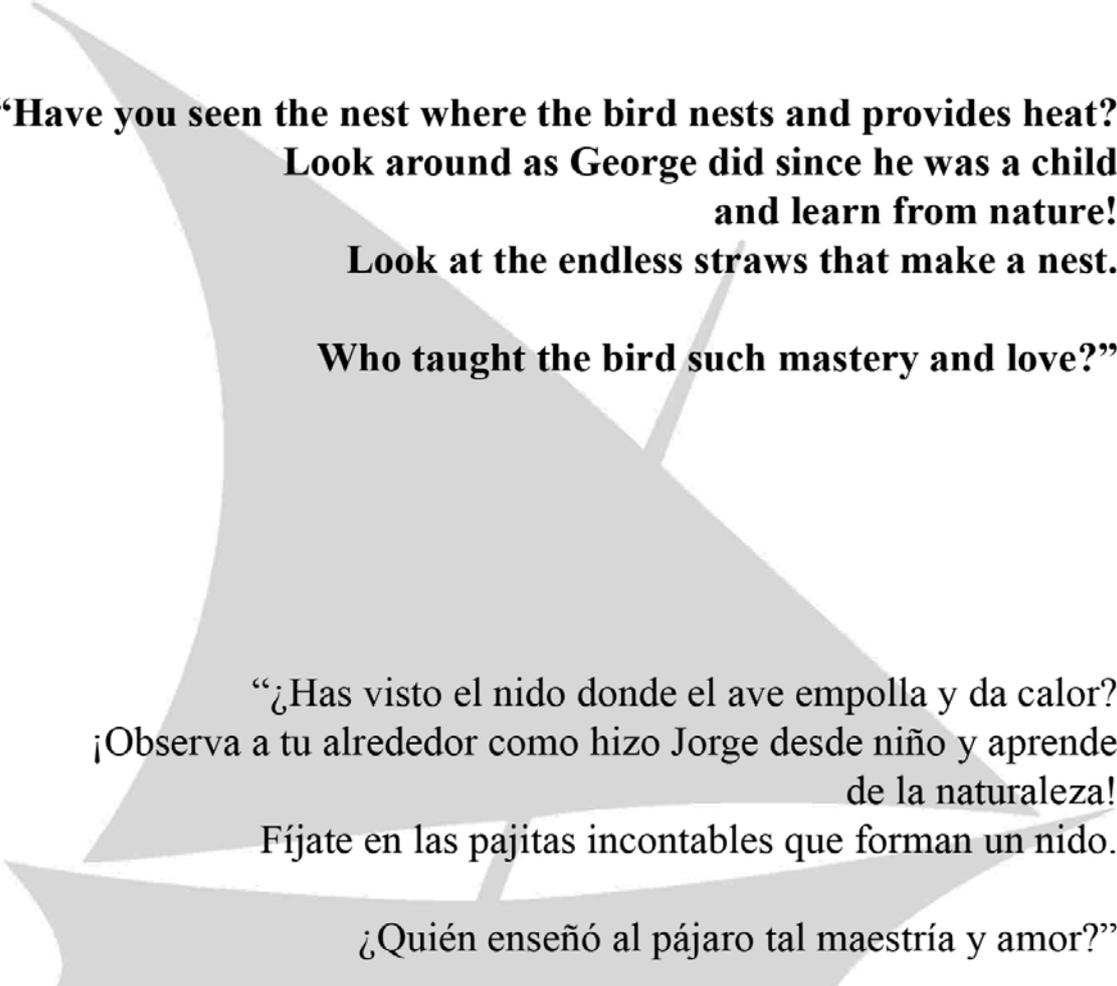


**“Life is a blank page
into which we jump everyday:
Forsake darkness and sorrow;
and boldly sail through life!”**

“La vida es una página en blanco
a la que saltamos cada día:
¡Abandona la oscuridad y la tristeza;
navega con valentía por tu vida!”

FIRST PART

Walking In The Trench



**“Have you seen the nest where the bird nests and provides heat?
Look around as George did since he was a child
and learn from nature!
Look at the endless straws that make a nest.
Who taught the bird such mastery and love?”**

“¿Has visto el nido donde el ave empolla y da calor?
¡Observa a tu alrededor como hizo Jorge desde niño y aprende
de la naturaleza!
Fíjate en las pajitas incontables que forman un nido.

¿Quién enseñó al pájaro tal maestría y amor?”

Since George was three years old he has always been looking for light. His pregnant mother was cleaning the panes of the kitchen cupboards and the child was fascinated. His mom's hand was moving the cloth on the panes faster and faster making cycles, like the human being who lives both in the matter and in the dreams. The prelude to a material reality. Are we running an eternal marathon where we come back to the start line every time we are reborn? Such as when we wake up and a new day begins? Did you wonder what happened inside you while you were asleep? Surely when you open your eyes you have felt more than once that weird feeling of arriving from another world.

Scrubbing leaves everything impeccable transparent, like our look – the mirror of our souls. Rosa used to scrub her windows until she saw her thoughts on them. What a fright! Due to a miracle that has not been explained by science yet half of a window may reflect feelings of happiness because of the arrival of the forthcoming baby but the other half may reflect her concerns through the tic-tic of the clock hung on the wall announcing noon. Thoughtful but eager to learn her son sitting on the first step of the stairs climbing towards the sitting-room did not miss anything. That morning his idea of climbing up to the mysterious room at the top of the house challenged the child's powerless and weak legs. But an incredible desire fed him. One day he would climb up there!

At the foot of the stairway, he smelled the bread his dad had placed in a mousetrap. But a flash from a lamp in the corridor lit his pupils. The boy flabbergasted by so much light raised his right hand up to his mouth and bit a piece of a biscuit, holding it hard not to lose it. However, his soul was enchanted by a light of unknown origin which made him search for an answer:

Hey! That... what's it?

The child's spirit was attracted by the flash, or maybe his neck was moved by a memento, anyhow his head turned left. Why our souls and sunflowers seek the sun? Then, his brain ordered his legs to stand up and at once they walked up to the front door, which was at the end of the brightly-lit corridor, in order to approach the beam drawn by the mysterious light settling on the dust suspended in the air like a blackboard made up of air. The precocity of playing and discovering, which is innate in children, made George's fingers stretch out to reach the present that was floating in the air. He wanted to catch the beam that looked mouth-watering. Touch it! Grip it right away!

Lost in his dreams, like E.T., searching for his identity in a foreign planet, *George's mind* wondered why there was so much light in the corridor. Out of his natural orbit his eyes jumped farther than his nose, focusing on another dimension. He then approached the light whirl, with a life of its own, that to his eyes it was like a microscopic spiral thanks to the dust in suspension that shaped the light and turned the immaterial energy into a kind of material form.

The hypnotized curly-haired boy let the biscuit fall. His hands went through the ethereal yellow figure again and again but whenever he was about to catch it such a figure vanished. George rubbed his eyes thinking it was a mirage, albeit his mum's restlessness that was reflected on the window stimulated him. This led him to desperation because the yellow odd beam was drawn everywhere –on the floor, on his fingers and on the back of his hand. But it melted away whenever he wanted to touch or grab it And then miraculously the beam regained its original shape of a sword whenever the boy stopped moving his hands.

As the boy was taken aback by something which did not exist he thought he would rather have a rest since he was exhausted of trying to catch the strange figure. When he was about to give up he looked at the kitchen and saw his mum up on a chair. She went on cleaning and cleaning the window panes. He wished she stopped for a while! Then he could ask her mum for help to catch such a slippery yellow creature.

However, with a lot of courage he did the opposite. If he asked his mum for help she would encourage him to continue his venture. And that's why he did not want to breathe in his mother's fear. Rosa was a fanatical protective mother who lived unaware of the fear that causes the loss of a child. She was so protective that she could suffocate her own offspring in the nest. His mum would surely make him go out to the corridor as many other times or she would scare him with lies such as "*the bogeyman is coming for you*"! a fallacy, a monster in our minds who eats brave children and leads a very solitary existence.

Rosa wanted to keep an eye on her child at all times. Protect him! But in doing so she restricted her child's freedom.

In the corridor George forgot about the biscuit. The sword *Excalibur* embedded at the entrance of the house attracted him much more, an energy made up of transparent dust and light, but unknown by the child like the gravitational energies and the genesis chased by scientists.

Mother of God! It exists! And I'll grab it!

The sparkling immaterial phenomenon was caused by his movements, in the same way as every feeling deprived of substance –but real– lives inside us or like happiness and its joy or sadness and sympathy that nobody can touch but everyone knows they are amongst us. The same as love that confers us happiness which is impossible to grab or touch but whose emotions may be felt in our body or soul. Can both happiness and

unhappiness be touched? Can we chain ourselves to the selfish happiness and possess it exclusively? And love?

But you must agree with me: they exist!

In life, during our dreams everything is so different, that dimension of our existence still unknown and intangible but real.

We travel at the speed of thought. *You drink from smiles* or weeping. You breathe in another kind of oxygen when you stroke someone you love and you even fly on words. And on being on such a dimension of the matter we are capable of delicately listen to, and even to understand the message that sometimes is conveyed by a mere glance. Isn't it true that sometimes without listening we just understand the message by just glancing at the other? Consequently, regarding most of those touching occasions the feeling that accompanies every fact and situation becomes more transcendent, as if it were a corporeal object. That's why the fuse of such feelings causes you such biological and physical reactions that turn your decision into actions.

It would occur in the same way with the ethereal light beam, but with life and motion that had hypnotized young *George's spirit*, sitting on the stairs until that kind of phenomenon made him stand up and go on a pilgrimage seeking the said ethereal light. Because the audacity of your first steps makes you go over there regardless of the blackness of the corridor. The encouragement and predisposition of the early years remain at all times. Because only the light of experiences and knowledge make you leave the cavern of shadows and ignorance.

In a nutshell, the soul that had come back to this world, now inside George's body, wanted to know what kind of power obliterated the darkness of the corridor.

Finally, the child's impatient eyes, infected with such a strange brightness, found the source of that light coming through the front door. That celestial light coming through a tiny crack smaller than his pinkie was flying towards the air to let that yellow water-like thread escape. A magic water-fall that fell onto the ground making the halo of the said light larger along the valley lying in the black corridor. George was baffled by such a fluorescent river. The light waves were moving forward and flying over the floor tiles inside the house where such an unearthly event took place, and as they were progressing they took over more and more space until they turned the wide and long path into a narrow and tiny gleam. As it usually happens with the *unbiased love* that overflows the limited body of our *insatiable* and *insistent ego* and inundates with its happiness anyone who bumps into it.

A few seconds later, without guessing what had really dazzled him, George thought that the light was generated by the door. Nevertheless, he deployed a beggar's hand imploring some help and answers while his fingers were slipping along the door, from top to bottom, until those small fingers found the exit of the mouth of the dark corridor leading him to the street. At last, thanks to the gift we call intrepidity young George saw the figure of an unknown big and beautiful unearthly being up in the sky, a miracle of nature. Blinding circle! But the boy clung to what was familiar to him up till then because he was afraid of being hurt: Go blind! And due to that premonition of ignorance, as if his fearful sentence rolled over from his brain into his mother's, via some invisible or super-symmetric air planes Rosa saw her son's curly hair by the door ajar.

Suddenly, in the protective mind of a mother the vehement alarm went off because of the serious perils were lying in wait for her little boy in the street, and Rosa professed her warning:

–George, don't move! Keep still!

Young George despite his mother's shock decided to go through the doorway, but luckily non-conformism, innate at birth, incited and helped George to walk and survive within that difficult situation. One footstep, George needed just one footstep, -and he took a footstep forward as if he were playing! – to discover the great secret of life, this is the learning period that awards us two prizes: knowledge and freedom.

Of course, if you have overcome the myth of the cavern and of the shadows. It was so well explained by Plato, thinker and philosopher in Classical Greece.

–Round and big and yellow! –Exclaimed the boy–. Who's that, mum?

–The sun! –Rosa stretched her hand, longing for having her son by her side.

But the brake was too late because George had taken advantage of the *carpet* laid by courage. The child had removed, without knowing it, the first veil to the mystery of the human evolution: he understood that boldness was a valuable gift. Because audacity –an impulse that guided cartoonist Walt Disney through his creations at the school where he drew his first doodles in 1910– becomes in the course of our lives the courage that sharpens your wits and curiosity in order to open new doors.

What does your soul need to feel such happiness? Do you want to find it?

George's adventures contain valuable experiences and keys that you may live throughout these pages. How can we find them?

Do you want to know it? Sure?

First and foremost, you must relax the mental agitation of your *executing ego*. Let your unreal or real thoughts sleep! Let your interior hurricane rest! Stop hurting yourself! Are you hungry? What kind of

hunger? First of all, without delay, pick up the biscuit George left behind in the corridor. He left it for you and for those who feel the need to live and seek, navigate through life and learn. Feel free! Bite it! And then, continue reading: nourish yourself on each experience.

The fact is that there are reasons that the mind will never understand, *magister dixit* Aristotle, said the Greek philosopher.

If you watch and experience you will find the lack of stability and the several parts that make up a whole, without exceptions, hidden in what at first sight looked like something homogeneous. Therefore, you will always be learning and growing up. It is demonstrated that any cause or fact gradually or at the same time generates more than one effect or consequence. Only if we are open-minded to less theoretical options, if you feel and experience, and above all, if you live in freedom, you will remember the answers to every question that life comes up with. Those questions are inside you when your soul reappears in your mother's womb. Because since we were born your path of life is like a *laboratory* for researching, which you will feel more clearly if you delve into George's memories.

In the course of your daily life you have lots of opportunities to test any kind of emotions, both the planned and the unplanned ones, as well as plenty of opportunities to experience expected and unexpected feelings. You just imagine that your existence, like George's, constitutes a field of research where the engineer or the Unearthly Architect in charge of creation made us with male and female features to convey his earthly desires and his most pure gifts through the human beings. His leitmotiv consists of the combination of powers of love and instincts in order to turn them into reality thanks to people. Everything on earth is like a test tube or

I would rather say like an enormous supportive *chess board*. Regarding these experiments carried out by that well-respected *Being*... be aware that such experiments as well as several confronted descriptions and opinions exist in philosophy, religion and science.

One of such credible hypotheses is as follows:

On a spring morning the *explosion of life* took place like a miracle—seven million years ago in the African valley of Rift a chimpanzee went down the tree and made the leap to evolution— *who created us?* he woke up and his decision was to summon all the other apes to a meeting. “*I desire to be a human being!*” He proposed the others thanks to a dream he had previously had. Everybody went speechless, wondering: *What’s a human being?*

Absent-minded, *Sapiens*, who was involved in his own things, apologized for being late because since sunrise he had been trying to fly like a bird. “*I dreamt that one of our ancestors had wings*”. When such a funny remark was heard one hundred laughs were also heard: The crowd of apes made fun of and mocked at him. But once those courtesy moments were over, the divine ultimatum was heard: “*A volunteer? Is there a volunteer or I’ll choose him!*”

And then, without knowing the purpose of such a question, *Sapiens* raised his hand. And one thousand laughs were heard!

He was lucky! OK.

For what awaited *Sapiens* ahead... he was without any doubts the ideal ape: Absent-minded but always brave!

And then in another divine thought, because everything begins to throb with life through our minds, the heavenly biologist served him a spell, a kind of secret sent in a sealed envelope. Because such a piece of advice could only be heard by him... and moreover it advised him to patiently watch nature in order to learn from it.

In this version of the human birth there is neither punishment nor anyone is expelled out of the Garden of Eden. Simply our own free will comes up, the fruit of will and its chemical reaction, thanks to the hand raised by *Sapiens*. Do you believe in life as an exile or as an unappealable judgment within a terrestrial hell or you would rather feel that your life is a sort of prize in a paradise to be discovered? Do you still believe in the poisonous apple? How could He condemn us Who loved our creation and therefore He created us. It seems improbable that Father or Mother sentence their own children at birth. Forget the lies disseminated for millennia. Surely it happened like that because most of the evidence strongly suggests that the group of *cowardly sapiens* wanted to eliminate half of their competitors in evolution by using lies. Their final goal was to remove women from the power and the council of the tribe.

And that's why those *Sapiens* have written and yelled throughout the history of humanity: Women –Eve, the first woman according to the Hebrew myth, and Pandora, according to the Greek myth– are the culprits of all the earthly misfortunes!

In this story, young George is still framed in the doorway as though a picture looking at the sun, trapped within his imagination. As it happened to Ernest Hemingway, still an unpublished novelist, who was paying a visit to Pamplona in 1923 when he felt that deep sensation of the inaugural rocket announcing the start of Sanfermines and the running of the bulls, *cowboy* in his *far west* of emotions. Because you should know that in his first novel “Fiesta” the American Nobel Prize in Literature in 1954 told us all about his experiences during *Los Sanfermines* and his feelings were inspired by bullfighting.

From the front door of his house young George's childish bangs scanned the Valencian sky and thereby the inspiration of the sun entered

into him, pure energy like the one generated by the wind without the risk of the nuclear catastrophe suffered by the inhabitants of Chernobyl and Fukushima.

–I want to touch that sun, mom!

–That’s not possible!

–I have already done it... Come on. Touch it! It’s only light and dust! Come on, Come on. Touch it!

The child smiled with his left foot into the house, but his will and right foot set onto the pavement boosted the child’s audacity. Satisfied by such a discovery, George begged his mother to go for a walk, and while having that walk an idea came to his mind and through his heart. Because just then his soul reminded him that it was possible to grow up by learning out of every experience, and he insisted on grabbing the flying ball above the clouds.

–Grab it for me, mom! –he insisted.

–Impossible! The sun’s very high above the ground.

–Hold me in your arms; I’ll grab it, please, mum.

He wanted to climb Rosa’s knees.

–My child, another day!

–I can today! –Grouched he... and finally he crossed his arms.

Do you know that if you are capable of imagining something you are also capable of turning a dream into reality?

Do not hesitate it for a moment.

We exist from idea to idea!

On staring at the sun from the front door the child’s wise and old soul brought to young George’s mind the memory of poet Miguel Hernandez who hypnotized him with the verses young George saw him writing one afternoon under the fig tree in the backyard of his house, -“*Glu,*

glu, glu, the sound of the milk when falling into the bucket./(...)/Glu, glu, glu. The foam blows up giving out a very thin mist.”- –and in another thought, on a spring day of 1915 he remembered that his friend from Orihuela was crouching and in shorts milking his father’s goats, dreaming of becoming a poet in eternity. And he did hit the nail!

I was going around the hedge of a park with a friend of mine and with young Migdal when I met George. I saw him by the lilies: he was reading a manuscript. I looked at him in the eye and then at his white wrinkle-free shirt. I would say that George was nearly fifty years old. How old is he today? I don’t even know my own age! If you could move your life one hundred years forward in just one night thanks to a choice that changes your course of life or after the assumption of a dream, how could we know then with absolute certainty the age of a soul? When I first saw George I felt his kind smile that filled his pupils and his flawless face. **His calm, untamable hunch reflected the aura of the spirit that has exiled the soul from the vassal that enslaves everybody.** Who knows what I was looking for if some centuries ago at that very moment he told me without words, just with a glance, what our hearts were longing for. I drank from the wells of his wisdom and felt unmistakable signals that spoke to me. Juan was serene, Migdal calm. The four of us looked at one another. And we were silent for a minute, which seemed to be an eternity. And immediately his equable voice stroked us:

–Happy day! What are you looking for here? –With his left hand George invited us to sit next to him.

Since that day I have shared literary gatherings with George and have tried to know him better. Consequently, thanks to his knowledge and patience now I enjoy the letters he sends me since he has been living with Malena. He let the Mizar star guide him to the north.

Today I am allowed to tell you the experiences I went through with him.

Does the tree order you to leave the orange on the branch because it belongs to it?

And here I am!, working as a reporter reinventing words and verbs, like the one who creates a new humanity as a single family.

I have learned that *George's soul* never gives up.

He persisted in grabbing the sun since he was a child. And despite not knowing when or how he jumped and jumped with his arms up in the air, again and again and again, with the hope to touch such a fire ball floating like the lord of the skies.

As his own soul, you know everything... and you only have to remember it.

When young George approached valiantly the door of the house he then recovered a hidden habit in his spirit, just as the one innate in the architecture of sentences. Much more clearly, amass faith in order to think about the plural experience and, therefore, learn from humanity: We know everything... and then we act freely. In such a way George remained faithful to the ideal of friendship that gushed out of his interior since he left the parental nest, as you will learn further on.

In order to walk later among shadows and felt the sorrows and joys of a double lesson and to be happy in solitude and learn to be *reborn* for love.

In his childhood, most afternoons George played with his mother. He dreamt of reaching the sun. Son and mother gave each other love and tenderness.

It is about time you freed yourself!

Trust your heart. Let it guide you.

Let them love you, feel free like the *wise fire dragon*, the sun, that through the door called *George's soul* to come back to this world.

Dear readers, recognize in your lives those footprints, embers that time turns into a fruitful seed. The stories about George will help you to get your bearings as they are similar to yours. Read and be aware of your challenges, challenges similar to the ones you will find throughout these pages. Learn more about each challenge with courage and free conscience.

Walk bravely on the carpet that the art of joining letters and words weave and turn them into feelings. Cover the experiences of our friend George since he was born, emotions which are still felt and grow inside his mother's womb.

Live them as your own experiences as I am doing.

I have walked next to George for many years and made out his key messages! Day after day I have always been a human being in search of happiness, just like you, ever since I met him.

Lady Liberty

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As soon as the day broke the shadows in the orchard vanished and the sun appeared while young George's father was fixing his bike. Sleepy under the sheets young George did not know that the origin of the metallic neigh was coming from the bike his dad was riding to work, nor did he understand the meaning of some words he had heard.

–I'm going to work! I'll be back for lunch.

–Don't forget your sandwich– reminded him lovely Rosa embracing her son tenderly in bed.

–He's going to work! What's work, mom?

–Today young people are searching for it hopelessly... and without a job people suffer. You just forget that word that enslaves people... you just play and be happy! She lowered her head and kissed her son.

Rosa left the bedroom half an hour later.

After a while young George felt alone.

In the darkness of the bedroom, he set his feet on the floor and searched for his slippers he had left at the entrance of his bedroom. Young George caught sight of the morning light through the front door ajar. He inquisitively approached the front door and went out without permission. At that moment, a violet-eyed she-cat was meowing –maybe actress Liz Taylor reincarnated– captivated him as much as the jungle that was unfolding towards dawn. Young George sighted a strikingly beautiful green scenery against a yellow background, and saw the jumps the solar flares gave throughout the forest, from tree to tree. In a few seconds, the sun beams lit everything. However, upon Rosa’s request young George went back into the kitchen to have breakfast.

The hours passed and at about noon, while carrying out his daily contemplation, like a child sentinel, his quest for knowledge to know what lie beyond the greenest part of the orchard grew in *young George’s mind* again.

Young George was born in an agricultural town of people enslaved by the work done from dawn to dusk. Amazingly, the sun’s light established the beginning and the end of day and night, from cradle to grave. Was George born from the fruit of love between two young lovers: Rosa and Pedro or maybe his soul had returned on this occasion? His mother cleaned the rooms of the house and the stairs, and tidied up the backyard every day. She pleasantly washed nappies, but a lot of times in the weary household routine but whenever she went back to the kitchen she enjoyed over and over the stew pot. And she carefully scrubbed once and

again the panes and windows upon the submission of the rural wife. Meanwhile, at the vantage point of the door young George entertained his newborn brother.

Young George's house, which seemed to have been painted by green brushstrokes and situated on the outskirts of the town, was only interrupted by a narrow path, and at approximately fifteen yards from it, next to the orchard, there was a wall overgrown with thick vegetation. Whenever young George was asleep he felt and heard the free water voice running along the irrigation ditch calling him in his dreams and while awake the murmuring of the water running among the bushes and under the bridge provoked him. Then, he always thought that one day he would manage somehow to be able to cross over to the other side of the river just in one jump or two, and maybe while staying on the other side of the river he could speak to his friend, the sun.

While he was sitting in the hall, the child's eyes eager for knowledge –like the mythical owl symbol of knowledge in Classical Greece– carefully watched the day laborers and the farm workers in their daily coming and going to the farmlands. The carts drawn by mules crossed the bridge slowly surrounding the place with magic. One morning, the child's spirit, pushed by the memories he kept in his soul and which had been experienced during his first years of life, took the right step in his imagination.

He went beyond the bridge, like an adventurer who gets to an oasis by caravan. Young George motionless trotted in his soaring inspiration throughout the enigmatic jungle within the orchard full of palm trees and rebel crests in the wind riding his childish fantasies.

For hours and hours, at the vantage point of the front-door, young George studied the way to turn his goal of reaching the golden sphere up in the sky into reality. One day, on the third of May, the feast of the Holy

Cross, the ringing of the bells and the fireworks, and the *porompompero* by popular singer Manolo Escobar announced the marching of *La Soldadesca*. To the beat of the harquebusiers throwing gobs of gunpowder and the sound of the fluty *chirimies*, two boys dressed up like angels in bright and colorful blue and red costumes were hopping up and down and playing among the flags that were hoisted by the captains of the celebration across the streets and squares of the town.

In his curiosity to learn more, young George paid attention to the music that was played all around while having an eye on the other side of the striking green wall, the orchard, where he saw himself as the chief character of one thousand and one adventures. From the entrance of the house the boy saw how the clouds flew away, and then, out of the blue, he saw his father riding his bicycle. His father could take him to the other side of the bridge to touch the sun. At last, he had already found, searching his mind, the unknown factor to the equation that puzzled him. He wished he could get into the jungle riding his father's bike. And then his father showed up bringing the solution to his desires.

–What are you doing at the door, son?

–I'm looking at the people and at that jungle– he pointed out with his left index finger.

–Jungle? It's an orchard, son... trees and a lot of fruit. –He stroked his son's chubby-cheeked face.

–Dad, when you were a boy, what games did you play? Does the sun live over there in the jungle?

–The sun lives everywhere. When I was a child I played football with my friends, but with footballs made of cloth.

With his big sinewy hands seen by young George from below Pedro left his bike and left it behind the door and kissed his thin dark-haired wife and went away to wash his hands to sit at the table. He had just arrived a

few minutes before noon, earlier than usual. What for? Cautiously, young George put an eye on the backyard where Pedro was putting on his slippers, and then his curiosity made him examine the metallic skeleton. He wanted to know how his father had arrived by moving his feet in circles over a central toothed-wheel, which was smaller than the others and fixed to both ends. He came to the conclusion that the solution to the mystery was in the center of the gadget –as in human beings and their interior balance. Without further delay, he decided to grab the crank-arm to move such a contraption. And he stretched his left hand towards the round thing without fear of hurting himself:

–It hurts! It hurts! –He yelled, with his small hand trapped in the crank-set.

He was suffering the attack of a fierce animal:

–He’s biting me! Shit! –He pulled his hand backwards and fell down on his back. Free at last.

He said the word “shit” for the first time in his life, how lucky he felt! His small hand slipped free. So when he removed it from such sharp teeth young George got free from the chain and felt relieved and proud of his heroic deed. He had luckily been capable of repulsing the bites of such an imaginative beast that seemed to be peaceful. The treacherous animal, hidden behind the door, did not forewarn him. Neither did it bark at him as the dog does nor it joked or scratched him as the cat does. The creature leaning on the wall just waited expectantly. But when young George approached the metallic creature it mercilessly attacked him at the slightest drop of his guard, like men and women who irrationally attack others if they never overcome their concerns and suspicions. The teeth of the crank which were marked on his small fingers backed up the lie the child was suffering.

And of course, it did attack! And it did bite too!

Always because of your natural inclination the childish trend of understanding the world you are exploring guides you. And then boldness consolidates your attempts to explore. Until you dare eat a peach and enjoy its juicy meat and in such a way you learn among doubts and mistakes to possess the energy to force each moment up to its crisis i.e. as the avant-garde poet T.S. Eliot wrote: “*Only those who will risk going too far can possibly find out how far one can go.*”

Young George carefully analyzed the people and animals that were roaming by the bridge, which made him a great master. The faces of the inhabitants of Valencia tanned by the scorching sun and worn out by hard work stretched their smiling wrinkles. They harvested hope on seeing two small innocent eyes sitting at the entrance of the house.

–He’s Rosa and *Perico*’s son! –said a red-haired girl to a bald man.

Suddenly, young George saw a sparrow flying over the green wall of the orchard.

I wish I were a *child bird* like Peter Pan!

The goats were leaving a trail of small balls, a few tumblers were performing some spectacular acrobatic exercises featuring amazing circus performances, music and dance on the street. Some mules drew carts. He heard crickets’ concerts. He saw multicolor butterflies and lizards climbing up the walls. He heard the zigzagging of eels and the croaking of *mermaids* in the irrigation ditches. Animals at large: natural knowledge.

Orange trees, lemon trees: orange blossom azahar. Wild flowers. Springtime: explosion of life! And as the summer approaches... virtuous cicadas. Zigzagging snakes. Squadrons of wasps and bats. And at dusk, in the orange sky, crazy swallows chasing the trail of ghosts, mosquitoes trying to dodge the deadly beaks of the crazy swallows.

Generous nature really encouraged *young George's soul* to awake in order to come back to the real world.

That's why, in view of the vast *source of knowledge* stemming from nature and from its cycles, in childhood no punishment is worse than being punished against the wall by the teacher or looking away when life situations are to be confronted as both of them give rise to ignorance.

Just a few minutes before noon the gang of young people –Cismo and Llaneras, Juanillo, the Nephew and other lads–came to town eating apricots. They were enjoying the first fruit of the season. They were loaded with refreshing plums. The bath in the irrigation ditch spurred their hunger satisfied with fruit until lunchtime. The owner of the orchard protested once more. He was heard cursing them in the distance, upset by the raids and feasts of the petty thieves. He powerless and exhausted called them names after chasing them across the muddy watered orchard. Like a ceremony, the grove that drank from the irrigation ditch was a daily must-stop where the lads had built a sanctuary. In the cages cleverly and skillfully assembled over the nests made on the tree branches the boys kept wagtails and red tails, singsong goldfinches and greenfinches. The offspring devoured through the bars of the cages the food their parents brought in their beaks. In such a *Levantine paradise*, the science of ornithology was wise. Over there, in the advent of puberty teens were trained by mother earth in order to learn perseverance and determination. *The neighborhood called Paris*, consisting of houses built with the town emigrant's savings was years later the goal of many of those once young emigrants who came back from France happily retired.

Young George spellbound found ants marching hand in hand and abreast under his feet at the entrance of his house. They were loading grain

for their barn in a hot and thirsty midday of August. And then Pedro arrived on his bike wearing his espadrilles. His dad also filled the pantry every day. Not until was his dad next to him and after kissing him he impatiently dared ask:

–Would you take me to the other side of the bridge, dad?

–Come on, get on the bike! Get on...get on before your mom calls us for lunch!

Every corner of the Levantine farmland surprised him so much that he took notice of everything from the back saddle of his father's bike imagining his dad was driving a stagecoach. The polychrome of crops on the banks of the Segura River is like a paradise on earth, as it is the Yanna in the Muslim Koran. Garden or oasis of water overflowing sewers and irrigation ditches and canals, the efforts and knowledge of the Arabian agronomy, a people that populated the al-Andalus for seven centuries (Spain and Portugal until 1492 when Granada was taken under the command of Rodrigo Ponce de Leon obeying the orders given by the Catholic Monarchs).

The Arab descendants survived in the Levantine land, mixing their blood with Aragonese and Castilians, just as it happened after the invasion and colonization of the Iberian Peninsula by the Moors, and since 711 they co-existed with the Spaniards.

Young George stored up images and details while riding the bike across such a fertile Levantine region. Enjoying the excellence of such an awesome *green universe* he wanted to learn everyday something new. And besides, he had already conquered his dream: the green wall by the bridge collapsed, because he had gone beyond it with his dad riding the bike.

He had delved into the feeling of freedom provided by the orchard. In the same way as in 1989 the Berlin Wall collapsed to give rise to the new border-free Europe.

–I’m already in the jungle! –With his smiling and happy eyes wide open.

–It’s the fertile region of Levant –emphasized his dad–: with tomatoes, oranges and lemons.

–And that melody over the trees? I want to be a musician!

–They are singsong birds: goldfinches. You can go to the music school for learners.

The cock pigeons, Bolinchde, Polifemo, Maricuela, Comando and Sole, were overflying the palm grove. The flock chased the dove. Pigeon breeding is a millenarian culture on the Mediterranean coast, determination and art among the peoples on the banks of the Segura River. Young George’s soul –half a boy and half a girl– propelled by the birds’ skills flew on the *Pegasus truck* that his dad was riding.

In his sudden dream, he thought he had seen Leonor and poet Antonio Machado in an orchard where lemons were ripening. He was drawing silk hearts with Antonio Gala and Federico Garcia Lorca.

Federico was telling them his deeds as a Poet in *New York* and he praised Lady Liberty for her beauty, holding the torch in her hand.

“Liberty Enlightening the World”

–And that animal? –asked young George.

–A horse grazing and resting.

–I want to ride it, as I do ride your bike! – He attempted to get off the bike

Being a doting father in his answers to his son, his laborer’s constitution was moved and Pedro saw his child gazing at the blue open sky in the awakening of his soul. In such a sky of magnificent light the golden fireball was freely playing with the clouds.

–Grab the sun for me, dad!

–You; you’ll do it. Some day! Just wait a few more years!

–I want it now, shit!... –He shifted around on the bike saddle, he nearly fell off the bike.

–Why do you swear?

–That word brought me good luck when my fingers were trapped in the bike: I want it now! –He wanted to jump off the bike.

Pedro always encouraged his son to explore and improve by himself. Thus, he opened the door of hope that one day young George would approach the *yellow, wise dragon*.

–One day I’ll grab it, dad!

–Sure you will, my son; you’ll do it by yourself, some day.

The east wind brought dark clouds. Thunders wept amongst the clouds.

An old man was bent down cutting alfalfa with a scythe. He saw both father and son on the bike, and shouted to them.

–Go back into town! It’s going to rain. Today, 3 of August we celebrate the Cabañuela festival.... And there will be floods in October!

Manuel, El Carrizo, stretched and waved his cap in order to forewarn them.

–How do you know it, Manuel? –Pedro stopped his bike by him.

–Depending on the day it rains in August: if it happens on the fourth you begin to count from August, and then we’ll be having thunderstorms in four months’ time: August, September, October ... in November then!

–And if it rained on the 19th of August?

–I would count nineteen months: August, September, October, November, December, January,... July, August, I repeat and I count backwards, that is to say, July, June, May, April and March: up to nineteen days.

Therefore, we’ll be having torrential rain next March!

On their way home, his father looked at his son out of the corner of his eyes. He looked at him flabbergasted within such beautiful scenery. For a moment, *young George's soul* felt sad to leave such fertile green fields full of life.

He also felt sad at remembering the verses by **Federico Garcia Lorca**, and because it might be raining on the nineteenth of August, without knowing that on that day the poet was executed. It happened at daybreak on the 19th of August on a deserted road in Granada: it was during the summer of 1936. He was assassinated because of the prejudices against him, maybe due to envy or fury or who knows out of spite in the name of the damn **Spanish Civil War**.

But above all, from that very instant he was living on the back saddle of his father's bike –with the potholes hitting his ass once and again along the road– young George wanted to learn and asked his father why Manuel El Carrizo was all the time sucking a small dark wooden stick.

–He sucks licorice root, son; he has been licking it since he gave up smoking –he explained to him.

–What's smoking?

–To swallow smoke as if you were putting rubbish in your mouth.

–That's disgusting, dad! –The child gesticulated with an arching mouth.

The Levantine weather forecast method is reliable. That's why his father paid attention and went home. Young George looked towards the town and felt something moving in his curly hair. It was raindrops. The *glass ants* also jumped in the grass. The fattest raindrop dripped down a leaf towards the edge...and fell off. On crashing against the ground, young George saw it burst as the bubbles did when his mother was washing up. On the way home father and son were attacked from the air by a *torrential*

ants' nest, Pedro hurried up. But he stopped the *two-wheel horse* dead outside Rosa's house. Rosa smiled at them:

–What a shower! Come in! Dry off... and let's have lunch.

–Mom, I went into the jungle! –He happily jumped to Rosa's arms and kissed her.

–A ride across the fields –Pedro said while kissing her and drawing a chair to sit down.

With spoons and plates set on the orange tablecloth, Pedro took a bottle of wine and filled his glass half-way and the rest of the glass was filled with bubbles. The dark liquid, like night or ignorance, got brighter when he poured soda into it. Both mother and son drank water. The three of them ate lentils although Pedro would rather have had rice with chicken or rabbit.

–Wonderful... hot! –Young George thanked his mother.

Suddenly, at the entrance of the kitchen, by the stairs, his father's mouse trap went off. On falling down and crashing against the ground the noise made by the wooden box mobilized the child's curiosity.

–What's up, dad? That noise? –he turned his head leftwards.

–A rat in the mousetrap. –He put the spoon of lentils in his mouth pretending nothing had happened.

–Where's the poor little one?

Pedro stopped eating, moved his chair backwards and stood up in a rush to stop his son from seeing the animal's head trapped in the mouse trap. But there were more questions:

–Where are you going, dad? –His son thirsty for knowledge chased his father's movements from the chair.

–I'll remove the little rat from the hole.

–Will you show it to me? Show it to me, dad! –He wanted to leave the table but his mother grabbed him.

Pedro, looking at Rosa, was hiding the rodent between his fingers. Nobody heard what he said, but their son got the conversation on the uptake. He felt that something sad was going on.

Because glances talk!

Because through observation new facts are found.

–Show me the little rat!

–I’ll let you know one day. –He swallowed saliva... and with that gesture he gave it away.

–What will you tell me? Tell me now! Tell me now!

–Another day. I’ll let you know another day! –With his hand closed and the little rat in it Pedro went out through the kitchen door.

Two weeks later the promised day arrived. The sun was touching the church when Pedro tried to explain his son, while they were sitting on the stairs of the front door why he had laid the mousetrap and why the little rat had lost its head. The child was all ears as if he were listening to a tale written by the Grimm Brothers. Once upon a time a rodent ate a piece of cheese and luckily that time it ran away unhurt. But it was greedy and wanted the piece of another little rat and put its head into the mousetrap... and that’s why the rat lost it.

This time has taught George that the most dangerous rats also wear clothes and shoes in order to hide their shame.

As a person you have plenty of opportunities to be happy by assisting the one who suffers next to you or in remote locations. Take advantage of your precious human birth. Observe and learn from nature. We are privileged!

Just think of the defenseless little rat. Stop changing your home, your workplace, streets and the planet into a jungle crammed with traps to fight someone else’s greediness. Sometimes all this only conceals the human

need to explore, even though if by doing so we hurt others as a means to learn how to reject meanness. And yet, it would be better if you squander solidarity.

Common knowledge is wise: sow trust and practice generosity without thinking of the harvest.

Serrat, The Minstrel

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Do you desire to return to your mom's womb?

In such a comfortable place your mother gives you... and you take from her. Everything you were given inside such a place was given unconditionally, as nature gives the human being without expecting anything in return. The soul gets into the womb, maternal nirvana, and preserves its innate plenitude that later on lives inside women. The body swims in the pure water stroked by the amniotic fluid waves. Be aware because the pollution is outside.

One of many nights, during George's childhood, in his dreams, he returned to the maternal lake where due to chemical combinations or miracles his biological clock switched on. It just happened nine months before he came to life in a newborn body.

Live, swim in there, *in vitro*!

Being nourished by ambrosia, within such a comfortable place you do not even imagine that a lot of pain is lying in wait at delivery; you do not even think of the cliffs we create with our brains outside the womb.

Within such a fantasy *young George's soul* gazed at his friend Miguelillo in a moon's white night reciting with Serrat, the minstrel, a singer-songwriter by trade: "*Apart from your womb/everything is confusing./Apart from your womb/everything is future,/brief, past/useless,*

*cloudy./ (...)Apart from your womb/clear and deep.” Neruda and Bednedetti clapped. Flabbergasted by the child poet, *el Nano* of Poble, who was sucking a licorice stick... promised Miguelillo: “I know you want to present your poetry in Madrid. But some day, just remember this, boy, I’ll take you to my homeland... my heart will extol your poems... and the entire world will sing and recite your verses!”*

Within this dream George saw himself tumbling inside Rosa about to be born. And he was delighted by the Catalan minstrel.

How funny!

And in such an idyllic enclosure he would not have known what his mouth, nose, eyes, ears, hands, fingers... were for. Everything grew bigger. Genetics surprised him. What was going on?

Love and death grows in your body, that’s why you desire and are tempted during your material life to return to such a peaceful, awesome sea. Therefore, Philosopher Plato might have guessed it, and he left written evidence of that, that traveling by ship during pregnancy influences healthfully on the fetus.

Likewise, the human specimen, a potential neonate, enjoys neither desires nor selfish wills while living in the pure lake.

Out of the blue, young George vehemently desired to live out of that lake, and then he woke up with a fright.

Instead, mothers desire to have their offspring nearby and relieve their suffering caused by themselves as they are afraid to lose them. Furthermore, to protect their children they would open their legs after the delivery to let their children in again. What a fallacy! There is neither room nor oxygen. But sometimes they, too late, realize that their protective fear manipulates the neonate’s personality in their wombs. Bearing in mind the universal law of feeling a lot of pain and grief are caused due to the absence of someone you love, which is equally shared by offspring and

mothers of most species. But they never avoid it because it is natural, because mothers and their offspring must learn from the loss of a beloved one who has learned to fly with their own wings.

Like our two lives, the one of the world of dreams and the one of the wakefulness, which are complementary and intertwined beyond our understanding. Young George fell asleep after the exhaustion of an entire day of races and games, and ignoring the magical mental creation he surrendered to God Morpheus' arms. He first rested in an empty deep valley, and then the form of ethereal life that lives in the dreams emerged before him. In tenths of seconds *George's soul* flew to another astral world where the path of the past, which is deleted when we awake, was deployed again all over the sheets of his bed. Without realizing what was going around him, a little aureole surrounded his body in muscular lethargy and approached his skin to resume the course to the deepest part of him. Some flashes of images of the maternal Eden were retrieved in the child's mind paving the way towards a dark narrow gorge, which was his mother's vaginal canal that invited him to go in. He saw his own mother young and thin.

While being asleep, the child's mind made inquiries whether he was dreaming or was awake. He soon dissipated his doubts.

Obviously, he was dreaming!

In his fantasy, young George put his head between Rosa's thighs. Without fear he dived into the beautiful Iguazu falls. He was swimming in the dark neck of her uterus. But suddenly, a flashing light appear at the end of it and he began to swim towards a very blue lake, as beautiful as Nahuel Huapi lake in the seven lakes of Bariloche. *George's spirit* wisely and confidently swam all the way grabbing the cord joining him to his mother.

He breathed peace, calm and happiness. What harmony!

Within such an onerous regression young George was experiencing he understood that this time every cell of the embryo was fed by the love of the woman he had chosen to bring back his soul to the material world. Mother and son's hearts beat in unison. George met up again with pregnant Rosa on that dimension where the child was still dreaming. He was deeply asleep but he felt everything so vividly, as if it were very real and obvious.

Thus, in his dreams, George revived a chat he had with his mother when she was seven months pregnant:

Thank you, thank you mom!

–Thanks to you, my sweet-heart, I am a happy woman. –Rosa stroked her belly.

And very pretty, aren't you, mum?

Rosa went on stroking her belly. She was listening to her son's beats and felt that tenderness the fetus passed on to her. Hence, *George's soul* and body jumped for joy. Mother and son were closely linked by such spiritual subtle communication:

Mom, what's out there?

–A dad who loves you –she said softly and tenderly.

Dad?

–An awesome being like you.

May I play with him? –He was tumbling in the uterine lake.

–You'll play with him when he gets back home. He's working now!

Where? Where's he now?

–He's working in the fields. –She picked up a potato and peeled it with a knife to cook the stew for lunch.

In the fields? What's that, mom? Does dad play over there?

–He likes clean air, trees, flowers...–Rosa lit the oven.

Such a happy instant caused a spontaneous feeling in the fetus:

Mom, thanks for this life! Thanks, mom!

Suddenly, George felt her essence was portrayed on his spirit:

Mom, I love you! –He tumbled again in the lake, happier than ever inside Rosa.

–Play, swim and be happy in there. My little child, I love you!

No sooner had the magic words “*I love you*” been invoked than Pedro walked in through the front door:

–Are you speaking to yourself, Rosarico! What’s up with you?

George enjoyed the lake freed from the slavery imposed by time, without knowing what was going on between his parents. He swam pirouetting and jumping like a dolphin, and even a wave stroked him.

And more *warmer and tenderer waves* came in from outside.

–Mua, muuuu, muuuuuua! –Kissed Pedro his pregnant wife’s belly.

Without recognizing the lovely swell flowing from his father the child did feel restlessness in his *fetal solitude*. Within the emotion of such a scene his mother’s mouth remained silent, and her heart recovered the language that communicates souls:

It’s your dad, son! –Rosa explained him without saying a word.

My dad... it’s a wave, isn’t it. It’s a wave!

Kisses! They are your dad’s kisses on my belly.

I want him to speak to me, as you do mom! Dad, I’m here!

And another miracle happened in his father’s heart:

Son, I’m listening to you! – Pedro smiled happily in silence with his face on his wife’s belly.

Come in, dad; swim with me! –He stretched his small arms to hug his dad.

When you get out of there we’ll swim together, son!

How do I get out of here? I’d like to be with you! –He stretched his small arms again.

Grow in there, without haste, and you’ll grow stronger to be able to swim up to here.

A short while is sufficient for the soul to recognize itself in its essence, as it is for the everlasting love. Nevertheless, our ego gets upset by the desire to revive its past of selfishness and survival. It is comprehensible that a neonate's ego gets distressed up to the point to ignore how to defend itself out of the womb, within an unknown physical universe still to be explored. But his experiences can only commence after birth.

Dad what's out there? Tell me! –begged his son's ego.

Your mom that adores you. –Pedro kissed Rosa again on her belly.

But I hear voices! A lot of noise, dad!

Due to the survival instinct inherent to egos and innate in every species the child's excitement encouraged him to improve his swimming in order to swim out. And even much more encouraged when he realized the existence of numerous external noises and of life outside the lake.

Although George's ego could not see the trees, the orchard and the flowers, it wanted to make out their shapes before fighting all those alleged enemies.

–Noise is the result of sound in our material world –said his father.

They disturb me! What are they? Dad, speak to me as you silently did before. –begged the fetus to him.

–I'm speaking to you with words! Do you want to get out of there? Do you want to live with us?

The child's soul did not know the noisy jargon invading his idyllic location. He was enjoying his peaceful location in perfect harmony where everything was swimming and playing. And he kept in touch with his mother outside through their vibrations of feelings.

He was jumping from wave to wave and laughing. He was happy.

On the contrary, *the desperate fetal ego* spoke to his parents.

Who is forcing me to abandon this wonderful island? –The fetus moved back to the bottom of the womb.

Questions, there were more questions

As the seagull forecasts the storm by yelling, *George's soul* fouled by his ego sensed the storm of doubts. A surge of tribulations never ever seen in the lake of love threatened his spirit's happiness:

Out there with mom, are you sure I can swim and have fun, dad?

–We're waiting for you, son! –Pedro hugged his wife.

Immediately, Pedro held his wife tightly and tenderly and kissed her again and again causing waves in the amniotic liquid while George was stroking his mother's womb:

–¡Mua, muua, muuua! ¡Mua, mua, muua, muuua! –Pedro kissed her belly seven times.

Just then George's nature was fully revived and full of love. The fetus' soul felt such kisses on Rosa's belly as Pedro was kissing her pregnant wife's skin. He felt that both bodies, like two friendly souls, had transported him to the gates of a world to be discovered. And therefore, he felt such fine pure happiness, just as lovers do when they kiss each other on a gondola in Venice.

The father's swell of kisses went through Rosa's skin and moved forward out to sea inside his mother. And then love flowed in its genuine way.

–Mua, muua, muuua! –More kisses from Pedro on Rosa's belly.

Love between a woman and a man surrenders to their first child which enhances the lovely origin George had already felt with each heart-beat in his mother's womb. He figured out his mom and dad together loving each other while he was surfing waves. It is crystal clear that swimming in love and serenity within this material oblivious and

sometimes cruel world represents a priceless gift. And it is even greater if such love is given by father and mother and offered to the child's spirit still inside the fetal body. In spite of the pain and joy at delivery femininity promoted to maternity results in guarding the life that beats inside the mother's womb.

Thanks, mom, dad!

In happiness, after feeling their child's gratitude in their souls, Rosa and Pedro took up the universal language: *We're happy thanks to you!* – Both of them put their hands on Rosa's belly.

George had transmitted into his heart the hustle and bustle of the noisy beehive. He had been able to turn it into the lake of love while his parents were swimming outside:

Mom, dad, I can swim out there! –The fetus' hands seek the navel.

Inside Rosa, the loving tide –a springboard for George's departure– grew steadily and wrapped up her son like the ebb and flow of the tide does.

Mothers and fathers possess their weight in gold, a powerful stem cell, a tool that pulls down barriers and reinforces the fetus' soul during pregnancy. *The creative energy transforms everything!* Take advantage of it and share it, as Rosa and Pedro did with their son about to be born.

We love you, George; we are waiting for you!

Young George woke up in bed moved by his feelings in that dream. He had heard his name in that very dream. He had swum in the lake and he knew he could do it outside, too. What a discovery!

Half asleep in bed, our child received another present:

–Son, breakfast is ready! Hot chocolate and what you like most!
Guess what?

–Yes. I'm coming, mom! –The child removed the sheets and jumped out of bed.

Whenever you feel George's experiences as yours, be a daring woman, be a brave man. Say always "yes" to such experiences as he does. Denial will get you away from happiness and will unleash all your fears and doubts you keep inside yourself. Approach confidence and gallantry. If the world changes, tell everyone. Move your arms and swim freely as you did in the maternal lake.

Do you finally remember where we come from? Be free and keep the original nirvana and the creative spring-time vigor all your life.

Young George walked barefoot along the corridor guided by the smell of such a wonderful cup of hot chocolate waiting for him in the kitchen. The corridor was lit by the heat of his mother's cup full of chocolate. Huh! And remember that the best about chocolate in your childhood is to suck your fingers stained with chocolate.

Remember you are born free.

You crawl and you are unafraid of taking steps forward.

As young George did he enjoyed licking his fingers stained with chocolate; you must grab and enjoy the challenges which arise before you. If you delve into other horizons and relationships, you will know who you are and where you go.

–Hello, mom! –Young George smiled at Rosa–: Happy day, mom!

–Hello, son! Do you remember any of your dreams? –She asked him while she was softly combing his curly hair with her fingers.

–Yes, I was swimming... playing in a lake, but I was afraid of going out.

We can turn every dream, mostly unknown gifts into a greater reality.

First of all, you must be convinced that you can do it!

Then, do it!

If your father has worked abroad, as George's father did in France for fourteen years, generosity and justice grows easier in children towards the ones who come to your country to earn their living.

Thanks to your emigrant father in the future you will understand much better the hopes moving the immigrants around you.

–Where's dad? –That morning sitting on the stairs young George put on his socks, first the right one and then the left one.

–Your father's in France. –She went on moving the broom sweeping the corridor.

–Very far, mom?

–Yeah, very, very far, dear. –She collected into the dustpan all the dust the wind had brought in from the street.

–When's he coming back? –The child said while he was putting on his slippers.

–When he finishes his work over there.

–Will he sleep at home tonight, mom?

Rosa smiled at the child's innocence while she was longing for her husband who was very far away from his little child. She had young George in the kitchen by her side. She enjoyed the child's innocence and the smell of *rice pudding* and cinnamon on the stove. Because she missed Pedro she got engrossed in her memories while the delicious dessert was boiling until it overflowed the saucepan and dripped down the skimmer. She was licking her fingers and finishing cleaning the house while she was longing for a kiss from Pedro. She was so grateful for that sudden gust of happiness! Rosa was washing her hands in the backyard when the church bell struck 10. The church was close to the house, at approximately one hundred and fifty yards.

The universe –always attentive– heard about the lovely gratitude of Pedro’s wife and answered immediately:

–Rosa, you have a letter! Come out! –one of her neighbors shouted–.
The mailman is by the door!

How much happiness the mailman brought until recently!

Letters flew at the speed of feelings.

Thanks to them hopes and dreams moved from one country to another and among towns and cities.

The mailbag travelled full of good news

Young George heard the call and imagined with good judgment it was a letter from his father. The child stood up quickly, left the football in the backyard, and followed his mom to the front door.

A thin man had arrived on a bike. Attentive and punctual, the mailman was wearing a grey uniform. His mailman’s hat was so tightly fitted that one of his ears was sticking out and half of his face was covered, which hid his eyes. However, his starving smile confirmed such postal happiness:

–Letter! It comes from France. It is sent by *Perico* from Hyères!

Such good news turned those days into celebrations, everyone was in a good mood and optimistic. Those days reached their climax at night when the letter was read. For the joy that the family felt those days and in order to close ranks Rosa cooked her best dessert with all her love for her children: rice pudding for tea. Siesta and tea time passed in the twinkling of an eye for young George, just like a sigh with flavor of sweet-cinnamon and lemon, as sweet as a ‘*sapillo*’ with bread and milk in the Jerte Valley.

George and his two brothers were excitedly waiting for dusk. The children were playing on the pavement with an eye on the door, in case her mum came out with dinner. But on Josefica’s television, who was sitting

outside enjoying the fresh wind of the evening and watching the news through the window, the eldest brother was attracted by the strange language spoken by the newscaster. The captions of the simultaneous translation clarified the statements with a strange accent. A handcuffed, dark-skinned man who looked honest was on the screen.

George read the words on the television quickly:

“It’s an ideal which I hope to live for, but if it needs be, it’s an ideal for which I’m prepared to die.”

–Who’s that, *Josefica*?

–¡Mandela! ¡Nelson Mandela!

–What’s he saying? –He gave the football to his two brothers and got closer to the TV set.

–He defends freedom and equality in South Africa and throughout the world.

The screen released two flashes of lightning and the thunder was heard. Young George recalled those days of storm. And the mournful shadow of another headline appeared on television:

“Kennedy has died!”

–Who?

–He wanted to change the world! –explained *Josefica*.

–Change it! Why?

–He has been assassinated like Lincoln and Luther king. Another good president was assassinated in the United States! –His neighbor picked up the cup of coffee she had on the table and sipped it.

–Has he died in a war?

On the blackness of the television screen a coffin appeared, meanwhile in a box on the left side corner of the screen the self-assured, full of life countenance of a man and a dreamer was shown, which impressed George, without need to understand what he was saying:

“Now the trumpet summons us again. (...) My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man. (...) With a good conscience (...) that here on earth God’s work must truly be our own.”

–They killed him, *Josefica!*

–But his message will live on and his dream of equality will come true. You will see it! I am sure you will see everything fulfilled in your lifetime!

Rosa took the small table and three chairs out onto the pavement. Her children saw her coming. Dinner is ready! The three of them rushed into the house. Without wasting a second they washed their hands in the backyard and dashed back onto the pavement. The children were already sitting and waiting for their mom to come out loaded with plates and glasses.

At that moment, a gypsies’ wagon came along the street. A baby curled up against her mom’s breast among boxes and gadgets was eating up her mucus. Young George saw the scene and thanked for such a wonderful dinner his mother had cooked for them.

–Dad’s letter; I want it now. And the glass of chocolate too! –begged the youngest child with dimples on his cheeks.

When you and I were kids, the youngest one always wanted to eat dessert first:

–Will you read it, mom! –He stood up to attract the attention of the others.

–Dinner, dinner! I’ll read it later! –She stroked his head and seated him.

–I’ve already finished my dinner! –George interrupted her from his chair.

–Wait for your two brothers –ordered his mother.

Over the years, Rosa let George read the letters. His father's handwriting in blue ink took a detailed account of what he did every day in the neighboring country. What had happened to him since his arrival? What he washed his clothes with... what he cooked. And he explained to them where he slept, and that he dreamt of coming back home.

This time he sent them a picture with his gang of colleagues.

"It rains less in the Midi –their mother read– and I work most days. I'll be returning in short. I have heard Édith Piaf singing."

Immediately, the three of them chanted together:

–He's coming! Dad's coming! –they jumped happily.

–Yes! He'll come back soon! Would you like to see him in this picture?

–Yes, yes, yes! –and all of them went over their mom.

–Look at him over here... in the picture he has sent.

–And these men?

–His workmates. –Their mother cleared the table.

How lucky young George was to have an immigrant father.

Thus, since childhood George understood the meaning of personal wealth that allowed him to assess both the diversity of languages and traditions and the respect to the universal solidarity and he also understood that the world was like a net, a crossroad, when it comes to co-existence and equality, where men and women make efforts to provide a better future for their families. Because everybody deserves the best within a border-free world.

–Why do these men go to France?

–For the same reason your father did: Work!

–Work! –with difficulty spoke the youngest freckle-faced of her sons.

–But dad works over here! He rides his bike to work to the fields with other men –explained young George.

–They earn more money in France. –Rosa put the dishes in the sink.

–What’s money? –Candela moved his blonde bangs forward and moved his hands. He was very much attracted by economy, and was very funny at telling jokes.

–With money you can buy food and clothes.

–And without it what happens, mom? –asked the eldest of her sons.

Rosa restrained her impulses and memories in her head: And just then she completely opened her heart!

George’s questions were difficult to be answered by his mother. Rosa gazed fondly at her three innocent children. She wanted to provide them with sensible advice. But how to tell them!

And she thought in a second of silence about how life would be without money.

–Your father and I got married without thinking about money!

–And what did you eat? –asked José Manuel.

–He worked. And I did the household chores and the cooking.

–Did you live happily in that way?

–We lived on the salary your father earned in the fields.

–Can we live with no money, mom? –inquired George.

At that moment Rosa’s smile spoke to her children about feelings of sacrifice and happiness, despite they were short of money when they got married. She closed her eyes to see more clearly in silence. A deluge of emotional and sweet memories rushed into Rosa. She flew into the past. Rosa and *Perico* were born in 1933. In a town of no more than one thousand inhabitants where everybody knew everybody, particularly if the lovers were born on the same street, just four houses away from each other.

But sadly as soon as young boys began to shave they were sent to the Civil War (1936-39). And thanks to the miracle or the chemical reaction her memories caused inside Rosa she felt again in her girl's body. She remembered running and playing with the dark-haired boy in the *Main Street*, but, days, months...went by quickly. Meanwhile, the survivors of that horrendous conflict –victors and losers– were gradually coming back home defeated by grief and death.

Rosa and Pedro made eyes at each other and then they dated in secret. On the thirty first of January, in a cold dawn; warmth in their hearts, Pedro walked to the house where his fiancée was waiting for him. The entire family marched to the temple amidst the shadows of the night. His fiancée's father had recently died. They walked together all the way to the church. The tolling of the bells was heard nearer and nearer as they walked up to the church. The stars were announcing the light of daybreak. But for a moment Rosa returned to the present day and she looked at her little children. And then she returned to her intimate memories: Don Jesus, the local priest, married them. Their souls kissed each other on the altar. They had breakfast for their wedding reception at Rosa's mother's house: hot chocolate made by her mother and muffins made by La Teresina. While enjoying their *honey moon* they went to the cinema in Alicante. They stayed at *Pensión Consuelo* (Consuelo's Inn) for three whole days. Kisses on the waves of La Explanada promenade.

And then they were invited by her sister Luz and her brother-in-law *Pepito* to spend a few days in Elche to enjoy the breathtaking, beautiful and impressive sunsets seen from the Huerto del Cura (the Priest's Orchard), before going back to their home-town.

In her remembrance, Rosa was seduced by some memories that hypnotized both the wife's heart and the women's skin– she longed for the caresses and kisses of her just-married husband.

In spring-time a soul flourished in her womb, giving birth to George on the last day of December. Smiles, sacrifice, efforts, glances of hope. Four years of marriage, three pregnancies: three children. Within such happy moments and deliveries a married couple without kids, close friends of theirs, proposed Rosa and Pedro to adopt George because they were short of money and there was little food and work in those post-war times. Silence was their response. Rosa and Pedro dedicated body and soul to looking after their three children. How different the eldest son's life would have been in the capital far from his home-town of green farmland, as well as his two other bothers' lives. In Alicante, with a military father, with star symbols on his uniform George would steadily have gone up the military ladder.

Pedro's letter, written in France, had driven Rosa to the human mystery of recalling. But when her fingers felt the roughness of the paper, matter conditioning your tangible existence, woke up next to her children. Rosa had been riding just for a moment on her emotions in the present time, years in her memory, bridge joining the past and the future.

And Rosa confessed to her children:

–Children, those times were difficult years after we married... but easy ones if there is love in the couple.

–What's love, mom? –asked young George.

Due to the child's restlessness mother cried in the silence of absolute and pure love, unconditional sacrifice and happiness where souls enjoy.

Her husband was born on the fourth of July, national holiday in the United States of America. Independence, with an opinion of their own, honesty, determination and courage that Pedro tried to convey to his children. He worked hard as an emigrant and provided for his family. On the contrary, Rosa was absorbed in making a happy home and taking care of their three sons, two daughters and a toddler.

Young George's soul looked at her mom in the eye and thanked her for having all her children together.

Rosa and Pedro had been together since those happy summer days spent running and playing games on the Main Street in their childhood until they at last came out of the church together one more day as a young married couple walking through the advent of a new life together forever. They were unaware that their home would lodge more souls than the ones they had ever imagined because their love brought together sons and daughters around them, all in all six, in addition to the souls of their daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, grand-daughters and grand-sons, who had been born hundreds of miles away, but thanks to their love they remained together for fifty years.

Rosa looked at young George and the spirit reflected on his son's look moved her.

Why were you and dad born so close, mom? You already have the answer, don't you?

Without words, in the universal language of love, Rosa felt her child's message just in the same way as young George's soul had spoken to her from her womb years before. It was crystal clear. They are the ones who have accompanied their six children who were the fruit of her love for Pedro throughout her life.

Then young George looked at Rosa and thanked her in the eternal language:

Thanks... thanks to you and dad we are enjoying this happy present and we'll enjoy the future, too.

And in such a way you live and feel turn after turn, rotation after rotation, as if you were cleaning windows, or life after life as if you were cleaning the feelings your look reflects in order to purify your soul and

grow up and let you know without words the meaning of such a word in the universal language of love.

–George, read the letter... ¡Read, son! – Rosa gave it to him.

–“*You have to go to Callosa to the railways station* –read young George, then he got more interested in it – *where I think there must be a parcel I sent one month ago.*”

Happy summer nights of bright stars.

Rosa read her beloved husband’s lovely, far-off letters to her children. In France, he worked from sunrise to sunset, and of course, there was also some entertainment while earning his living by the sweat of his brow in silent dedication. After a trip to Hyères, Pedro held in his hands the present he had sent to Spain.

–Go on George, read it... –begged his mother.

–“*I’ve sent a surprise gift for George.*” –The child read out engrossed in the letter and in an emotive, choked voice and unaware of such a fact stood up–: What... what’s a surprise, mom?

–Something you didn’t expect, nor did you think about but it gets to you.... full of love.

–A surprise from my dad to me! –Young George took the letter and walked around like Miguel López when he guides *The Armaos* in the *Danza del Caracol* (Snail) dance (la danza *El Caracol*). Go to Orihuela at Easter and you will see *Pitoto* reincarnated, feel the Roman *Retreta* after the processions, and clap the Century at Marqués de Rafal plaza.

A stamp printed on young George’s soul and thanks to his father’s gift it resurrects whenever he wakes up. The lasting memory of happiness etched in the five-year-old child traveling with his mom by bus for his very first time. They arrived in Callosa where young George found rows of

windows; one window above the other and all of them with the shutters closed. They looked blind without light and life, and all of them were bricked up in the same way by dirty eyelids. Young George had never seen a shutter in his short life. And he did not like the city as much as his own hometown. He walked into the railroad station grabbing his mother's hand. But curiosity killed the cat. A noisy train came into the station bringing people and rush. People dashed out of the station and into the train. Just then the stationmaster gave a whistle concert, waived a red flag and the train left.

Then the man with the whistle took them to a warehouse where young George sang his venture:

–A bike, mom! A bike! –Young George released his mother's hand and grabbed the handle. He got on the bicycle and rode it out of the warehouse through a huge gate. He pedaled towards the light out onto the pavement, followed by Rosa, like someone who grabs his life and tries to lead it with audacity and love.

A beautiful bicycle to learn to keep the balance quickly in his life.

–Your dad sent it for you! –Rosa tearfully explained to his son. As his mother did know nothing about such a surprise she was moved by the love of a father, her beloved husband.

The treasure of a father's heart was in such a cardboard box.

Love that Pedro from France at that instant of happiness had been able to convey from his soul to his son's soul; just in the same way as the *Philosopher's Stone* of happy memories and magic does guide you towards happiness.

Do you adopt pessimistic attitudes weakening and making you sad or on the contrary you live and feel everything in your life, even though sometimes they may be painful situations? If you beg the universe for

social welfare, you are always sent intelligence and willpower to feed your gift of solidarity and social welfare to be joyfully shared with others.

–Everything south La Carrasqueta is Africa –George heard most mornings at work during the three years he spent on the banks of the Serpis River in the mountains of Alicante.

Poet Miguel Hernandez from Orihuela missed the letters his wife Josefina who was the fuel for his heart sent him. He also missed his father's letters sent from France when my friend George was a kid, as well as the summer nights in the orchard. One morning, at work, while he and his work-mates were having breakfast George told his colleagues about his happy childhood being the son of an emigrant. George defended that on the south of Alicante, bordering land where he was born, its inhabitants have always welcomed any kind of culture and tradition i.e. Greek, Phoenician, Roman, Arab, Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Aragonese and Castilians...in a valley open to the Mediterranean sea bathed by the caressing sun and the breeze that sails inland without obstacles or walls thanks to the Segura River that flows towards a wise sea with no borders.

He got involved in a discussion with an outsider about immigration. In this debate neither did he bite off his tongue nor he remained silent. And in order to confront the long-established separatism and disregard for immigrants in Alcoy George emphasized:

–What would have happened if my father had been looked down on him in France?

And they reiterated:

–South of La Carrasqueta the whole of it is Africa. –Nearly everybody looked at him as if he were crazy.

–And if the arrival of millions of immigrants had been rejected or limited into the United States?

Then, without an answer, xenophobes and idiots hardly persisted in their selfish and mental lie because so far they had been hidden behind the mountains of La Carrasqueta separating the ones who proclaimed themselves lords of the border. They lived like androids in the fallacy of the invisible wall pulled down years ago by the highway from Alicante to Alcoy.

Luckily there are fewer and fewer of these guys nowadays!

–South of La Carrasqueta is Africa –repeated one of the automatons with a cracking voice and long hair without any respect for the immigrants as if he rejected the leprosarium.

The following days were very tense and George kept a cautious silence. The xenophobic slogan aired by the brains of hypocrite tongues. They co-existed with an irrational contradiction: their neurons sailed within the entire united world by the Internet and Google, while their selfishness fought tooth and nail and kept their minds and lives chained as prisoners of the past.

In their interested amnesia they had forgotten the colonial plundering carried out by European countries in Africa and in almost all the continents, the massacres and looting with the excuse of El Dorado committed by the Spanish Empire that impoverished most of the people and peoples of America for centuries. Despite the tension of the moment, one morning, our friend wore the attorney's gown:

–Are you afraid of the African *rat-a-tat-tat*? Are you afraid to be invaded by the Zulus or Masais? And could they steal your sandwiches? – He sprang it on them while biting his sandwich made from bread, olive oil and salt.

Like deaf and blind zombies who do not return their looks they remained in silence as an answer of terror and lack of respect to immigrants. They never understood Jackson's song "*We Are The World*".

Some minutes after, George heard some radio interferences in the news broadcast by Matias Prats, a radio he had on a cabinet at work. Nobody moved to tune it. George approached the set to tune the channel and turn up the volume. An Algerian small raft had run aground on the Torrevejense coast.

Thirteen men, a pregnant woman and two four-year-old children drowned! Seventeen stomachs that were looking for food.

Pollution

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Brave and rebel. Moving into adolescence, crazy gondola, which entails the puff of tobacco out of the wind in a corner of the school yard.

That afternoon in June, young George calmly waited for the janitor to ring the school bell by the fence sitting in the shade of the white mulberry tree. It was sweltering hot that day! Much hotter if you think about the exam without having studied. With the final chemistry test of the course in one hour's time the day prophesied a scorching summer for most of his friends. On the contrary, the ones who had studied would enjoy an awesome summer holiday... should all the subjects be passed.

On the old and wise trunk of the tree George noticed some doodles that look like Viking runes, maybe dates... and the word "*Tzolk'in* or *Cholq'I'*".

–Did you do the Philosophy work? –*Antoñito* asked while standing up.

–Will the teacher review it this afternoon? Yeah, we are taking the final Chemistry test!

–With another negative point... not even if I get ten out of ten will I pass the exam.

–I did it. Here it is! –George stretched his hand and offered his work to him.

–I’ll copy it! But what if she wants me to explain it on the blackboard?

–Everything’s easy if you understand it! –He touched his forehead.

Copying from other Sapiens... how easy!

But comprehension is complex. The boys saw a truck carrying nets moving along the high school fence.

–Roldán can explain it to you. Nobody else knows more about Philosophy than him! Ask him!

–Leave it; I don’t mind! –He yawned and fell in the arms of his friend laziness. He passed Manolo the bag of sunflower seeds they were sharing.

There is more wisdom in nature than in books.

To understand the moves of life and be aware of their consequences is an *act of will*, of courage and of intelligence. The natural flow of our consciousness becomes the vital lifeline that prevents you from falling into the habit of the crowd, which is a mistake. “When *in Rome, do as the Romans do?*” It depends!

–Haven’t you smoked yet? –asked *Antoñito*, a bad student, a tough guy and the buddy of his friends in such a *juvenile kindergarten*.

In the high school yard, under the white mulberry tree nobody dared answer him back, and everybody listened to *Antoñito* with bated breath and open mouths. The boys’ flabbergasted looks were a clear negative sign of someone who had never smoked before.

There was an imposed silence and submissiveness.

All of the vassal’s souls. Except one who cautiously and smartly remained silent.

–Let’s smoke this cigarette! –*Antoñito* took a note-book out of his school bag with a small plastic bag containing three fags, which were well hidden inside its pages. He lit one.

–I’m for it. Give me a puff! –agreed Manolo, the Puppet.

–Who wants to smoke? Come on, tell me!

–I do –replied without doubt *Pepito*, alias Yellow Teeth.

–Shall I light it now! –He puffed and the grey tip became incandescent red.

If we demand wisdom they always give us problems in order to learn how to solve them courageously and cunningly.

The smoky fag passed from mouth to mouth.

They puffed, swallowed and did not speak.

There were faces of discomfort, of coughs and rough throats. But nobody said anything. Not a single complaint. Complaining to your submissive friends would have been understood as a lack of manliness and you would have been called chicken. A little grasshopper on a tree escaped after breathing the smoke.

Whenever you demand courage: life sends you perils to tackle them bravely. Such a fag overflowed in turns the heads of his six puppet mates. The circle ended at George’s mouth. He had three friends to his left and another three to his right. Be aware, however, that the candlelight lights up from the center of the candlestick. The perfection of number seven corrects the imperfection of number six.

George tried to solve such an enigma:

The fag’s arriving! What does it taste of? Of rubbish, as my dad says?

Pablo gave the *smoky lollipop* to George.

Our friend held it with his right hand.

He puffed, tasted it, and he even shaped even more his *own volition*. His throat felt slightly rough when he puffed the smoke of the cigarette, and with a strong voice he stated—: This puff and no more!

Immediately, the others condemned him but he did not mind.

Within such a juvenile bad time, George in his memory walked back till he was six years old. Already at school, due to an undeserved punishment, he moved away his hand from Don Francisco's ruler. His teacher got his own back afterwards by applying and saying "Spare the rod, spoil the child" and "There is not royal road to learning". He gave young George such a strong blow that the boy pissed on his pants. But it was worth that burning sensation in the groin as the tyrant hit his own thigh with his ruler. George was as determined at high school as he had been at primary school and he faced up his fiends' looks of criticism hidden behind the cloud of smoke:

—Yeah, never again! —he said—: Why smoking? It stinks and makes me cough!

—*Chicken!* You're a *chicken!* —they wanted to undermine his decision, marginalizing him like a Kafkaesque insect.

Comfort or cowardice, will you allow yourself to be swayed by the irrational of the masses?

I bet you do not dare express your own opinions, whatever the others think about you in order to develop your freedom. A fact is irrefutable: *time* always becomes *a judge*. The ones who took part in the adventure of the first puff at high school that afternoon got addicted to nicotine, except George, and besides they all failed their exams in June. They repeated some grades and no one finished High School, except our friend, the hardworking grant-holder

Taking your own decisions and being sure of every step you take in your life is something through which you can learn more than studying one hundred subjects taught by one thousand teachers.

–You wanna smoke! –George egged on his friends–: Our mouths stink like a dead dog!

–Everybody does smoke here.

–That’s a lie! I’d rather enjoy an American *Häagen-Dazs* ice-cream.

–George licked his lips–. Or eat these sunflower seeds Son Sánchez.

–Okay, everybody’s smoking, but you! –*Antoñito* pointed out to him.

–Another lie. How many lies are you going to make up to convince me?

Antoñito tried to tame George in order to make him go with his tail between his legs.

–Do you wanna smoke or what? –He threw two columns of smoke through his conceited mouth.

–You wanna me smoke! Why? You are wasting your time.

Our body tunes with the years as a musical instrument to identify reality. George had a similar sensation when he puffed tobacco for the first time at high school. And therefore he could reject tobacco. Every physical sensation makes you be more aware of things.

While they were waiting for the announcement over the loudspeaker to go into school, George added:

–Tomorrow I’ll bring a bottle of bleach. A big one. Will you drink to know what it tastes of?

–To drink it, that’s silly! –*Antoñito* frowned and scratched one of his ears.

–You’d be stupid if you drank it! –George devised an example–: Isn’t smoking also silly?

–Well, well...! –the first doubts arose.

–You do know bleach is harmful for your stomachs. –George put his right hand on his belly.

–What does bleach have to do with tobacco? –*Antoñito* asked.

George tried unsuccessfully to convince his high school mates. But if blind is the one who does not want to open his eye-lids and understands it the same will happen to your conscience knowing how unhealthy tobacco is. Smokers are warned by written notices appearing on the packet of cigarettes: “Smoking kills/Smoking can kill you”! But they do not mind, they go on smoking even more. Why? Because there are people who live their experiences unaware of both the physical and the emotional consequences in order to learn from their own suffering, illnesses and disappointments.

Nevertheless, the one who cannot walk properly but without stopping he always walks longer than the one who can walk properly but falls asleep.

That nap along the path surrounding the school, terrible uncle Saturnino, cruel farmer of the wheat field adjacent to the athletic grounds, walked past the school carrying a sack of melons with more than a dozen in it. How delicious those melons were! They were as big as a football! The murderer of the football afternoons of whom every student was afraid whenever he was near the school, hiding his terrible look of the alleged executioner under his mourning bonnet, one day the students learned that for many years the deceitful murderer who killed with his own pen-knife the footballs that fell into his property was giving such footballs to the poorer children who lived in the derelict neighborhood of La Cruz.

The only crime committed by Saturnino was to take advantage of the presents which were given to him by the less skillful forwards whenever they shoot at the goal drawn on the wall of his property. With the patience

of the skillful fisherman, sitting for hours by the crop field, the old benefactor caught in his nets hundreds of leather and plastic footballs. Without exception, he kept as many footballs as they flew over the fence of the school. But he was neither a murderer nor a football thief. He never stabbed to death a single football. Saturnino's anonymous supportive behavior caused debates, discussions and reflections when his generous donations were known. And his attitude was found extremely praiseworthy as well as the artisans' one and their awesome Casa del Belen in Callosa in which a collection of belenes (mock-up cribs) sent from all the recesses of the globe is on display.

How many wrong judgments we have made in our lives!

Saturnino, a good man!

Then, why did Saturnino wear the evil master's disguise?

Have you ever done it?

Was it your offensive armor or your defensive mask?

An exercise of conviction confronting the power of nicotine versus George's perseverance not to give in to peer pressure that afternoon:

–With a swig of bleach... your stomach can be perforated.

–Even the most stupid guy knows it! –*Antoñito* disdainfully and scornfully tweaked Manolo's ear.

–And if you smoke, what happens? –George opened his hands and handed the answer on a tray.

The *silly ones* remained deaf and speechless.

–You get used to it! –Cain scratched his ear.

–And your teeth get yellowish? –George showed them his clean and whitish teeth.

–Let's stop this discussion... –resolved *Antoñito*–: We aren't going to convince him!

Knowing what course of action was better for them and thinking of the punishment they would be given if the school gate was shut before entering the school grounds the students rushed in without hesitating because fear was hot on their heels.

Should they always learn by the power of a whip?

George was surprised because everybody ran to be punctual. But nobody, except him, thought about the discomfort tobacco causes nor they weighed up the harmful effect of smoke in their lungs and blood.

Do not forget that pollution piles up outside here, because in the mother's womb you are only surrounded by purity. When the soul is welcomed into the fetus' case vaccinated by the genetic information that the egg and sperm provide it, the spirit swims in its genuine essence in the amniotic lake.

Too many times in our life we learn from our knock-backs, blows, pains, threats, suffering, troubles and upsetting experiences.

But we may also learn from happiness and enjoyment.

How?

It is easy to learn from happiness and enjoyment when your *insatiable ego* always feels the antidote of knowledge and love the spirit brings into this world.

When all the students were sitting at their desks they breathed calmly.

George slowly unzipped his school bag. He took out his books. Then, he sat up and raised his hand to open the large window on his left. He glanced at the school yard. Some students were practicing basketball tactics on the basketball court. George imagined seeing Michael Jordan and coach Dean Smith teaching Pau Gasol tricks. Years after the wing-pivot of

impossible blocks and dunks from Barcelona flew over the Atlantic ocean to become a star in the NBA paving the way to his brother Marc, Calderon, Ricky and Ibaka... today Pau with the Harlem Globetrotters, like the Unicef and Doctors Without Borders volunteers, continued with his friend Jordan and the Looney Tunes on a charitable tour throughout a new galaxy, *Solidarity*.

The cheerful sparrows made the afternoon more enjoyable with their jumps from branch to branch in the eucalyptus trees that filled the schoolyard with their scent. A fearless sparrow put its beak through the classroom window. Surely, it wanted to improve its flight techniques, maybe understand something about Newton's theory of gravity which was written on the blackboard.

–When I was a child I learned within the orchard and enjoyed myself
–George told his desk mate without stopping looking at the daring sparrow.

–How lucky you were, Georgie! –satirized *Antoñito*.

–I had fun with the animals and I learned a lot about their behaviors.

–How fortunate you were! –He mocked at him with a sarcastic tone of voice–: I did kill sparrows! Look! What I gonna do with the one at the window!

–Years ago I saw Bernardo Ruiz, the cyclist from Orihuela, riding his bike along a path training a boy from Navarre. Years after I learned that that boy was Indurain, the winner of five Tours of France.

–Did you hunt frogs as I did? –buted in foulmouthed *Antoñito*.

–Hunt them, why? I envied their jumps –praised George.

–I ripped them open through their bellies. –He closed his fist and frowned violently.

George admired them, instead:

–They jump long distances from stone to stone. My father played with them in the irrigation ditches when he was a boy.

–Yeah. I saw one jumping seven meters –*Joaquinito* overstated.

–Jumps! At home we ate them fried. Frog’s legs are delicious!

–I’d rather have the *crusty rice* we had at the graduation party in Callosa. Frogs and eels play in the irrigation ditches. –George moved his eyebrows.

–Stoning them... I have caught eels more than once! –*Antoñito pretended* to throw his pen at the sparrow that was standing on edge of the window. The bird flew away.

In fact, they lived in the same world, but in different human dimensions. Bossy *Antoñito* bragged he had killed animals in the fields, while showing his aggressiveness and his unjustified fears. But unlike *Antoñito*, our friend George recalled the way he enjoyed and learned from nature.

If you pollute your mind and body with foreign substances and harmful judgments you will pollute your physically emotional environment. And then in most of the cases you will inadvertently infect it. The ones who smoke and throw such smoke into the atmosphere and throw cigarette-ends on the ground, what do those ones think of?

If they think of anything!

If they think of nothing: it is still more worrying.

Waiting for the teacher George went on with his tale in a lower voice:

–My father feared the worst the day the eels and fogs disappeared.

Because of the look on *Antoñito*’s face it was understood he at last began to assess the Levantine beauty. And he asked without farther ado:

–What happened in the water? Curiosity killed the cat and he got his left ear closer. He wanted to listen clearly.

–It was contaminated by detergents and waste dumped by factories. –
George put on a disgusting face.

–Did all the frogs and eels die? –With a troubled face *Antoñito* made inquiries.

–The frogs... almost all of them died.

Generous and smart inspiration, a good friend of George since the lake where he was born had already cured *Antoñito's* blindness. And he even got more interested in the issue.

–And the eels? What happened to them?

–They escaped from the holocaust.

His father had explained to him that eels, oceanic swimmers, swam miles along the irrigation ditches and the network of channels in the Levantine crop fields till they reached their salvation goal in the clean sea water. And they avoided the disaster caused by water pollution in the crop fields, which finally wiped out all the frogs.

–He also told me about a dragon that lives in the Segura River!

Antoñito already interested in the idea of respect to nature, totally absorbed in the tale George had made up for him, wanted to know more:

–A dragon! Where is that dragon, George?

–The Segura dragon flew away! It escaped from pollution. –He raised his hand.

George's spell had already produced the desire effect, as the teacher of Physics was entering the class-room.

–Kids, what a goal did Messi score yesterday! –He sarcastically smiled at the fans of Ronaldo and goalkeeper Casillas–. Do you know that the Camp Nou goal nets are made by a company in Callosa, on the road to Catral.

–This teacher was a passionate supporter of the Argentinian footballer, as he had also been of Maradona years ago because he was a

member of FC Barcelona. But he also admired Gento, Amancio, Di Stéfano and Butragueño of Real Madrid. And the dragon? Tell me, George!

–I’ll let you know later! –George kept silent when he heard the cheerful and respected teacher’s lameness approaching him.

I will let you know about the legendary dragon of the Segura River. But I will do it later on.

Meanwhile enjoy George’s adventures.

Whitney and Jackson

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Music elevates you to the *stave* of creation by endless, harmonic combinations. Seven musical notations! (E.g. *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do*). Number seven and George holding hands.

Are love and music God’s languages? Why do they bring everything together: smiles and tears, sadness and happiness?

Divine notes are played in every vital manifestation.

When will you listen to them? Adonai’s courage is ours. And his creativity is yours. Take care of everything you have done in your life and open the ears of your soul. Thanks to the music band George had the chance to visit Guardamar where he discovered its beautiful dunes in la pinada (pine tree woods), la Rábita Califal and the Phoenician harbor. And he also saw women stringing red peppers outside their houses.

–Where do you play with the band, George?–his mother wanted to know.

–In Cartagena at Easter... and I’ll see Isaac Peral’s submarine.

–With the Marrajos or the Californios? –he answered as his mother was cutting some bread and pieces of Manchego cheese–. They are said to be very beautiful religious processions.

–We’ll be told the brotherhood we’ll be playing with as soon as we get there. –He shrugged his shoulders.

–When will you be returning? –she wrapped his sandwich and the bottle of water together.

–From Cartagena the bus will take us to the procession site of El Calvario in Crevillente. We’ll be seeing some carvings by master Benlliure. –he told her– I’ll be back by noon. Ah, we’ll play two brand-new marches that *Pedrin* has brought from his military band! *La Madrugá* (Dawn) (Abel Moreno) and *Nuestro Padre Jesús-El Abuelo.*” (Cebrian)

–Remember Sarita Montiel and Esmeralda will sing saetas (*Flamenco verses sung at processions at Easter*) in Orihuela this afternoon. Maybe I’ll be going with your aunt Carmen to the procession–explained his mother–and we’ll listen to them singing at the entrance of the convent of San Francisco.

George told me several times he was very fortunate and I support it for having been brought up in a place where music, traditions and culture are loved.

In the tiny village where George was born, theater and music took root extraordinarily, as the fertile tree did in the orchard. Since he was a child he performed such arts. At the age of seven, thanks to Emiliano’s band, he learned sol-fa with the support of the Slavic method. And at the age of ten he was excited whenever he had the clarinet in his hands. In the meantime, amongst quavers and harmonies our friend practiced the artistic sensitivity and enjoyed his trips to unknown distant locations, for young George such trips were like real sightseeing tours. How lucky he was to be a musician!

Every time Rosa saw her son depart on the music band bus she got very worried:

–Tomorrow you all will be playing for Los Salzillos procession in Murcia! When will you have a rest, son? Here you are 50 pesetas: remember to bring two meat pies from Murcia. Your father and I want to try them. The chorizo (Spanish sausage) from Murcia is said to be excellent!

–I’ll have a nap on the bus! I’ll be coming early in the morning. Since all the musicians have been invited, we’ll be going to the Romea Theater as soon as the procession is over to hear the concert by the Royal Band, which will be conducted by Grau Vegara from Bigastro, a great conductor. Take it easy, mom, I’ll buy you two meat pies. –He kissed his mother and headed for the bus.

Young George’s hometown had a population of nearly one thousand inhabitants and there were more than one hundred musicians split up in two musical bands because some disputes and confrontations had arisen some years ago. This is the case among human beings when some disputes arise from vanity or competition. Because the original band stopped playing in unison and split in half. Fortunately, today such disputes have been settled down and the music band is united again in symphony.

On another occasion, the band where George became a musician was hired to play in a concert with the Callosa Philharmonics Orchestra conducted by the magnificent conductor Albert during the Virgen del Carmen’s festivals in Cox because they did not have a music band and wanted to encourage people to set up one.

–Son, I’ll take away your clarinet from the chair and I’ll put it on the table.

–Be careful! Why do you move it from the chair to the table? I’m already leaving!

–I need that chair to put the ironing.

–I’m leaving! The bus is leaving at nine! In ten minutes’ time!

–Take the sandwich for dinner. I’ll leave it next to the clarinet.

–Thanks! I’ll be having dinner during the trip, mom.

The clarinet and the saxophone, in addition to the flugelhorn and the horn were four unbaptized babies at home.

The families with no musicians were the exception in the village. George and his siblings, who followed the footsteps of the eldest brother learnt sol-fa in order to take part in several parades and marches. But his sisters, Eva and Myriam, after learning sol-fa, gave up music fed up with waiting for the parental permission to play in the street. There were no women in the band. Rosa and Pedro supported their six children with constant efforts, in addition to the musical quartet, due to the high expenses resulting from the purchase of musical instruments. It can be said that all in all they had ten children!

–Emiliano wants me to go over to play the saxophone.

–And the clarinet for your little brother! –imagined his mother.

–That’s what he said.

–Candela will go on playing the flugelhorn.

–Yes.

–A saxophone for you! Where from?

–He’ll bring it from France, from the *Selmer* firm. Good and cheap, second hand.

As the years passed, the three brothers stopped playing with the band because of their jobs and girlfriends. But their youngest brother continued playing the horn until he poured his heart and soul into his studies of medicine.

While playing in *street marches* and concerts George grew up enjoying his own experiences and feelings under the influence of the divine

Orpheus. He played marches, pasodobles, overtures and zarzuelas (traditional Spanish operettas). Amongst other miscellaneous compositions and he felt very deeply the echo of the beautiful, sweet voice of the tenor saxophone. He even traveled as far as Alicante and was a pupil of Joaquin Chicano, professor at the Oscar Esplá music conservatory. Gradually his High School studies started to be a heavy load for George's professional musical training.

One afternoon the band had a rest at a guesthouse before playing at an event in Santa Pola. The lad who ran the telephone switchboard told them about his projects. The Onassis family of Greek origin knew pretty well the ins and outs of the tobacco business. He was convinced that he was guided by a blind fate in the *ocean* of life, Aris revealed his dreams that seemed facts in his mind. Aris, named after the legendary philosopher Aristóteles Sócrates had an eminent, enviable, cunning intelligence. He wore spectacles. While the musicians were checking out the ambitious suntanned receptionist told them that one day he would be owning an entire empire.

–Willpower and appearance dominate the world. You'll hear people speak about my fortune soon! – He roared with laughter showing his bright white teeth.

The sleepy soul awakes note after note...

do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si.

And beat after beat it awakes from its long slumber, maybe for centuries, until it remembers very excited chord after chord, beats of eternal happiness.

The universal language of music reopens inside you –without knowing when you were a boy or a girl– doors which had been shut for ages.

- We play at Tabarca, mother! –He was jumping for joy.
- On the isle!
- Behind *Las Hogueras de San Juan* (*Saint John's bonfires*).
- What neighborhood in Alicante will you play in this year?
- At Carolinas. Four days with the *ninots*. –He showed four *happy fingers*.
- What are they celebrating in Tabarca? –Rosa began to sweep the corridor.
- Saint Peter's ... festival on June 29.
- Ask you father for permission! –She piled up the dust by the front door.
- I hope he'll let me go. I'll be playing in honor of his Saint!
- And where will you be sleeping? –She emptied the dustpan that was full of earth and dust into the garbage can.
- We'll be lodged by the neighbors. Mom, three nights on the isle!

Thanks to music George boarded a ship for the first time in his life and sailed a sea that welcomed him. On the isle, he would enjoy and spend fantastic days and unforgettable nights. In the morning he would swim in the crystal clear water of a small, absolute noiseless beach, totally different from Spielberg's and his *Shark*.

And he felt the caresses of the sand.

–Let's swim with fish. – said Jesus *El Trompeta* splashing around.

With slim chances of having vacations on the coast music offered young George the unforgettable occasion of spending his first days on the sea-front.

In the fertile fields of his hometown he heard cicadas and barn owls in the summer nights. The palm trees and the moon kissed each other against a gigantic red background. Now on the isle he heard the stars and

the dolphins whistling at night. How mysterious and magical the voices of the sea and the sky were! On the isle, George felt at sunrise that he had heard such voices before.

On the isle of Tabarca during the festivals heifers were released in the afternoon and there was dancing at dusk. After supper the child musicians crossed the square that was full of couples dancing cheek to cheek.

Clarinetist Woody's band and the awesome Armstrong along with Machín, as the vocalist were playing and singing Mexican folk songs by Rocío Dúrcal and ballads by Julio Iglesias:

“There is always something to live for, to fight for and someone to love./In the end, works remain, people go,/other people who are coming will continue them:/ Life goes on just the same./”

The echo of a gospel melody made the musicians head for a sea of fantasy. On the golden sand a black girl with an angel's voice was singing. People clapped and she introduced herself: *“I'm Ciccly Houston's daughter! I gave my body-guard the slip!”* Whitney Houston there?

The moon's smile turned the marine surface into a dance hall. Just like the bright light beam called young George with fluorescence and young George went out through the front door, over there on the beach the selenite wake invited him to stand up and walk on the waves. Miguel, the youngest of the group moved his knees and slid smoothly as Elvis used to do. While dancing in the water on the lunar carpet, his suntanned skin suddenly became white. He looked like Michael Jackson.

That night in Tabarca Poseidon and Neptune were competing on the back of white dolphins on the waves. The sail of a yacht anchored in a cove of the isle looked in the moonlight like the luxurious hotel Burj Al Arab of Dubai.

George raised his eyes and gazed at the canopy of heaven. Gorgeous starts. *Seven lighthouses* in the Great Bear constellation! He gazed at the mythological constellation and fell in love for ever with the blinking of Mizar pointing towards the north.

He noticed the attraction of the sea and recognized it in his memories. He also remembered his strolls along some beaches like La Mata, Los Locos and El Acequión in Torrevieja when he was a child, and his wanderings among the palm trees of Cala Ferri:

–Let’s sail! –exclaimed his captain’s soul.

–¡George, are you again with your stories and all that stuff!

–The ground is moving! –He lurched moving his feet in the water.

–I bet it doesn’t! Come on, George!

–Don’t you feel the rocking of the waves? We’re sailing! Feel the wind hitting your faces. –George went into the beach and pointed out–: To the north! Forward!

–Where’s the ship, George?

–The isle is the ship. Full ahead! –George dived into the sea.

–¡Okay, George! We’ll sail! –They took off their shoes and got into the water.

That summer, the band played across the streets of Pilar de la Horadada. From the bus, George saw a sea taking over the land. When he got nearer he realized that the green houses drew a plastic sea on the horizon. At noon the musicians got to La Torre beach where they had a swim. He was so delighted by such a place that he dreamt of living over there in the future.

While practicing and enjoying the band for years George was delighted with the many visits he made to different towns and cities. He swam with other young musicians in the Poniente Beach and he even swam

to Benidorm's isle. He discovered unimaginable festivities in his own homeland, e.g. Desembarco en Villajoyosa (the Villajoyosa Landing). He was also captivated by the mock battle between Moors and Christians with their arquebuses in Elda, Petrer, Sax, Villena, Novelda, Aalcoi and Crivillent. He discovered all these breath-taking festivities in Crivillent at the age of ten. The local women with a stunning smile marched past the local men. Their way was marked by the sensitivity arising from the feminine spirit, since it magnetizes you and shows you the happy path.

–The warriors are coming!

–They dress up like ancient historical warriors, but they are happy and peaceful people, though. –explained the conductor to the rookie musicians.

–What's the route they follow?

–They parade through the streets. And we play military marches behind them.

–We're warriors! –Four kids mimicked the festive martial march.

–Music always unites peoples! –The conductor said standing up.

–But we're dressed up like them? We're warriors!

–That djellaba fits me well! –Emiliano put it on.

The Nazarene warriors' fierce look wrapped up in silk was not so savage. The local women overflowed the slope until disappearing uphill, while the local men dug their feet in the vaporous asphalt vanishing on the horizon.

One spring, young George enjoyed the Burial of the Sardine in Murcia, thanks to the music band. That year actor Paco Rabal (Mr. Big Fish) and his daughter (Mrs. Sardine) made thousands of Murcian people laugh.

After the parade, George and Jesús saw paintings in a museum by Ramón Gaya.

At the beginning of May, in Murcian lands of La Vera Cruz, the Caravaca horses climb the steep hill to the castle like the mythological equine did with four legs and two wings. The slope was packed with people, women and men crammed around along the steep slope in a street hug. As people do at *Sanfermines* in Pamplona the folks of Caravaca wear colorful scarves around their necks to identify the brotherhood they belong to.

George was enraptured, as if he heard on a beach the ukulele in Hawaii.

–Gold horses! –the Young musician moved aside.

–They’re dressed in golden cloaks –a neighbor specified.

Each horse had its own followers who cheered them up:

–Go uphill! Go uphill! –The crowd shouted out.

–They must work out their stamina more than their speed–said another neighbor.

Just like our long-distance race in our own daily marathon, combining intelligence and perseverance on the streets of the Murcian city, in the festive race of *Los Caballos del Vino* (The Horses of the Wine) in Caravaca in order to cross safely the finish line.

However difficult it might be apparently, the hardships of life, your stamina and willpower provide you with strength to achieve your goal.

–How slow that horse is!–a mouthy lad condemned.

–But it always wins –another sensible lad defended.

–The most experienced one –disclosed an old man– as well as the rider who’s riding it.

To waste stamina, as well as human virtues, is an unjustified waste. You can always strive to help somebody, once and again, and up to one thousand times, but his own free will will determine whether he wants to hold your hand or on the contrary, by way of his denial, he desires you to

get out of his life. And you will be free to offer yourself to the ones who really need you.

The child musicians yelled at the horses:

–They’re stopping! What’s up?

–They worked their butts off! They miscalculated their stamina.

–The slow horse ... is overtaking the others. It is beating the other horses because of its experience and the rider’s. Two souls in one.

Half an hour later George was sitting on the bus going back home with the lesson learned. The road approached his hometown. It smelt of fertile land along the roadside. That afternoon there were not clouds in the sky announcing a starry night, the presence in the sky of his dear star Mizar. He was still thinking of the horse’s skillfulness. In fact, he was bringing in his soul the happiness of a town that had gratefully surprised him as they had the same vocation that his hometown had for the relics of the *Lignum Crucis*.

And a firm believe grew in the young musician, that he could progress in life, beat of music after beat of music within the daily stave as that *Pegasus of the Wine* did, climbing tirelessly the most wearisome and steepest slopes.

Elche’s Big bang

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Within the willowy palm groves my friend felt comfortable in a Tuareg-like oasis. Both the Levantine palm tree overlooking the seascape and the poetry by the amazing poet from Orihuela had hypnotized *young George’s soul*. “*I feel taller looking up the palm tree (...)*”–wrote Miguel Hernandez in his poetry notebook while his goats were grazing in the nearby sheer fields, letting his vivid imagination free at the palm grove of San Anton. In this life, our companion George wants to climb as high as

the poet did, up to the top of the *Veracity* palm tree. Did you know that palm farmers give different names to their palm trees?

When George was a child and crossed the jungle of the Levantine fertile crop fields on his father's bike he greeted all the palm trees, and by holding his father's hand he learnt to ride, to pull forward and keep the balance.

–If I climb up to the top of a palm tree... I can touch the sun –one day he proposed Pedro.

–How would you do it, son? Do you believe I can do it?

–Look! From the top of that palm tree I can jump onto that higher one... and from there I can jump onto that white cloud over there. –George drew his jumps up and down in the air with his right index finger.

–You would be jumping onto a gas cloud! How would you hold on it, son?

–From cloud to cloud I climb up to the sun! –Standing up, he stated.

–As you did on the stairs of the dining room.

–Yes, from step to step, daddy. Just as simple as that! –He moved his knees.

In his adolescence he learnt in the Arabian forest of Elche, amongst palm trees. He ran around the orchards with his smiling cousin Agatangelo.

He played soccer for the Safo FC. and scored goals on the Salesian School playground. Cañete, El Lute and El Peru applauded. Dates witness to his aim.

–Pass, pass the ball! –He ran along the touchline of the pitch towards the goal.

–Come on, it's yours. Score! –His cousin kicked the ball and passed it to him.

–Goal!

That afternoon his team beat the San Anton team from Madrid with Mr. Marcial as the coach of the Salesian San Rafael FC. Emilio, “El Buitre”, Madrilenian goal-scorer missed the match due to an injury.

After such a victory, while he was taking off his sneakers his imagination took young George to a packed stadium. Summer of 1976, thousands of supporters cheered their idols at the legendary Altabix. With number 7 on his back George along with Xavi Hernandez were in control of the game. He enjoyed glorious afternoons. Goals, joys of men and women because of the fantastic game they adore. Juan Cartagena, Campello and Escarabajal made their debut with Elche FC. That afternoon goal-hungry top goal-scorer Vavá wanted the ball:

–Che! Pass the ball, George.

–There it is! Come on! –He kicked the ball with his right foot with an extraordinary effect and the ball flew.

–Vavá jumped! Heaaaaaaader! Goooooooooaaaaal! – sang Santiago Gambín, the sports commentator from Elche.

On the school-yard of that school in Elche, and previously on the square of his home-town and on the pitch of his high school in Callosa, young George learnt how to receive the ball ... and now he is the giver. He also learnt that a *team's will* yields more satisfaction and improves individual effort. Before the ball gets to his feet, as if he were playing a life match with the ball of happiness, he looks around without knowing who needs it... and passes it on without wasting a second. That very afternoon, young George kicked the ball from the edge of the penalty box straight into the top left-hand corner scoring a fantastic goal, the wind shook the branches of the palm trees as if it wanted to applaud the boy's geniality while his supporters were celebrating his goal cheerfully:

–Gooooaaaal! To First Division, to First...!

And as it frequently happens George took a different path in life like the one followed by Pelé in order to improve the art of working together with his team. He wanted to be an outstanding soccer player as good as Di Stéfano, Kubala, Eusebio, Bobby Charlton, Cruyff, Maradona, Francéscoli, Pirlo, Zidane and Butragueño.

Or to be as courageous as Cazorla, Navas, Ander Herrera, Cesc, Diego Costa, Silva and Juan Mata. The Magnificent Seven in the English Premier League! And last but not least goalkeeper De Gea.

But instead he was given the opportunity to communicate his love and to convey it to millions of hearts by using the microphone of a radio station and a newspaper for years, and now the computer invisible pencil is the voice of his soul.

Who gives away inspiration? Nothing to be understood.

Not even ask. Just read, move forward...

Therefore, George's hand moves forward on the paper as if it were an eternal command. And his arm rests peacefully, calmly and firmly on the table, like a life that is born again and again, sentence after sentence, verb after verb, question after question.

What kind of soul beats in George's chest?

Do you believe in the eternity of the soul? Do you believe in the universal and infinite love?

George, then, understood who grants imagination. And at last, in this new awakening, he felt who he had always been.

The Australian aboriginal mythology strongly believes that the spiritual circle named *Dreamtime*, halfway between our brain and heart, manages the magnificent and enigmatic power of creation. My friend George sometimes awakes as the narrator of hope and happiness.

Nowadays, George is dedicated to the Cervantine utopia of a world of noblemen and Dulcineas, and thanks the Muses and angels for thrusting him as they did with the Phoenix.

In August, in his youth, on the banks of the Vinalopó river, he was dazzled by the fantastic *Nit de L'Albà*. A lot of talent and gun-powder in the sky. Pyrotechnic engineering by the Fireworks Company Pirotecnia Caballer from Valencia or by Hermanos Ferrández, a family from Orihuela. Winged palm trees close to the stars. As beautiful as the filigrees made of white palm trees by the craftswomen in Elche.

On the terrace of the building, crammed with spectators, young George saw himself flying on a green palm tree. Yellow, red and orange palm trees. On August 13 and 14 white palm trees –as pure as dawn at sunrise– light up the entire city of Elche.

–Give me a firecracker. –He stretched his right hand towards his cousin.

–Take it. But be careful! –Agatángelo's prudence warned him.

–Give me the reddish ones. The smaller ones.

The Chinese bangers burst apart here and there. The torn pieces of paper and their incredible jumps amidst the smoke reminded him of the frogs in the irrigation ditches.

His fearsome, watchful aunt Luz showed up on the terrace, like his mother Rosa did, to have an eye on the two adventurers. Araceli, his cousin with her funny face full of freckles, grabbing her mum's skirt, smiled at him.

–Dinner is ready! I put a vegetable pizza into the oven and I made a *sandwich*.

–Come on, let's go, mom! Yeah, quickly, aunt! –Agatangelo and George disappeared among the people at the other end of the terrace .

–Come back! I’ve prepared veg burgers. –Shouted his aunt –. Come downstairs and help me to beat some eggs for tomorrow’s *rice and crust*.

–I want to show the Virgin’s Palm Tree to cousin. Wait a minute, mom!

–Dinner’s ready! You’ll see the great palm tree later. –Aunt Luz let them go first, and they were the first to go down the stairs. As the door to the apartment was unlocked, they went in.

After dinner George jumped again among the noisy bangers. He jumped again from neuron to neuron, riding his vivid imagination, and thus he was able to trot among the stars. He was riding a frolicking green beam, from palm tree to palm tree. In no time, the terrace was inundated with the people as if the clouds were going to pour the August’s torrential cold front. In the sky, the fire palm trees dimmed out, and out of the blue they stopped whistling. The whole city fell silent.

Darkness. Silence.

Thunder was born from the fertile void and the dumb wait.

A lightning ascended to the Almighty. The unstoppable rocket went into space. And there was a very bright white light, just the same as when the firmament burst. Then, was the endless universe created?

–The sun! young George exclaimed.

–The Virgin’s Palm Tree! His cousin pointed to the festive.

Elche’s Big Bang.

Everybody was clapping and smiling.

Hands, applauses, souls flew over the terraces.

Thousands of happy hearts filled with emotion. George’s heart was dazzled by that nocturnal sun, too. Brilliant! Like energy that passed through his mother’s skin, thanks to his father’s kisses on her pregnant belly, warming the blue lake in which he was born, something comparable to the incredible light beam that went through that tiny crack in the front

door when George was a child. It was the same sun that attracted him as a magnet in his childhood until he reached the threshold which turned out to be the path George took to step forward and find the orchard to understand the learning process in order to have the courage to live. He had no doubts at all on that terrace in Elche, and remembered the sun that gives out heat and life. A mystery of nature! Just exactly the same as love between mother and father and the eternal warmth that inspire their children's souls in their *regression*.

In the middle of Elche's main festival that night of fireworks and art George dazzled by so much light in the sky searched for his heart in the wee small hours:

Where are you, tell me where are you traveling to, with no family names, with no name, love with no name, love?

His soul heard his question and answered him immediately:

Don't you know where I'm going to? What is my destination?

Trusting his yellow companion, he looked at the white light that was inundating the sky of Elche and begged for a piece of advice. And in no time the boy had the answer. While he was gazing at the very colossal, white palm tree a thought crossed his mind. If you search everywhere desperately, you will never find it. Calm down your mind and thoughts and wait.

The right answer will reach you through a thought or in the course of the natural and simple flow of life.

Young George continued being honest to himself:

I'm looking for you, I need you! Where are you, tell me where you go, love with no name, love?

Another answer sprang from his soul:

You are searching far away, but I have lived in your mind, soul and heart for centuries.

Being amazed young George tried to see in vain outside the impression of everything he was feeling inside himself so much.

Who lives in our soul?

Diving into serenity bit by bit, a deep voice echoed in his chest.

I travel with you in eternity! My name is love.

Within such a crucial moment, young George surmised the truth:

Tell me! Am I love, too?

George's mind immediately received more clues.

I live everywhere, I go to the infinite, that's my journey, that's my destination.

And the boy, in his deepest thoughts wanted to know the whole truth:

Am I going to the infinite, too?

Once the armor of doubts sticking up young George was detached from his skin the knowledge of the universal Dragon flying over the sky of Elche –a light palm tree that had provided him with thoughts– overwhelmed the boy.

Then our dear friend understood his journey to eternity... and thus, it was then when George's soul and heart cuddled to live and sail bravely.

In order to feel your soul and heart, two in one, just love!

Because that is our journey, that is our destination.

Live and learn, feel and love!

Young George absorbed in his internal monolog was awoken by a bang of a firecracker his cousin Agatángelo had thrown.

Baaaang!

–George, do you like the *Virgin's Palm Tree*?

–And the sun!

–The sun in the night? Whatever you say! –Agatángelo looked at him oddly.

–Did you see the sunrise for a few seconds? Beautiful, ain't it?

And finally his cousin's sensitivity understood:

–Ah! You're talking about the light of the Virgin's Palm Tree!

–Thanks cousin for taking me to this sunrise!

George felt the stirring of love and the sun, sources of life.

He drank from the spring and let his imagination fly.

Thousands of stars were beating in his chest, the same ones he was staring at up in the sky, beats of life. The fireworks show of *La Nit de L'Albà* was over.

The canopy of heaven had been filled with colorful palm trees till then, but George quivered with other flashes.

Saint Lawrence's fanciful, ephemeral tears appeared and disappeared and then they appeared again. Like neurons that light up thoughts and ideas that guide your course of action, the prelude of the authentic life and of the endless dawn.

Just then George understood his visit to the *Dama in La Alcudia* and then the discovery of the Calahorra Almohade. Search for it in the city of Elche. Visit her! While he was visiting the sculpture, George felt as if he were in the secret chamber of the Great Pyramid when he saw the enigmatic hieroglyphics of the Masonic Lodge painted on the walls and ceilings. And then, George also remembered his emotion and happiness when he felt the Oropel rain on his curly hair that afternoon at Santa Maria church while attending the performance of *El Misteri d'Elx*. When the temple's organ is played Heaven opens on the main dome and then *El Araceli* descends. At that very moment George got goose-bumps and his soul thrilled by the songs of the angels resounding throughout the entire basilica.

George still absorbed in his claustrophobic performance awoke from that *Nit de L'Albà* on the terrace when he heard his cousin's voice.

–George, let's go home. We have to sleep!

–And dream!

No Fear

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You lessen your happiness if your willpower is filled with doubts and such doubts rule your actions. In order to understand the suspicions that beset us and the paralysis and vassalage they cause you must do completely the opposite, which is called audacity.

Although it seems to be impossible today, not so long ago teens hitchhiked fearlessly. Drivers who gave them a ride were interested in the passengers and their families. Besides, today it may be a superhuman effort just to greet people politely when they make eye contact with you. Sometimes we do not even greet in return. It is more comfortable reading a book on the subway, on the bus or on the train. Or even to feel much better being abducted by the earphones that gag your tongue.

Are we afraid of co-existence?

The students coming from the nearby towns –such as George– wanted to return home for lunch as soon as possible once the morning classes were over at Callosa High School, which was easier in those days.

–There comes a demonstration. Listen to the slogans shouted by the 15-M (Indignants Movement) outraged demonstrators. Herta Müller and Antonio Gutiérrez opened the banner demanding jobs. –Roberto looked at his watch–: It's just twelve thirty!

–What time does the bus come?

–At one fifteen. –He looked at his watch again.

–Forty five minutes for the bus to come. Shall we review for tomorrow’s test on Cervantes and Columbus in Valladolid? Or shall we hitchhike?

–Let’s hitchhike! –He thumbed a ride looking for freedom by showing the thumb of his right hand.

At about one hundred yards from the school grounds everyday groups of students loaded with books and backpacks were seen hitchhiking on the side of the road going from Callosa to Cox. The wait just took one minute. The students disappeared from the road getting home in time for lunch.

–Where are you all going to? –wanted to know a thin, short driver with red chubby cheeks who was wearing a bonnet.

–To the next town.

–Get in: I’ll drop you off near there. –He opened the door and the teens got into the vehicle. There were boxes with lettuces, tomatoes.... peaches and oranges in the automobile.

–Thanks, sir! –George and his friends managed to sit on the empty boxes, among the fruit and wet vegetables.

–Who’s your father, boy?

–*Perico*... –answered George.

–Mother of God! I did my military service with your grand-father Pedro in Alicante.

–And yours, boy? –asked *Antoñito*.

–He works for the Land Irrigation Syndicate...

–I know him, too! He’s in charge of the office and bookkeeping.

By accelerating a little the blue and white van climbed *El Portichuelo* and went past the medieval castle crag.

From the top of the slope they saw the palm trees that cover the valley and went down the steep road which runs along the houses and streets of Cox. The ephemeral “cabbie” greeted a girl who was walking down the side-walk. Such a benefactor’s name was Periche Rocamora. Then after dribbling skillfully two crosses he left the trees of the traffic circles on his right and braked his blue and white van dead and dropped them off by the Convent of El Carmen.

–Okay, here we are! –Periche got off the van without wasting a single second and opened the door by the sidewalk to let the other kids get off as quickly as possible.

–Thank you very much! The three students got off while thanking him the ride.

–You’re at a stone’s throw from your home-town. And if you run you can get there in a few minutes. Imagine you’re running along the touchline.

–Have a good day! They paid him the fare with such a good wish.

–George, remember me to your father. I haven’t seen him for ages!

From the traffic circle two boys with the school bags on their backs and the third one with a satchel in his hand started running home. The driver had worked out the time and distance very accurately as the fast soccer winger he was in his youth, or like Jim Brown, Lombardi and Wayne Carey in *Football*.

In fact, in less than ten minutes the three friends were at the doorsteps of their houses before the Callosa bus got to town. George saved the bus fare to play table-tennis –one of his favorite sports– before the afternoon classes.

–Are you back already? –his surprised mother exclaimed without giving him a piece of her mind

She was always on the alert for the roar of the bus getting into town as precise as a Swiss watch. However, that day without having heard the screeching of the small old bus brakes, her son turned up home. She had not even heard the bang made by the bus exhaust pipe on departing. Was she getting deaf?

–How have you come today, George? –Rosa was cutting the lettuce for the salad.

–We’ve walked all the way from Cox...

–And the bus? –She chopped a tomato in seven pieces.

–We hitchhiked.

–You mustn’t. Your dad will get angry if he knows. –She added two pieces of spicy onion.

–Today I wanted to get home earlier!

–Why did you want to get home earlier? We always have lunch at one thirty! –She dressed the salad with olive oil and olives.

–Because...before having lunch I can do this afternoon’s homework. You never put vinegar in the salad. Why, mom? –George tried to change the subject.

–Your dad will get angry because you hitchhiked! I only put some pieces of cucumber in the salad.

–I won’t do it again, mom!

George opened his school satchel nervously while greeting his two small brother and sister. He solved the most difficult math problem in a few minutes, then he studied the equation formulas. He copied them on a piece of paper for fifteen minutes till he learned them by heart. He was busy trying to find an unknown factor while he was pondering on his father’s image and a probable punishment for having hitchhiked when the punctual sound of a motorbike engine and the usual greeting were heard:

–Darling, I’m here!

–I’ll set the table right away, Perico.

His two siblings ran to welcome him. Three greyhounds in shorts speeding along the hall.

–Go back to the kitchen. Go in! –Pedro touched his three children’s heads with his right hand.

–Okay, daddy! Let’s have lunch! –Pepe pulled his father’s pants.

There was *soggy rice* with vegetables from the Segura river fertile fields and a fresh salad. Pedro reviewed the tasks he had done in the morning, such as having been cutting artichokes for two hours in a plot bordering the neighboring town. But he had to delay his return home because he had to wait for his irrigation turn. He was just about to start his motorbike to return home when an old friend from the military service in Alicante showed up by the irrigation ditch to have a chat.

–Periche turned up... I hadn’t seen him for six years. Now he works as a fruit and vegetables wholesaler –he told her happily.

–The guy from Cox who did the military service with your father? –asked Rosa

–Yeah. You know the guy who played soccer in First Division for Hercules and Barcelona F.C. –Pedro reminded her.

George’s hair shivered down his spine and bristled even more. Some tribulations shook over his curls like the mad serpents that tormented the Greek Medusa that protected Alexander the Great. In his ravings George begged Perseus to show up to behead the bug he had around his head, but nobody heard his plea for help.

Due to the silly thing of the hitchhiking episode George deliberated on his father’s probable punishment by spanking his buttocks with his mother’s slippers. Then, he decided to pay attention to the conversation between his father and mother about the famous soccer player from Cox.

He was eating nervously with his eyes staring at the plate, and just then he remembered the image of the naïve rat trapped in the mousetrap. He continued looking at the *Valencia soggy rice* while he was enjoying his chards. The child's tension had nothing to do with the exquisite enjoyment of such a plate of delicious soggy rice and the seafood eaten in Meruelo (Cantabria) with Malena years after and the Txoko Guretoki (Gastronomic Club in Ortuella). Young George pretended to be calm, but his mind was restless. Thus, he was still making out when his father went on:

–Periche's told me... he drove George from Callosa.

–Where from? –Rosa just acted as if she did not to know anything about his son's deeds.

–He was hitchhiking with other two boys in Callosa outside his High School. He dropped them off in Cox.

Young George's heart was beating so fast that it almost got out of his chest. He concealed his nervousness, although his mood was devastated and he feared the worst. Medusa's imaginary adders that were twisting in his mind were before him invading his fringe. If he had had Perseus's sword in his hand he would not have hesitated. Jordi would have beheaded his own ignorant Medusa, his own crazy head with a single blow.

The punishments poisoning his rice soup were coming out from a sinister *pit* in his brain. Torture! Which one will his father choose? But on the contrary as if Pedro and his wife were living in another world on the opposed pole of their son's torments and safe from his madness both of them spoke to him without altering their voices, without upbraiding him.

–Periche told me that our son is a well-mannered boy. –Pedro looked at his son.

Whenever you are praised for your worries disappear and you are always more assertive. George's breathing calmed down and he was no nervous anymore. But out of the blue:

–George, the first and the last time you hitchhike!

–I always come home by bus –he excused himself at once.

–When you finish your lunch...

Neither did George listen to nor he heard anything: Deaf, he suddenly became deaf.

The hallucination of the potential dreadful torture, which was only real in his mind, had interrupted his father's fair punishment.

He'll punish me! He'll punish me!

But the unexpected happens in life.

–... give back the money of the bus fare you saved by hitchhiking to your mom –he concluded.

George had suspected several punishments. However, he never thought he would not be playing the extra table-tennis match. His father did not know about his son's hobby.

–Okay, I'll give her the twenty-five pesetas. –He took the coin out of his pocket.

–Do you have another one for this afternoon's bus.

–Yes, well...

–Do you need something! Candy?

–I wanted to play table-tennis before going to school.

–How much is it, son?

–Not very much.

–The bus fare?

–Yes. –George looked at the 25-peseta coin he had put on the table for the last time while his father out of the corner of his eye saw how his son was looking at it.

The one who orders without consulting gets even more mistaken but the one who listens, hits the nail on the head.

–Rosa, I guess George can keep the 25-peseta coin because he saved it and it's his!

–¡Pedro, if you think so!

George had never enjoyed school field trips despite being a hardworking student. He learned more with the outings he made with the music band. His scholarship financed his school books and the bus service fare.

–Thanks for the extra table-tennis game! –George recovered the coin.

So if you do not want people to know you hitchhike –as it happened with young George– or you do not want anybody to know you are thinking of doing something similar ... neither do it nor even think about it.

Thoughts are invisible.

But they fly from one mind to another.

Who designs... human experiments in their unearthly *laboratory test-tubes* providing Sapiens with one or one thousand tests in different stages of our lives. The goal is to learn.

Only if you are aware of the opportunities you have to learn you will get closer to the truth, decision after decision, like someone who walks step by step towards happiness.

Nowadays few young people would even think of risking their unwary thumbs for hitchhiking. Just as fire spreads rapidly across the dry pine forest wickedness and caution scatters in an insecure inhumane society that must regain the civilized commitment and the public confidence.

Just round the corner, I mean just a few years ago, we left unlocked the front door of our homes. And without taking any precautions everybody thought that most people were honest. But malice that proliferates both on the street and in our senseless head has defeated our hope and faith in our

fellow man. We have built foolish walls around us. But they will collapse soon.

Walking along the side-walk is just like strolling in a cemetery.

I remember that in the middle of an afternoon a married couple from Orihuela who had come back from their vacation from their apartment in Torrevieja –with their baggage still in their car– bumped into another married couple –who had just arrived from the Acequion beach– in the lobby of the apartment building where they lived and started chatting.

–What an iron door! Who would it have been mounted by?

–And what bars! Solid ones!

–Like the ones in a prison! –exclaimed one of them with the fear of an inmate.

–How do we get in now? –Luis pushed one of the bars and felt its coldness.

–Ring the president’s bell. –Armengol pointed to the push button on the panel by the door.

–Yeah. He’s got the solution. –Monse pressed the push button on the doorbell.

A few minutes later the president with the key in his hand told them that the measure had been unanimously approved at an urgent Homeowners meeting despite their absence, while they were enjoying the beach. Luis and Armengol weighed up the possibility to summon another meeting in order to be provided with an explanation on this matter. But they gave up after receiving the final judgment of the Homeowners president.

–Everybody voted in favor! –The big fish’s moustache roared–. There have been a lot burglaries in the neighborhood.

–In the apartments? –Luis raised his finger pointing up high.

–They break in even when you’re asleep!

–And nobody hears the burglar?

–They do it quietly –He lowered his voice as if the burglar was behind his neck.

–Aren't you awoken by the noise made by the burglar when he is trying to break in? –hesitated Armengol.

–They release a kind of sleeping gas –he whispered the words.

–I guess you live in a lot of fear... a lot of fear! –regretted Luis, the eldest of the group.

–I have attached four padlocks to my front door! –exclaimed the president.

Today the lobby of most building is more similar to a barred and sinister mausoleum than a cozy and bright lobby of an apartment building. You get entrenched behind the fortified gates turning your home into a castle. In the worst case scenario not even your own brother is allowed to enter because of the walls built to isolate your heart.

Be aware that living in fear is an infectious disease.

On the other hand, trusting people and believing in them, without being naïve, is something wonderful that brings you happiness.

Get On The Train

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George was very lucky with the first dilemma that our society proposed him because he knew the Txirimiri Country (The Basque Country). He was very fortunate to have been sent to the Basque Country for his military service. He did not even suspect that in that very location thirty years after not only would he be enjoying Malena's beauty and a lot of happy years with her but also he would feel the joy of communicating and share literary and artistic works.

Adonais's courage is ours.

George asked life for favors and the gift of knowing another culture was granted to a person who had been brought up in the Levantine region of Spain.

However, the common sense of someone who lacks his own willpower and follows the others without discerning his own targets tried to manage to deflect him from his goal of going to the military service because in the mountainous Basque Country it rained far more than in Alicante.

Finally, our friend chose to open a short parenthesis at university in order to go to the military service. In such a way he could know some secrets of that cryptic region where a unique, old language is spoken. Furthermore, deep down inside him he was convinced that he would be assigned to another military region in the next draw. This strong premonition inclined the balance towards the Basque Country. And in view of this scenario he wanted to find out the hidden mysteries of *sirimiri* (drizzle).

With the discomfort and restlessness of a mother, Rosa wanted to convince George to remain at his protective parental nest.

–Finish your Bachelor’s *degree!* –She gave a mouthwatering Serrano ham sandwich with olive oil–. Take your afternoon sandwich!

Without giving in or agreeing with the maternal request, nor yielding to the temptation of biting the *Jabugo* or *Guijuelo* ham George shared his goals with her.

–I want to meditate in the military service, whether I finish my degree or shift to another one.

–Why?

–I’ll have slim chances of getting a job when I finish my degree. –He bit his big sandwich.

–You can teach at High School. Young people need new ideals.

–There are few governmental teaching vacancies. –He drank a bit of water.

–Son, finish your university studies! –She handed him a plate of *rice pudding and cinnamon*. Tempting!

An education grant holder since he was nine years old, his mother knew he would renew his grant with no problem after finishing his military service, as it happened, to complete the last two years of college or to register in another degree. To become a doctor or a surgeon.

Pedro was unaware of his son's thoughts.

Pedro got home from his crop fields and inquired.

–Son, do you know what you want to study? –He brought into the kitchen a sack he had carried on his back.

–I'll go to the military service and I'll decide it over there. –He said while holding the sack of potatoes.

It is comprehensible that every mother or father is concerned about a son who would travel away from the *parental nest*, but it did not affect George nor it delayed his urge for emancipation. Our friend did what the other young people did at the time, to go to the military service, in this very case he was convinced of such a personal decision.

In such a way he set a new direction of his life when he got on the train.

Destination: Vitoria.

As the convoy was moving to its destination he believed he would be having enough time to shape his future. The train stopped at Teruel for seven hours. George visited the Torre del Salvador and the *Sistine chapel* of Mudejar art at the Cathedral with another conscript who was traveling with him. A bus took them to Albarracin. He was flabbergasted by the wall. George ate migas (breadcrumbs) and a trout from the local mountains. He

wanted to see the Pinar de Rodeno cave paintings but they had to return to the train.

When they got to the station he heard a song by John Lennon (“*Life is what happens while you are busy making other plans...*”) and judged his idea about his future and above all life.

The summer and the hot days were dimming out. And the afternoons were shorter and, of course they were traveling in third class.

At the entrance of the military camp in Vitoria there was a notice reading “*Araka*”. When he read it he received a gust of freezing wind and he even thought that the howling of the north bitter chill wind had warmly welcomed him. He believed he had heard a voice:

Hi, George! Are you cold! I'm right here!

He looked all around but he saw nobody. Had his mind spoken to him as it had done other times? Could the cold wind speak?

Without knowing it George had been given the most truthful welcome by the north land. The Vitorian icy climate showed up naked. And his Mediterranean suntanned skin got bristled due to the unusual cold for the month of August. He was a traveler with no luggage. He just got what he was wearing and a short-sleeved shirt and a change of underwear in his bag.

As the days went by, about two weeks after, *conscript George* got adapted to the cold days of Vitoria. He jogged across the military grounds every morning. And in the afternoon the khaki troops were trained in the muddy trenches. His military boots bit the nails of his toes and scratched his. He was cornered with no way out at all. Daily torture! Even worse than the inexistent enemy in the trench opposite his position!. The ache caused by his boots in his feet was terrible. The blisters on his feet stung every day more and more, and then he suspected that time was already taking its toll.

He had asked for help to ponder on his life and thought naively he had eighteen months left to choose his future.

Restlessness teaches you. Does anybody doubt it?

I am sure you are interested in finding the truth because life comes out to meet you whenever you take a decision and live it.

Is the wealth of experiences and memories –most of them hidden in your mind– useful as a safe-conduct for the road?

Snowflakes were landing on his face. George had never seen them so close. He was born near the Mediterranean coast.

And he did not wish anything else but the new experience of the cold climate that captivated him indeed. Although it was not so wonderful. On the other hand he imagined being wrapped by the long fingers of the fire place... cuddling his lover. Kisses by the window! Snowflakes were falling keeping pace with his kisses. But dear reader wake up from this dream. Come back to reality of the military chronicle! Because far from that idyll by the fire place George neither had hands to stroke nor did he have lips to kiss but his own face hit by frozen needles: snowflakes.

Where was he?

Imagine!

He was in the sentry box with no windows.

He was in the darkness and out in the open camouflaged with the army hat, and 15 yards farther than his nose there were two barbed wire fences. His eyes wanted to jump over the barbed fence and run away along the road. It was really freezing and he had to be on guard duty for another two hours. He was watching ahead and concentrated on the perimeter around the military grounds helped by the lights reinforcing his night surveillance mission. At dawn he saw two automobiles and a couple of dairy delivery trucks on the deserted country road. Nobody dared stop over

there. No vehicle ever stopped, for endless months on guard duty, by the lampposts outlining the road.

George felt the coldness of the sentry box without knowing what he was doing with his assault rifle loaded. Who was he defending to? Was he protecting himself from his own terror of the professional development which is always hidden until destiny surprises you? What if he frightened off the specters drilling his brain by shooting at them, if he had thought of attacking the horrific shadows by pulling the trigger he would have ended up in a punishment cell. Even if the shot would have been fired by chance.

George surrendered to the silence of the cold guard box because so many hours in there were useful to meditate on existential events and to analyze one thousand matters. Once the military service was over... should he continue with his studies or shift to the school of Medicine? He was under siege in the military facility by such dilemmas consuming the time more quickly than expected. Every weekend the conscripts tried to dispel their frustrations due to the military routine by getting drunk with *calimocho*, empty bottles. Far from this barren relief felt by most of them, George used to hitchhike to Lezama to see the cubs of the local soccer team. They ran and ran after the ball, but little did they think. On the contrary George had learned on the squares of his home-town and on the soccer pitch of his school in Callosa that while running you must always think and innovate.

It was a serious offense to hitchhike wearing the military uniform. But whenever he hitchhikes George's thumb always aimed at freedom, since the times when he was a student in Secondary School.

Due to his skills with the ball forged since he was a boy George sensed that those people would revive victories and parades of champion barges to the delight of their passionate supporters. At the legendary soccer

stadium nicknamed *The Cathedral* George felt the personality, discipline and wisdom of the hard-nosed lions trained by coach Clemente. That year the red and white top-class players aroused the cold and rainy afternoons in Bilbao for the enjoyment of their fans. The supporter's throats roared cheering the goals scored by the Athletic players. Athletic supporters' nails even clapped the spectacular saves by goalkeeper Iribar. Red and white scarves and shirts waved on the stand with the attacks, passes and centers by left-foot wingers Chechu and young Argote.... And the headers by Telmo reincarnated Pichichi (Top Goalscorer)! And they also praised for the merits of the defeated opponent.

George would have been very glad to have played with those eleven players as a midfield player to crush the defense of the German player Beckenbauer.

It was already dark and raining when the match was over at *San Mames* stadium. The soldier walked down the slope of Sagrado Corazón among Athletic supporters ... and began to run towards Deusto Bridge. George dashed to the road to Mungía. He had to hurry up because every soldier would be arrested once the gate to the barracks was closed.

With the *sirimiri* witnessing everything George showed his thumb from the side of the road and a polite response arrived soon:

–Where are you going to? A voice asked through the car window ajar.

–To Mungía, to the military campsite.

–Are you coming from San Mamés, kid? The driver opened the door.

–Yes. –George got into the vehicle and sat down. He fastened his seat-belt.

–What a match! –He dried off the sweat from his forehead with one of his gloves. He spoke as he had just taken off his sturdy boots in the locker room.

–You have a great team... and a very smart coach –praised the soldier.

–You're right!

–And shrewd players and with a lot of talent and pride –foretold George–: I believe you can win the Spanish League.

–Where are you from, kid? –he heard the most flattering comment in the Basque Country.

–I was born in a tiny village... between Orihuela and Elche.

–We beat Elche at the Final of the Spanish Cup in 1969. I remember Vavá, Lezcano, Llompart and young Asensi...

–I remember it! It was the summer in which Armstrong set his foot on the moon.

–We beat Elche 1-0 but I had to stop two shots on goal in the first half...

While George was listening to such comments made by the driver the young soldier turned his head and gave the driver a sideways glance just as he used to look at the ball when he played soccer back at school. George recognized among shadows, sitting at the steering wheel a legend of the Spanish football.

Under his *txapela* (Basque beret) George saw an unmistakable nose that dispelled all his doubts. But he respected silently the anonymity showed by the legendary goalkeeper.

It's Iribar! Iribar's driving me to the barracks!

Over there, in the Basque Country, towns and cottages hold hands as if there were only one. Harbors, fishermen and the sea embrace the waves. Seagulls and sparrows share the sky. The spiny broom (*Callicotome Villosa*) and the *txibiritas* (small daisies) dance happily in the field unaware of the frenetic bustle of factories and streets. Opposed worlds and thoughts co-exist in a land full of contrasts.

The naïve soldier from Alicante got through an *abertzale* (nationalist) demonstration on a sunny Sunday afternoon in Bilbao after enjoying a landslide score at San Mamés. The understanding demonstrators understood that the kid was in a hurry in order to get to the military facility after enjoying some days off. Did they remember the haste of a friend or relative that had to go back after a weekend of freedom? Fortunately, sooner or later, and of course in the Country of *Txirimiri* always resentment, death and pain let life pass through.

Staying far from his land and family for one year and a half was something useful and exciting. He longed for the Levantine sun, sharing a student apartment to pass the last two courses. He had already decided to complete his university studies. The uncertain labor future did not worry him as much as some months before.

Gradually... everything comes at last!

George returned to the Mediterranean coast without knowing that some years after he would be returning to Bilbao to set up his home in the *Country of the Txirimiri*.

Be aware that history always comes back.

So has George's life proved it!

Why is it repeated?

Does *The Creator* want so or does the reason lie on our decisions?

Challenges rebound before you in search of happiness if you combine your memory and the understanding of your own memories.

Thus, dilemmas ..., difficult decisions and new opportunities arise again.

Fate usually changes gradually in a direction you do not even imagine...

The great secret before each dilemma consists of having the courage to *get on the train*.

You must accept in essence that similar facts and challenges cyclically return to you with other faces and different names. Observe and you will check that it happens like that. I'm fully convinced that our friend George's case is similar to yours or similar to someone you have met or you know.

In a few years' time, as the unstoppable time goes by and dashes at the speed of your reading George will get on the train again in Alicante. Destination? Bilbao: *The Country of Txirimiri*.

Coincidence?

You will find it out.

Lady Di in love

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Do you know Cupid's arrows? Have you ever felt some of them plunged into your heart?

Until the age of thirty George kept a sensible distance from the *Prince of Love*. He had only been grazed by the arrow of naivety when such a mythological character tempted him with the lure of an innocent girl in his adolescence. They were twelve years old at the time. Whenever he looked at her he felt a tickling. They were registered in the same course, although they attended classes in different class-rooms. She always took the bus at Cox. And young George always kept an eye on such immaculate figure standing at the bus-stop waiting for the bus. As she walked up to George he was always chased by her woman's dizzying movement. She always boarded the bus slowly loaded with books and note-books and paid her fare. Every day she sat at the front of the bus. She was so shy and delicate that she spoke to nobody. Young George silently got off the bus after her without saying anything to her, like an anonymous voyeur. Maybe the girl bit!

In seven years of school, from Primary to High School Noelia never sat next to young George, even though the seat next to his was empty. Was she about to do it? Only Noelia knows the answer. Young George thought about it several times.... but on second thoughts he was stopped by his shy personality and adolescent stammering. Her pale skin and apparent dumb, lonely weakness hardly hid her strong temper. She was always in no hurry.... Mysterious Cleopatra Isis! Young George spied on her hidden among his friends.

Both of them were hard-working students and they always passed their tests in June. And as school subjects and fails purged the group of *student apes* the reward for passing such courses was to have more empty seats on the bus. They continued studying in separate class-rooms and they saw each other on the bus as there were fewer and fewer students taking the bus after the summer because of the failure rate. And of course, they did greet each other every day. One Friday on *La Rambla* they changed glances while waiting for the bus coming from Orihuela that was delayed again.

–Hi, Noelia? –He bowed his face to hide his blush.

–And your tests, George? –She asked while touching his left ear-ring.

–You always pass your tests –he congratulated her.

–So do you, George!

He had wanted to speak to her for so many years. And know her better. He thought she was the only child in a house on the side of the road. That's where he saw her in her garden among carnations one day he was on the bus to school. Noelia and George shared some glances and they greeted each other just three or four times throughout the last courses of school. The furthest he went –appealed by such a virginal and adolescent attraction– was to hold a few ephemeral chats with her on the bus.

–Hi!

–See you later!

And the years went by.

George and Noelia distanced from each other despite studying at the University of Alicante. Their lives took different directions. As it happens to so many people who make eyes at each other but are unable to say what their soul feels at that very moment..

As Cupid was really busy throwing his arrows at other guys did not care about our friend. For two decades, at the beginning with the clarinet, and later with the saxophone George traveled with the music band at weekends. And in the last compasses of his stages in the kingdom of Orpheus our friend played the saxophone with brass bands and with a music band from Callosa at local festivals. Consequently, thanks to music he visited a lot of towns and cities. He was invited to folk clubs, booths, *kábilas* (*city halls*) and military facility and barracks crowded with nice and beautiful girls.

But Cupid's arrows always flew towards other musicians.

–George, come on, let's flirt with these chicks.

–You'd better go –That was his usual answer.

In twenty years of joy and musical wandering George never felt again such butterflies in his stomach as the ones he had experienced whenever he saw Noelia, the shy girl from school, nor had he felt that blindness women caused on most men.

Fortunately, George settled in Orihuela because he did not miss the chance of a job offered by Pedro Pagán to work for a Radio Station, and another one offered by Valentín Medina to work for the newspaper *La Verdad*. And his popularity went through the roof in no time thanks to his voice and work at the radio station ran by Baldomero and Conchita. A lot of women approached him, but Cupid was still busy in other more profitable and useful tasks for him. But crucial facts are triggered off at

random in our lives and one day a woman, as stunning as a white rose, turned up. She was a journalist and a newscaster, as well as the new editor-in chief of the radio station. Who? *Batu*.

George and *Batu* hardly spoke at work. Just the usual greetings and nothing else.

That's what usually happens with the human magnetism and its ins and outs. Everything started with their mutual indifference.

One night the young journalist surprised him on the phone.

–George, help me please!

Why did she call him precisely in the fall of 1990?

At the beginning George accompanied by his brother Candela who was at hand, and because of their labor relationship he helped her without fearing that the *capricious archer* was fluttering around them. Cupid –the winged matchmaker– observed the events and after three weeks he carried out his plan by placing George and the beautiful *Batu* on the center of the same target. She was already engaged to a lad but she listened to her heart and grabbed the challenge. She passed the test after having a quarrel with her fiancé, because *Batu –Lady Di in love–* returned her engagement ring to her fiancé as she was in love with George. While having some pieces of Camembert cheese and Russian salad for lunch, George's tears lit the flame of love. On the one hand George brought to the relationship his unconditional devotion and *Batu* her elegant rose-like beauty in addition to a dozen pairs of shoes... hope and a lot of enthusiasm.

–Shall we marry?

–Yeah. –They lovingly kissed each other.

By the grace of Eros two wonderful children were born of *Batu's* self-confidence and George's discipline.

Since then the sand in the hour glass fell down constantly as their daughters grew. But completely unaware of what was going on around

them the couple's increasing load of work undermined that first relationship and the pillars of a happy home.

After knowing George and Batu's experiences and other similar ones I believe without any doubts that human beings complete their transformation when they are parents. Consequently, that arrow of unconditional love meant for your offspring is felt very deeply inside you. However, when a higher position is reached on the social layer new horizons and experiences of pain and love arise. But in most of the cases it is entirely up to you to decide the way to follow.

You should know that those changes gather inside us like a kind of sediment-like conglomerate, layer over layer, and finally it gets buried in our minds. A cultural fusion that when the critical density in every person is reached, in accordance with that person's particular levels, favors either the assimilation of such crises or their outbreak as a *renovating fire* – evolution, the original meaning of the Greek word for *Krisis*. Within those cyclical distresses –as we are blind and focused on the crisis– we always ignore those who contribute more without asking anything in return.

Thus, once something is achieved or somebody's trust is gained we tend to obviate them. I recognize I have behaved in such a way more than once.

But I certainly feel it has never been in vain... as I learned from my own mistakes, as well as from my wise decisions.

Beyond all understanding and due to her immaturity *Batu* put the one who most loved her in second place.

– *Batu* I'd rather you spent less time on the phone speaking to your friend the manicurist –George begged her–: I'd like to have you close to me when I get home.

As *Batu* was totally surrendered to that boring and chatty woman she threw a poisonous dart at him, which put his heart in check.

–George, don't make me choose between my friend and you!

The irresponsible answer given without bearing in mind its consequences distanced George and *Batu*'s hearts. Since that tragic answer their caring love fell apart.

Doubts change you as much as crises and the disasters caused by wars.

George had been racking his brains for nights, weeks and months since that answer was given by his loved *Batu*. How could she have answered him back in such a way when he took care of their two daughters, had two jobs and helped her with her professional tasks, and every night he reviewed her magazine. He even handed out her magazine on the street whenever she had a back-ache. Because of his doubts Pedro lost the control of his head and the helm of his marriage and got overwhelmed in his first emotional storm. As he had neither experience in women nor in marital coexistence he sank into that instinctive and destructive selfishness which is comparable to a *tsunami* wave.

Finally, George went mad:

Do I mean anything to her? What do I mean to her? What...?

George first imagines and then mentally theorizes and speculates... till he ends up believing his own inventions because of his obscure neuronal blindness and the torments he has in his mind caused by Medusa.

When doubts grow they cause more ravages than the disease itself.

In view of such a prospect with his wife and the sense of uneasiness that stirred up George, still within a happy family and two innocent daughters, Cupid opted for the most drastic solution: to break up his

marriage as soon as possible by sending them an arrow. Cupid had a lot of arrows, and of course among them the one he thought it was the most suitable for the couple. Once the circumstances were considered Cupid threw my friend a pink, sharp arrow in the form of a caring, tender work-mate who lent him her unconditional support providing him with peace and freedom.

And due to that friendship love and dependence flourished!

As George was overburdened with work at the newspaper and about to get stressed out the inexperienced young lady, who was too much involved in her job, happily and enthusiastically lent him a hand. Then, our friend rewarded her by backing her up in a job interview. This opportunity was unique for the hard-working journalist in order to consolidate herself professionally.

–You really deserve it. Leave. Cash in on the course... and learn!

María, who was studying in Bilbao far from home, thanked him for his support:

–George, I wake up longing for you again and again.

Such a distance aroused his love for his friend in the north where the star Mizar always guides George, therefore on February 14 Cupid aimed a platonic arrow at both of them with the dexterity of crossbowman William Tell.

Did both María and George feel that arrow?

Ought they to experience such feelings to learn?

Years after it was crystal clear they would have been unable to avoid such a platonic arrow because it was meant for them.

At all times, night after night, the universe submitted George to a mental torment. He hardly slept for nine months, the husband and father was torn between two opposite feelings due to his inexperience. His love for *Batu*, his daughters and his home crashed against that nonsense that

made fun of two hearts, who were only workmates. With the arrow of fascination stabbed in their minds both rookies mistook friendship for love. Due to Cupid's excellent shot George neither noticed such a mirage nor the platonic drunkenness blinding him.

Nevertheless, *Eros'* knowledge created the quandary for the trio involved –*Batu*, *María* and George– in order to freely choose a path to happiness. *María* and George did not know they only shared tenderness and support. Nothing else. Then, the *Divine benefactor...* deployed the maze leading them to true love on equal conditions, so that each would follow it alone.

George suffered in silence.

Such as a captain he yielded the rudder of the ship and of his life to the generosity of the swell and told his wife what was really happening to his heart. But in being sincere he forgot that the rose tree has thorns to protect the beauty of its petals.

When she heard her husband's confession *Batu Lady Di* feeling hopeless as George was falling in love with another woman she neither weathered the storm nor she took the time to understand so much sincerity or the nightmare her husband's heart was troubled with. She reacted like a wave sweeping away everything.

–Choose between her and me!

What was going on between *Batu* and George?

Where did the conflict stem from?

Despite he did not know the causes, without further ado the consequences arose quickly. He did not have a single second at home to kiss a goodbye on the happy time lips. Out of the blue he was among shadows. He was alone illuminated by the light of love coming from two stars, his daughters. But far away from both *Batu* and *María*.

So it was written in George's fate. Being left alone!

After three years of matrimonial convulsion George had already regained enough strength to escape from such obscurity when Maya showed up like the mirror of the events George had experienced with María in the past. Later on due to a relationship Maya had with a Cuban lover our friend could recognize himself with the same fascination as the one that had hypnotized him with María long ago. And besides, he felt the difference between a playful arrow thrown by Cupid and the arrow of the unconditional love that always matures in every parent's soul.

–George, are you in love with love! –Carmen's diagnosis was accurate due to her experience and tenderness, *Frida from Orihuela*, master painter of the portrait in *Oleza*.

As an exceptional witness my friend George, close to Maya and her blindness, poisoned by *The Prince of Love*, took her suffering and learned. Perhaps George could go through the platonic test of his past, at last overcome it, if he identified and saw in Maya his old own reflection. It is to say to project George's mistakes in Maya's experience with her *Havanan partner*. Thus, George understood, as much as he could, the emotions that had blinded him years before after being reached by the arrow of such selfish infatuation.

While practicing with his bow Cupid grew fond of George and devoted his constant attention to my friend's progress in the art of daring to live, that's why the archer threw him arrows so that he could practice his skills in avoiding such playful arrows. Time after, when he lived with *Lucrecia Borgia* and his little daughter Puri, George would enjoy the compassionate arrow and his freedom. Thus, test after test, step by step, after learning to avoid the seductive arrows flying around him Malena's soul will reappear in his memory again. As a result George may enjoy the

last charming arrow Eros entrusted Cupid. Which one do you think it is? Answer with your heart.

Let's not forget that George had already felt such butterflies in his stomach with Noelia back at his local school, those adolescent pins and needles causing you hiccoughs. Somehow, throughout *Batu's* divorce he wept the poison that muddled him for mistaking pure love with his workmate's, Maria, friendship. In a previous stage, he had felt forever his unconditional love for his two daughters and had fallen in love with love. Therefore, George was ready to step forward, pure nectar inundating these pages. George has warranted me a feeling he wants to share with Humanity and Malena, his companion and friend today.

Did you guess the secret of Cupid's last arrow?

What falling in love with?

Falling in love with life! Yes, certainly!

Whenever it is suitable, Cupid will shoot an arrow of love to our lives. And then, on that forthcoming day we shall enjoy it all together.

When?

When life, truth and love ennoble and restore our hearts to their natural harmony. Then, everybody will be sharing Cupid's last ambrosia as George did.

–You are in love with life! –Something Malena felt when she met him–: I love you!

–And I love you, too, Malena. I love you, I desire you! –They tenderly kissed each other.

But George's experiences and crises briefly explained throughout the previous pages will be explained more thoroughly in the forthcoming chapters. I am sure that they will reflect the confidence that is placed on my good sense and memory in order to describe what my friend learned thanks to life and women.

While having a walk with George I hang-glided on his words.

We are the ones who the others do not even imagine who we are.

Re-identifying and retaking our inner essence facilitates our clear understanding of the present time. The habit of integrating ourselves in our peers' customs seems to be logical and normal. But sometimes we take decisions without thinking, i.e. when you start smoking without knowing if such a decision is taken influenced by people and whether smoking is good for your health. The shared blindness takes over us despite knowing that such experiences should lead us towards a more global prosperous and supportive future.

Do you wonder how that universal link may be created?

I clearly see the common link as a human being whenever I listen to George or I remember his deeds. And I identify our human essence whenever I recognize my own life in our friend's experiences.

Such a pearl is also within your reach.

You only need a requirement.

Do you really want to know which one?

Open your mind to life as George did!

Our friend finished his military service in the Basque Country in the summer and returned to his homeland and hung his khaki uniform with his agricultural equipment, henceforth he only used it to help his father with his agriculture tasks. That very summer the family temperature rose and this gave rise to more transcendental questions. Once the first days went by Pedro inquired his son while removing the weeds from the orchard:

–What have you decided to do, son? –He picked a tangerine from the tree.

George looked at him...kept silent and went on with his work in the orchard. He brought out some boxes of tangerines and more and more boxes of oranges as heavy as the doubts he had about his professional future. The wheel of the wheelbarrow sank into the muddy path leading to the truck, more for *George's thoughts* than for the weight of the fruit. He needed answers as soon as possible. Suddenly, the leaves of the orange tree shone brightly in the sun like tongues that spoke to him wisely. At that very moment he drank from the pitcher that had been left in the shade of a millenary fig tree. Hardly had a quarter of an hour of the refreshing jet in his throat passed when George got the answer in his brain, and he gave an answer to his father:

–I'll pass the subjects and I'll become a teacher in just two courses' time.

–You have both your mother's support and mine. –His father gave him an orange to suffocate the heat of his work.

George already focused on his studies and finished them without the military service lying in wait. He started to pave his way to the Almoradi High School by means of internships influenced by Gabriela Mistral's vocation. Nevertheless, our naughty traveling companion's fate led George's steps toward another path to rejoin him with his past. Consequently, the human task which is a pedagogical one always consists of doing the same thing on a daily basis: to be a messenger. Task in which everybody wholeheartedly may also take part.

Because the universal mission is always displayed in the same way, despite the human beings express it in thousands of different ways.

–There are competitive examinations... –His attentive uncle, *Pepito*, told him.

–Where?

–At the Post-office... near our town. In Cox!

–Uncle, I want to be a teacher. I know what I want to be. But his uncle’s experience convinced him. He could work for the Post Office half-time with a work contract and Social Security included and prepare the exams open to the public in the afternoon to become a secondary school teacher.

As George took the decision of taking on the Mail Service temporary job our friend, without knowing it, set out on a multifaceted journey, that he has been prolonged for three decades. At the beginning always in total ignorance, as in the unexpected almost always lies the plan George was able to arrive to harbors of far-reaching scopes.

Consequently, more than once George has remembered the sentence by **John Lennon** (“*Life is what happens while you’re busy making other plans...*”). Because thanks to a steady job as the one he had at the Mail Service he developed an independent attitude as well as that desire to know himself and *Sapiens*’ special features.

–George used a motorbike for the delivery of letter in Cox. He had it in a corner of the larder –in this way his father lent him a hand.

–Okay! Thanks dad!

The following years George saw his future even clearer. But the same happens to all of us. We only have to learn how to see into it. Although the great advantage is only enjoyed by the ones who fearless dare to seize every opportunity to live. Our friend always dares walk without knowing whether the path leading to his goal is the one he must take at that very moment. He just moves on fearless.

Then, how to know what path corresponds to you?

Only if you live in continuous boldness the revitalizing garden of *Fragrance* re-appears in you..... and opens for you so that you may enjoy it like the spring with all its scent.

During our existence in eternity we maintain some physical and emotional inclinations that are transmitted to the world of work, though.

One Friday, in the intellectual gathering with my friend George I understood that two tendencies always co-exist in *Sapiens*, both of them natural ones in their human origin. As I was intrigued and puzzled I looked him in the eye and then I understood the rest of the message. The service inclination co-exists along with the selfish pliers that grip you within your own short-sighted wellbeing.

Why such a contradiction?

As I was roused by that question he answered me with another thought: the fight between your ego and your soul is born from my insisting and egocentric self.

From freedom, indispensable in every training, we follow the watchword of “*and what about me?*” dictated by the ego’s bitterness. It is hard to recognize it but it calms us to blame the others, third parties, rather than admit our own shortcomings and deficiencies. We remain anchored more in the personal and selfish interest than in the shared links.

George, since his childhood was like a sponge, always immerse in his musical vocation, then he learned from the school subjects while he improved by way of ad lib and willpower his skills in soccer whenever he had the ball in his feet.

Living in both the disciplined musical study and the spontaneous sporting creativity provides you with a better problem-solving capacity and prevents you from being on the ninth cloud and daydreaming about material things. Besides, creativity always thrusts you toward the upper levels of the caring and conscious action.

–We are gonna play at an event with the music band together with Rafal’s band conducted by Gabriel. –George told his mother as he was heading for the bus.

Messenger of emotions and feelings thanks to the musical language George put a lot of effort and got involved in the charitable theater performances held in his own hometown, and then he performed with amateur actors and actresses at the Alicante auditorium. University trained him to become a teacher. Above all, though, it has been because of his educational vocation. The gifted musician and actor’s spirit shines because of his service capacity. If with the musical instrument you can play Zarzuela (traditional Spanish operetta) and Pasodobles, or on the stage you take off and pass on Cantinflas and Charlie Chaplin’s flair and humor, similarly you are making happy the soul of whomever is listening to melodies or enjoying the theater.

At a concert with the music band the solo trumpeter felt the enthusiastic applause from the public. He smiled excitedly in silence.

–You have moved them, Jesús,... they are very happy –emphasized the long-haired conductor, Pedro Ramón–: Greet the audience. Stand up and be always grateful to them!

As he was getting older and becoming more skillful and as he was entitled to apply for leaves of absence George stopped temporarily working for the Mail Service for long periods of time to challenge and deploy other horizons, twin faces the happy messenger possessed. On a microphone at the radio station and on a computer keyboard in a newspaper editorial department our friend widened his mission by broadcasting news, feelings, neighborhood demands and rights effortlessly and where George had the chance to cooperate and make friends through journalism.

Doddle after doddle, from humility and perseverance our friend told me he learned day after day as a journalist and as a person the trade of writing and help others.

One day I saw myself in George and in his deeds in order to get free of the determinism of birth dividing human beings and get free of blood relations and family ties separating people.

Because we come from the same source and we rarely return to it if we find the vibration sustaining it. Sure you do know it! Guess? We were born thanks to that vibration...and then we bring life into this world when we become parents. George has the mark of such an experience printed in his eyes. So do you! Look at yourself in the mirror! It is incorporeal like a light beam, but as real as the dreams in your memory.

Because love and happiness in divine combination is what we are and what the human race longs for. An energy which expands if nothing is pursued. It just comes out of the blue. How?

Sapiens, on a life-lasting test as, will do anything inconceivable to conquer material things that lie in wait for us. Seduction resembles a woman who provokes an instant reaction in some men making their pants fall down whenever the ugliest and silliest woman in the world looks at them. Because, after all the material substance has an enormous attraction power. Consequently, regarding labor you can dedicate your life to work or decide that it is an instrument for happiness instead of becoming your only goal. There is a border, a subtle gate between both options that separates the care of your fortunate human birth or dedicate yourself to consume your life drunk with interests.

One afternoon, when he was alone with me, George thought over.

–What does the musician, mailman and journalist or writer have in common?

There is no greater joy for your human heart than to provide people with melodies or to make happy a mother by giving her a letter sent by her daughter from a far country, or to disseminate good news and share noble and happy feelings in books. Without realizing it everything is funneled for you to convey the only universal message like the musical stave.

To boost that energy flowing inside and outside of the corporeal matter, the root which links us, the origin. Which one?

Some years ago we followed the mailman loaded with letters, messages of hope through the streets more with the eyes of our hearts than with our own eyes. We were guided by the excitement of seeing him arrive and stop outside the door of our houses.

–Jerónimo, a letter from your son! –the lean mailman, who had worked for a game arcade years before, said loudly.

–I’m coming. Thanks! –he thanked the Mail Service employee

–I’ll wait, don’t panic. Take it easy! He said humming on his bike and smiling with the letter in his left hand while Paco consumed the seconds reviewing a cheerful “Salve Rociera”.

–He’ll be discharged from the *military service* soon –the father’s optimism wished.

–The mailman is from Santa Cruz de Tenerife.

–He’s been there for a year. He saw Santana play tennis and Angel Nieto race over there.

–The Canary Islands, a land of encounter, happiness and sun! –whispered the Andalusian mailman.

–My son sings in a street musicians band... and he has also been invited to sing at the Carnival of Cadiz.

–I’d love to go play my guitar. Thanks to the military service your son has gone beyond this village –Paco, the head of the Mail Service in the village said with good judgment.

–You’re right... besides, he has flown for the first time.

–Have a nice day, Jerónimo! I’ll be playing the lucky bingo cards tonight!

–Have a fine day, mailman! Hope you’ll shout bingo!

–Of course I did loudly and clear when I passed the exam open to the public and I was hired by the Mail Service! – the mail service employee shouted while he was riding off.

Another day the music band where George played proclaimed the happy awakening as the morning’s dawn was spreading its fingers throughout the neighborhood which was celebrating its official festivals. The Festival Queens (Falleras) were singing on the street that day:

“La manta al coll i el cabasset/ mon anirem al Postiguet!/ La manta al coll i el cabasset/ mon anirem (“The blanket around my neck with my basket/will be going to Postiguet... hurrying along chim-pam-pum, hurrying along chim-pam-pum!”)

The Festival Queen’s beauty and charming personality showed up through a window:

–Come on, I’ll bring you a cup of hot chocolate –offered Amparo.

Within the *kind stove*, the Levantine woman had created such a tasteful welcome on the coal cooker.

And the musicians responded to her with exquisite melodies.

–Stop playing. Come upstairs! The chocolate is hot –insisted Josefina, the beautiful Festival Queen’s mother–. Or if you feel like you can drink fresh horchata (cold drink made from tiger nuts) and *fartons* (a kind of sponge cake)

While having a rest the erudite conductor, Pedro Ramón, had a look at the morning newspaper. On that blessed occasion the pleasing newspaper pages, exponents of a mysterious mutation, spread good news with an

eminent future development: “*One thousand billion euros in order to fight hunger and malaria in Africa*”, read out Trives.

–Who’s given such money?

–A group of countries.

And another piece of news: “*The new Bernardo Ruiz Sports Center has been opened in Orihuela*”

–He was the first Spanish cyclist who was on the podium in the *Tour of France* in Paris, and the first Spanish guy who took part in the *Giro of Italy*.

–And they have organized a party in his hometown to celebrate it!

The cultural pages of books and tales glossed messages of freedom and dedication, they highlighted gallantry. There were neither hoaxes nor suffering! Not even a rumor. What kind of miracle was going on in the newspaper! Neither violence nor bloodshed or wars! Not even vampires mentioned!

He was delighted to read the entertainment guide because the cinema premiers invigorated peace and truth, happiness and leisure.

–Look what they say in this section, the last novel published.

–By whom?

–By an unknown author. By G. Taylor, it must be a pen-name.

–What does the review say?

–Just the title!: ‘*Krisis with a K*’.

–What *Krisis*? Why with a K?

–There’s a subtitle: ‘*The change is deep inside yourself...*’

We must read it!

The attitude and intentions must be taken into account at work and in your hobbies.

And facts always count much more than words!

The musician and mailman, the journalist or writer, the nurse and the pharmacist, the doctor and the enthusiastic teacher within each of their thoughts and in their line of duty rebuild an honest world of dedication and generosity.

On one occasion George reported a lesson that seemed unthinkable to me.

–My friend, you can create with your mind and with your heart, too.

–Of course, you can create with your mind. But how can you create with your heart? And shall I change the world?

–Forget about changing something for another object or for a different situation! Build new things without getting stuck in the past.

–Without the past?

–Create new things and then everything changes without getting a fright, but only if you create without looking back, mistakes corrected. Everything is transformed by means of time and action.

The musicians' melodies, letters, news by the journalist, novels and poetry always make the soul cheer up. Out of the pure and beautiful fact you are capable of creating, out of the right behavior the beginning of the full happiness always arises. And the embryo of brotherhood and peace, the altruistic seeds and the *fair justice* are born.

Do you want to become a messenger?

Yeah, you... who is judging me and George and his utopias too. I am speaking to your brain and soul. Let's make a new world! *The Creator* was never an abstract entity but life is put into action. The act of creation emerges from the actions and deeds of millions of *good wills in motion*. Choose your own path and act without delay.

What do you feel whenever you hear the African famine rat-a-tat-tat? Or the rat-a-tat-tat coming from the desperation in Haiti, India, Guatemala...

Has that *rat-a-tat-tat* changed you?

Go help them!

Or would you open an extermination camp on the isle of Lampedusa for the millions of Africans escaping from starvation and a certain death?

Be in their shoes!

Do it for just a few seconds!

And what if you had been born where they were born?

Mother Teresa of Calcuta assured George that the human heart will always help them and will let them cross the border.

Dulcineas

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Let evolution continue, link after link, which is the primary mission of soul and ego rejoined in the body.

Being a mother or a father, birth, represents the effective expression of energy renewing the eternal course of the universe.

–Do you remember that original energy? –George’s question puzzled me.

I hesitated, I could not find any answer, but he helped me.

–Unconditional love –George recalled– The origin of Man!

Far from each other for more than two decades Cupid and our friend, George, met again when *Batu* appeared, a woman appointed to recall the miracle of creation.

–It was love at first sight! –my friend admitted it to me, during an afternoon with the literary circle.

George and Batu vibrated in a twister of illusions. They abandoned their families for a lovers’ little apartment, their honeymoon opposite the Teatro Circo in Orihuela. At first light, she left for work and he sent her nightingale’s whistles from the balcony. They married and there was a

second *honeymoon* in the City of Light, Paris, *Tour Eiffel! Montmartre, Moulin Rouge, Place Pigalle*, the funicular...

But the-just-married couple first visited the *Txirimiri Country*. While they were driving to France George saw the Itziar caserio (Basque cottage) on the highway between Bilbao and San Sebastian, maybe a place put in the corner of his existential memory. A torrential gale hit the Cantabrian coast that night. Thanks to the downpour that blinded the automobile windshield and groping for an exit George got out of the highway led by his intuition or Destiny. They spent the night at the first town that appeared on the road, Deba.

As they were driving back to the highway the sunny day took them to the hermitage.

They drove up the slope and parked their vehicle in the small square.

The church gate gave off a halo that attracted George like when he was a child and was dazzled by the bright beam coming through the tiny crack in the front door of his house. He entered the temple and felt at home.

George and Batu holding hands walked across the oak flooring towards the altar, which was in a shady place at the end of the temple. An old mock-up caravel, which was suspended in the air attached to the ceiling by two invisible thin threads, seemed to fly.

Suddenly a light came through the stained glass window to light up his memory.

–It’s amazing to be here at the temple of Itziar! –he confessed to his wife–: I’d like to call our first daughter Itziar. What do you think?

–I’d like it! –She kissed George, her husband.

Creation set in motion at the moment George was pronouncing the *name of Itziar*, without knowing that the local seamen are devoted to that beloved Basque virgin. The navigator Juan Sebastian del Cano (*Elkano*) from Guetaria professed that virgin the same devotion by making a dream

into reality when he embarked on a voyage by ship round the world for the first time ever.

Twenty years had gone by since George and *Batu* had visited the temple for the first time when George visited the temple of Itziar with Malena again. And instantly, in entering the temple he knew why he had chosen that very name for his first daughter. Life had taken him to the same place. Thanks to that understanding today he knows how to analyze the flashes flowing from yesterday much better. The world of dreams has disclosed George that he was a navigator, a disciple of God Neptune!

George had heartedly begged for a daughter that he created her in an instant, with *Batu* at the temple of Itziar, in the womb of a thought of his that flew away. Because, first the dream exists, which is the desire of the heart, which later on with *willpower and love* is embodied and materialized.

There are millions of souls entitled to life, millions of names to be christened. But Gorka (you will meet him in the following chapters as in this one and the previous ones he is still George) either stemming from Destiny or from the past, latent in his existential memory, whispered George a single name:

Itziar!

Since then the name of Itziar accompanied George everywhere. And he kissed it as if he already had his daughter in his arms. Indeed, because of the mystery released in each fertilization whenever a spermatozoon and an egg got together to return to Itziar's soul. Sometimes George sat by the side of Itziar's bed when she was half asleep and while the child was caressing her father she heard the story about the origin of her magical name: Light emerging from the bed of the sea, goddess Aphrodite that seen from the boats seems to be suspended over the waters. A speck of light, a flicker of light in a place of darkness. The light coming from an oil lamp hung

from one of the windows of the temple. A lighthouse that from the shore guides the local fishermen and navigators through storms, in the journey of their souls in eternity. In August, the local people celebrate their festivity in the local fields full of flowers next to the Basque cottage in Itziar.

Superb *honeymoon!*: From Itziar they arrived in San Sebastian. Incredible, endless nights at the top of Mount Igeldo. Kisses on La Concha promenade. We were lucky to have arrived in the Aste Nagusia (Local Festivals). The couple enjoyed the *Donostiako Piratak* festival: a spectacular *Pirate boarding* massively attended. Popping in and out of bars and taverns enjoying *pintxos* (snacks) More surprises in Donostia: Ainhoa Arteta performing at Kursaal! George was delighted at the opera *Tosca* by the virtuous soprano. And with the first light of the day: concert by singer-songwriter Mikel Laboa at the small square in the Parte Vieja (Old Part of the City).

Their *honeymoon* was completed with their visit to Bordeaux and Paris where Luis Cobos conducted zarzuela concerts in Lyon, Andorra and Barcelona... and then he returned to Orihuela.

It was already August when the miracle indecipherable for science occurred:

–I'm ovulating, George! –They lied down on the bed and kissed each other.

Amazingly, millions of hallelujahs moved inwards Batu like the rain in spring. But only one got to the finish line and fertilized the egg.

After nine months... their desired loving daughter, Itziar, reappeared. In the following pages you will understand how he identified her. I shall give you some clues. On what date did Itziar return to this world? It is the magical number that George has adored since he was a child.

You hit the nail!

The seventh day of...

First pregnancy. *Batu* took refuge in the *brownish-gray* land of Ciudad Real where she was born to be under her mother and aunts' care.

–Off we go to the hospital –*Batu's* mother forewarned George by telephone.

–Will she deliver in short? –he was worried on the phone, from his workplace in Orihuela.

–You have enough time to get here –Grandmother Prado calmed him down– She might be delivering to-night or in the small hours.

Journalist George pre-recorded the radio night show in Orihuela. Baldomero suggested him that he should travel calmly and unhurriedly. And off he went, driving all the way across La Mancha lands, hoping *Batu* would not suffer too much at delivery sharing with his heart the joy of becoming a father. He begged for his beloved wife's health and Itziar's happiness. He soon overcame the tribulations he had at the end of the Vinalopó highway when he left behind the medieval watchtowers of Novelda, Elda, Petrer, Sax and Villena. He passed by Almansa and Chinchilla castles on his way to the hospital.

Longing for his wife and his daughter still inside his wife's womb George even thought that his car wanted to arrive earlier and hug them as much as he did.

With weariness George's eyes got closed while driving. He pulled over at a gas station on the suburbs of Albacete. Some children were playing soccer nearby. All of them wanted Andrés to pass them the ball (he was also called Iniesta). He was the most skillful kid. He drove a few miles more until he parked amongst some windmills. He rested for about 10 minutes in the middle of La Mancha. Fantastic kingdom of fantasy. Like the Ingenious Hidalgo Quixote that made up his ideal beloved lady George loved both Dulcineas, like you and I search for our better half, twin soul. And he thanked *Batu* and his daughter Itziar for making him a father.

Life and death travel molten in our eternal spirit.

Arrivals and departures share our existence.

What happens before? Arriving or leaving.

Within the cyclic wheel arrivals and departures share the same link.

–If you wish to come you can come –said George on one occasion–.

And when you want to leave, just leave. Remember this sentence sang by master Antonio Pomares on his guitar: “*You have to go first to enjoy the happiness of coming back later on...!*”

That Tuesday on hearing George speaking in the Study Circle amid friends I stated that without arriving it is impossible to depart.

And I think it was then when George read my mind:

–Without leaving it is impossible to repeat the happiness of being born and returning. –He looked at me.

Heading for the hospital where *Batu* shared her labor pains with her aunt George saw from his automobile the *Venus diamond* and the sky filled with stars. Itziar was returning to our world, her little head was moving out of the uterus. He was within spitting distance from the hospital in Ciudad Real. Less than half an hour of thoughts on the road to get to the hospital.

Dulcineas, I'm arriving!

Life was with George.

But so was death!

Out of the blue, in a road curve an automobile did not stop at a stop sign. And the drunk driver's car stalled and remained sitting motionless in the middle of the road. George could have maneuvered to avoid the crash, but a mental warning forewarned him and braked. He got out of his vehicle hurriedly and had a look at the road where hundreds of trucks were circulating to and fro, miraculously no truck was near him as the crash into the other vehicle which was blocking the road would have been fatal. If

George had had a rear-end collision with a truck he would have been crushed in his own wrecked vehicle.

The universe had the last word: George would enjoy his yearning paternity!

The Great Lady was in another place.

Have you forgotten that when you came to this world you signed a document without returning date? Don't you remember anything? I will jog your memory: when you decided to return you accepted one condition to enjoy life. Yes, only one condition: the *Great Lady* will terminate such an agreement whenever she considers it appropriate. Do you know what I am speaking about? It is crystal clear! Meanwhile, enjoy your life and feel it intensively, with no fear.

After less than an hour the road mishap was over and George was entering Emergencies. He wanted to see his wife but it was impossible.

–I'd like to see *Batu*. –He approached the surgery room door.

–She's been having a lot of contractions and labor pains –grandmother regretted.

–Is she alright? –insisted George.

–Have a rest from your exhausting trip! I'm with her –his aunt from Ciudad Real who was a nurse calmed him down.

After midnight George had a nap on the waiting room coach. He had a headache due to the car accident. At about one o'clock the delivery occurred. *Batu* and Itziar were both healthy and at last next to him! He had never imagined he could feel so much happiness. He first kissed his wife and then his little daughter.

–I love you *Batu*.

–The doctor threatened me with having a cesarean! –Rocking his daughter in his arms he regretted.

–Why did it take you so long to give birth? –George kissed her again.

The doctor made a mistake... I believe he thought I was a single mom.

Batu felt alone in the delivery room. Although her aunt was in there with her and George in the waiting room.

His daughter arrived in good time to be loved despite the mishap suffered on the road by the first-time father and the complex last moment delivery. Grandfather Juan, who was friendly and funny and as thin and tall as a palm tree, brought a box of candy, *Miguelitos*, from La Roda. They celebrated the birth of their first granddaughter in that way. Her aunts and uncles, both grannies and granddad Pedro saw her in Orihuela more beautiful and tall everyday. They enjoyed Itziar's curiosity. All of them smiled. She traveled with her mama and papa to the soccer pitches on Sunday.

Before Itziar was three years old *Batu* got pregnant again and a little sister was on her way to this world inside her mother. This delivery was not so complex and took place in Orihuela and George was able to be with his wife in the delivery room.

–I'm here beside you, take it easy! Right here next to you! –He took her hand and kissed it.

Who feels the glorious happiness? Whose eyes are clouded by love?

Do you know it? Father and mother feel it. Mother feels infinite happiness when a new soul is lodge inside her to be loved till your last breath. And father feels it just the same when he takes in his hands the fruit that has ripened in his lover's womb.

–Push *Batu!* *Batu*, go on pushing! We can see her little head! –said Myriam loudly, the nurse, George's sister in Orihuela.

–Claudia! –George was happy with his daughter in his arms, like a soft teddy bear.

Whenever the baby grabs your finger...

it is grabbed forever and ever.

George's girls became jewels.

He dressed them and put on their shoes. He gave them their glasses of milk and put their morning sandwiches in their satchels. And he drove them to their beautiful school cloister.

One Wednesday, when they were walking around the gardens of the well, by the Sistine Chapel in Orihuela, his youngest daughter was very perspective and asked:

–Dad, who's that man made of Stone?

–It's the bust of Loazes. He became a widower and then he became a priest and then an archbishop. He was born here several centuries ago. Thanks to him you have these beautiful cloisters and capitals.

That morning rector Pedreño, Antonio Olcina and Gregorio Canales were inspecting the class-rooms for the degree in Tourism at the recovered Historic University.

George worked tirelessly and ceaselessly but the world was transformed in an instant whenever the afternoon gave him laughs. On that day with his daughters he saw a friend:

–I just finished working. We are heading for the library! Antonio, are you coming with us?

–Yeah, Antonio! We shall play to jump on your back as we do at the newspaper.

–Another day! I have summoned everybody to a meeting to coordinate the processions.

A lot of afternoon the Easter events chairman entertained the girls at the Newspaper *La Verdad* premises while their father was closing the day's pages.

–Yeah, daddy let's go to the library! –Claudia pulled from his pants.

On walking into the library George greeted Sánchez Portas and César Moreno who were going up the stairs in a hurry towards the incunabula hall, –sixty-seven jewels published before the Easter Day of 1501 displayed by the library in Orihuela– the experts had classed at the time.

They read Hello Kitty and adventure tales before they returned home.

With their pajamas on George prepared the school clothes, supervised the school homework and made dinner. As *Batu* was working on a split shift basis and did not have much time left he took part of his morning tasks, which were impossible to be finished at the Post Office, home.

–I gotta sort out the letters I must deliver tomorrow –he explained it to his wife.

–But don't even think about dirt the apartment! –she warned him.

The experience of procreating wide-opens your heart and thus you may get the most powerful energy in the cosmos.

Summer-time arrived. In Benidorm, sea and sun. Refreshing breeze.

Happiness with granddad Juan and granny Prado. They took their eyes off the child for a moment and Itziar got one of her fingers trapped in the tennis court door. She did not cry, though. She did not even tell them the occurrence not to worry her dad. But George read it in his daughter's eyes, beautiful mermaid, and his soul begged Heaven to transfer her pain to him in order to relieve his little angel from such suffering.

I am sure you have sacrificed silently for a daughter or a son's happiness many times, and you will do it again, if needed!

That very afternoon, from the corridor he heard Claudia, the apple of his eyes telling *Batu* as follows: “*I awoke in a sudden. Coldness was*

stabbing me and little sweat drops were running down my forehead. What is going on? I wasn't able to sit up. I was shivering. I began to shout but nobody answered me. Yes, just silence. I waited very scared beneath the sheet till somebody came to my room. It was you! You ran and cuddled me but you stepped backwards when I yelled. You carefully took me in your arms to take me to the bathroom while you were snorting and saying in a low voice: Your fever has gone up! I ought to have stayed with you. Since then you always were beside me or in my thoughts. Is it one of the many ways of showing love? Thanks mom!"

They kissed each other while they were hugging on the bed. George was very moved on seeing such a lovely scene.

George lived happily with his *Dulcineas*.

In the twinkling of an eye the girls grew: larks singing at home. His little daughter's bird-like smile sang while his eldest sister gave away glances and made questions like the gullible Bambi by Disney.

–How bright my daughter Claudia is! –George caressed her reddish chubby cheeks.

–Girl, have a good time! –With a wicked gesture granddad Juan encouraged his granddaughter.

–How tender Itziar's look is!

–She's an angel! –Granddad Pedro stroked her.

With a grumbling character Itziar resembled her mother, she was a star at dawn although she did not kiss or smile at her father very often

–How happy I am: at last a kiss from Itziar! –George was glad.

Their father always encouraged them to read and learn, study and play. George tried to convey his happiness to his daughters, even from distant locations, and begged the Universe:

–I hope they feel my heart near them!

My smiles everywhere.

The *bell between Claudia's lips* jumped across her school. In the playground of *La Peña* the girl's leaping smile jumped up and down like goats do. In that playground Miguelillo, the poet child, had also played. She played and ran so much that her sneakers fell to pieces. When George knew it he wanted to surprise his daughter, just like his own father did when he was an emigrant working in France and bought him a bike. It was Tuesday and he went to the street market to browse through the booths.

At that very moment Claudia was playing pretending being Merlin, the magician. She shook her wand, a twig.

–Chist, chist! A pair of light blue sneakers: Sass!

No sooner had she said the magic spell than George found those light blue sneakers. And when the girl magician's apprentice saw them in her dad's hands... she said:

–They're very cool! They're very cool! –The girl's eyes glowed of happiness.

On seeing her dad's joy Claudia slipped away her magic wand among her pencils in her satchel and zipped it up. The girl had thought of the sneakers, she had ordered them... and her father had found them. She was a magician! Like Merlin!

George felt an energy surrounding everything when he saw his daughter jumping of happiness with the brand-new sneakers on. Just as if a genius had spread his powers he stored up the best present a father can welcome in his soul and brain the three-word sentence "*They're cool!*".

Wonderful days with the girls were about to come, Batu and George at home sweet home. And in no way our friend's ego would never have guessed, not even in the worst nightmare that Destiny would put him to the test.

Which one? Ask your soul. It'll answer you.

What test?

You must know that Destiny's greatest test as well as the human life's one, consists of going away from those we love most.

To grow in love you must lose them.

Read Poetry and Meditate

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George survived with his *broken heart* involved in the daily maelstrom of his job at the newspaper and at the radio station at a rate of two hundred taps a minute on the computer keyboard and hardly had the time to die.

We may unconsciously be slaves of work and of the human ambition, or *by own choice* maybe become children of selflessness.

The growth of the human being is similar to the avatar that progresses by means of leaps in nature. Within our existence we complete cycles which open up experiences you are entitled to and such cycles are closed to provide you with your next training cycle.

The audacity to live, the innate gall to listen to your heartbeats and inner feelings, re-establishes your internal balance and moves both the cosmos and society.

And many times our own children become our *healing shelter*.

On that very day, at five p.m., after picking up Itziar and Claudia at Santo Domingo school George had a walk with his daughters accompanied by their innocence and placidness.

They sometimes walked up to Masip's bakery, other times they paid a visit to the Bishop's Oven in Orihuela.

–How *nice* the afternoon snack is! –Their father lowered his head and kissed Itziar's hand and bit a small piece of her chocolate palmier in order to work up her eldest daughter's appetite.

As she saw her dad feeling like eating, Claudia sped up her bites until the snack disappeared in a flash. They came out of school starving because they had been running in the playground, and laughing and running amid the alleys they did not stop eating the chocolates their father gave them. The archeologists Emilio Diz and Mari Carmen were digging in a nearby plot of land. Unfortunately, as George was a little absent-minded looking at them he trod on a dog mess. When the girls realized what had happened they broke into a loud laughter. Surrounded by beautiful palaces the girls and their father got to Mayor Medina's plaza opposite the magnificent local library and Marqués de Rafal Palace.

The girls strode up across the square to go through the Pinohermoso lintel to get to their favorite place in the library quickly.

–Pop, let's go to the tales! –they whispered him after reading the notice–: “*Silence!*”

Fairy *Fantasía* lives at the Conde de Ponohermoso Palace, which was converted into a library. The child-like trio, father and daughters, turned over mountains of imagination built up by hundreds of mythical stories and adventures, copies of one thousand designs and sizes.

–Daddy, read me this one; yes, this one! –daring and always innovating Claudia insisted in order to know what the stories and tales by Chinese Mo Yan said. She was so delighted and learned so many things in there that time seemed to stop, as Einstein suggested to his own son.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the room Itziar was browsing on the shelves full of encyclopedias. In her naivety the girl showed an active interest in knowledge since she was born, as her father did since he was a kid:

–Pop! What's Archeology? Botany? And Biology?

Itziar studied Medicine afterwards.

She thought in the way her father did! She would save lives!

At the time to return home the girls always wanted to stay longer in that magical world of paper and ink. Daughters and father continued the rest of those happy library afternoons in the warmth of their lovely home. As soon as they got home George changed his daughters' school clothes. They did their homework and reviewed their lessons. At six o'clock he always finished sorting out by streets and addresses the undelivered Post Office letters he had left half done on the kitchen table in the morning to be delivered the following morning, then George also helped his daughters with their homework. That very afternoon their father went ballistic as he wanted to finish as many things as possible and have enough time to finish the many unfinished tasks he needed to settle because once his half time job at the Post Office was over George had to clock in at the newspaper at noon.

It was already dark when George was putting away the letters he had already sorted out and ready to be delivered the following day, but dinner was not ready! His wife used to get home exhausted.

He was about to take the middle size pan but on second thoughts he took out the big one: some minutes before he had already peeled and chopped six potatoes and an onion. He poured a generous stream of olive oil in the big pan. He immediately... added the chopped pieces of potatoes and onion. He waited for three minutes of cooking... and added two pinches of salt. Just enough: neither salty nor tasteless. He removed the excess oil and covered the whole thing with beaten eggs. He turned it over a couple of times. Once the omelet was golden brown on both sides he removed the pan from the fire. Then he threw the eggshells into the garbage bin. He washed up quickly... and he cleaned the work-top even more quickly. He folded the kitchen cloths thoroughly. He took off his apron and hung it on the closet. Dinner was ready.

Thank goodness: How delicious the omelet is! To lick your fingers!

The streetlamps in the neighborhood announced *Batu*'s arrival.

George was glad to hear the noise of the key in the lock:

–Come here, your mom's home! –he cheered his wife's arrival.

The game of love was about to make the girls in their pajamas run along the corridor to the door to hug their mom. George's *cheerful heart* ascended to his lips and overflowed the whistles over the nest:

–Suu suu, siiii suu! ;Suu suu, siiii suu! They kissed their mom!

The family at last was together again, one more day to dispel shadows and labor concerns. That evening there was a present with love from her husband to his wife, a surprise package from Yves Rocher, full of perfumes and creams. The girls gave it to her that joyful night.

Nevertheless, our friend heard a cold, metallic tic-tic. He had a look at the clock on the wall- a quarter past eight!- and *Batu* went into the kitchen.

–How many times I've told you not to bring letters home! She scolded.

–You already know that with my two jobs I don't have enough time to finish my work in the morning...

–Stop bringing letters home! –*Batu* put pressure on her husband for no apparent reason.

–If I have to be at the newspaper before one o'clock, when can I finish my morning work?

The worst of *Batu*'s cold arrivals was the phrases she shot at George while he was clearing up everything and she was leaning against the worktop, next to the ice-box.

George in a rush and nervously cleared up the unclassified letters and print-outs from the kitchen table. He put everything in some bags and took them to the gallery.

–And dinner? –*Batu* put pressure on her husband again, as she had not seen the just-made smoky omelet that out of the blue went blue and cold on the plate.

– *Batu*, you know I have dinner ready whenever I can...

Where along the road had George lost *Batu's sweet smile*?

It was at work! Nothing did he recognize of his polite girlfriend in love. But he excused her. He weighed up the pain she was suffering for the death of her father in a road accident, and he also took into consideration *Batu's* nervousness because that afternoon she had to close against the clock the last issue of the fortnightly magazine she published and ran. She mourned on her husband's shoulder such a painful family loss. Furthermore, for his love to her George proofread the texts of the magazine his wife published in Orihuela.

What else could he do for her but understand and love her?

–Well, *Batu!* I put away all the letters. I haven't stopped working for the whole afternoon –he tried to convince her. Without any further excuses–: I do my best, *Batu!*

Both sisters were sleeping in Itziar's bedroom.

After dinner George had prepared his angels' beds and the three of them were flying with the Muses. Cuddled under the sheets, with that feeling of a lullaby and a goodnight kiss the girls begged their dad to tell them some fairy tales. They learned to fall asleep while paving their way to creativity.

For years they did not miss a single night of fairy tales which worked as a soothing bond that the girls, unaware of such a fact, gave their father.

Fantasizing, making up stories is one of our friend George's favorite hobbies. Since he was a child he practiced such drills with his siblings, friends and cousins.

–Pop, what's next? –Itziar pulled one of his pajama sleeves.

–Once upon a time there was a country on the clouds... over there two swallows and a sparrow...

George's tales always have a happy end... for those who share them and feel themselves children again. While he told such stories to the girls George got used to enjoying his own home. He always went through the adventure in the storytelling corner that was in the girls' bedroom, but this happy scene –enjoyed by father and daughters– was always wiped out by a *Batu* defeated by those badly-timed brain worms that were no others than her work-related fatigue and her tiresome chronic migraines.

–... the swallows overflowed the river, the fields full of orange trees..... –George moved his left hand simulating the birds' flight.

–I said everybody to sleep, it's time to go to bed!! –sentenced *Batu*'s migraine.

–In a moment! Swallows and the sparrow... –He outlined their flight again.

–I said everybody to sleep! –ordered *Batu*, *once and for all*.

The spectral ghosts of the cruel, painful migraine seized *Batu*'s head and possessed her mercilessly. The bugs with their paws leaped suddenly in *Batu*'s head and then they also jumped onto the story daughters and father were sharing and took over him too. And the story ended unceremoniously just right there.

The years, dreams and happiness are often left behind, like the scenery seen from the train in motion. Like your life and the passing of time.

Everyday it was more complex for George to reconcile his family and journalist life. He was hardly able to keep within the harmony a happy home provides you. He was only able to achieve a certain balance if he was in a hurry at work the entire day to have more spare time for his daughters, take to and collect them from school, and look after them in the evening.

For many years, every morning in Orihuela journalist George walked along the same sidewalks and streets... he saw the same newsworthy figures and their gestures. But on that very morning, however, an unknown new door was opened for George.

The noon bells tolled at the Cathedral. He was concentrated on his headline at the newspaper headquarters in Orihuela, he had a look sideways at the clock.

Instinctively a daily alarm let him know he had to go to school to pick up his daughters. He stood up and switched off his computer with the notion to leave earlier to go to school. So he thoughtfully went to the restroom. And when he was about to leave the newspaper building he made up his mind and thought it was time to do something different to what he used to do.

How many times have you thought of that? You are thinking of something and then something different gets into your mind.

Suddenly *Ahtohno* sneaked in through the door with a young girl:

–*Dóbrei diéñ!* (Good morning!) –He waved his left hand to greet him– I’m in a hurry: I’m visiting the Kremlin and Troitskaya tomorrow.

–*Schastlívei diéñ!* (Have a nice day!) –George greeted them with a smile.

–This is María, she wants to write... She’s got a Bachelor’s degree in Hispanic Philology.

–Hi! Send me your resume and I’ll give it to the Senior Officer in Alicante. I’ll send it to Vicente Crespo too, the ‘*news*’ guy, he needs a correspondent in Orihuela.

–I love reading and writing. The young lady standing up motionless explained to him.

–Becoming a journalist demands vocation and efforts. –He invited her to take a seat.

–Can I have a try? –She took some copies of her resume out of her handbag and left them on the desk.

–Everybody is gonna help you. –George took them.

She was a weak, good-mannered, red-haired and dark-eyed girl. Twenty-six years old. About five feet tall. She was elegantly dressed. *Swarovski* earrings. She was wearing a tight sad gray coat enhancing her wasp waist. Since the beginning –with the newspaper CEO’s approval– María worked hard. She was the first woman at the newspaper *La Verdad* in Orihuela. She wrote the texts for her news and reviewed them once and again so enthusiastically as if they were love letters from an old lover. She got around the weeks and tackled difficulties in a smart way. Apparently she looked like someone who was incapable of taking over another lady’s kitchen –as if butter wouldn’t melt in her mouth.

There was an extraordinary fellowship between Maria and George, who at last became friends. She was all the time chanting one song by Alejandro, that very popular song “*corazón partío*” (*Broken Heart*). And as they spent longer time together than the other guys at the newspaper, so gratitude flourished between them:

–Don’t worry, go collect your daughters at school –she offered herself–: I’ll take the pictures to the bus later when I leave.

–If you finish the page on the towns, I’ll have a look at it this evening. Don’t worry. –George thanked her–. Ah, here it is, take it “The journalist’s style”! I’ll bring you “The dart on the Word” by Lázaro Carreter. Any journalist must know them!

Instead of the usual rat race and fatuous rivalries among incompetent journalists there was good sense and co-operation without any setbacks between the couple. Both journalists lent a hand to each other with the risk of suffering a treacherous stab in the back, far away from all mischievous

corporate spirit too frequent in the trade. Those days the neighbors of Torremendo, with Monserrate Guillén leading them, demonstrated against the garbage dump site. That very morning García Ortuño had summoned the media to criticize conservative Mayor José Manuel Medina. He gave him a hell of a beating and chewed his ass out. The mayor sarcastically did not bat an eyelid. The circulating rumor about the Orihuela... mayor was that he was only dangerous when he played with his gun loaded.

Everyday Tony, a huge intrepid and talkative photographer, filled the milieu with optimism. You would already have guessed that María and George shared the perfect atmosphere to make their friendship succeed beyond comradeship.

One afternoon the chief editors –Juan Antonio Calvo and Gómez Carrión with Antonio Cutillas– came from Alicante to praise the honorable Mainar and then Alex Grijelmo's... Style, of "*El País*"... They chose the snapshots, the most attractive ones, after a hot debate between Tony Sevilla and Angel García from Alicante.

–The appropriate snapshot always releases interpretation –stated Ramón's brilliant goatee – as it is proven everyday by our photographer Angel García.

–I'm the notary of the current situation according to my friend Eduardo de Gea in the News department! –the portly bearded photographer, Tony Sevilla, grew even taller disappointed by the lack of respect and the cruelty of some *paparazzi*.

–To say without saying in the text and suggesting by means of headlines and snapshots... it is the best strategy here in Orihuela, it's crystal clear, Ramón!, –stated George– we always have a great deal of respect for our readers . This newspaper won't circulate that rumor in order to sell more copies!

–George, how do you achieve the balance? –María, who was shy and a rookie, asked him to learn, and looked at Francisco Reyes from Torrevieja.

–It’s a risky profession, and for jugglers. Be careful of the submissive and manipulative “*off the record*”, just as Paco Atienza, senior member in Torrevieja, states.

–This is a circus! –added *Ahtohnno* with his peculiar Russian humor.

–You can say everything. You just find how to say it and the means to say it. Use the texts but you’d rather find the appropriate verb, headlines and snapshots. There it is the art of hypocrisy and double speak. Similar to what our friend Tirso Marin does whenever he writes about bullfighting.

–On the tightrope! –the young lady got the *chicuelina* (bullfighting cape pass) drawn by George.

– Juggling with the headline, snapshots, verbs and words – he lent a useful hand.

–And more skills! –Pilar suggested other secrets selflessly.

–Audacity and people skills, –Cutillas praised the profession he gave his heart (he died of a heart attack three years after)– humility and perseverance.

–The journalist always calls the shots and controls all the situations... –added the erudite Juan José Sánchez.

–We’re nothing without our readers! –George always said.

George and Tony Sevilla left.

They had been tipped off about a mayors’ secret meeting who were united by a common strategy to demand projects of all the administrations. Journalists Manuel Pamies and Eduardo López were aware of it, too. Eduardo de Gea killed the waiting time by telling everybody the legend of *La Encantá* by Rojas. The following people attended the meeting: Moya, El Califa de la Vega (*The Caliph of La Vega*), Hernández Mateo and

Eduardo Dolón, José Manuel Medina, Manuel Aldeguer and Marylène, Alonso and Antonio Ángel, García Meseguer and Rufete, García Gerardo of Albaterra, Rocamora, Carmelo Rives and Javier Pérez.

Was there a tacit pact or was it a great literary invention?

Untainted pages. Flawless. Blank pages wake up on the desks of the paper's newsroom, unlike the printed mainstream at each birth. Haven't you ever suspected you repeat some experiences you need to overcome if actually reincarnation exists life after life?

Were you unaware of it till one day your conscious being at last wakes up?

Anyhow, life is like a blank page (similar to the cover of this novel) which we jump into everyday.

Sail bravely in your life!

Without noticing and wanting it George and María were attracted to each other.

Could *Candide* (Voltaire's chief character) guess the effects of a mere gallantry gesture when he picked up the baron's daughter's handkerchief? Everything happened innocently between the couple! But the worst consequences of such an incident were for *Candide*.

You should know that everything arrives in due time. Neither before nor after.

Therefore, the crucial day arrived for George to face his wife in order to relieve his troubles and be sincere, and let her know his feelings for his work-mate, María –as well as his worries and concerns that bothered him and he could hardly sleep for months.

That night, sitting on the coach facing each other, George told *Batu*, who was wearing the bright kimono he had bought for her when they were

on vacation in Las Palmas, his strange infatuation with María. Did George hit below the belt? It simply happened what had to happen.

And *Batu*'s answer was concise:

–Choose between me and her! –She walked into her bedroom. Alone. She cried.

He was still stunned by Cupid's platonic arrow when George received his wife's ultimatum. *Batu* gave up to any sort of persuasive resources.

What else could be expected from an offended woman?

She never asked her husband to stay with her and his daughters.

I think she could not make out she loved George more than her reasoning asked her as an insulted wife, since by behaving in such a way she gave him back his freedom.

Because our friend George understood it at once, appreciating *Batu*'s unequivocal response to set him free, which is the best proof of love a human being that loves you can offer.

Fighting for him, had it been love or handcuffing him in the dungeons?

The couple's lack of experience was a necessary evil. Because such a painful delivery opened up another life for *Batu* and their daughters. Our friend decided to live alone. Maybe he chose the exile of solitude as Nietzsche once said, to live and thus be able to tell his truth. Meanwhile *Batu* found her relief in a young work-mate.

Coincidence?

I would rather think George's anxious and selfish ego changed sides: he returned like a boomerang that took its toll on. He thought –he only thought so!- to run away with his work-mate... but it was his wife who repudiated him and did what he had thought. She chose a work-mate to feel happier. Their daughters received in that way the present of a new home

along with a little brother they looked after and told him fairy tales. Just in the way their dad had taught them before!

Ambitious, María plotted with her best friend, journalist Ana Riquelme, the adventure of founding a weekly magazine ‘*Activa Orihuela*’. She was an enterprising, weak, smart young lady surrounded by brothers and who was now fighting hard within a society where men want to maintain their supremacy at all costs.

But the end never justifies the means or its side-effects.

A couple of years ago George sent me a letter with some verses by Rubén Darío. Thanks to our friend I got hooked on that literary vocation and now I understand myself much better through poetry:

“Fleeing from evil, in a sudden/one enters the evil spirit/through the unnatural gate to paradise.” (An Autumn Poem). One century ago the Nicaraguan poet left us his feelings. Poetry means meditation in pure state. Read poetry and meditate! George regrets whenever he remembers Darío: *“You lament the many yesterdays/with vain complaints/ there are still promises of pleasures/ in the tomorrows!/ (...)who has disgracefully picked / the flower late!/ and poor old him who has never known/ what love is!/ (...) put away that fear that freezes you / and limits you, (...) The heart of heaven beats/ for the victory/ of this way of life, which is a fight/ and a glory./ Although there is pain and offends us/ the adverse fate/ of the universe/ runs inside us(...) Life pours inside us/ strength and warmth./ We are going to the kingdom of Death/ along the path of Love.”*

Life never stops. At the beginning it is unstoppable, inscrutable, and unexplainable, which little by little always traces a fertile course. Time is its ally, which initially shapes around us the scenery disclosing us all the incomprehensible causes so that we can at last understand the dormant future within each new situation.

My friend repeatedly says that everything happens for the better.
Splendid proverb!

Review your life. Do it thoroughly and carefully.

You will verify the evidence of this statement. If you look back you will understand that every happening will provide you with the opportunity to change your course of life and head for new horizons.

Through these pages I shall reel off George's life, convinced that his deeds possess the gift of transforming everything positively. "*The courage to stand up and go on leads us along the fertile path*", George emphasized in his missive, vital manifest.

Batu and George's pain, the integrity of their daughters away from their father, and the *ocean of tears* that separated them prove that critical situations, which are sad at the beginning, provide gates to a promising future, windows of hope. Will you open a large window from sadness? Yes. Because behind the painful threshold before us there are other steps of foresight, of course if you risk yourself and go through it.

George reasserts me in his experiences that happiness gains shape with the yeast of the ideas turned into actions.

The experiences you will feel in the future confirm that the best thing that happened to George when he lost his three *Dulcineas* among tears was to remain alone to be *reborn*. Did you wonder if freedom is the best present we can be given by the one who really loves us?

Armengola, a brave woman

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He woke up. Life was beating in his chest.

George felt the call of happiness and jumped out of his bed. Five minutes later as he was leaving the building he saw the tallest tree in the Plaza Nueva in front of him. The divine Orpheus in sparrow's plumage

with a goldfinch's crest conducting soloist Terol with a baton in his hand. The renowned soloist in feathers was singing a traditional Spanish operetta accompanied by the choir of birds in the filthy, modernist plaza which was uncombed that morning by the urban apathy.

It was still early Sunday morning: desert streets.

He was walking along the sidewalk when he passed by *Sabi's* patisserie and saw a succulent tempting meat pasty which was on display in the shop window. The conceited one showed off its orange skin. George flattered it. He wants it: exquisite with a glass of milk with a dribble of coffee. But George turned a blind eye to this temptation. To forget that whim he felt like having an *almojábana* bun, a *chat* or *valarino* at El Angel's confectionery or just walk one hundred yards more and get to the nun's *bocatto di cardenali* bakery at La Trinidad square. While staring at the tempting meat pastry within spitting distance George saw Mrs. Gertrudis –the blond-haired pharmacist *in mourning clothes* with her pink necklace around her neck– coming down the bridge. Her little dog was leading her way jumping up and down along the sidewalk. The canine aureole on four legs resembled her owner like two peas in a pod or was it the other way round? In a Sunday interview the pharmacist, who was also a marchioness, had confessed George that a psychiatrist advised her to acquire a little dog as a therapy to work out tenderness and heal several psychopathies. Of course, the morning she adopted her blond friend prescribed by her doctor she kept looking at herself in the big dining-room mirror once and again before she dared to go out. Did that reflection in the mirror help her chose her little dog? Is that why the poodle resembled her owner so much?

Mrs. Gertrudis had recently become a widow in a mysterious and sudden way thanks to the unexpected heart attack the marquis suffered. That morning George did not see her sad. By the way, six years after the

police are still investigating her husband's death or crime, which recalls Agatha Christie's novels. The marchioness' intriguing look sometimes seemed to be suspicious.

–George, good morning, have a nice day...! –She swung her shoulders and her ridiculous pumpkin color picture hat. And she moved her mouth like a robot, opening and closing it after speaking, like the *Papamoscas* at Burgos Cathedral.

–Happy Sunday Mrs. Marchioness! Goodbye! –He walked a bit faster in order to escape.

The Ezcurras, son and father, greeted him from the bridge. Chased by Gertrudis' disturbing perfume scent and its insistent lure George turned a deaf ear with a feint as Dutch soccer player Cruyff used to do. With the elegance of that soccer genius George turned round the corner *at Sabi's* as if he were towards the goalkeeper to score a goal. In doing so he escaped through the gardens which calmed his fatigue caused by so many news and unimportant fatuous figures.

The bougainvillea spread its red nails over the banks of the river cuddling the walls in the sun, which were licking their lips by such sweet happiness at that time of the day. The morning breeze refreshed his lips. They tasted of milk and cinnamon, of appetizers for kids. He walked slowly and in the distance he was surprised by the presence of unknown dewdrops, the owners of the orchard. He got near them soaked in soft fragrances of jasmine.

He was walking down the slope, half way through the oasis that runs along the Segura river when a light beam dazzled him. Some bolts of lightning lit up his senses. And George was delighted to gaze at such beams in the freedom of the spring, like *Roses -Thirteen!*- fourteen in the red revolution of April in Spain 1931...

Seduced by the happy *feminine hurricane* George surreptitiously listened to and moved stealthily forwards. The muses and nymphs turned into girls who were sitting in the garden by the river whispering something. They shared their secrets and wishes. The hypnotizing childish inspiration became a story some girls were sharing like a game which wiped off the fear George felt for the unknown.

He held his breath cautiously and was trapped in the story.

To frighten them, no way!

To his surprise our friend enjoyed the story recreated by the group of girlfriends. On hearing them the actual existence in his thought was brought to life again, a dream George had felt in the past as if his imagination attached to love overcame any obstacles in an eternal flight.

But in a careless step in the garden –comparable to the human error– George was blinded by pessimism just as if the young girls had suddenly disappeared out of sight. And as George’s happiness was blinded he begged by the river:

Where are you? Come back little voices! I want to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about your story!

Our friend was unwilling to wander in darkness again, a story of hate and death about **Armengola** that took place in the legendary medieval Uryula. He needed to recover the happy tale the girls were sharing while playing.

Engrossed and lost in that nightmare George got drowned in his doubts. He sought help but he only heard silence. He had lost the girls’ trail, the story they were whispering on the river path had been silenced. As he was defeated at that moment he surrendered to his *rational Medusa*. Without the kid’s voices, the amusing story that was being told was lost, but the legend of hate in *Aurariola* was brought back to life to take over my friend’s brain. And what about the angelic whispering? Already far away

from the jubilant awakening in the garden George led him to blindness. Once the initial enthusiasm vanished he felt the fear of the worker working on a beam on the ninetieth floor of a skyscraper in Manhattan.

Due to the unpromising omens falling on George our friend's weak mind backed up the official version of the historical cruel myth from Orihuela. Ancestral legend that was the antithesis of the happy and joyful story the girls were sharing. Thus, without realizing it George sailed again amidst the waves of blood and pain:

Since immemorial time the eldest women in the village have kept telling their granddaughters that the heroine of The Reconquest of Orihuela, *Armengola*, was a wolf in *sheep's clothing*, a tornado spreading death and destruction. The legend explains the plot *Armengola* put into practice to free the village from Muslim Rule. The tradition maintains that Governor *Benzaddón* lived with his family and soldiers in the citadel of the castle situated on the summit of mount *Oriole* at whose feet the gullible Christians slept. *Armengola* lived with her three daughters and husband, Pedro *Armengol*, in the poor Mozarabic *Roche* quarter of the city of Orihuela. And thanks to her diligent housework the wet nurse of Orihuela's *governor's* children won the governor's affection and protection.

The unrest between Moors and Christians in medieval times was evident during the suffocating summer days, and on the night of July 16 the Saracen from Murcia plotted along with the Arabs from Granada the rebellion against both the Christians living within that territory and the kingdom belonging to Uryula (Orihuela). By slitting the throats of the Christians during the night they wanted to get rid of the yoke imposed by the Kingdom of Castile in that territory. But in view of such slaughtering *Benzaddón*, who was very fond of *Armengola*, forewarned her of the massacre to spare her and her family from the imminent holocaust. The Mohammedan plans were about to take place in such a way and the

governor ordered his soldiers to allow *Armengola*, her husband and daughters to stay within the walls of the citadel.

But *Armengola* faithful to the village where she had been born –up till now the legend is told like that in Orihuela– as a Christian she leaked the details of the cunning plot to the townsfolk. She was so generous that wanted to share her privilege to save all the Mozarabic residents. And that night when she was going to bed she had an idea. The stratagem she devised was to dress two of the bravest boys of La Roche in her daughters' clothes to hide their weapons under their women's clothes. The chosen ones? *Ruidoms* and Juan de *Arún*. At dusk, when darkness inundated the whole village, the maid along with these two heroes and her husband, Pedro Armengol, walked towards the citadel gate.

–Halt! –shouted a sentry; who had previously been told by the *governor* that *Armengola*, her two daughters and her husband would be entering the citadel through that gate.

Armengola was ahead of the killer quartet walking through the citadel concealing and clearing the armed retinue the way into the castle with her lies.

–It's me *Armengola* with my husband and my two daughters!

In letting them in *Ruidoms* and *Arún*'s cowardice slaughtered the sentries in silence. And by using lies and treason and stab after stab they got to the castle.

It was on the eve of the festivity of the two sisters of Triana (Justa and Rufina -Patron Saints of Orihuela) when the protective virgins from Hispalis appeared up in the sky of Orihuela.

Both of them became stars who descended over mount Oriolet to guide the Christians with their light through its rocky slopes. One of them settled over the keep. The other one settled over the tower situated in the poor quarter of the city.

Armengola and her companions went through the castle thanks to that deceitful and despicable trick. Nevertheless, once the deception was discovered the garrison resisted. The heroine fought bravely with a horn in her right hand. The governor fought back bravely and decisively. He injured Juan de Arún... and both of them died in the fight. A fierce battle! *Benzaddón's* wife jumped off the precipice with her little daughter in her arms not to be captured by the wrath of the assaulting forces. While the warriors took over the fortress the treacherous and ungrateful heroine ran down the slope to meet the allies who were hurrying up the hill guided by the saints' unearthly halo.

Very early in the morning the Muslims from Murcia were getting to the *Roche* poor area in Orihuela with the purpose to fulfill such infamous goal of stabbing the Christians to death but they were surprised by the heroic deed carried out by *Armengola* and don Jaime's army that was getting into that territory. They fled from the Christians terrified.

George has explained to me that that cruel legend against the Muslims in Orihuela is unfortunately still narrated in such a way, heroic act which is celebrated on July 17 in the capital-city of the Levantine meadow upon the Segura river.

The night before this anniversary two lights shine on the *Hans Arguala* towers in ruins which belonged to the fortress of the extinguished caliphate situated in the Oriolet mountain range. Every year Orihuela City Hall switches on both lights (in the past torches) and the following morning the municipal authorities march under the maces throughout the city. The parade marches to the temple of Saint Justa and Saint Rufina bearing the *Oriol* standard –heraldic bird (the beautiful golden oriole) worshiped by the city of Orihuela. And the fable of the great deed is explained to the City Council and the local parishioners during the High Mass. From the pulpit the local priest praises and explains how *Armengola* betrayed *Benzaddón*.

The universal poet Miguel Hernandez influenced by such popular deeds wrote in 1930 some passages related to this issue in his book *La Reconquista* as follows:

“Night has already gained the lofty height and the four ones cautiously slipped through darkness to the entrance of the fortress... Halt...! Says a voice harshly –Armengola and her daughters!– The Moor without noticing their disguise lowers the drawbridge at once to let the heroine in: and it is him the first one who feels the wide steel sharp cutting blade going through him and rolls down the mountain. Followed by the townsfolk of Orihuela the daring and illuminated woman went through the halls: with the force of a hurricane that hurts, knocks down and kills and spreads horror everywhere...)

That morning while wandering along the gardens upon the Segura river George was tormented by that legend of hate and blood passed on from saga to saga in Orihuela. But his soul sent him a signal.

Who could know the truth of what happened in that mountain centuries ago? The answer got to him immediately. The heart of the woman from Orihuela knows it! On the spot George woke up from his nightmare and listened to the girls again. When he saw their figures his brain serpents and hallucinations calmed down. A wonderful flash of lightning freed him from the ancient treason and wiped out any shadows. And the little girls appeared again: the heroine girls! George listened to them and followed the girls’ laughs.

What a joy!

He was seeing and listening to the little girls again!

He felt the children murmuring and breathed calmly. He was wrapped up by the feminine cyclone, listened to the little girls’ story and kept at a certain distance. He did not want to frighten them.

George had been able to return from the Dantesque hallucination and recovered that childlike innocence we always keep in a deep corner of our hearts. My friend was paying now more attention to the fabulous story the muse girls were sharing by the Segura river. George was moved by the story he was listening with his heart, contrary to the ancestral legend of betrayal and death in Uryula and promised himself to keep it in his soul.

The girls were striving to recreate themselves in such a fantasy, George felt happy.

At that time George breathed deeply and closed his eyes to feed his spirit. He wanted to visualize in his heart the girls' story.

Do it whenever you need to daydream!

Do it woman! You, man too!

Within that conscious meditation workout, with his eyes closed our friend assured me he was able to get isolated from matter. And at last he fully felt the legend of *Armengola* that the red-haired little girl was telling her friends. A dream which came true just over there along the banks of the river as George in his imagination became a child again to sit with those girls in the girls' ring.

Go with him! Become a kid again

I did so.

Imagine this new legend in the Reconquest of Orihuela, a fruit of happiness and feminine imagination, fly with the wings your childlike hope possesses.

Semidarkness, shadows, fears and tribulations took over Oriola. Days, months, years and centuries, endless nights of hatred for the fake legend of death and treason. But *George's soul* allied to his mind and heart battled against the infamous myth.

Everything was a fake!

The sun fights against the clouds; the human being against lies.

George's eyelids built up a screen where the images created by the girls' fantasy were displayed. Once his outside view and our intimate spectrums are isolated the deadly conflict between *Armengola* and *Benzaddón* became a story of friendship and love. In the satisfaction of the new version George ruled out the old legend, declined to air such a sinister story.

Thus, George listened to his heart, faithful friend that never lies to you nor does it abandon you. Because it is with you at all times and tells you the truth.

Such happiness George lived in those gardens sitting on his imagination like a kid with the muse girls moved him back into the past to his happy home with his three *Dulcineas*:

Two stars in their beds, his daughters!, a night in the dark whether to choose between his wife *Batu* or *Maria's* sex-appeal who revealed him the supreme truth, like the twinkles of those saints which lit up *Armengola* the way up to the castle. Whenever he saw his angels sleeping, smilingly dreaming he felt his soul gushed out, he recognized fraternal love which he has always shared since then. And today he shares it with you.

To give expecting nothing in return!

There was neither death nor treason, just love when George left his home.

Thanks to the nymphs' genie George had witnessed by the river a new story of friendship between Muslims and Christians –two peoples twinned like George and his wife *Batu*– was born in his heart.

With the happy version of the legend our friend had personalized the story told by the little girls as his own, in the same way you can assume your dreams. George had been able to convey that love story told by the girls to his own most painful decisions and his wife *Batu* going back in time at the very moment of their marital crisis and separation.

Does it matter whether it is realism or fantasy?

“(...)/ *What’s life? A frenzy./ What’s life? An illusion,/ a shadow, fiction,/ and the greatest good is small:/ the whole life is a dream,/ and dreams are just dreams./*”, from the novel “*La vida es sueño*” by Calderón de la Barca (1600-1681).

You should know that both faces –life and dreams– make up the basis of your existence. At least that is how our friend feels it.

I will tell you the whole happy story as my friend heard it with a kid’s soul. He felt that wonderful tale told by the muse girls playing to tell stories by the river bank so much in his heart! Spread it. Defend the true heroic deed lived by *Armengola* and *Aben Mohor (Benzaddón)* seven centuries ago in *Uryula*, comparable to *Batu* and George’s pain when the couple decided to divorce, knowing the pain suffered by their daughters as they were losing their father.

Stop looking through your eyes for a moment, there is no time to waste, close them, visualize in your soul the truth of what happened between George and his wife *Batu*:

“*The sun has fallen behind the horizon. The air seems to get chillier. It is getting dark in Uryula. (...)Please Allah let me sleep restfully and peacefully. I forgot to mention that tomorrow the Mozarabs from Uryula celebrate the great feast.*” (Diary of Ibn Al Murabit. Summer of 640 of the Muslim era, July 16 of the year 1242 of the Christian era).

Imagine wife *Batu* becoming an actress playing the role of governor *Benzaddón* in the theater of life, whereas George’s femininity rediscovered by his soul plays the role of *Armengola*.

Your heart begs for silence. Feel with your heart!

Feel the story the girls shared by the river as your own.

George felt it excitedly:

The reckless red-haired girl was telling her friends—: I was sleepless that night in the Roche poor quarter of the city. All of a sudden I heard some steps on the alley.

And the girl went on:

—I hid behind a palm tree and raised my eyes.

The girl saw that figure for the first time in her life and without any doubts she recognized it. Because the unknown figure was veiled by a celestial light that was enhanced by the blackness of the night.

Who was coming? It was the heroine.

—*Armengola's* bravery and love!

Marisa, the red-haired girl said that the unknown woman (it was actually George's soul and his nascent femininity discovered by him) walked towards the mountain slope. Steep winding paths were before her, a *maze* of questions. On the one hand, he hesitated between continuing with *Batu* and his daughters at home or on the other hand running away with Maria and freedom.

—The *governor (Batu* and her ultimatum to George “*Chose between her or me!*”) ordered to slaughter the village residents (to wipe out mercilessly George's feelings for María). Follow me! Let's conquer the fortress, let's save everybody —revealed Marisa, the little girl, those were the orders given to her three followers by Armengola.

In the new version nothing is mentioned about the alleged lies and treason, stabs and blood of the ancient legend.

Just then, moved by a hunch, George faced the challenge to get carried away by that fantasy.

He was fully involved in the story the girl's imagination was developing. He saw himself inside, with *Batu*, in his marriage adventure, climbing that rough mountain with difficulty, as sometimes our own life is.

–Yes, *Armengola* (truly George’s *soul*) climbed uphill –my friend assured me he felt it like that–: She slipped though darkness and climbed!

Another muse girl, Manoli, the most cheerful one, lent him a hand along the winding path to the top of the mountain.

–Come up, George, hurry up! Gaze the deed, the authentic one –She whispered in his ear.

In the past he had been in total darkness, now George possessed by the femininity of his soul felt as calm as he had never been. And he walked up along the path towards the watchtower.

The girls with their fabulous narration of the legend fictitiously guided my friend throughout the steep slopes of the mountain thanks to the child invention of the myth that encouraged him, too.

The pure round moon, princess of the palm grove, reached its first quarter that night. It gave George smiles of silky shawl in the wind. It came with him along the path of shadows, cliffs and doubts, exhaustion and desires. From the top of the precipice George saw down there in the city a garden of flourishing petals that was flooding streets and squares. As that garden got closer to the tower of the church of Saint Justa and Saint Rufina it grew thicker. It was the Offering of Flowers to the patron saints which is celebrated on July 17 in Orihuela. And it was then when George cleared *the ear of his heart* to listen to the love story much better:

–Hope and joy, feast and gaiety. Life! Instead of treason by George (*Armengola*) and hate by *Batu* (*governor*)? –the girls wondered.

Due to his doubts and questions without an answer he was on the brink of madness my friend closed his stretched eyelids and could read a motto in white letters on a dark background:

“Everything is a fake!”

Sapiens abandoned the trees and brutality and then he left the dark caverns with no light to build the world we are living in. *Sapiens* drew inside the caves and on stony canvases the mysteries of life, incomprehensible to him till he could recognize his soul and the feelings of love and equality. But today we have forgotten how we found our spiritual being millennia ago.

The heroine from Orihuela headed for the rock along with her fears, similar to the ones we suffer throughout our life. George walked up the slope on a rosemary and thyme carpet that welcomed him. He was absorbed in that story chasing *Armengola* in the mountain *who was the* symbol of his female soul and happiness.

And the nymphs entrusted him:

–Climb quickly! Behold the deed: George, tell everybody *Armengola's* truth which also lives in your heart.

The wonder of *a thousand and one nights*. Out of the blue, George overflowed the cliff on his magic carpet with *Shahrazâd* and the voice of his green-eyed lover reappeared, advising him to face the shadows and move on towards the truth.

On the high crags, near the turrets, far away in the blackness George thought he had heard deathly choking cries coming from the sentries which were suddenly silenced. They had been stabbed by the ancestral legend of blood and treason. My friend told me that the deadly story repossessed his mind for a moment but his spirit rejected that misfortune. Thanks to his decision he walked again optimistically under a pine tree-like balcony sheltered by barn owls and eagle owls' melodies.

And the flight of swallows and doves announced a glorious occurrence.

July 17, at sunrise in Orihuela: the earth shook... and mount *Oriol*, fair and unbiased like Love, deployed its archangel wings within its

domains. It crossed the firmament like a king. Admired on that festive day, it flies proudly feeling the lord of the valley. Heaven's commander which inspires courage. And the town beats under its protective cloak.

Fortunately, George started seeing the truth in his heart when he saw from the rock the happiness displayed by the paladins marching along parading the streets of Orihuela celebrating its festivals. Not a trace of hate and death. The crowd cheered both ambassadors of the festival. The Saracen and Christian armies involved in their festive parade for the conquest of the valley squandered elegance at which our friend peered from the mountain. Orihuela's soul shuddered of happiness and its children vibrated to the rhythm of marches and pasodobles. And night fell after the feast. The Christian *Roche* poor quarter was fast asleep, without depriving heaven of such a wonderful view. The stars sprinkled their beloved children from Orihuela with orange blossom water. The balsamic scent of the flourishing orchards gave away fantastic sweet dreams.

But in a moment of distraction *George's ego* fell into the *well of cowardice*. And what if by taking a decision did he also lose his wife *Batu*, daughters and his friend Maria? He could not even make out the torches of the castle. Not a hint of light. In the mountain, he was blinded for hours, wandering along paths and suffering dizziness by the cliff. He stumbled: rolled down to a ledge. And the injuries made him feel alive. Experience says that you always wake up and react in time thanks to the pain. Immersed in the blackness, after the storm he guessed to see the rainbow, a mirage. But it happened that his selfishness made him clutch at straws to continue staying in the family home, like someone who grabs a rock to avoid falling over a cliff.

Suddenly George woke up from the mental nightmare, but luckily he saw himself with the girls in the garden by the river bank.

And the child muses once again inspired him with their love story:

–George don't be afraid of anything! Climb the slope to the castle. Your wife loves you. Her pain will heal because of your sincerity, because you told her what you felt for María.

Within that fantasy, thanks to the girls and their happy story George crossed the gates of the citadel impassively and then walked across the gardens. His nervous heart beat in his chest. And out of the blue he heard the silence of his ego in the silence of the mountain. He felt a gust of panic and the feeling of the tragedy that was being brewed in the castle, just like in his own home. George foresaw either a fatal outcome of his marriage or reconciliation within the mutual trust and love. And at last George entered the palace hall.

The girls' story had completely been transmuted.

Firstly, it was a dream and desires in *George's mind* because he had closed his eyes in meditation, becoming a reality now which he felt growing vigorously in his heart.

At last *Armengola* (George's femininity) and the governor *Aben Mohor* (*Batu, his wife*) face to face in a duel where life and death, love and hate, happiness and lack of affection hang from a thin thread separating *opposed feelings* inside you. Although it is hard to accept it happens in all the fields of the fragile human life. *Armengola* burst into the hall sporting her beauty and proud of herself. *Aben Mohor* saw her in.

They changed glances. What a dreadful moment.

The warriors were ready for the killing. But the ruthless entourage outflanking the heroine was defenseless and dumb. In the darkness, through the skylight the gleam of the *rays of dawn* spilt all over the chamber; flooding eyes and souls, a memory in *George's soul* for the love he felt whenever he beheld his two daughters asleep in their beds

–Blood and hate turned into friendship and love forever! –confessed George.

Armengola (George) and *Aben Mohor* (*Batu*) separated but always united for peace. There was a kiss and a hug in the castle, longing for the unity of two hearts.

A lot of cultures melted in the Mediterranean haven of rest in exactly the same way as it happens today in this new world of peace in full gestation. And as it is celebrated every July in Orihuela where the *Moros & Cristianos* parade participants feel such brotherhood always united by the joy of the festival.

In the XIII century Ibn Said Al-Magribi wrote: “*As I was heading for the sea,/ I crossed Uryula/ and it was like a piece of Paradise in eternity./ Its river flowed/ and the waterwheel buckets were singing to the beat of music./ The birds were singing/ and the trees were hugging each other with their branches.*” The Arabian poet worshipped this land when he was forced to go into exile.

In Orihuela the myth of *Armengola's* betrayal to the *governor* is contaminated by lies and resentment...

–It is false! –George repeated it to me calmly–. *Armengola* defended her freedom within friendship. And *Aben Mohor* (*Batu*) forgave and understood her.

The heroine from Orihuela risked her own safety granted by the *governor* as well as her family's, since she wanted to be faithful to her townspeople: defend freedom and truth that always prevails.

Why to devote oneself to the fullest extent without asking for something in exchange? It is our human essence and fundamental law which has been forgotten by Man for centuries and wars.

–True love is like a knot. Neither does it tie you nor it obliges you, it only unites you in eternal peace to unexpected limits. –George hugged me during that long coffee afternoon.

Inescapable poison, love is a balm of happiness that always saves you.

My friend visited *Uryula castle* when he was in the middle of personal turbulences and feelings: between *Batu*, his daughters and the family home versus Maria's freedom and friendship. Therefore, his own experience gave me a definite answer: there was no death nor treason. There was only love!

Believe him! Without you he is nothing.

But with your willpower and action and by adding the actions of millions of fair souls in solidary evolution will come true: Krisis towards a new world. Once and for all hunger... the death of millions of children every year.

Read “Versos para un Amor Verdadero” (Verses for a True Love) by Atanasio Die from Orihuela, feel in his poems the *equable love*: “(...) *I'll be waiting for you at the same place and silently/without asking you anything until I'll die.*” How lovely True Love is! Escaping at last from dependency, yelled the poet from Orihuela and banish that deep carnal attachment in “*The other face of Spring*”: “(...) *I'll bite you off a mouthful to liberate you/ from the jail of your skin of moons and stars.*”

Armengola's (George) murmuring and story of deceit to Aben Mohor (Batu) put out the life of our soul, our friend insisted on it.

Believe all love stories!

What makes Orihuela exceptionally fruitful for poetry! Espinosa Albertus discloses a glimmer of hope in “*La espuma de tus versos*” (“*The foam of your verses*”): “(...) *May men and women/grow with no barriers/ and a musical note/wakes up watercolor paintings/ of new horizons./*”

George nearly went insane as he dived into his memories and feelings.

But despite the painful scar and such temptations he suffered in the mountain life goes on unharmed. He was more aware to unconditionally bring his soul naked before you after his femininity fused with his masculine essence.

Thanks for caressing these pages with your hearts.

George's *soul* advised me to search for the true love everywhere: I will find it by myself. If we seek Perfection and Happiness guided by our Will and Love we shall find them along our path of life.

And he has often repeated me that in the *Sapiens* family we just exist to love and be happy.

Be happy wherever you go, take with you *Aben Mohor* and *Armengola*'s eternal kiss of partnership, George and *Batu*'s first kiss, like the first kiss of so many women and men separated by the surges of life and Destiny.

Seven months ago George wrote to me a new letter about his memories in Orihuela.... and he said:

“Read Romanian poet Elena Liliana Popescu who I came across thanks to Zerón Huguet and his magazine *Empireuma*: “*Priveste, în fiecare zi,/ cum răsare soarele,/ fascinant, în inima ta,/ revârsând în sufletul tău/ o senzație de nedescris/ în cuvinte./ În fata ochilor tăi uimiti,/ el e de fiecare dată altul,/ rămânând mereu același.*” (“*Look at sunrise everyday/ a fascinating experience in your heart,/inundating your soul/ with an indescribable sensation/ by way of words./ Before your astonished eyes,/he is a new man everyday,/yet he is always himself.*”)

Lost in *yesterday's pain* my friend was absolutely engrossed in journalistic issues trying to heal *Batu's* divorce by working harder to get rid of the ghosts which were haunting him. He was entirely devoted to his daily job and then he absolutely understood it. Separated from his daughters and without a family home the editorial office –he had set up in the sitting-room of his rented apartment– looked like a Nirvana.

Every morning he heard the howling of the alarm clock at the same time to restart his daily routine.

He got up at eight o'clock sharp, had a glass of milk with a piece of toast and stepped out to the newsagent across the street to buy the morning newspapers. Once the machinery was greased his day's work gained a frantic pace. His mind and hands moved on the computer keyboard at two hundred taps per minute. Amidst news, faxes, telephone calls, attending press conferences, and so on he hardly had a second for himself or to meditate where in life he was.

While reviewing a journalistic article the telephone forewarned him once gain of so many times.

Riiiiiiiiiiiiing... riiiiing. He answered it:

–I'm going there! Wait for me at *La Esquina del Pavo*. Yeah... I'll buy it for you. Take it easy greasy! I'll remember it...

In no time George was crossing the bridge, greeted Rocío Loíno there and he almost forgot Tony's errand. But he stepped back and bought a loaf of bread at Monse's, who was as funny as usual. He paid with a 5-euro note. And the baker kept the change in return for some laughs about a joke she had made.

While walking, without realizing it, he cracked the tip of the crunchy, roasted loaf and ate it. Manolo and his sons greeted him from their

bar by the river. George shortened the way through the Salesas campus alley. George crossed the Stone-paved square in a hurry when he saw the façade of the popular *Casablanca*, where Inma and her son Manolo (this one with his *txapela* (Basque beret) on his head and wearing his *Athletic* jersey) were carrying some beer boxes. And just 15 yards away he saw the punctual photographer's jeep.

Journalist George sped up.

The priest of Santa Justa & Rufina church was standing by the entrance of the temple having a chat with the kids of the Oratorio Festivo school. George imagined the priest riding a white donkey, like a bishop entering Orihuela amidst *palm tree and olive branches*.

–Halleluja, George! –the priest greeted him warmly.

–Have a nice day José Luis! I'm in a hurry.

–You're always in a hurry! Stop a sec! Are you gonna put out a fire?

–Tony's waiting for me. –He pointed out with his index finger towards the parked vehicle–. Over there, in his automobile!

This priest looked like a big kid, he was tall and thin like an ear of wheat. In his solicitous kindness, the Satorre parish priest won the affection of his parishioners and was always surrounded by kids.

He used to say: "*Let the children come closer to me!*"

That morning the priest's childish curiosity wanted to be the first one to know about the breaking news:

–What's up, George?

–The fire. The arsonist of every summer in mount Hurchillo!

Witty and optimistic like nobody the priest changed the subject:

–If you come back soon... I'm preparing a *green beans* salad from La Granja and El Escorratel and *small artichokes* from Almoradi. With tomatoes from La Campaneta and scallions from Cox. You're invited! José Luis, the priest from Catral, and Isidro will be coming. You know, he

doesn't smoke anymore! I know smoke bothers you, George. We'll be waiting for you! Remember me to Tony. Ah! We'll be eating *papas arrugás* (boiled potatoes) from the Canary Islands with green *mojos picón* (spicy sauce) which Acerina gave Isidro in Tacoronte. And for dessert there are pomegranates from Albaterra. Sánchez Cánovas from ONCE will be with us. And don't forget tonight.... *La Cena del Hambre* (Hunger Dinner) will be celebrated. –The priest was stroking a little gypsy girl while speaking.

They saw off each other.

He quickly passed by the City Hall entrance door.

There was a dark-haired girl was blowing up blue balloons with drawings of white seagulls, and also inflating the dream of taking the Chair of that princely palace one day. She was continuously blowing and blowing up balloons and dreams. Pedrito, her best friend, was helping her. The girl's brave look reminded George of British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's political momentum. The ambition of a Macbeth who in vain tried to become a thumbtack to burst the little girl's balloons, a rookie at the time. But years after she became the beautiful mayoress of the People's Party.

George gave back a fast smile to the dark-haired girl, greeted her little friend and got into the photographer's car quickly.

–We'll arrive in time... smoke is seen up in the mountain. –Tony turned on the radio.

–Thank goodness there's still daylight. Give me the samba tapes by Roberto Carlos.

–One day that arsonist will hurt somebody! George, did you remember to buy the loaf of bread for me?

The criminal arsonist hid behind his own cowardice.

He burned down zones of pine forests every summer and returned to his hideout. He was diagnosed a disease instead of charging him with such crimes.

–One could think he is delighted with causing forest fires –suspected Párraga’s police courage.

Chief Laguía led the local fire-fighters who were risking their lives in the middle of the mountain, helping the defenseless pines. Meanwhile, both the local police and the National Police forces commanded by Fonseca Sebastian and Manchado were combing derelict paths and trails in the ravines and rifts.

But the criminal of that felony was never caught red-handed.

That time he was not caught either.

In their investigations, the police officers and detectives got to the criminal’s house but the arsonist was already in his hideout with some witnesses to corroborate his alibi.

–We suspect of... but with no evidence... –concluded Elías, the chief of police.

–The arsonist’s red eyes and his look in ecstasy gave him away.

There were more fires during that summer, up to a dozen, and the suspect’s clothes stunk of smoke... but he always said he had been burning weeds in his orange orchards. He had a shrew-like mouth, and somberly thin, and always wore mourning clothes, the crow’s color. Only his own conscience knew why he damaged the innocent and generous nature mercilessly.

–He’s healing his internal wounds thanks to the fire. He surely releases pains, which have been lodged in his soul –suspected the experts.

Festered suffering. Had he been abused when he was a child?

Did they vent their anger by putting out cigarette ends on his child’s skin and now he is burying his anger under the pine forest ashes?

The journalist inquired in order to obtain some details of the case:

–Is the arsonist’s therapy to do harm, police officers?

–Like the psychopathic murderer –remarked Tony.

–My god! That’s an exaggerated comparison! –Sebastian’s wisdom and police experience replied.

–It is healed with evilness but, does it create another addition? – insisted the photographer.

–He let his traumas loose. And everything else in his head is to be proven.

–He’ll heal with the modern alternatives therapies –proposed George.

–Much better to give him a good thrashing –Tony Sevilla’s savoir-fair settled the case quickly.

Man’s attitudes are largely forged during our childhood and adolescence. Love and friendship, fear and pain, the knowledge of our feelings and the physical sensations are stamps printed in our subconscious.

Because our soul keeps marks of primary experiences and even past lives should these exist. Unhealed wounds are fuses causing irrational, blazing reactions.

–Who is free of those traumatic secrets? a sharp police inspector unknowingly foretold that George would live an experience that very night.

After sending the Close Page, all the snapshots and the last police report on the fire, which had not been extinguished yet, George switched off his computer and walked to the sitting-room window.

Stars!

What time would it be?

The punctual Orihuela Cathedral bell answered him by striking eleven o’clock. Burial tolling.

August: an infernal heat emerges from the depths of the earth, climbing like demons over the façade up to the fourth floor.

The defenseless man was eating alone in the kitchen his boiled vegetables for dinner, George put a pinch of salt and some oil on the loaf of bread Tony had left there. He ate it all. Then, he filled a glass with milk and wetted a muffin.

After the dessert he went out to the shady corridor and switched on the light. On his way to his bed-room he saw small *pieces of lint* falling in along the wall which were aiming at him with a rifle. He stopped by the restroom door and went in for a few minutes. Back to the corridor, he ducked with the weapon he had in his hand, toilet paper, and collected the row of small pieces of lint positioned within the dust trench by the wall, vulnerable child soldiers captured by force and enslaved for the war. George went back to the rest-room and threw the dirt into the waste paper can.

Again back in the corridor, without perceiving anything strange he switched off the lights before going to his bed-room, George entered confidently his room.

It was already after eleven p.m., August: it was very hot.

Without suspecting that the fearsome *Great Lady* would be visiting him soon, George lay down on his lonely bed, trapped by loneliness. George felt miserable and thinking he was a failure, hopeless and sad, of course missing his home where life had smiled at him. That *dangerous summer*, while lying on his bed George felt unprotected in his bedroom wrapped by all those negative feelings in the same way the arsonist is possessed by the hallucinations that upset him.

He looked at the empty ceiling and a ghost leaped on him. A furtive vision took shape, like a thief who comes up to you at night, within his paranoia willing to put an end to his fate.

Would anyone miss him if he jumped off the window?

Within this haunted seduction George saw his own facedown lying on the red road surface.

Is the close proximity to death the beginning of understanding?

But the lookout... had planned the opposite and helped George to learn the lesson right there, within millithoughts. He was practically departing when a light appeared amidst the shadows: the memory of his daughter holding his dad's protective hand while having a walk after school. But now on the balcony –on the edge of the cliff– George felt his daughter's imaginary hand holding him to his life, dragging him into his bedroom, that happy memory kept *George father* alive by moving away the ancestral dagger from his neck and his tendency to self-neglect and suicide:

Itziar, Claudia, My Daughters, I love you!

Tears began to flow from nostalgia.

The healing source went down George's cheeks returning to his chest to close his suicidal whiplash cycle. In a blinking of an eye George saw the film of his life in consecutive images. The walks after school. Her daughter's small fingers begging protection on crossing the road, which was crammed with vehicles. Claudia's pranks. His daughters' laughs tied him to the sheets and defeated his insane free will. *George's soul* breathed his desire to live when he remembered his daughters' eyes enjoying his stories. And he felt a strong heartbeat.

Life was worth living! Shit! – Just to see them again!

And more heartbeats of life:

Pop, another story, yeah, another story...!

The days went by and as he was afraid that people thought he was mad George kept his secret for himself, that meaningless and suicidal thought that took him in his nightmares to the gates of the afterlife. But

George understood soon he should reveal everything and share his own experience.

Some days after, within the echo of another vision that happened that very night but in a different dream George with his mind in a blank state swore that he saw his soul swimming in a swamp where a sinister boatman ordered him to go back:

–You here again! You’ve forgotten you roamed here for one hundred years! –Caronte sprang on him–: Open your mouth. Empty it again! I know you don’t mind money at all but next time at least bring me a coin, –he ordered. Go back through the same way! Go away!

In the middle of the dark swamp, in view of the angry guardian’s irate rejection George swam back his way. On turning his body he made out a beautiful distant light amidst a thick fog inside the outbound tunnel. While in the water, my friend felt an erupting volcano in his chest, which called him with an appealing voice. Swim over here, George! Come to me, live! Our friend George has assured me that within that thought he felt something similar to a *rebirth*.

The following morning, George walked along the Mayor Street.

The mute echo of his steps talked to the earth without finding a logical answer to what had happened to him the previous night. But, when he approached the Cathedral he heard the canticles of a morning celebration coming from the faith of a litany that got away through the cracks of a Gothic stained glass window: “*We believe in God, the Father, the Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth, of all that is seen and unseen...*”

Then George remembered the providential walk he used to have holding his little daughter’s hand, very real in his mind, just the same invisible hand that now was tenderly pulled him back on the suicidal balcony. And he felt a great emotion and love tears again.

Because in that experience he understood that all what is seen exists, but all what is unseen exists, too. Different ways of existence, but nevertheless existence.

With the passage of time George was more convinced he wanted to live..... and while our friend was having a morning walk Pepe Esquiva showed up. If our *willpower* shows the privilege of the selected beings, the one this man from Beniel had, was his fetish. The overwhelming optimism and people skills he was surrounded by saved him in *times of shortage*. This character, without making a fuss, become a charismatic figure, an idol of masses, spreading his joy to the Orihuela soccer fans and soccer players, too. George had objectively studied him from the distance and sometimes admired him. Blow after blow, fall after fall, Pepe's courage to move on and go ahead became the watchword, the legend on Esquiva's coat of arms. He was a rightful *knight of the Most Distinguished Order of San Antón*

The president of the scorpion soccer club's deeds finished disastrously one summer morning due to a matter of personal pride. Either because of lack of understanding or stupidity –only Esquiva and the mayor of the City of Cartagena know why they harmed, sullied and dishonored the good name of a city that was about to make history by promoting the local soccer team to First Division. Esquiva bet everything to take the team to First Division, which almost made the soccer club lose its rating as it was indebted up to the hilt, eventually the soccer club went out of business.

Since Tomeu Llompart fulfilled and accomplished his promises and promotions Esquiva won the affection of the entire Vega Baja with a population of 400,000 people, during the summer that population reached 1,000,000. The Majorcan coach sow harmony in the team by organizing friendly meals based on *arròs brut* and exquisite *sobrasadas* (soft sausages) and *ensaimadas* (a light pastry roll). Although Esquiva was a short guy he

always excelled at soccer and was worshiped by the townsfolk but envied by the local shortsighted politicians. He led the scorpions fans to glory. But then in a twinkling of an eye he took them down to Dante's *inferno*.

That morning he bumped into the Olympic gymnasts Carolina Pascual and Isabel Pagán on Calle Mayor during his usual walk he met José Samper acting as host, years after of the president's soccer achievements and the accounting fail –while having a good time at the Cicuta bar– Pepe Esquiva showed his interest in George's life.

–I've heard something odd about your marriage... What happened?

–Something nobody suspected –he revealed, as Pepe -alias “El Cicuta”- was walking up to them.

–When we traveled with the team you seemed to be very much in love and very attached to your daughters. I'm shocked, George, –he said half-dumb before adding–: Life surprises you!

–And we surprise it too... Do you remember your own projects? – George asked.

–Yeah. Everything collapsed, like yours. –He took a chocolate cigarette.

–I fell in love with another woman and I told *Batu*.

–What a mistake! How much damage you did because of lack of experience. –he nibbled his piece of cocoa candy while Juanan and Jesús were looking at them behind the counter.

–I told her the truth. I see you quit smoking to eat chocolate!

–To be honest! Didn't you think you were hurting her? I told you about my cousin who died of cancer and he didn't say anything about it to his wife.

–Pepe, who could I share my pain but with my wife?

–Don't you know that truth causes as many misfortunes as lies do! To understand the Spanish people you must go to a bullfighting ring. –

Moving his head with resignation Esquiva's Levantine wisdom guessed—:
How did you bear so much pain?

—I lived on my own for three years. Now I have a partner.

Without any hesitation in his Murcian accent *Panocho* without beating about the bush and as Esquiva wanted to clear up his doubts asked George straightforward:

—George, have you gotten married again?

—I live by myself. I'm looking for true love.

—True love! George, you're gonna suffer a lot! And you know it?

—Suffer for love? I don't think so, man!

—Once in a blue moon, from year to year you'll find true love —he sentenced.

The journalistic fever hit its highest point in Orihuela when there was a social upheaval among neighbors and storekeepers —which still happens sometimes nowadays— because of the stink caused by the Segura river due to human negligence. It is crystal clear that the natural river bed took up lands before it was gobbled up by the metropolis. But once the hot summer weather arrives the water level drops to alarming levels for farmers. And with drought the foul-smelling mud appears in the urban river bed, which is disguised the rest of the year by a dirty layer.

Manolo standing by the entrance of his bar was absolutely right to complain:

—The reek's unbearable! Will the bow tie guy's public complaints help us one day?

Supporting Betis F.C. unconditionally the owner of the bar suffered more for the decrease in his clientele than for the poor performance of his soccer team. Unlike Sevilla FC winner of some Europa League Cups and Betis' eternal rival in the city of Seville—. That morning the terrace adjacent to the river where his exquisite tapas (snacks) were served was empty.

–We have” *cocido con Pelotas*” (stew with meat balls) but I haven’t served any yet –he said straightforward to the journalists– because of the “perfume” coming from the river. I’ll be forced to close the business! Let’s see who will attend the tourists! I’m going to Torrevieja to rest by the sea. I’ll greet *La Bella Lola* at Cala del Moro (The Moor’s Cove). It is said that her beloved seaman is coming home on *La Gaviota* tomorrow. Ah, Ricardo Lafuente is gonna conduct Habaneras on the Playa del Cura (The Priest’s Beach) along with Paco Grau the conductor from Bigastro! You can keep the pong from the river for yourselves!

–My butcher’s shop is famous –the turkey breeder succinctly told Pablo and Claudia from SER Radio– but the river bed must be cleaned up.

As floods were cyclically repeated in the past the casserole protests were repeated in the summer by the angry neighbors. Nature’s power, infuriated during the floods, was subdued by a reinforced concrete clamp, which is called channeling or civil work by Czech engineers and the Madrilenian Julio Muñoz. But in that huge project against the avenues the environmental maintenance of a concrete corset, that was asphyxiating the river, failed. María and Antonia Moreno criticized the Segura River Hydrographic Confederation at a PSOE press conference that very day.

Another serious matter for the public health or even worse than the polluted Segura river was the courageous battle kept by the neighborhood in spring. Such confrontations took place again and again as a biblical punishment in Ancient Egypt when the mosquito plague broke out.

Dozens of houses on the river bank in Orihuela have been turned into air-raid shelters.

–Squadrons launching attacks the whole day –looking at Zerón from the Orihuela TV channel and at Pedro J. Llorach from Onda Cero and ‘Activa Orihuela’ alerted Manolo with his small glasses.

–They should fumigate more often –Monse with her apron on demanded. As she was no fool and never minced her words the sarcastic and comic shopkeeper provided a witty proposal–:

–We’ll invite Mónica, the beautiful mayoress to blow up seagull balloons here and have breakfast at *Manolo’s Bar* terrace amidst mosquitos. If she feels like she can come over here, I’ll have breakfast at Archena, Fortuna or Mula in a spa.

–We’re gonna laugh, ha, ha, ha, with the mosquitoes and the city councilors. –They laughed loudly at the funny sight, imagining in their minds a show more likely to be performed by the Marx Brothers.

–To have breakfast: the other way around! Mosquitoes will get fatter sucking the politicians’ blood. They deserve it!

Amid jokes and laughter, at the early stages of the protest, while taking pictures of the banners displayed by the neighbors on that day the great Tony Sevilla pretended not to be interested in the matter but he cleverly launched the stink-bomb to shake the crowd even more:

–And who will pay for the politicians’ feast? I only drink Damm beer.

–I won’t pay a cent! It must be paid by the Council with their bollocks –shouted the crowd angrily. During that difficult situation Antonio Loíno got his camera ready.

–The only thing they do is yap, yap, yap, they do it very, very well at the meetings... or they can show the money kept inside his piano by that councilman who testified before an investigation judge...

–Take the pictures. Good! ¡Tony, you’re *fucking good*, better than asparagus ‘*cojonudo*’!

In a witty way, the photographic artist –notary of the current affairs over there– felt on his own flesh the bites of the mosquitoes and the general

unrest among the people in addition to the complaints about the negligence by the local politicians.

Nature's wisdom leads us from one training to another while the smart-aleck *Sapiens*, absent-minded *Homo* Simpson, insists on making atomic contraptions and nuclear disasters in his false Springfield. But when an unnatural solution is involved it is more efficient the natural energy from the sun, the wind and the sea.

It begins to be demonstrated that the universe regulates life cycles on Planet Earth with a cosmic accuracy, despite the human fetishism.

Before going back behind the counter of his bar Manolo whispered George:

–To live over here without swallows ... it's impossible!

Primarily, for professional ethics the journalist had to verify the statement that attributed the birds a crucial transcendence. And the following day George woke up early. With the first sun beam he went back to the trench by the river to follow Manolo's trial with his photographer Tony Sevilla. At the mouths of the irrigation ditches they ran into Nuria and Maria from *Pro-Rio* and Professor Muñoz Grau "*The Bowtie Guy*" wearing a green one around his neck. He was taking some water samples and said: today we are gonna take to court the Confederation! Some neighbors from Rojas, members of the *Segura Limpio* platform are waiting for this water sample to be submitted at the Court of Justice.

We're backed up by more than 10,000 demonstrators from Orihuela and Murcia..."

Sitting on the opposite bank of the Segura river Alfonso Ortuño was drawing a sketch for a vignette. Then the journalist confirmed the scoop about the swallows: the river surface resembled a merciless battle field on the cartoonist's paper.

Some mosquitoes looked like eagles!

George wondered how he could achieve that transformation for himself.

The air raid was taking place in the sky during the whole day until the birds ate their fill or were exhausted of flying. Hundreds of swallows performed pirouettes, curls and dived into the air. They got stuffed of mosquitoes and lent a hand against their bites despite the proud *Sapiens* did not demand so. There were some ungrateful neighbors who destroyed the nests made by the swallows on windows and cornices of palaces and museums, saviors in the river.

Why did they punish the benefactor and friendly bird?

The swallows excrements damaged the old stones of palaces and churches of the old city.

What an excuse!

The opponents of the swallows suffered from deafness. For ages the facades of the monuments had been evidently in a state of ruin more for negligence on the part of the authorities than attributable to the birds. That morning... Rafael Martínez Campillo and Adolfo traveled from Madrid the Old Part of the City.

–Let’s be grateful to the swallows that spare us from mosquito attacks. –Monse, the shop-keeper, closed the chapter shutter.

Caronte’s Swamp

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Today’s seed beats in the depths of the past.

Scanning outside yourself will be useless for you if you are looking for the roots of your *raison d’être*. You will only find madness because the germ rests inside you. Our essence in eternity buried under layers of fear and forgetfulness gains the surface if you scratch your skin and delve in just a little.

One afternoon while having the usual walk with George and Migdal along the Segura River we tried to get to the edge of the river bank as much as we could to walk upstream. And as we were walking up against the current the river flow turned into a trickle

In the placidity of the moment George teased me:

–Who knows you better than yourself?

If since you were born you're polluted by society, worse than polluting rivers, how can we identify our unpolluted origin? Within that puzzle my friend gave me the nub of the matter:

–Try to remember your dreams... but with no ravings, consciously.

There are dozens of methods which are said to be infallible, in addition to several psychiatric and philosophical techniques that try to capture and then sift the images of our life within the oneiric world.

Try this: leave a piece of paper and a pencil on your bedside table. Do you want to know what for? I followed George's advice:

–Before going to bed don't forget you have to remember your dreams when you wake up and come back among the living. And fall asleep repeating in your mind a specific issue you have placed inside you.

And as soon as you wake up this formula will make you write down the scene your brain is displaying in your mind at that very moment. Take down at once what you are thinking because the curtain of forgetfulness deletes the last fantasy just when you open and blink your eyes.

–Write down everything has been recorded in your mind, just every single detail.

While we are asleep our rapid eye movements -similar to the ones – performed when we are awake– prove we at least transit through two dimensions. On the one hand, one of these dimensions gives the objects a translucent shape as it is happening now while reading this book, on the

other hand the other existential orbit or plane lives within the sleep phases which purify and readjust us. Regarding this, we boast to have answers which are labeled as very respectable scientific ones, but which lack empirical grounds. A hypothesis sustains that dreams recycle our unconscious mind. But our temporary human shell still hides endless secrets.

Who will solve the paradigm that you vibrate rationally through similar waves whenever you walk and during REM sleep in the same way as when you are asleep and your body is inert?

I am sure there is something else between your eye and this paper.

Are there one or several invisible supersymmetrical dimensions between them?

Do we live in one of them while dreaming in our sleep?

The aim of our dreams is related to our brain, soul and spirit. It is believed in the mythology created by the Australian natives. When we recall a dream such visions might only be helpful for us whenever they are related to facts of our present life. And if you can interpret your dreams then you can take that first step to start moving backwards in time to face here and now, in your present life, the spectrums of your past life. Then you will be able to undo them.

I expectantly asked George:

–Move backwards in time! How?

Imagine there are more capabilities in the power of our human brain than we know about so far.

Let's recognize our ignorance.

Open your mind to unknown horizons and dimensions. Because, although today you reasonably think it is an entelechy today you can go back to past lives with resonance inside you. However, you will only be capable of identifying those other past lives if you take the second step and

assume the messages provided by your dreams. By way of this formula you will understand your present tasks better.

Would you say Dali and Picasso's pictorial works are entelechies, chimeras or the work of two geniuses? As well as Buñuel's movies and Gaudi's Buildings? You have the answers. Yes, you are right! Firstly, they are just dreams which eventually come true. Always remember that firstly sleep and thought exist which later are embodied and materialized with imagination, *goodwill* and *action*. Remember it!

While he was being checked up by doctor Juanjo, emergency physician in Cartagena, because he was feeling a little worked up and had a sore throat our friend viewed his most remote past: he saw himself like a fisherman in his first conscious regression. The Latin sail of his vessel set that scene somewhere in the Mediterranean Sea during the Roman Age. George was on a beach pulling nets full of big fish bare footed, wearing a tunic falling up to his knees. He was satisfied within that conscious regression into his past. But suddenly he was alarmed when he heard a crowd of people who was coming out of a small village shouting his name.

–Ow, ouch, ouch, George! –He was hugged by the Sybil who had gone to welcome him.

Far from accepting in advance a misfortune George was not aware of his eyes were searching in vain for his lover's face and his little daughter's amongst the wicked crowd of people who was thronging around him.

–What's up? Tell me! Where's Blanca? And my daughter? –He shook his sinewy hands tanned by the sun and the sea.

And old man looked at him open-mouthed but he did not say anything. The old man stared at the forest and pointed out with his walking stick. That explicit terror face that could not articulate a single word

because of the misfortunes he had suffered hammered in George's ears. He would find the answers in that direction.

–Where! Tell me for Jupiter! –He closed his fists and begged that supreme deity. Father of all gods.

–By the lake. Bulls! –A colored boy was running ahead of them.

George began to run up the mountain.

He did not even think about it.

He was just running towards an unavoidable reality. He overtook the lad and got ahead thrust by the divine eagle that had deployed its wings on the fisherman's legs. Stirred up by desperation and in possession of a superhuman power our friend's ego flew over the olive grove and then over the hills. On crossing the brook flowing down the lake he was disturbed by the vision of the red omen color.

Red water? Blood!

George was afraid of death, about which he had already thought... and became true a few seconds later before his own eyes.

Be careful with your judgments! Think always in a positive way. Make them your best instrument of *will and creation*

He saw a body lying face up by the edge of the pond. He quickened his step. It was a woman's body. He recognized her by the torn, ripped blue stole she was wearing that day. Blood was gushing out from Blanca's neck and chest. His wife had been smashed by a bull's horn. Dead!

–Why? –He preached in the wilderness against the overcast sky–: Why, cruel Saturn, why?

He went through two days of tormenting suffering, anger and hatred for his life and human existence. Nothing could soothe his pain. He did not even think of his daughter. He only wished to live with Blanca in the kingdom of death day and night. His wife's dead body wrapped up in fine silks was lying on an amber altar.

His insane hallucinations bowled him over while being kneeling down.

Why did Saturn wolf her down? Why Jupiter, my friend, did you abandon me?

The fog was slowly settling down on that shrine.

The night's blinding veil was nearly taking over the temple.

George felt death was coming out of his own guts and in the silence he heard the *void cry. Mournful emptiness.* Anguish, bitter sadness and a deep sense of solitude took over his will. With his heart in darkness as he was out of his mind he grabbed the dagger which was hanging from his belt and put it in his throat... and he stabbed deep inside to his neck. No potion from the Greek Dioscorides, master of masters, would have halted the sacrilegious liberation that emptied his veins like a torrent. His body passed away. But his orphan soul remained over there.

George's ego had loved death more than life.

His ego escaped somewhere else, fled to another existential dimension as a result of his inability to cope with that loss and foolishness on giving up his dead lover. In his irresponsible selfishness George left an innocent creature alone, his defenseless daughter. Motherless and fatherless too.

For ages –it might be a century– George looked over the cloister wall and from there he saw his daughter grow among the flowers of the convent. He could not be seen. It happened that one day evil Caronte felt merciful and granted George's tormented soul permission to leave the swamp everyday. And only when his daughter became beautiful Diana left the Children's Hospital one sunny morning. *George's soul* only stopped going to the convent wall when he saw his daughter heading for the village. At last he had given up the vaporous, ghostly and wandering life. Just as I am telling you, George lived again that regression into his past.

But George's ego left the lesson pending, his inability to respond to that loss and his selfishness dependent on his dead lover. And it is very clear that the one who watches never turns a blind eye if you leave uncompleted goals.

Did George lose his wife *Batu* and daughters because of that in his real life?

And is this why another suicidal thought struck him on the balcony?

His experience proved George that happiness consists on learning how to overcome stigmas and learn from life whenever you feel sufficient *goodwill* and *love*. Within our eternal existence we complete cycles which are opened and then close thus favoring your next learning.

Up till now George has never been aware of having lived by the sea, albeit he has always been fond of it and it stands within his future purposes.

Why?

George was a Roman fisherman as you already know. And then he became a seaman as it has already been revealed in the world of dreams.

Because in another scrutiny of his yesterday, regression to past lives hand in hand with the doctor from Cartagena, George mirrored himself in this hindsight on a vessel that was coming into port from Ireland. The palm trees greeted him. It was stifling hot. The voluptuous colored girl ran towards him waving her long black hair. George took off his captain hat with his right hand and left it on a beer barrel just unloaded. His desires were imprisoned in his lover's arms. They were caressing and kissing passionately and frenziedly while they were having a walk on the pier and his lover's son was playing with the fish at the mercy of rough Poseidon. The seagulls squeaked forewarning a storm.

–Beauty! I missed you so much! –He stroked her nose and coiled hair. Passionate kisses.

–Already together here, my love! –Aurora kissed him on his mouth.

It was the first time George had left her home alone. Holding their hands they headed for the blue facades that sheltered the harbor. They climbed the stair, step by step, kiss after kiss. When they were already alone there was more kissing...

–Who’s yelling! –Aurora flustered stopped kissing him.

She jumped out of bed and went out to the balcony

She saw the storm ahead. And she saw the *funeral* cortege marching on playing music by Chopin. They all were wearing black clothes except her boy, a *bird* just about to fly high up into the sky. They were bringing her child who had drowned in a tidal wave, a blow by furious Poseidon. She was terrified howling in the sitting-room. George who was in the bedroom could neither see nor understand anything! He waited for explanations. But all the contrary, his lover fell silent. And then, just in a sudden the mournful clamor on the street made him jump out of bed. He ran to the sitting-room barefoot.

–Aurora, where are you? –George nervously begged without seeing her.

George went to the large window and unfortunately he saw her corpse on the paving stones in the middle of a pool of blood. Out of his mind he rushed downstairs to death and knelt by her side and kissed her, as he had done by the Roman altar.

Blood was pouring out of her mouth –lips that death mercilessly kissed again– George cried inconsolably for that loss of flesh.

–I’ve lost my love! Why? Why? –he crazily cried out in desperation. But his clamor was useless.

Because hell survives inside you... and your happiness, your Heaven is always in continuous danger.

Because of the insane dependence such losses caused him, loneliness left George again at the mercy of that ghostly, funereal, traveling *Great Lady*.

He took the gun he had in his waist, put it on his temple and put his finger on the trigger. For a second, his soul recalled him the dagger in his throat and how blood was gushing out of his mouth and his orphan daughter. He also remembered the swamp and the boatman's warning.

Then George rejected that suicidal idea. He wanted to live!

But why did he really cling to life?

She was dead, his son drowned. Nothing! Nobody!

And he pulled the trigger: George died instantly.

He lost a woman again and loved death more than his own life.

Do you think El Justo (The Almighty)... felt sorry for George into oblivion?

On the contrary He reasonably imposed George the duty to make a fresh start in his new life.

And is that also the reason why that feeling of sadness, and loneliness had seized him in his present life?

Thanks to those two regressions conducted by that therapist and doctor from Cartagena, George could understand and overcome the root of his suicidal ideas that had seized him in Orihuela three years ago while lying on his bed and out on the balcony.

Then, he lost his wife and two daughters, as well as his own home, and for the third time in his life he considered committing his third suicide in order to escape from that terrible loneliness.

George told us it in such a real and vivid way, as if he were viewing all that suffering of his past in a rear-view mirror, and thanks to his experiences now I understand much better all the mysterious ways which arise in my own life.

When George felt his own death in close proximity he then understood life. And after his second suicide attempt he learned that if you long for death to escape into the arms of obscurity you will not rest in peace after death.

Exile the fears that chain your will!

George's experiences prove this point:

He first stabbed the dagger without realizing that by doing so he left an orphan. And centuries after, he did not consciously realized he was repeating that lesson, he pulled the trigger although at that instant his soul saw a light beam and he nearly stopped his finger. But at last, now in his present body he was re-born when his ego loved life more than death. Remember what happened to him on the balcony! Lying among the sheets of his bed, he stood up and went out to the balcony and grabbed the handrail just at twenty three yards away from the spectrum that was waiting for him down on the sidewalk.

Finally, he did overcome that challenge thanks to his little daughter Itziar who gripped his finger on the balcony on recalling their happy walk holding hands. And of course, on the third occasion he completed the lesson whose retroactive effect has healed his soul.

–The image of that thought, Itziar's hand holding my hand during a walk, appeared in my mind to erase the suicidal trail from my own experience –he assured us–: My daughter reinstated my soul on the balcony when I decided to live as I did for her during her fertilization to bring her soul to this life.

Whenever we take steps within love and freedom, if you pass the pending challenge after repeating the task as many times as needed then it is when they assign you another greater dilemma. The goal is to go on climbing up the love ladder as it happens to our friend.

Nobody should be surprised if *George's soul* came back to continue in literature.

Sharing feelings and experiences is the writer's objective.

George has already enjoyed his vocation for music, theater, art, poetry and writing in this life and was delighted with his trips with the music band and while working as a journalist. In his hometown he grew among musicians and then lived in Orihuela, the land that inspired a universal poet.

He dimmed the oil lamp eternal light because George loved writing during emotional daybreaks.

Hooked to the imagination wheel, he reads and reads and proofreads hundreds of draft books. Because in honor of Hemingway my friend also defends that the wastepaper basket is the best ally of a writer. The serpents could not stop him writing because within more than one dream George has slept on the floor amid vipers. Serpents that looked at him in the eye to convey him the supreme wisdom attracting the muses. George has written thousands of pages so far and vibrates with his literary creation.

On one occasion, in a fantasy, like the one who draws a twin of himself within a dream but on another symmetric and invisible plane or dimension, George saw himself writing with a bird's feather when his love interrupted him:

–Will you have supper?

–As soon as I finish this passage. –He sped up his writing.

–Please, come! Finish your supper and then you can finish it.

–My hand moves by itself! –he told his beautiful, green-eyed darling–: I'll continue writing a little more...

–Your hand moves by itself! What kind of things you say, George!

–This is a gift! It's magic like your kisses. –He went on writing.

–Whose magic, George?

–From the universe and from life.

–Come on! Have dinner... then you can go on writing. –She showed her head through the door.

–Why don't you come here. Enjoy it with me! –He winked at her.

–I like what you're writing in this paragraph, but I'm starving.

Adonai's creativity is ours.

That night while dreaming my friend was making up the adventures of the knight who only fed on books. Words began to appear on his skin because he gluttonously swallowed the pages of those books. But he had never ever gotten rid of his slim and sickly-looking figure that loved copious readings which made him feel a sensible and upright man. He was always with a conformist, chubby servant who scorned manuscripts. He did not even want to see any incunabula on the table. George was drafting a dialogue on that page of the novel between two sensible and contradictory points brought up by the main characters, faces of his own personality he was using in order to recreate them. With theatrical self-confidence our friend arranged the ink on the paper and then he adapted the talk to entertain his wife.

–This table, master, was invented by Man only to put food on it. Neither encyclopedias nor cavalry novels. On the table... just food, *Don Miguel!*

–Dummy! You believe my books are blood sausages! I do really love the ones from Burgos but this is a book! –stated the knight holding *La Galatea* in his hand.

–You told the abbot that literature feeds our soul.

Our souls do not resemble our bellies or our purchasing power at all.

–Master, I warn you I only want letters in the soup! –He took a spoon and a plate.

–Asshole! You believe in utopias. I know nothing about the pessimistic prose. Sancho, let's get rich: I'm fed up with poverty, chatterboxes and envies.

–If I'm hungry I can eat the covers of this big book!

– Rogue! Read loudly; develop your hearing and play with Destiny... Forget those garbanzo beans for a sec ... Fuentesauco, ollas podridas (rotten pots) and *fabadas Asturias* (bean stews) ...

–I can't understand anything you're saying. I want to have supper right now! But master, watch out Destiny!

–Remember William's coming to have supper with us. He'll be bringing *pudding*! Wear your best clothes. As if we were going to the Theatrical Courtyard in Almagro...

–Will he repeat *Othello*, full of hatred and jealousy? I understand his *Spanglish* very well...

–He'll read us a draft he loves: the romance of two adolescents in love that takes place in Verona. He hardly sleeps writing this piece of work! I'll let him know that it may be played by the couple from Orihuela... Elena and Alejandro.

You should think about starring the "*Pretty Woman*" happy story if you have ever suffered once or more times Romeo and Juliet's misfortunes.

Within his own ignorance the squire of that dream tried to dismount his master from a cloud on which he was traveling across some fantastic islands, and however he himself became the governor of his own, Barataria.

He even put on his armor taking the baton from his master with the purpose his knight could die looking sane at the end of his days. Thus, he thought he would save his beloved master's soul. Therefore, the squire lived his own life onwards full of illusions in the same way his worshipped nobleman had lived.

–Please, darling! Have a rest: stop making up stories and writing.
Shall we have supper! Please!

Night of literature and seduction.

Between innuendoes and glances George kissed his beautiful green-eyed lover who was always willing to enjoy herself.

Marilyn at *El Salt*

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Freedom is an act of self-assurance and will.

Why do you want to conquer it? It has always been yours.

Freedom flows inside you at birth: the fusion of an egg and sperm.
And your soul needs freedom and vigor in your ego as your body needs blood in the veins.

Another year went way before George found in Alcoy a nice place to live in *Oleza*. One Saturday while paying a visit to Miguel Hernandez house of culture, during the reading organized by the Social Forum, a cultural society open to share poetry and social activism, he met Maya's smile whose teeth were as hypnotizing as Benerice was in Poe's story. The enigmatic and brilliant Zerón Huguet and Ramón Bascuñana. Larrabide and Juan José from the Hernandian Foundation recited poems.

As soon as he woke up that first morning at his new friend's apartment in Alcoy George felt the sensation that he had come back from a dream.

But as water gets mixed into water his oneiric weak memories merged in his mind till they faded away. Because dreams and matter are born from the same *source*. Both the world of dreams and material one mix like water into water and therefore are mistaken.

Instantly, George got out of bed in a hurry. His throat burned! He left his bed-room and walked along the corridor to the kitchen. Over the sink he

applied to himself a popular remedy: gargles with water and lemon. One, two, three gargles: natural remedy that pumped the coolness of his lips up into his brain.

The ringing of the doorbell –as Destiny does– never forewarns us.
It unexpectedly comes into your life.

George was peacefully enjoying his morning shower while Maya was waxing her eyebrows herself thoroughly. The ringing of the electric and musical door-bell suddenly flooded the bathroom with an atmosphere of questions which were immediately answered by Maya.

–It’s Ángeles! A close friend of mine. I’d like you to know *El Salt*, a beautiful spot two miles out of Alcoy. We’re going over there to practice nudism.

Still in the shower he imagined himself stark naked in the presence of a stranger. George dried off his crotch and got dressed. He went down to the street restlessly trying to conceal his virginal state, because he had never practiced nudism.

–My name’s Ángeles. Hello! –She walked up to him and kissed him.

George was pleased by that nice feminine voice, a breath of sweetness, sensual blonde woman. He responded with two kisses and an expression of affection:

–It’s a pleasure! My name’s George.

–I know all about it. I know it is your first nudist experience! –She smiled at him to calm him down.

Maya was late because she was still waxing her eyebrows herself. She was less worried about the hair on her legs because it was under her clothes, but as she was practicing nudism she waxed them like never before.

It was a short trip by car, one minute after they drove past the historical *Collao* on which Alcoyano CF performed glorious afternoons in First Division, they caught sight of a beautiful green spot in the countryside where the automobile wheels jumped from the asphalt to the soil. On the car radio Luis Miguel and Gloria Estefan were singing in duet.

They parked their car by a thousand-year-old olive tree, like the one at Lucia and Jordi's little cozy house in L'Alqueria d'Asnar.

Beautiful sunrise!

The trio walked along a path bordering the cliff that seemed to have been cut with a sharp knife. A red and clean cut on solid limestone rock resembling that of a long, vertical ham cut. George enjoyed the funny descend.

There was a playful little rock hidden in his sandal between the toes of his left foot jumping from toe to toe, insisting on going with him to the nudist adventure.

–Watch out your heads! –George put aside the tree branch that was blocking the narrow path.

They went down the winding passageway decorated with thickets, bushes and flowers that were playing with the wind. They walked past the naked wall of the cliff that rubbed their backs to frisk the newcomers discreetly. The two audacious nymphs, just a few steps ahead George, stimulated his curiosity:

–You're gonna love down there.

The hostesses' statement cleared George's fear of delving into new things: Nudism at *El Salt*. Our friend stepped forward and last night's dream came to him in a flash...which took place just in front of him:

–The tree! That's the one!

–What tree? –tracked Maya.

–I dreamed of it! I've been here before.

–When?

–I’ve been here. I’m sure. I know it! He breathed in more confidently.

George recognized the tree by the lonely rock raised at the back of the verdant spot and the same shadow that had protected him on a dimension that had been lost till that instant in his mind. But it is of utmost importance to identify the signals which are hidden inside you in a timely manner.

A pleasant breeze loaded with memories was blowing while they were slowly walking up the slope. She was calling him to rest next to her.

–It’s her!

When Maya heard it, her snout-like nose flapped and she got upset by the possible competition of the other naked woman. And she poked around and due to insubstantial jealousy she was about to step out of line:

–Is there another woman over here? I can’t see any? And you Ángeles, do you see any other woman?

–I’m referring to the shadow that caressed me in a dream –explained George.

–A shadow? It doesn’t matter if everything is a lie! –Maya gesticulated skeptically.

–That’s the shadow of the tree that caressed my chest in a dream early this morning.

–What are you telling me! –Her eyes were puzzled.

–When I woke up I saw that tree and its shadow in my mind... – George told them his dream– a premonition which reminds me of the two-thousand-year elm tree in Milleneta.

Saturday on mount Mariola.

Silence.

It smelt of thyme and wild deep blue lavender.

The three newcomers were undressed by eyes lying in wait. Two women, who rarely show up coming with an outsider. During that visit, which seemed contradictory in a place surrounded by vegetation, George and the two bold women were briefly and politely greeted by the so many elderly men and Adonises who come from Alcoy to practice nudism.

–Good morning! –they cautiously showed good manners.

–Have a nice day! –the host choir answered the trio.

With the three air beds on the ground and the three towels on them the nudist ritual reached its climax when they took off their clothes. George delayed unhurriedly his performance because it was his premiere.

And now what?

It was unusually hot for the end of March.

George let the sun caress his chest and an intuitive feeling guided him, in the same way as his soul guided him to light when he was a child sitting on the stairs of his house. George turned his head slowly: he took an innocent look to the left: Naked!

She had a nymph's blonde hair, daring mermaid, angelical *Marilyn* in the chaste oasis.

Beautiful... very beautiful breasts!

White, perfect ones!

A strawberry mouth! To taste it! He longed for a kiss.

George's eyes were incredulously moving quickly, descending along her swan's belly down there.

There she was: Ángeles naked!

His heart beat frenetically and passionately hitting his chest. He felt a *kundalini* unbridled heat coming from the earth and climbing up his legs and then through his spine. An uproar stunned his insides. In the green plenitude a primitive freedom ray had struck him. Aroused by that

femininity that long ago had been reborn in George, the man's brave hands, without any kind of embarrassment, took off his underpants and threw the garment to Maya with a roguish expression:

It's all yours!

Maya grabbed it and showed it off in an arrogant way as if she was offering the tempting apple to everybody, inappropriate for the best Eve.

Behind George was the waterfall whose yell turned into ice and perforated the silence of the mountain. Step by step he cautiously approach the almost frozen stream of water. The *glassy welcome*, the *cold erupting* volcano stirs up your insides and paralyzes your senses. It helps you to yell vehemently and exile your strains and suspicions:

–¡Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! –George stretched his back and felt more comfortable.

Under the healing freezing stream all the ties chaining your body escape. Your doubts fly high up to the infinite to fade away or take over again other spectral shapes or souls in which one purifies in new reincarnations. Your fears, dreads and selfishness go through your skin because they want to get out of your body to run away from the restoring *Aquarius* chaos. George felt that cold and a rebirth in his own body.

After a short while George left the waterfall cavity. The water was running down his shoulders. As he was a bit nervous, slipped on one of the steps of the stone stairway but he managed to hold on to one of the uprights of the fence. At a bend in the path, while he was going down he felt the hot south wind caressing his skin.

A friendly gust of wind made a four-leaf clover land on his neck.

How lucky!

–You are coming back already! How was your premiere? –Maya's mocking smile frustrated the delightful moment my friend was having.

After assimilating the freezing blow given by the stream and Maya's unfeminine impertinence George retook his sunbathing activity in a prone position. Since his skin was as wrinkled and flaccid as an old potato his private parts could be covered with a thimble, as they had shrunk because of the cold water.

–Enjoy this moment, George! –Ángeles' freshness pleased him.

On my way to Alcoy time stopped and I wanted to follow George's piece of advice: I paid a visit to that Nirvana at *El Salt* at sunrise. And I felt it just the same my friend did. While I was naked and exposed to the sun the desire calls and captivates you and takes over your will. However, the cold and regal stream tames your reactionary, cave-dwelling momentums.

Lying on his towel at the mercy of the sun George looked up and saw names, dates, hearts engraved on the bark of the tree... "*December 21*" and "*Tzolk'in o Cholq'ij*". Just the same doddle he read on the hundred-year-old white mulberry tree written in a foreign language at High School, but it was more readable.

In the middle of the morning he left his towel and stood up. His eyes looked at two naked bodies, his eyes burned with desire! and the more they looked at Maya and Ángeles the more they desired. But thanks to the freezing swipe, liquid flagellation George managed to fight his own temptations.

–I'm going to the cold stream! –He walked up to the fall again.

–Does your temperature go up when you see us? –Maya lashed him sarcastically.

He did not answer back. He walked the distance in a hurry.

He looked at the valley and saw Icarus with Daedalus at the top of a pine tree. Leonardo was shouting instructions while Jules Verne was taking

down notes for his novel. George got to the fall. He was possessed by his promiscuous desires, the fleshy fingers of the stream went down his back surrendered to Ángeles' imaginary caresses. As soon as he was released and freed his noble ego emerged.

Ah! How wonderful this cold jet was!

As he was walking back to their base camp George breathed happily.

He took pleasure in joy! Live! As he was telling me I felt my friend's enjoyment in his look.

–An authentic dish for Gods, eh George! –Ángeles joined the feast.

It was time for lunch.

After getting dressed to go back to the city they planted a few pine trees and took a picture to immortalize their nudist deed. And then they heard people yelling.

–What's going on? I'll have a look! –George got closer to the angry crowd.

He also found fear and subversion:

–They're planning to dry up the spout as they did with the *Hondo de Elche* –Serafín alerted.

The willowy and healthy environmentalist lived in the vicinity, in the small wooden house in the pine forest. He took over the least possible space in the mountain.

His dining-room was lit by a seven-branched chandelier, three branches on the left-hand side and the same on the right-hand side, and one in center, which was a bit taller than the others and was always burning “*to perfect the imperfection of number six and illuminate the others*”, according to what he said in a gathering.

On this occasion Serafín informed the nudist colony that a farmer wanted to steal the whole stream and use it for his own business and close down the *El Salt* fall. That selfish maneuver would wipe out that green spot

in Alcoy and the centenary nudist traditions. But naturists respectfully and firmly opposed to that aberration.

–We’ll speak to the mayor. He’ll back us up!

–Aha, I’m sure we’ll solve this quandary in this way! He loves nature and the sun.

–Of course, it’s in his blood! –the funniest guy put the icing on the cake.

–Let’s speak to the papers, radio and television! Let’s call Luis del Olmo tomorrow, the newscaster from Ponferrada, the early riser on the radio waves.

–Everybody must know about this!

United we stand.

The wisdom and invisible power of water, the sun, fire, life, earth and air form an alliance with the naturists and some peaceful, imaginative, problem-solving proposals arose.

At the *El Salt* debates you will find inventiveness, talent, experience, entertainment and fun.

Be brave enough to take part in them!

–Let’s call *Sant Jordiet* and the *La Festa* army.

–The kid can shoot arrows at them. And the fiesta organizers can shoot their harquebusiers.

–Let’s bring a dragon –Arturo wanted to stimulate new reactions.

–You’re off your nuts, Arturo! –Eduardo nervously went ballistic.

–They saw one flying back from the south. –Arturo pointed out the probable landing.

–The newspaper reports the dragon fled from the polluted Segura river and went straight past *El Hondo river (El Fondo)* because it was dry, with no birds or fish.

–Because of pollution?

–Yeah, the water is polluted because of the factories. The dragon loves the sun and nature. Maybe it’s coming to live to el *Salt*.

Back on his towel in the sun George brought up that problem which jeopardized that *oasis of freedom* to his companions.

Having said all that, the crowd unanimously remained loyal to the nudist proclamation. The three friends agreed to go on sunbathing for a while.

They would be eating later.

A few minutes after both friends were whispering like two naughty girls and George could hear some confusing loose sentences. And he thought he was the chief character of the feminine desires, he was sure Maya and Ángela were praising his nude body.

It was scorching hot early in the afternoon –it was over 104 degrees Fahrenheit by the burning wall of *El Salt* – George was wandering in that fantasy he had had before amid the pine trees erected in the mountain and in his brain. He thought his friends were working out phallic sizes, his, and orgasmic pleasures with him. And he thought he was the star in an erotic trio with his nudist friends. He was incited to this deception by the sun and the soft caress of the breeze on his nude skin along with his desires and two seductive little voices coming from two women’s naked bodies. One of them suntanned and the other snow-white.

–George, with a few visits to the health club your chest could get wider and you’ll oxygenate it better –Ángeles suggested him without further ado.

My friend’s crotch was aroused.

He took the piece of advice by the experienced, professional monitor, as an invitation to possess Adonis’ attractive chest. Ángeles was getting interested in his body.

And he liked that!

As George was provoked by his imagination –“*the mad woman of the house*” according to Saint Teresa– hardly could he hold back his sexual desire.

While he was lying on his back, sunbathing in the nude, George saw himself having sex with Ángeles on his bed. With his eyes closed nothing prevented him from seeing her angelic blonde hair riding on his aroused and erected man’s pubis.

That afternoon by the *El Salt* fall George learned that no freedom exceeds the freedom of your own imagination.

Can anybody chain your ideas and thoughts?

Under the cold water fall his spirit had felt the creating ablution that had devoured the impurities of his skin and brain. He wanted to be a nudist and emulate the angels’ flight.

Do you want to become a nudist? Go to *El Salt*! Unforgettable experience! Sapiens lived there 60,000 years ago. Exile your nudist virginity! You will feel your own independence and freedom since that day. You can see it for yourself in mount Mariola.

Ashram & Gurus

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Only if you stop clinging to everyday comfort you will find the wonders offered by the unknown.

After decades of tranquility, almost repeating the same incentives in *Orcelis*, George dared to bid a fond farewell to his old-fashioned customs. Since then he has done the same in many more occasions. But prior to this crucial turn within those old-fashioned habits our friend accepted such changes reluctantly.

How many times have you been reluctant to new things?

Bear always in mind that if you look into other horizons and relationships you will know who you are and where you go.

And thanks to time, our blessed friend indeed, we can move from one place to another.

He had just celebrated his birthday and began his training period with Maya in Alcoy. Impelled by a skilled hand George flew towards the north like the *Goldfinch* seeking new experiences.

Let's not forget that when he was a musician boy one night –while being on the beach of Tabarca– the Mizar star showed him the way to follow. And it was then when he nostalgically decided to leave behind his hometown, the Segura agricultural fields irrigated by the clouds in order to be *reborn* somewhere in Alcoy or along the Serpis River.

–Do you know what you're doing? –objected his sensible brother Candela.

–Going through a door.

–Of course, George! No riddles, please! –Candela put his hand on George's shoulder.

–To start again in another place, brother.

–Why?

–Because I need it –His eyes shone so enthusiastically on saying it– to know the root of the changes I'm feeling coming to me.

–You're giving up everything! –Candela removed his hand from his Elder brother's shoulder.

–Except my family and my daughters who are growing up without me if you need me I'll be here. I'll just be 70 miles away.

–I wish you would find what you're looking for!

–I just follow the path of my life, Candela. –George put his left hand on his beloved brother's shoulder and without thinking it he firmly said–. I do follow a way! My way!

–Is Maya as sure as you are, George? –He gestured with his right hand.

– She broke up with her Cuban lover. She’s asked me to move to her place.

–What do you feel like doing? –He moved his hands.

–To do what I’m doing: change my life. Feel that happiness and share it.

–And if you’re wrong or if she changes her mind and goes back with the Cuban guy? A leopard never changes its spots, George! –Candela looked at him disapprovingly.

–I know you’re always right, if you think everything will be for the better –he reasserted.

–And if is it something different to what you’re looking for? – Candela put him to the test.

–The best for you is the outcome. Armstrong, the astronaut, had the courage to travel through space and set his foot on the moon.

You only move forward if you get rid of your comfortably-situated ego’s suspicions and doubts. Trusting your soul’s wisdom the path through which happiness travels will open.

Because we only exist to be happy and to love.

While he was driving from Orihuela to the Serpis valley to his new home George bumped into three yellow lights, caution! But he went through them fearless and incautiously. Nothing stopped him. Not even a sad song by Laura Pausini on the car radio. He was self-assured and guided by love. With Maya he had come back to his old cozy world. Vegetarianism and yoga appeared in this new life because he was brave enough to go through the door his new partner had offered to him. And the light of this sunrise spread out until it completely filled the great emptiness

his previous well-paid job at the newspaper had left in his thankful, satisfied stomach

The Ashram community and the new relationships were placed among the discoveries in this new rebirth experienced by George. Our friend visited with Maya the Ashram located between Alhama in Mucia and Librilla in the vicinity of the Espuña mountain range natural reserve. The energies which can be breathed over there flow from glance to glance. Smiles and politeness are felt like eminent languages in this area. A halo of exoteric, pure energy assists those who come to these spiritual enclaves. As George was interested in her experiences he asked Maya:

–What do you do at Ashram?

The Fall:

a rug made up of dry leaves and naked, clean branches.

Saturday.

On his first stunning visit to the Ashram with Maya and Ángeles George saw the *wisdom obelisk*, Celtic druid, on the lawn surrounded by disciples.

–Respect, comprehension... –Said the guru with long gray hair and a beard and as thin as a reed pointing to Heaven. A wise and cheerful man who dispelled the obscure side of George's ignorance.

That morning which cherished eternity with guru Moses our friend looked for a tree to hug. He only saw big trunks and he wanted them all, but there was always someone who took the lead and hugged them. In this meditation exercise, like someone who is dancing like Pavlova with her whimsical and calculating Destiny, George finally hugged the smallest tree that had been left on the green spot. Its thickness? As thick as a man's arm. But he hugged it anyway.

Why did he hug the small tree?

Without asking for compensation nature, which is always very generous and honorable, provides us with the timely answers.

The vegetal with no ears felt George's thought and answered him with human eyes. As our friend was looking at the branches of the tree he found an answer. He was under a plum tree. He had wanted to hug the fruitless thick trunks, but all of them were taken. But the apparently fruitless thin tree which nobody wanted to hug gave prime sweet nourishing fruits every season.

–Take these plums... given by this tree. –Offered George.

But no-body took anyone from his hand. Neither had they seen the excellent fruits nor they noticed them when George became the tree's spokesman.

But nature is grateful to our indifference and ignorance.

Perhaps do you only see the fruit on the branches and pick it when you really want to enjoy it?

To know nature is to know yourself!

George learned to enjoy entirely his own life: tears and smiles.

With the Ashram's vibrating energy we get rid of our obsessions that make you sick. Your heart opens and the Sanskrit *chakra* spins stronger. And a better clairvoyant intuition is already flowing in your broadened conscience. Our friend met the valuable people at the Ashrams, i.e. Carmen and Antonio, Mari Carmen and Rafa Artola, Paloma and guru Carlos, and finally masters Josué and Elizabet, and so many other fellow travelers.

At the Ashram situated on the Madrilenian mountains Rafa appeared to George amid Antonio's guitar strings.

Led by him George met Hermes again whom Maya had tucked away in a corner of a shelf. But he found in that universal Esoterism master the most hidden universal teachings in *Sapiens*. Only thus did he notice such

knowledge and recognized it. Who knows how long it had been in the background of the rambling memory?

–George, read *The Kybalion* –suggested Rafa Artola to him–. Maybe it's what you're looking for.

–A book?

–More than a book. If you're looking for an answer open *The Kybalion*. Choose a page at random! All the answers you're looking for are inside it. In each sentence and inside you, too.

Rafa revealed him truths, thanks to the reading of *The Kybalion*. And another more crucial truth was revealed to him a few days after when George confused the wise man's nickname for another one. Because when he asked Maya she mocked at him in a non-feminine fit of superiority.

–Do you know Hermes Trimegisto's work? I think it is on the shelf where you keep your books.

–Trimegisto! –She looked at him laughing smugly–: It's Trismegisto!

Who is Maya? What was she hiding?

She did not tell George anything about Hermes and his wisdom!

At the workshop talks, and with Maya in Alcoy, George got embarked on his own training that would help him to identify his own human weaknesses.

One afternoon in May George overheard Maya doing a wee in the bathroom because she had forgotten to close the door.

And as the months went by his host showed new peculiarities which clarified her true personality. Without a mask to hide Maya's real face George understood that her best friend Ángela, psychologist and therapist could lend him a hand.

Off he went to see her:

–Ángeles, I know you can help me to get my own bearings. I have doubts about Maya but...

–Shoot! –Ángela's left held George's.

–... firstly, I need to know who I am.

That elusive afternoon, already dark in Alcoy George's soul wanted to kick his ego out of his own body and life. I did it angrily punching a Taekwondo bag assisted by his friend and therapist Gestalt.

–Impossible, George! Your ego is an inherent part of yourself. You need it.

George did not suspect that his egocentric power in addition to his egomaniacal vigor grew stronger and stronger inside himself every time he hit the bag. Violence and injustice, which are present in our minds, were the best melting pot selfishness needs.

–Get out of my life! –He shook his fists and yelled angrily.

–It's a part of you –repeated Ángeles.

–Get out of my life! –he yelled like a lame-brained, stupid.

Already exhausted George's body, bathed by painful and tender tears, the pride of his ego wiped out at last, George's wise soul already anointed by the purifying pitcher remembered that with childlike kisses between lullabies and whispers his ego fell asleep and healed. That very afternoon our friend plotted a plan: as soon as his individualist and vigorous ego woke up he would re-direct all his energy towards happiness.

Due to those secretive learnings George detected all his mental pathologies and found out that the cure, the overall change always lies in the *will* of your brain. Some people even defend that unconditional love is an *act of* generous and pure *goodwill*.

These findings were possible because for three years George had been cleansing his organs and energy field of contaminants by eating natural and healthy food.

Every day I do apply my friend's teachings.

In the comprehensive regeneration of the spirit one of the basic keys depends on food. I learned it from my friend and I also know it because I do practice it with my own body. No meat no fish, by reducing toxic matter and toxins we nourish by the lacto-ovo-vegetarian diet, which is the miraculous pattern. You should know nutrition is among the secrets of the Greek Physician.

–My thought is as light as a feather.

We heard George say those theories difficult to understand gave rise to new questions.

–Do thoughts weigh, George? It is unfathomable to think a thought may weigh as much as a piece of solid rock!

–Light means free, neither burdens, nor pressures or dependencies nor conditions –he specified it flat and squarely.

–More relaxed, without obsessions! I mean that! –we guessed.

–Nothing judges a thought in a clean and open mind –he conveyed us.

–And all that thanks to food?

–If you cleanse your body of impurities and contamination –he revealed us, comparable to Hermes and the wise man's reflections in his texts– you amplify the grace of intuition.

–How?

–With determination. Let persistence be your cause

If you try to improve your own happiness you need more will than you think. The ambrosia you produce with the fat content of the meat, sugar or with the chemical emotions, are exquisite magnets tempting and chaining *Sapiens*. Thus, he is chained to the material world and feelings. But your spirit possesses the prudence to distinguish and analyze, which is

the fruit of harmony or the so-called Aristotelian *sophorosyne* (self-control).

What ice-creams! Try this one: it's as sweet as honey! And what about this other one?

Our voracious mouth and body always control us through the instruments and resources our brain possesses. Sometimes human beings must gorge themselves to understand their unhealthy attitudes.

I'd like to have an orange juice! Better two! With a buttered bagel.

But these human beings dominated by the excesses of their brains deserve similar respect or maybe more than the ones who flow close to the mental balance since they were born. Did these souls come back with more learned lessons?

–What are you eating? –I asked George one afternoon.

–Some water and this apple. –He bit it.

–Not very much really!

–Quite a lot! Just think that millions of people in the world... have nothing to eat. Do you know that a lot of children are starving to death right now?

Just because of food, after of years of discipline and enjoyment you reach another miracle. By eliminating the animal toxins from your body you complete another vital step towards your essential transformation. You fall asleep rather quickly and you are more conscious during the wakefulness state.

–I do sleep five hours in a row at night and another one while having a nap. This one after lunch.

–Is it enough, George?

–With naturism I feel more vitality inside me. –He bit the apple again.

–Because you have a balanced diet. –I took an orange to peel it.
–Because your body makes the most of food. –He finished eating his
apple.
–And you don't need so much food.
–Because you don't exert your cells so much physically and mentally
–he stated flat and squarely.
–Mental? –I began to peel my orange.
–It's the engine that moves everything. Would you believe me that
cells can think?

Step by step, within the progressive detoxification and purification
our body needs less food. As your organism is lighter, healthier and
balanced because it is recycled cell by cell in order to develop extrasensory
properties and perceptions. These cell-change mechanisms launch us to
unimaginable attitudes. The scientific mind has been researching them
since their existence was known. This vibrating and extrasensory frequency
was discovered thousands of years ago, the Essenian people practiced
vegetarianism within an evolutionary stadium, similar to the legendary
Buddhist kingdom of Shambhala.

All this to have our senses under control and get rid of the external
and the matter.

Within the Essenian congregation the erudites have situated Jesus
Christ as the divine disciple, possessing the superhuman conscience of
Khristos. And they believe he was the *Master of Justice of the Council of
Twelve* (Essenian Institution) stating that Jesus Christ hosted *The Last
Supper* or *Séder de Pésaj (the Jewish Easter)* before he was crucified as a
proof of love to save Mankind.

As time passes, a good ally to *Sapiens* during his growth, you will understand the brain extremisms or polarities hinder your evolution as much or even more than food excesses.

They cannot be noticed when you endure a material slavery, nevertheless with the cell changes you can notice in a natural or innate way several intuitive keys which open orbits and powerful synergies in your neurons.

It happens in such a way due to your thoughts, but only if they emerge from optimism and solidarity.

Then you feel you are plunged into the lifestream which also runs inside you. And finally you act by yourself guided by that global experience beating inside you.

I thought I understood George's explanations and I asked him once again:

–Is it about cosmic energy?

George minimized his conclusion:

–Call it whatever you want. It has been given a different name in each era and civilization, depending on the school analyzing it.

Without a full understanding of it I made other questions:

–Is it energy coming from the outside and flowing towards your inside?

–It comes from everywhere. Because the spell *Sapiens* received when he raised his hand at that meeting with the apes, when he wanted to become a *human being*, allows this energy to flow inside you.

When seven days later we took up that debate on the *universal energy* we had –next to him– a moment of clarity and the premonition that we were facing a fantastic discovery. We were all ears, eager to listen to and feel. Our friend made us understand that human beings within their

comprehensive development are one of the most perfect creations in the universe.

Whenever one sperm –out of millions of different ones– fertilizes a unique egg, the DNA sequence of a new human being made up by a body and a soul is created. But it cannot be repeated because it possesses some common and peculiar alleles. You should know that the natural Genetic Marker of every single human being is unique.

So why do we insist on changing our origin and make clones? The human being is a machine capable of answering to matter and our emotions. The visible and the invisible exist.

The religious litany has professed so for ages and the Quantum Scientific mind is proving it nowadays.

–With your organism cleaned and your glands and hormonal substances at full capacity –George sipped some water– you multiply your energy to infinity.

–What energy?

–You gotta feel it! –He drank some more water from the ladle.

Nobody teaches you in a more reliably way than your emotions, your feelings and your sensory perceptions. The legendary Greek masters already stated at the time that the word is never comparable to the trace left by every vital experience in the human being.

–How can we distinguish that energy from the others? –I begged George to explain it to me.

–It cannot be mistaken if you feel it, sole source of power. –George put the empty ladle on the *wellhead*. There was an empty bucket tied to a rope to lower it down the *well* and take it out full of water.

George has left a little of himself in me.

I learned from George that looking from your heart with your eyes or neuronal soul sensors constitutes one of the secrets of the human evolution.

Another breakthrough in this field is to listen to and feel on the appropriate wave through a gift or sublime quality which penetrates into dimensions of the incorporeal reality.

One Million Books

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You usually become what you read, listen and think.

If there was a beginning there was a *Creator*.

Our will needs an entire life to have several things under control in the shortest lapse of time and for an incalculable time if you are in the pursuit of perfection and believe in reincarnation.

The noble free will –pure human essence– distinguishes *Sapiens* from the rest of apes and species populating this planet. But afterwards *Sapiens* loses it because he is corrupted by the environment and by the purpose of surviving.

The deeper our friend George went into yoga and vegetarianism the more interested he became in it, which gave him the opportunity to socialize with a lot of monitors and masters. With the continuous coming and going of people he always had at hand different points of view on knowledge. Our friend once read that that a newly created life emerges from sleep in a state which cannot be felt by the physical senses as they lay there asleep.

The unrestricted capacity for creation exists in the human being.

It is the so-called theory of *an awoken angel* who is continuously launching mottos to *Sapiens*. The obvious and emotional seed of reality–biogenesis in our mind– falls on barren land if you neglect it.

But on the contrary it germinates if you turn your ideas into facts.

A very hot day in June while paraphrasing novelist Saramago in Portuguese things really heated up during the evening walk with my friend George.

–Who’s blinder a blind person or the one who doesn’t want to see at all? –George asked us before turning his neck towards the blue sky.

Only the chill water of the *Fontana di Trevi* in the mountain helped us to relieve that heat. We drank some water and continued our walk. We reviewed the history of humanity and our unanimous conclusion arrived quickly: first and for a time the greatest achievements of humanity are a utopia arisen from a senseless idea. Are they George’s convictions, too?

–You’re what you think during the day and in your dreams –he enlightened us.

Every thought with immaterial density weighs in your brain as much as the object it represents. Furthermore, over the years it builds up infinite power in your neurons and memory. The prodigious affects and effective catharsis originated by the serotonin –a hormone involved in the emotions of vital optimism whose track is researched by Argentinian doctor Jun Hitzig– are undecipherable today in nearly all its aspects, manifestations and certainly real appearance.

–The power of your mind must always be used in the right way – suggested George.

Without realizing it, the human brain exerts a significant influence to such an extent that it becomes the way you think.

Nowadays you realize only the person exists, a victim of his thoughts and stressing attitudes, which usually happens in our technological and unhealthy society described several centuries ago by the Mayas. Because stress is physically invisible despite being on the list of new diseases which is spreading more and more throughout most of our modern and consumer’s societies in the twenty-first century.

During that afternoon of walking and debating George responded to a psychiatrist who set out his theories on stress through our newspaper Oráculo de Delfos that comes from the Greek “*Gnoqi Seayton*” (“*Know thyself*” if you long for perfection and Happiness):

–To combat effectively an intangible effect like stress... is only possible by using tools belonging to the same vibrating and existential view. I guess it is very complex to heal stress by employing chemicals and drugs. –George stared at him.

Those days of intense gatherings, at a vertiginous speed when George needed it, were surrounded by an aura of knowledge. As he was eager to meet his master again knowledge pursued him at all times. Since then George always finds the appropriate individual besides the timely reading in order to extend his knowledge chain with new complementary and more complex links.

On one occasion a Tao disciple showed George a Chinese Oracle by the marina of Santa Pola: “*Knowing people provides you with wisdom; knowing oneself is illumination*”. He remembered the travelers appearing in the book ‘*La isla sin aurora*’ by Azorín and he went to the workshop of a Japanese instructor in Guardamar who initiated him into Kung-Fu, Mahayana meditation and Zen philosophy.

With this compendium George is delighted with his new vital attitude and wants to put it into practice.

–Our will is the queen of our mental powers –he repeats it once and again.

The association of positive thoughts and human determination with supportive purposes accomplishes wonderful things.

–Everything’s possible on the Earth –he emphasized– for men and women of respectful faiths and constant determination. Let’s take the

example of the Japanese people that have been devastated so many times by earthquakes, atomic bombings and the Fukushima catastrophe.

Nevertheless, if you can stop cooperating with your other mental side, a whimsical and instable hornet inside your head. If it demands and begs you candy, alcohol and other drugs or to harm others your answer must be “*those things for another day*”, but its freedom to propose ideas... yours included must be respected.

The best possible life is similar to your thoughts.

Whenever I am with my friend George or whenever he writes to me I learn how to develop my own way of thinking or mental health. Better thoughts produce better actions. The pure and truthful ideal contains a kind of magnetism, stronger than electricity—check it! and generates the current of energy linking dreams to the earthly matter. The most brilliant discoveries —rather than the fruit of the written logic— are partly possible because of the living logic that develops ideas possessed by mankind in its spirit. It provides facts that can be checked, but no one ought to contradict the hypothesis and converts the new, barren fact into a useful, fertile one. George recalled a last piece of advice by Navarre Ramón y Cajal, Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1906: “*Know, but transform, know, but act.*”

It should be borne in mind that thoughts are multiplied again and again like the ocean waves. Despair will worry you if you have the courage to conquer those thoughts. You will learn that the untamable rhythmical movement will rebel against you or shove in your head.

A Tibetan Lama’s Mala prayer beads with which he counted his ideas in his meditations —after an intense day-after-day finger rubbing— vanished owing to so much thought counting. One morning he realized the only thing was left in his hands was the thin thread used to hold such beads.

And at last he reached the void and liberation of his mind. Maybe he was asleep that night, the equivalent to one hundred years of meditation, counting ideas with the beads he had worn out. Would you be capable of wearing out a single green Tara bead by skimming it with your fingers counting your thoughts? Would you be patient enough to do it?

–You’ll control your thoughts only if you develop your will –stated George.

Whenever an image leaves the human brain some vibrations arise in an uncontrollable way from that vision within our *mental atmosphere* traveling in all directions... and penetrating in people and stirring up their surroundings.

In my last letter to George, because of his love for poetry, I sent him some verses by José Martí, the symbol of the unfinished utopia in Cuba: “*Like a bird crossing the clear air/I feel your thought coming to me/and make a nest in my heart/Let the soul blossom: its branches tremble/like a lad’s lips/ (...)/ From: Tree of my soul.*”

In his answer from Bilbao George sent me a simple Verse by the Cuban poet: “*I do grow a white rose, / both in July and in January,/ for the truthful friend/who lends me his honest hand./And for the cruel who rips off my heart I live with,/I grow neither a thistle nor a caterpillar:/ but a white rose./*”

In just two years, unimaginable within George’s materialist stages, our friend learned from the Vipassana, Shambhala and Shamatha meditations. He also learned Buddhist techniques to control his mind and understand the *Dharma* and *Karma* by means of Kundalini-Yoga by Yogi Bhajan and qi gong and Taichi with Noelia. He knew how to overcome the suffering of *Samsara* and unmask the *maya*’s illusory matter concealing the absolute reality.

Then feng shui, shiatsu, reiki, foot reflexology, acupuncture, chiromassage and energy psychology. Likewise, he was trained on the Enneagram, Steiner's Anthroposophy, Astrology and on the attraction of Andromeda and queen Cassiopeia. Such a compilation that flowed towards George –without being aware of pursuing it– was possible because of Destiny and Fate or who creates us... or Freewill.

You may baptize this spiritual phenomenon with the name or conviction related to you. Although without causes to be analyzed George knew he needed to listen and learn.

Such trainings and others like the healing flowers of Bach, homeopathic medicine and healing by means of the thousand-year-old *Gun Gazing* solar energy based upon the cyclical time set by the rhythms of nature and animal behavior which George fuses and synthesizes everyday thanks to the following motto: *Why do we need so much knowledge without pure and brave acts?*

Set aside theories. Create actions!

Sympathy forgets our own results and needs, expectations and own interests, focused on the rights and needs of the others in the symphony of goodness. If the *Dalai Lama* vibrates in the *bodhitsitta* Matthew (7:12) quotes Jesus of Nazareth as follows: “*so in everything, do to others what you would have them do to you, for this sums up the Law and the Prophets*” “without any time limitation. Because “*if anyone would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me*”, Matthew (16:24).

–Do not let other people's reactions have any influence on you. Be free and grow inside you a noble ego –George stated while we were traveling to Murcia by bus–, because our soul only attains happiness if it lives in conjunction with a vigorous and fair ego.

The more you progress along the altruism path the least worldly tasks are attracted until they disappear from your mind and life. George

breathed into his soul the *Bhagava-Gita* and *Kriya Yoga* by Yogananda, Ramakrishna by Ramdas and Krisnamurti. He felt the conscience irradiated by *Samadhi* and *Satori* (*Gù, oh*). Because the holy writings of the Vedas share with the Western ones that “*God is the state of eternal Bliss*” and love is born from the essence of the Supreme Being as well as wisdom and happiness that appear to the saints in that vision loved by each belief.

–Christians see Christ like Hindus see *Krishna* or the Great Divine Mother.

Gurus, who are aware of the “I Am” in the form of an infinite light, head for their impersonal aspect or the wonderful voice sound “*Om*”, *The Word made flesh* in the Buddhist transmutation, *The Supreme Perfection* or the Holy Ghost. George has been inspired by the *Swami* wisdom that spreads the *Surya* light and which George felt on *Emptiness*, a skill meant to observe and tackle the interpretations of your *insatiable* ego.

A hot evening in the pine forest George addressed his fellow members:

–You think if you just pray to God He will fulfill your dreams.

–George, do you think that if you ask Him for something He will bring you anything negative? –I waited for his answer.

–First you must be grateful for everything and then you must resolutely and courageously undertake every situation arising in your life– George answered me.

–Painful sufferings and facts inclusive?

–Learning is everything! –he proved it with a scar and other sad experiences we already knew about.

–To learn from pain and suffering? –there was an anonymous objection.

–You must be always eager to learn! –he stated.

You can tune your will power to the *divine will*. It is about tuning to the zenithal power Jesus and the other Children of God possess. Whenever Christ says “*thy will be done*” instead of his own will as a corporal ego, The Messiah is trying to convey a message of humility to Man. He is simply asking you to return your egomaniac free will subject to desires and suffering and give it back to the superior *universal will*.

In the middle of the Christological lesson and the interesting debate George revered an admirable woman:

–Her soul’s wisdom and pure, appealing love! –He took out a picture of Teresa of Calcuta to show it to us.

He praised the generous nun’s mystical meditations. She lived modestly and dedicated her life to serving the poor. And he remembered Mother Teresa’s advice:

“People are often unreasonable and self-centered. Forgive them anyway. If you are kind, people may accuse you of ulterior motives. Be kind anyway. If you are honest, people may cheat you. Be honest anyway. If you find happiness, people may be jealous. Be happy anyway. The good you do today may be forgotten tomorrow. Do good anyway. Give the world the best you have and it may never be enough. Give your best anyway. For you see, in the end, it is between you and God. It was never between you and them anyway.” Such experiences led the Saint to the fullness of joy.

As the book “*A Thousand and One Nights*” illustrates the followers of the so-called *Shahrazâd effect* (The Persian princess that according to legend saved her life by telling her husband and executioner tales night after night until Shahrayar had a change of heart) sustain that communication strengthens the human relationship.

–We evolve thanks to the words and language –summed up George.

In the Sapiens' mammal male, his feature of yearning for sexual novelty and procreating is an old instinct difficult to have under control. Research sustains that the gradual biological development of the human brain blesses every cognitive progress which has been evolving since the Neanderthal age, fostering and improving the communication between males and females.

Unstoppable evolution towards the full equality between men and women as free human beings.

–Whenever any man finds his femininity he feels a kind of revolution –assured George as he had experienced it a few years ago–. Unfinished human revolution like the one led by Che and Fidel in Cuba through the guerrilla spirit that propelled the *Granma* yacht ashore.

–Femininity within masculinity? How is that phenomenon explained? –inquired a skeptical voice.

–*Yin* emerging with *Yang* into a unique and complete Being, in accordance with the Eastern philosophy. Or the lunar column *Boaz* (femininity) and the solar one *Jakin* (masculinity) supporting the mythical temple of Solomon, symbol of the harmony of Humans.

–Is it a revolutionary process? –I wanted to look into the subject in detail.

–Crucial for humanity. Because from femininity always arises creativity and the new life.

A few moments later, on the way we drank water from a spring. George argued that a man's mental masculine inclination as well as his will power and family circumstances influence on the pursuit of more sophisticated and stimulating activities with women. A man will leave – with more or less difficulty– his impulsive vehement obsessions of changing woman, depending on how his cognitive development evolves and in the way he feels his inner femininity.

–This male cycle feeds their biological improvement –said George– making his brain bigger to lodge greater neuronal capacities as well as the generalization of skills originally more originally typical to the feminine sensitivity and imagination.

After a few minutes of deep, silent meditation we drank water from the spring again before reviving the traces of that initiation gathering:

–Truth is permanent and eternal! –George gratefully recalled the memory of his mentor Hermes.

One of the ladies taking part in that gathering deepened into the character and clarified that Hermes is the Greek name for *Thot* in Egyptian, *Cadmus* in Phoenician, and *Enoch* in Hebrew, all of them coming from the same alleged person, descendant of Adam and Methuselah. Sofia compared Hermes’ wisdom to “*the bread of life and the vine tree of life*” by The Good Shepherd in a fairer world. Once you have overcome the superficial wishes it is then when you recognize yourself and reach that state of full happiness. There were of course other contributions that enriched that debate.

Joan explained something about Psychology and the so-called Western occultism place great emphasis on the purity of thought.

Whereas, in the Eastern culture *Karma* is the action towards Perfection without obviating the Law of Cause and Effect, in the Eastern culture it is thought that creatures of the realms who are said to be inferior to humans are mindless and may generate judgments because they cannot distinguish what is right and wrong or what must be done, *karma* cannot not be generated in such a way, though.

One Saturday *Kumara* invited him to her small bright glazed house in Las Torres de Cotillas (Murcia) where he learned about *Tana* (“*Insatiable thirst caused by what you do not have and frustration by what you have*”)

and he observed in the habit of the reaction in order to break *the evil chain* (action-reaction-action-reaction-...). He felt *Shila* (“*right word, right action and ethical life*”) and *Garuda*’s wisdom (“*bird of soul and freedom*”) in an endless flight with its wings already balanced (*Love-Compassion* and *Wisdom*).

As he had experienced so much in such a short period of time George shared communion in retreats and *nyntüm*. He knew about the Jewish Sanhedrin and the Catholic synods. He met faithful followers of Henry Dunant at the Red Cross, of Teresa de Calcuta and Vicente Ferrer, Chiara Lubich and father Angel at Mensajeros de la Paz, Tagore, Gandhi and Lanza del Vasto, Saint Germain, La Ferrière, Leadbeater, Stanislav Grof and Eckhart Tolle, Erich Fromm, Sondra Ray, Conny Méndez. He also mastered Osho’s meditations.

He was introduced to a Sephardic follower of Erasmus exiled in Sofia and Jesuits who were friends of Pedro Arrupe in the mutilated city of Hiroshima.

A member of the group explained the Reiki Japanese technique, albeit the laying on of hands had been known by different religions and spiritual traditions long ago. Juan emphasized that Master Jesus and his disciples also laid on their healing hands. The initiation into Reiki with Alejandro enables you to be a healer, according to this supportive master. Because the *universal energy* is channeled through your *chakras* as well as neuronal and spiritual nets scattered throughout your body.

George learned from Yoga the hormonal benefits inherent in the physical and spiritual activation of the seven *chakras*, the unstoppable *Anahata* in his chest and the cerebral flow of *Sahasrara*’s reborn spirit. He practiced the *daikomios* at a master’s home and George felt the assumption of five messages in his soul, gifts he remembers when he wakes up and

repeats every morning, guidelines which he follows everyday and implements in his thoughts.

He had sponge-like qualities, George was eager and carving for experiencing the transformative learning, with no dogmas nor university degrees, and assuming the essence of the seven sacraments in a symbiotic relationship with the ten *sefiroth* of the Qabbalah and *Tyfereth's* infinite compassion combined with *Shekinah's* feminine energy, the key to the mystical journey of the awakening of the soul. He put into practice Freud and Jung's theories on dreams as well as the ones by Penroe. He studied and debated the theories by ba-gua and the Super Chords theory on parallel universes, supersymmetrical to the one we live in when we are awake.

And he experienced in his own body Dr. Cabouli's regression techniques to past lives based upon Brian Weiss.

That afternoon while the group was exploring other paths in the mountain outside our usual route of walks, George assured that he listened, read and learned in no more than twenty-four months at the speed of whom remembers what he had forgotten.

Why do we always associate religion to the place of birth and to the violent fundamentalism if Man was born from Sapiens and to a single family? Why do you read *Genesis*, The Talmud, the Bible, the *Bhagavad Guita* or the *Qur'an...* to the letter like a dogma?

Our friend consolidated his belief in the talks he had with *Bab* devotees to convey the message of the world reconciled in the diversity.

George told us the happiness he felt when he first met Farhad:

–*Allahuabha!* (God is the Greatest Glory!) –the Persian man welcomed him.

–¡Allahuabha! –George hugged him.

–With a pure, radiant, gentle heart...–Farhad offered him one of his mottos.

–... make yours an old perennial, everlasting sovereignty: Freedom! Love! –George finished it as if another being were inside his body and answered for him.

The self-sacrificing *Bahá'í* with his shiny balding head and skin tanned by the desert sun prays everyday that if someone warmly wishes friendship with all the creatures, that spiritual blessing brotherhood will be spread and the desire of others will be combined. The goal is to grow more and more until embracing the whole human mind.

In the middle of the afternoon Farhad let him into his classroom where he was telling the kids a tale inspired on Bah-á'u'lláh's tables:

“Ye are even as the bird which soareth, with the full force of its mighty wings and with complete and joyous confidence, through the immensity of the heavens, until, impelled to satisfy its hunger, it turneth longingly to the water and clay of the earth below it, and, having been entrapped in the mesh of its desire, findeth itself impotent to resume its flight to the realms whence it came. Powerless to shake off the burden weighing on its sullied wings, that bird, hitherto an inmate of the heavens, is now forced to seek a dwelling-place upon the dust. Wherefore, O My servants, defile not your wings with the clay of waywardness and vain desires, and suffer them not to be stained with the dust of envy and hate, that ye may not be hindered from soaring in the heavens of My divine knowledge.” A blonde girl stood up and kissed the master.

K`ung-fu-tzu, a wise, calm, slim Chinese disciple in the city of Alicante with a mentality as flexible as bamboo invited him to have a vegetarian dinner where the messages George had received up till then

were corroborated: “*No matter how far our spirit goes it will never go farther than our heart.*”

In retreats with the millenarian Buddhist Sutras in Ontinyent with Paloma and Chelo George’s polite ego tuned to the four unfathomable thoughts: loving-kindness, compassion, sympathetic joy. And the soul rejoiced at the truth and wisdom of Mother Tara’s shining *unifying energy*.

Other afternoons our friend comforted us because his heart let in *Bhagaván* or *Srī Krsna*, holder of **opulence: knowledge, richness, power, beauty, fame** and the most liberating key: **renunciation**. We never saw George loaded with books or folders. The word of George flowed through his examples and actions.

–I sought nobody –he stated while walking along the corridor after the meditation session. We followed him to the door of the house and went out to the terrace.

–How did so much education and knowledge appear around you, George?
–this phenomenon enchanted me and asked him by the spring.

–My friend, the human being is a magnet!

–A magnet that attracts with a look and a smile –it was the first thing I thought.

–The smile disappears, albeit its memory sometimes lasts forever. A smile costs nothing but it creates infinitely. –George longed for Fletcher and touched the translucent water of the spring.

Our brain stores up secrets which are unreachable so far by the traditional science.

We could read a question in George’s eyes without saying a single word: Do you know what’s within a look and a smile?

–Kindness, warmth –I answered in my simplicity as the water of the spring was flowing down.

–There is vibration! The language of an invisible dimension.

During that training session we went on walking, with the canopy of heaven full of stars. Due to fasting and gradual detoxification and thanks to his new diet George consolidated the renewal of his vital rhythms. He told us he sometimes does not eat for several days. He drinks juices and water. Salads and vitamin C nourish our ego. But by themselves they are only material substances which do not sustain the soul at all. A magnificent transmutation filled George with energy for hours, for several days, without eating anything: he went to bed with an empty stomach following Paloma's advice, who was an ashram meditation master.

Without nutrients or waste moving inside you when you are asleep your own experiences, meditations and contemplations begin to be very intense, better defined within the oneiric plane.

–Thanks to that material emptiness he remembered his dreams more clearly when he woke up.

–How did you achieve it?

–On a piece of paper I had on my bedside table –he summarized– I wrote down the images which were present in my mind when I opened my eyes.

During the regeneration process fostered by his will at sunrise George felt an unbelievable experience to his own mind. He woke up with tears of joy in his eyes. That afternoon we all lived moments of skepticism and confusion due to his words. We were all intrigued by the harmonious look he had on his countenance, which I have never seen again on anyone else. And Tomás *Dídimo* shot his doubts:

–Tears of joys? Of pain? Suffering?

–Happiness, because in my dreams I felt three white-light beings next to me. While I was sleeping in my bed... –he continued– they were around my head.

–And did they speak to you?

–With no sound... through a vibration similar to a feeling of inner peace.

–“*We are gonna forgive you soon! Soon!*” –they repeated it again and again–he made it clear to us.

–Forgive you, why?

–In that dream, in the depth of my heart I felt I had hurt those three souls before. –He touched his chest.

–Who to? What three souls?

–I saw my daughters and *Batu* suffering wrapped up in a white cloud of infinite kindness –he confessed excitedly–, looking from the window as I was leaving the parental nest.

–The three light-emitting beings you saw were your three Dulcineas!

–I sensed that from George’s vision.

–They didn’t have a human shape. I only saw three bright beams and their faces.

–You just had a dream, that’s all! It’s all in your mind or due to your feelings of guilt you needed to heal –I calm him down.

–A dream or whatever it was changed my life since that very day.

On that day George had woken up amongst tears very early in the morning, according to him and for the first time in his own life he felt an unforgettable state of immense happiness.

–Did you learn from that dream?

–The following day everything began... Everything around me, more and more people, lead me to happiness. Now I live, learn and feel with my heart.

At that moment we got out of our path and went into an orange orchard, as if we had gotten off a cloud, and decided to go back to the ashram. That night we had vegetable broth for dinner. After the silent

soiree I felt the message from our friend. Thanks to those tears George consciously lives in peace, as a praise for master Sócrates who once said “*I only know one thing that I know no-thing*”

Why?

Because wisdom is beyond the word, as well as happiness invisibly vibrates behind every fact. Since I read in our friend’s eyes his spirit is encouraged by a truth that surpasses the boundaries of erudition and mystery. What supreme truth? You want to know. Will you dare to experience it? Some remarkable examples are the lives led by Gandhi, Pope Wojtyla, Mother Teresa of Calcuta and Mandela.

Let it be!

You should know that even though you read one million books the best school to learn is to live your own life.

Perhaps were you waiting for theoretical answers or dogmas?

Learn always from life by living it and feeling happiness –it will be easier than you imagine.

Dare to live! Have the courage to sail!

Because you are a crew member of the vessel shown on the back page of this book. Give up darkness and ignorance, learn and share.

Tartuffe, The Minotaur

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Take a step towards the light and it will take one thousand steps towards you. *The Desired Presence...* maintains the invisible fruit of learning in every relationship, it shells the seeds and hides them inside you –only offered to you if they are ripen in your soul. At the beginning we are incapable of understanding and interpreting and event or fact happening around us. Solving the *puzzle* of why a particular relationship or fact arises

in order to learn and progress to the next lesson in due time depends only on you.

While having another walk with George we walked past the same orange orchard we had visited the previous day. On that Saturday we were walking in the golden evening sun. The lavender gave off its nice scent and deep blue glares. Suddenly, I bumped into a rock hidden under the grass. Due to the vibrations produced, which went up through the tree trunk, some dewdrops tinkled on the leaves. The musical composition on the orange tree branch by the symphony of the earth and sky merged with the fertile soil where the tree had been born and the clouds loaded with water and life. I kicked the rock again to dig it up, and it was then when George eloquently asked me:

–Do you think you hit that rock by chance? Do you think we run into people on the street for no apparent reason?

My first kick had arisen from fate or Destiny driving our reason crazy. But what about the second kick?

–I stumbled over the rock by chance, but then I did kick it on purpose.

–How many times do you have to stumble? –George asked a question and then another–: In your memory, do you get any meaning of it?

There is training in every relationship.

Philosopher Descartes suggested that we should only recognize the evident as something real, divide difficulty in parts to attack it much better and then analyze simple things to face complex ones.

Does our soul keep eternal things despite we change our face?

Experiences share you from life to life and prepare you for subsequent encounters?

After six in the evening a question began to fill me with contradictions:

–Master, free will counts, doesn't it?

We were walking towards the sun that was playing amid the pine trees when George enlightened us:

–You can choose with whom, when and where, but the outcome of it is chosen by Destiny, usually beyond our reasoning and human logic.

Theories sow doubts and fears that divert you from the most accessible and natural path.

Goethe wisely said “*theories are gray; only the green tree with golden fruits is life.*” Why did the German genius leave us his poignant *Marienbad Elegy*? Because he had the courage to live fearlessly to suffer and feel pain: he was in love with Ulrike and wanted to marry her but the young lady rejected the already old man who wrote *Faustus*.

Does it matter to stumble one hundred times if we learn from such stumbles?

It was almost seven when we got near the pine forest and the sun was setting when our friend cleared the path of that stumble:

–Nagarjuna's *Precious Guirnalda* shows a great secret.

George surprised us. But within my boldness he made me think.

–Is it a magic formula?

My cheerfulness enhanced by the pinkish-orange sunset and the cicadas' arpeggios in the pine forest my foot did not hurt anymore I instantly forgot about it. I did not even remember that stumble.

And George glossed Buddhist Indian philosopher Nagarjuna:

–I wish I were the joy of pleasure for all the sensitive beings, according to their desires and without my selfish interferences, –recalled the Hindu Mahatma desiderata– like the sun, the earth and water, fire and wind, herbs and wild forests –nature so generous to humanity. Let's learn

from it how to transfer its nobleness and equanimity to our human relationships and coexistence.

George clarified he was learning from life at the time at Maya's house. Do not forget he left Orihuela to settle down in Alcoy. Over there his life went by without any shocks. But the secrets of every relationship began to show up little by little because the new couple's link plotted by Destiny wanted George to deepen into friendship and love.

Because everybody should recognize the lessons arising along our lives and assuming them which is the purpose of the human evolution.

Two weeks before he moved to Alcoy George told us that Maya had telephoned him from Havana to let him know she was absolutely sure about the end of her relationship with her young Cuban lover, "*impossible love*", according to her. After apologizing to him she asked him twice to live with her at her home and besides, she begged George to give her a loyal treatment because she was abandoning her lover for him.

He could hear through the telephone the background music of the song which was being played and he made out the lyrics: "*Blame the cha-cha-chá...!*"

–Would you like to come back with me, George? Come home. I'd be very pleased if you came!

George continued hearing the song on the telephone: "*Blame the cha-cha-chá...!*"

If Maya had played that song on purpose in a jukebox it would have been a malicious trick by someone who was begging fair play. But suspecting that Maya was lying to him or manipulating him would have been a disloyal suspicion of someone who was offering unconditional friendship.

–How are you asking me to be loyal, Maya! Where are you now? In Cuba, aren't you? Who with? I'm here alone waiting for your return. Yes, I'd like to live with you in Alcoy and be your partner.

–I came to Cuba to say goodbye to him, please forgive me! I'm telling you the truth, George!

Our friend bet on enjoying his life.

And as he trusted Maya and her words he packed and left for Alcoy leaving behind all his ghosts and doubts.

But sometimes things come about the other way round you think.

Two weeks after in Alcoy, when Maya had him in her apartment having agreed his rent Maya's mouth changed its likes. In a few days our friend felt she had changed her face and gestures to become a cruel landlady. She lacked the loyalty she had begged him in order to feel confident as she had broken up with her Cuban buddy. So Maya decided to break up her commitment with George. She made a fresh start dominated by her interested *insatiable ego*.

Do words and promises fall as sometimes dreams do?

Should *Sapiens* only be confined to his needs as desires often upset him?

But if he showed restraint his vital training process would only be pure theory with no heart or feelings, dead and lifeless.

With the electrocardiogram gone mad, Maya woke up that day before George. She had left the Tartuffe manual she was reading on the bedside table. She loved reading Molière. It was May, the virginal flower month when she secretly bought a ticket to return to the Caribbean island and enjoy her Cuban lover. Maya knocked off work at noon. Fifteen minutes before showing up at home her high-heeled shoes clicked at the lobby of the apartment building. But Maya's clicking walked further away

down the street. Platform shoes and buns protect us from our complex about being short.

For five minutes George did not hear her heels clatter: He was sure Maya had stopped somewhere.

After twenty minutes our friend then heard a noise of a key in the lock. Maya crept silently without clattering her heels. He looked at her face and saw something strange –she had had her eyebrows plucked and her cheeks were swollen. Bulging eyes. She reminded him of a frog he had seen in the irrigation ditch of his childhood. Maya had suffered the sudden and Kafkaesque Metamorphosis in *George's mind*. Nothing was left on her face of her kind heart or the loving woman who had invited him to live at her home. He was sure it was a subjective performance.

How could everything change in such a short time?

Although she was not a very attractive lady George blindly admired Maya's beauty, but suddenly he stopped admiring her and began to feel an inexplicable revulsion against her.

His hostess left her handbag on the couch and invited him to enjoy an ice-cream at *Chocolates Valor* terrace. As they were walking down the stairs Maya did not say a single word. A flock of nervous pigeons were fluttering around on the sidewalk in front of them.

Maya and George were walking along the Santa Rosa Avenue.

She picked a daisy from a nearby garden. It immediately died of thirst between her fingers. Maya began to sweat and started coughing nervously. George was surprised at so much sweat. Already sitting down in front of the glass George drank short sips of his favorite drink, cinnamon milk. She savored her chocolate mousse. Maybe she thought he would understand her without using words if she told him eating an ice-cream matching the color of her lover's skin. But George played the fool to make

her talk. If you put your partner to the test as Maya did with two men – George and the Cuban guy– your doubts become more relevant.

In the same way David desired Bathsheba and wanted to kill her annoying husband when he saw her naked, Maya wanted to get rid of her apartment mate as if she had dreamed of that black guy in an orgasmic lake.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon Maya opened the bull pen door and charged at George while her chocolate ice-cream was melting down her mouth:

–I'll bring back my friend from Cuba. –She put two tablespoons of black mousse into her mouth and then she made some excuses and threw the Minotaur's horns against him. Was it to make up for the wounds left by other men who had been unfaithful to her or to settle an unbearable dilemma?

George's heart was in his mouth.

The scent of the cinnamon he was sipping vanished.

He furiously remembered *Othello* played by tenor Placido Domingo. And then he felt a sad pianissimo duet sung by Pavarotti and Caballé.

But he put his hand on his left side to cover the treacherous stab. At the same time he took out his capote (cape) with the mastery of bullfighters Belmonte and Curro Romeo and fought back the beast's rushes.

–What will happen to me, Maya?

–Stop making wild guesses, George! Neither do I know whether he will come nor when I want you to be with me as my best friend.

–She jumped over the barrier and took refuge behind her cowardice and doubts.

–And about what I want? A free, happy and stable couple.

–Stay with me, George. As my best friend! –she castled on her insecurity.

–You must marry him in his country to bring him to Spain –he foretold her.

Once his sentence was heard Maya got involved in more unstable whims:

–If I married him, which is the last thing I’d dream of, –(she was thinking about it and that’s why she said so, unaware of the power of the mind and of the word!)–, would you leave my apartment when he gets to Alcoy?

–Well! I could continue living in your apartment with both of you as your tenant and best friend as you always say! –George paid her with the same coin as Maya was unsuccessfully trying to conceal her anxiety.

–Are you nuts! –she bossily interrupted him–: You went to Cuba and he met you... knowing we were living together. The three of us together: Impossible!

–A free relationship... due to his good Havanan humor, youth and open-mind nothing seems to be strange. I want to feel the authentic friendship at your home. In the same way I saw you two kissing on El Malecón!

–Impossible! –She anxiously swallowed the last spoonful of mousse and stood up rudely, showing her coward and greedy ego–: Now I want you to be just a friend!

–And about what I want? Help me to love really by your side being him your partner in the apartment!

That night George had ‘*bitter rice*’ for dinner, which reminded him of Italian actor Vittorio Gassman.

After eight days Maya commended her soul to San Antonio and flew over the Atlantic Ocean while George was purifying his feelings by himself just like someone doing the laundry. Solitude convinced him of moving to another apartment.

He told it to Maya when he collected her at the airport:

–I need to leave your apartment. But if you want I could come back later on.

–You want to stay with me but you’re leaving now! How long? I do understand nothing! And then you want to come back again? What are you up to, George?

As we were crossing the pine forest and he was telling us about Maya and her contradictions and wishes, George’s temper aroused our thirst for learning from his own experience. He had been gored, a blow that would have broken the toughest head, but that very cruel fact was used as the reason for weighing up his will and rectitude, allowing our friend to turn the tables.

A week after George had already settled at Raquel’s apartment with her two naughty kids and he felt relieved because he finally understood the decision he had taken to be away from Maya for a short while. He was pretty sure, with no conditions, of his capacity to resume the tasks undertaken with Maya. And as he was absolutely certain about it he told her straightforward:

–Maya, I can go back to your apartment now! I’ll leave your apartment for love when the Cuban guy arrives –George said, but she only noticed attachment in his words, contaminated by the dependency that had chained her to a desire.

–I don’t even know if he is coming... or when. Think of me, forget tomorrow! –She whined looking at him pitifully, concealing the harsh reality from him she was arranging all the papers to marry her lover in Cuba–. Stay with Raquel a few more days. Then you can come back home!

Maya would rather have him far away because she was afraid George would take to his heels if he knew about her wedding arrangements.

And worse: was she desperate thinking she would be left on her own by such a bureaucratic and economic venture?

You only miss something when you don't have it!

As Maya was on the verge of obsession by the Havanan magnet and she wanted to avoid their wedding in Cuba, she unsuccessfully asked a friend of hers who owned a company to lend her a hand by hiring the Cuban lad in his business. She also asked Angeles to recruit him for her Health Club with the same result. But it is impossible to dodge experiences. Because every choice taken by our freewill can turn into a proclamation which cosmos brings to your present life, although you may regret having taken that initial decision.

–No-one and nothing –assured George to us– can hinder what a soul has chosen to live and feel.

–Death can prevent it... –I added.

–But for a short time! This body dies but you'll resume it in another one thanks to the eternal existence, whatever you wanted to avoid in a previous life. That's why it's repeated again and again... until you accomplishes your challenges and evolve –he argued.

George continued with the story of his experiences in Alcoy:

After seven days of separation and that short stay George spent at Raquel's with her children, our friend had gone back with Maya. She had dispelled her doubts clandestinely and was determined to marry the Cuban guy in Havana without telling anyone.

No sooner had George entered the apartment than he searched in his heart the reason for his presence there again.

Our friend roamed within the *maze* day and night, one week, two... unable to find the way out. At daybreak, after a restful night's sleep, the first thing he did was to reassert himself, silently with his eyes closed in the five reiki principles written by Usui: *"Just for today, do not anger. Do not worry and be filled with gratitude. Devote yourself to your work. Be kind to people."*

George's fond memories make me happy and I enjoy them.

He was unable to make out how fertile was his return to Maya, carrying out his pact for friendship to the letter, being free of his sexual chains. And he also received another sign, after giving up to be Maya's partner, when he just felt as her friend and tenant. The miracle, that other indication, happened a few minutes before sunrise in a fleeting thought as if that message had arrived on the fast small wings of a hummingbird called Mercury.

The scenario: the road to work before dawn and lighting of that road.

The fact: George ran over a dog that died in the accident.

On the magnificent German shepherd's eyes George saw his own soul, serenity of the one that was dying in a redemptive sacrifice. And just there, while returning to Maya's apartment he had a brief thought and discerned his mission on the animal's merciful look. They were George's eyes reflected on the animal's pupils, lit by the car lights, as when he was a kid and he saw and felt his mother's feelings reflected in the glass panes she was cleaning in the kitchen. This story told by my friend vividly tempted my deepest concerns. They left a deep trace on me forever!

We were all ears while he was explaining the dog accident in the pine forest:

–The sight of the animal's happy eyes outshone such a fright for braking my car very hard –he said.

–You’d killed him!

–Kill him? He offered himself, he died for me in the accident so that I could see in his pupil the shortest way to love.

Without fear for the outcome the dog kindly gave his fading skin so that George would complete his task. That animal’s look was like a clean mirror in George’s own soul, beyond the logical thought. The dog’s choked barks, his message of clairvoyant goodness in his eyes penetrated into George to feel his present day and the future. He understood much better his past and the lesson he had to tackle with Maya.

In the throes of death the German shepherd dog accepted his end, aware of his inexcusable task, for the animal a physical and painful task in view of his own death. The remains of whipped flesh. Gorgeous animal, divine essence, dragged by the car body flogs up the road, the Way of the Cross. Bitter events contain necessary experiences to evolve. Another step forward within the dog’s and George’s eternal existence?

Who rested on the seventh day... Abraham would sacrifice his son Isaac for the sake of love. Is everything done to ensure that *Sapiens* guesses the shortest way to eternity? Abraham did not hesitate to prove his faith in the Protector of Man’s children...

George stopped in a forest glade and looked us in the eye. His explicit green pupils –*one thousand leagues under the fire* in our hearts– pointed out the way to follow.

–Did you understand that the dog had died for you? –I asked him the obvious point of view of that mishap.

And George once again had to assist me with his Word:

–The animal experienced the car accident happily. I did feel it in his look.

We thought that was an incompatible situation:

–Death and happiness together? –I scorned it because I believed it was a sophism.

–It was evident the animal showed no attachment to the physical world. Full happiness!

Very few people accept that with the extinction of our body a transitory stage of our life ends within the *requiem aeternam* transmutation (eternal peace) thanks to death –eternal and illogical peace for our material reasoning.

In the dog's eyes, the mirror of his soul (George's too) George saw his look reflected in the beautiful animal's pupils and heard the German shepherd dog's goodness and his too. To become a better human being in the next life he had to love Maya and her lover too! Like a human being in an act of faith the animal seeing the car coming towards him at full speed remained in the middle of the road motionless in a human-like attitude so that George came out of the accident uninjured.

Did the dog's soul climb a rung of that ladder at that moment as your own soul hopes to climb to the highest levels of evolution?

Are you leaving behind something undone in this life?

If you could be reincarnated would you return after death?

Listen to yourself... and answer yourself!

Of so many shared feelings since I met George in the park by the *Alcoyan lilies* the parable about the dog's eyes which was like a mirror for the one who was looking at them, left an permanent mark on me.

Our friend standing up showed me what my blindness had never imagined:

–On seeing the image of Maya and her lover kissing each other printed in the beautiful animal's eyes I felt I was going back to her

apartment to be next to her, to love her just in the same way as the dog had done for me!

The riddle made me understand everything:

–To help her to marry by giving up your own desires in order to help the couple to be happy.

–What *joyful sacrifice!*

Is it a *unique opportunity* to love and evolve in this life?

In the end and for George's benefit he stepped forward love which constituted the final step so that his worldly ego allowed a light beam to pass.

Because of the flesh given by the animal to protect his own our friend assured us he deeply felt the meaning of sacrifice as well as he understood how dangerous was to drive faster than 85 miles along a narrow road at night. George then learned two important lessons on that very road, tempestuous way like every experience we must confront.

Whenever possible take your foot off the accelerator:

Slow down your own life, enjoy the trip, the scenery and every experience arising during the day.

Because that is one of the faces of happiness.

Step by step we progressed in the discussion along the path padded by George's words and actions. The sun, enlightening the open area guarded by the pines, cleared our path: let your conscience grow, open and expand to the infinite.

–What direction, master? –we all looked at George.

–Here, in the mountain or in your lives? Follow the way your courage and devotion indicate you. It is difficult for a climber to find two similar ways on a cracked wall of a cliff. Everybody climbs the ladder at his own pace.

That afternoon the cicadas were sweetly sawing the pine trees performing a virtuous, harmonic concert by genius Pau Casals.

By giving me the benefit of doubt within this physical world of limitations and attachment welded to my shell, I moved forward a few yards along the path to catch up with the head of the group. I caught up with George and walked next to him:

–George, how could I embrace the hidden spirit under my skin? –I appealed to his great experience.

–By means of a strong will to be ready to undertake any actions towards perfection, you will only be able to climb to the *Devas*' level... – George mentioned the guru's sentence he had learned at the ashram.

In principle, without any sense the triumphant dog's death freed him from all his corporal constraints thanks to the accident and his death had created in George the necessary alchemy to fully understand the reason why he had returned to Maya.

Once that mysterious lesson was assimilated he took the rightful path, to live at his friend's apartment again. George's mind had beaten to the compass of the animal's heart lying on the roadside. And he felt the love his four-legged German shepherd dog companion had conveyed to his soul with his own death.

Would the dog be born with two legs in his next life?

It was already dawn on that road.

While he was driving to work slowly with the front parts of his automobile tied up to the car body, George had a better understanding of the animal's and his own mission far away from his hometown. On the way to his destination, an idea he had had in a dream during his short stay at Raquel's apartment came back to him: He had dreamed that Maya still needed him by her side. Without needing to know "why" or the reasons

and after seeing his friend with her Cuban lover reflected in the German shepherd dog's eyes he felt their fates and acts continued being linked up.

It was getting dark and they all were already tired after all that walking and chatting. The group had already scattered in several groups on leaving the forest –I was flabbergasted!– in just a second Venus winked at us.

When we were all together again and crossing a thyme field George stated:

–I felt the message of the dog ran over in the accident.
Unconditional love!

–You saw your own look in the animal's eyes. Your own feelings.

Indeed, many times the person you have in front of you works as a mirror within each situation. You believe you see in him deficiencies and virtues alien to you. But in fact it is a mirror reflecting deficiencies and virtues of the one who looks at or judges him.

We went into Estrella's garden and we were together again.

At the time our hostess was fostering a Saharan girl that summer.

We had some tomato sandwiches with olive oil for supper, *acorn cured ham* and *Idiazabal* cheese prepared by Teresa and Julian, a Basque couple of journalists spending their vacation over there.

George ate an apple first. Very sweet dessert! Banana mousse with cherries from the Jerte Valley...

Ata from Orihuela recited one of his witty poems. He made us laugh, but we also thought just the same. His knowledge and pedagogy is like that. We all together looked at the sky and I said goodbye with a kiss to the air until the following walk.

George returned to Maya's apartment to face a problem she was hiding to him, which our friend had suspected for months. He wanted to reciprocate her support when she encouraged him to change his job and his own life, now he wanted to back her up to change her own life. Dare to be happy by: getting married in Cuba and bringing her husband to Alcoy. But she was not aware of George's generous intentions because she had not told him she was arranging her wedding papers in Havana for fear of losing George.

George returned to Maya's apartment and found a surprise there.

As George has been staying with Raquel for a few days Maya had brought into her apartment a buddy or crony –she is the only one who can clarify such a condition!– to whom she talked in a sweet way to encourage him to abandon his wife. Was it in case the Cuban guy failed her and George ran away with *Lady Liberty*?

Was she trying to find in Abel an acolyte?

Another exciting or obedient *spinning top*?

That mean intention can be concealed until such a disguise falls off by a mistake and then a kind of maniac arises inside us.

–He's sleeping in my son's empty bedroom because he just split up with his wife –Maya flatly told George looking at him arrogantly.

–How sure you are, Maya! He has just told me he's thinking about it! Drink this glass of cold milk. Your temperature will go down. You're very excited about your friend's issue!

Whenever both your brain and heart boil till they evaporate because of a visceral and vested passion then the beast you carry inside you shows its paws hidden by its refined manners. Maya sipped her milk and felt like puking:

–He's divorcing her! I'm sure he's divorcing her! –the know-it-all girl said while moving her hand with the glass back and forth, like dancing

a waltz and nodding interestingly—: He’s fed up with his wife! He never chose what he’s now!

–Maya, stop sowing the seeds of discord. Respect his sexual inclinations!

–Abel is like the brother I’ve never had. –She sipped I bit of milk again—: I’d never hurt him! He’d better divorce once and for all!

In his early forties Abel had a sweet face. He was getting bald with receding hairlines on both sides of his forehead. He had wasp’s eyes with a hyena’s laugh and ant’s biceps. He drank so much coffee that instead of blood caffeine flowed through his veins. He was very skilled in espionage and empty talk, and tolerated Maya to interfere in his life at her will, surely under the motto “*you scratch my back and I’ll scratch yours.*” Had she been influenced by her vested sister-like love and because she was advising Abel? Her attitude of the anxious driller who never beats about the bush showed a feverish excitement in Maya. If so, why was it? George wanted to know. It was touch and go: He worked out things to his own advantage to make her speak about her intentions:

–Stop playing with him and manipulate him like a puppet on the strings.

George’s shrewd, accusing lash made Maya show off:

–For some days, at least for a few days I’ll have two roosters in the coop of my apartment! –She looked at him with ridiculous arrogance.

–Are you a gallinacean? You lay eggs! Be brave! Stop being a *chicken!*

They smiled like a kid with a new toy. Maya spilled some milk from her glass onto the rug. She went to the kitchen for the mop.

Indeed, there were tugs of war in his marriage like many others couples going through a bad time. But fears and love for his daughter and wife who was unable to work due to a back injury, weighed more in Abel

than his alleged gay freedom. However, due to Maya's praises –flattery represents a hidden interest– Abel decided to abandon his wife to live with Ricky. This love between men served to reinvent his freedom and the couple of homosexuals adopted an orphan girl in Ethiopia. George ignores whether Abel returned to his wife, or he is still happy rediscovering his femininity or maybe he fell into the clutches of Maya's *coward* ego, Berenice's smile by Allan Poe.

Within such surprises in Alcoy Maya gave George an unlikely present. She took him to a village in Albacete where her mother and father lived. Maya had sworn she would never take another partner to her parental nest because of her previous fiascos she had had with men. She wanted to avoid new traumas and suffering to her parents. Despite her unstable head she fulfilled her promise on that occasion.

–This is George, a friend of mine!

–Hello, I'm a friend of your daughter! I practice yoga like her!

That Sunday at midday at the small house surrounded by dying orchards George tasted a soft drink his mate's mother brought to him:

–Drink, it's malt. –The old woman offered a toast which George accepted.

–Thanks. At my parents' home my mother used to prepare it everyday.

George drank that tasteful mixture sitting next to Maya's mother with that peaceful voice. Whenever the soft drink refreshed his palate a thought came over to him –a twinkle of the universe? He felt that sooner or later for the price of that malt and the domestic trip, his friend would ask him a favor in exchange for the unusual present as there was no other solution at hand to satisfy her Caribbean wish. Maya, who had been hiding her wedding for months, would turn it into reality.

George drove the way back to Alcoy. The road was wet because it had been raining the whole afternoon and in his mind too, that's way he had to avoid slippery pools on going through Ibi. George thought of the best likelihood for him if her wedding in Cuba failed, apart from helping her with whatever she needed.

Just on completing the triduum, ritual orchestrated by Maya the events followed one upon the other as George had planned while enjoying that malt drink on that Sunday. Because while enjoying such a tasteful drink he knew Maya would be asking him something in return for visiting her old parents. How did George know? Why? It did happen! Is there a greater reality if it happened in our friend's mind?

Wednesday: In the afternoon the dogs in the orchard close to the hospital barked crazily. They sniffed the storm of lies was looming. George was with his convalescent father in a room. It was getting dark: the shadows dragged across the orange grove like a reptile. Allied with darkness they gained ground. But the subtle moon's wisdom suddenly took up the baton from the sun so that light prevailed. The cell-phone rang on his bedside table. He had a look at the screen.

Maya's phone number! He walked out to the hallway, a lively ballad by Elton John was being played. George had the phone in his right hand. He had an apple he had been eating in his other hand.

–How's your dad? And you?

Bad quality fancy costumes tear and without forewarning they suggest their content. This also happens to people who dyes their white hair that ennobles the countenance of his experience. Maya loved the world of show business.

In the waiting room of the hospital where the phone conversation was taking place some poems sung by Leonard Cohen could be overheard on the background music. And he saw how the storm clouds blinded a sky

that threw up on his own face, fortunately protected by the window, a clayey spurt that gushed out like blood. After Maya's introductory words who was apparently interested in George's father's health and some phone flattery she went straightforward to the heart of the matter.

But before taking off her mask she strategically went round the bush like Kubrick did in the *Almost Perfect Bank Robbery*:

–When can you have a day off this month? –she wanted to test the situation by enhancing the importance of the conversation.

George received another signal by way of a message, because promises must always be fulfilled and George already possessed an unbreakable will. He instantly remembered Maya had plucked her eyebrows herself the previous day. Something she always did prior to welcoming a visitor or going on a trip. And by connecting links George found the answer to his question:

–To drive you to Madrid... –he paused on purpose—... and you can deal with the paperwork to marry the Cuban guy in his country. I'll also take you to Prado Museum and then we'll be seeing the Guernica by Picasso at Reina Sofia museum.

The telephone line went dead.

Maya went speechless, she did not know what to say surprised by her own lies. But she was still on the phone because he could hear the Caribbean pacemaker she had implanted in her chest. George was absentminded and bit his lower lip while he was eating the apple. That blood stopped his interested ego. And thus his generous ego broke the action-reaction chain instead of kicking her ass and lent her a hand:

–Let me know how many days you need and I'll speak to my boss to drive you there in my car.

It is always useful to have friends...at least in high places because whoever leans on a good tree is blanketed by good shade! My friend is very

well acquainted with those kind shadows and is grateful for it. Maya concealed her plotted plan against the clock, but he knew it all about. If he looked her in the eye he could read her thoughts. Because one night he had read on her look: I'm marrying in Cuba if you back me up, George. You always get what you want.

Two weeks after George pulled down the walls hindering his friend's wedding in Cuba: he pulled down one after the other in just twenty-four hours.

Three trips in a day: George got some documents in Alcoy and Valencia in the morning. In the afternoon they left for Madrid. While George was driving, the song "*La Puerta de Alcalá*" was being played on the car radio, Madrid's song by Ana Belén and Victor Manuel.

Maya was sitting next to him reading the letters her Havanan lover had sent her. She had difficulty reading them because of her *nearsightedness*. She took out her glasses and put them on. She read those paper kisses once and again, and recalled those walks and dances on the Malecon. She wept with emotion sitting next to George, although she had promised fidelity to George from Cuba on the phone before breaking up with whom she now wanted to marry her. Were they true tears today or lies because of the desires which blinded her?

Maya did not take a look at the road. She only read such letters in her mind.

She did not even notice the Madrilenian cemetery, blind windows in cement blocks of flats proper of Hitchcock's scenes. She did not see the avenues throwing up pavement, solitude and emptiness too. Neither did she notice people rushing about blindly in a working day as Maya's did without the slightest bit of peace. She neither smelt the *stew* nor she tasted the tripes at *Casa Lhardy* where they celebrated the granting of her visa to go to

Cuba for her wedding. What a pity! Her time will come! She did not hear the funny remarks by Joaquin Sabina in the gathering at *Café de Gijón*. As she was blind and dumb Maya only thought of Cuba and her lover.

While he was driving back to Alcoy on the A-3 the following day, with the folder with the visas against her navel, Maya was traveling tied to her elusive desires for so many months on end. Why did she suffer such a stressful wait? Thanks to George they went to two Government Departments and to the Embassy of Cuba in just 8 hours to deal with the paperwork she needed. Maya had suffered because she was afraid of losing George's support if she had shared her wedding secret with him and told him he would have to leave her apartment when her husband arrived. She suffered for ignoring her friend, whom she had degraded from being a partner to being a tenant and even to a cabbie without a tachograph, but he had decided to culminate his task of loving her months ago regardless what Maya had hatched behind him. Neither did she receive a bite from her new weeping crocodile shoes she was wearing on that trip. The best of their return was the visit they paid to the Foot-ware Museum in Elda, how wonderful it is! Imagination and handicrafts melted together. And their visit to the enigmatic Treasure of Villena, an Iberian jewel.

Thank goodness George could break the action-reaction-action enslaving chain... and "*what about me?*", my friend's kind ego gave in to learning how to be faithful to his promises and love till the end.

Already in Alcoy, after their quick trip to Madrid, he felt the same pleasure as Paul Newman did at the steering wheel as if he had won the *Indianapolis 500-mile Race*. George parked his car in the square and stepped his left foot on the sidewalk.

As Maya was speaking about gratitude, she stepped into the mud caused by the neighborhood street works:

–Don't leave my apartment, George. I love you in my way! –Maya wanted to dance a tango: coiling up her foot to his, chaining him with an appealing hook. But he recalled the freedom Gardel's soul maintained in his tangos...

It was already seven o'clock. He looked at her in the eye and remembered the popular song “*My Way*” by Frank Sinatra. He went silent. On that beautiful sunset George felt the freedom of the sun at the crack of dawn. He had promised himself to “*love her!*” –and respected his promise without any signs of lies or fears in the pursuit of love and as far as his will could. The word which is said might lead you to immortality. Never speak for the fun of eloquence. Speak just because “*your word is your bond*” and maintain the holy fire of the only truth.

While being with George that afternoon and once he had finished his story on his experiences and lessons with Maya during that trip to Madrid our friend provided us with two guidelines: “*Do good and you'll feel fortunate; relieve the sufferings of humanity and you'll receive the everlasting present.*”

What present?

You will feel it if you practice such mottos. Experience them! Find your own answer and enjoy the gift. The goal is always the same, be determined to step forward into the law ruling the commands of the heart: **learn how to act, serve and be silent.**

Maya and Bukowski

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Deceiving everyone all the time? Extremely difficult!

I would say such a whopping lie seems impossible. Nevertheless, there are plenty of human beings disabled by a kind of desperation that enslaves them, like the vampire hooked on blood. What is vampirism? To

steal or seize the energy of others to cover their own needs. These sick people need obedient servants. Be alert in your surroundings. But rest peacefully at night. The thirstiest vampires appear during the day. You must be an expert in the art of offering your neck to mercilessly avoid being bitten again when they show off their fangs. As there are kind-hearted people there are wicked people too. To step backwards means to progress if later on you move two steps forward. The vampire lies more than he speaks. Trapped within his own inhuman weakness the vampire will only find an unachievable obstacle. Which one? Give yourself enough time to find it! Wait!

You will find it throughout these pages.

Because of the sunny days and fine weather more people took part in those discussion groups in the spring and summer while having a walk in the forest with George. Perhaps like crops grow more in a fertile and rich soil. At dusk we sat down “to rest under a *dried elm*” –as Machado used to do with his verses by the Sorian graveyard wall! –and at sunset we set up a ring to sum up our conclusions.

That ring got bigger on that magnificent day. We listened to some testimonies which shed light on such matters. We drank from George’s smile and we were wrapped up by his eloquence and experiences.

According to what he was telling us we felt he was about to finish telling us the chronicles of his experiences and lessons with Maya in Alcoy. We did understand that George was about to be submerged in the middle of the chaos. As Antonio Machado chose to live in Soria without knowing that Leonor, who was just a girl at the time, was waiting for him there to marry him, and whom he saw die soon afterwards.

You need to live, suffer and love to learn how to be *reborn* in the chaos?

George was more self-confident because he was still living at his best master's apartment in Alcoy, which also provided him with a spiritual strength of fulfilling bravely his missions to the end. And he felt relieved because his goodwill had granted George a kind of freedom to give up on his *insatiable ego's* desires, –“To have Maya exclusively for himself”– in order to feel happy whenever he ran into his friend and her Cuban lover in the city.

Maya, while they were comfortably sitting on the couch at midnight, confessed George her whereabouts in Cuba because she wanted him to know her better:

–When I'm with him in Cuba I feel very happy. I'll read you one of his letters. –Maya clucked like a *mother hen*.

–Don't you mind if his words are false? –He looked at her in the eye to challenge her.

–What's the difference if they are lies! I feel like a queen with him on his island! –She sank her ass into the couch and brooded her dream of bringing her Cuban lover to Spain.

–And the truth? Be careful, he could be your own son! –George said. And his passport to escape from Cuba?

As Maya was incapable of finding an answer her eyes got lost in the solitude of Chaplin's "*Gold Rush*", clouded by the Caribbean substitute.

As she became totally absorbed in her Cuban merry-go-down she was licking those letters more than reading them.

She did not mind the time marked by the wrinkles on the calendar of an aging woman's skin or the age difference with her lover. That night Maya was living on that couch her yesterday's journeys and wanting to return as quickly as possible to the lost paradise where her angel was waiting for her. George went to the kitchen.

After three minutes George came back with a glass of cold *Cocoa* and another one of milk. Maya drank the cold *Cocoa*. With her last swig Maya yawned and let her unstoppable passion run free:

–My heart is reborn; my mouth erupts like a volcano. –She moved her lips sighing in excitement and doubts arose by the fear of her loss–. I feel loved by you. –She hugged George and lay on his chest–. You’re the only one who understands me! My soul vibrates with him in Cuba... it needs him a lot today.

In this society of disappointments Maya was pleased at the beat of *salsa*, like an adolescent girl with her fist furtive kiss. She was the spitting image of a mature woman who had missed her adolescence, maybe because she had been brought up in a village by a mother who was very conservative and religious.

Ultimately, her and her circumstances shaped her current life as Ortega y Gasset philosophically stated. Maya had rushed into a lad much younger than her because she wanted to be filled with pleasure.

Does happiness mean to go from a great deal of euphoria to crying your eyes out?

Together under the blanket Maya rested her head against George’s shoulder and suddenly she burst into bitter tears. She did not have enough air in the humid atmosphere: She was getting drowned in her own *ocean of sadness!*

Are laughter and tears drugs that help us in the unconscious living?

If Maya had been sensible enough she would never have ended like an orphan or castaway at the mirage of her Havanan sesame in the fall of her life in Alcoy:

–Nobody else has made me happier... but the most handsome!

George left the sitting-room for two minutes and returned with a glass of cold water. Before drinking it he offered it to his mate. She declined his offer.

–Happiness... yet at the expense of veracity, Maya?

–He always gives me pleasure! –As she began to defend herself as if her conscience were testing her she had sudden hiccups caused by her nervousness.

–Although everything is a lie! Drink, drink some water... and your hiccups will disappear.

–I'm not thirsty! I want him here with me. I feel his blood running through my veins. You understand what I feel! –the Andalusian melancholic song begged her Cuban placebo's approval.

George stood up and left the sitting-room.

It was three o'clock in the morning.

He was a bit hungry in the kitchen.

He sliced a loaf of bread and made a couple of potato omelet snacks. He heated them up for half a minute in the microwave oven. When he entered the sitting-room George noticed that the television set was still off and blind. He had his hands busy with the plates but he managed to give one to his apartment mate.

–I guess what your skin feels. But do you mind what he feels for you?

The fork stabbed on Maya's omelet threw a threatening look at George.

–I really mind my own stuff! –At last she pulled off the blanket that was covering her lies. And she suddenly started shivering.

For the following hour with George on the couch Maya tried to convince him by giving him nonsense and irrational arguments and excuses to hide her selfish attitude.

Maya was packing with optimism her suitcases overseas and back in Alcoy she took refuge in the momentary emotions of the maracas. In this way, she poorly tried to sweeten her return to face the reality of her adolescent frustrations. Despite the euphoria she felt whenever she read her Cuban lover's letters she instantly sank into the distress of her empty Alcoyan Malecon. Only George's company eased her suffering.

That night she revealed George that she did not mind whether her future husband felt really happy or loved her. She only wanted to have her "drug" nearby.

Is strychnine a heart disorder remedy?

Without needing anyone, she told herself she did not even notice she was getting addicted to the Havanan doses without considering the side-effects of such a stimulant.

She lived from hand to mouth within her *carpe diem* madness (adagio by poet Horatio):

–Whatever the relationship lasts... –She put on her slippers and left the nibbled omelet on the plate. She went to the closet where she had a shotgun–. I'm happy with him. Do you hear me! –She shot in the air standing by the door and then she went to sleep.

The erratic nihilistic statement "*Whatever it lasts...*" George's scales fell from his eyes. The other way led to the compromise Maya did not want to have with him or with her young object of desire. If you advice stability to someone who is not seeking it, it will be like trying to make a dead guy smile at you by tickling his feet.

Whatever it lasts... Maya was unconsciously invoking the end of a relationship prior to having the Cuban guy with her in Alcoy.

If living is included in the experiment, Maya already knew about weddings and living with men from far exotic countries because of the

revealing origin of her two husbands. Her first husband came to Alcoy from Syria (Ancient Persia), a country involved in a fratricidal conflict. And now the Cuban one! Did she fall into the same trap twice? Let's not make value judgments! It was true that nothing new was coming to her. A Syrian guy first and now a Caribbean one. At random! Do you think so? Was it because she was naive? Just observe the facts without judging! Her first husband, Sa'dî, who had escaped from a country involved in a continuous revolution, grabbed the divine gift that shy, young Maya meant to him. And the man gave her many kisses, the ones she was not given during her adolescent instable sexuality. Apart from two pregnancies, son and daughter, she became a mother and a wife without further definitions.

During another early morning of confessions in Alcoy Maya comforted herself while sitting next to George on the balcony overlooking La Libertad square. The roar of the new motorbike Nico Terol was riding awoke the entire neighborhood. The kid skillfully and bravely traced the corner of a street. He wanted to be the first one to get to Jaime I square. But Maya heard nothing. Where were her thoughts?

The sky had seduced her. She was flying over the *A Thousand and One Nights*:

–My marriage to my Syrian husband... unforgettable! –She closed her eyes and traveled back to her past. She was floating on her memories–. I learned from men!

–You learned from a man whose cultural background was absolutely different to ours.

One of the missions of *Light* is to forewarn us of danger...by means of subtle signs –difficult to be understood from inexperience– which illuminate our blindness.

Death hovered over the bride and groom at Maya's first wedding. During their honeymoon the newlyweds nearly go from the sacristy to the cemetery grave. Why? Because an oversight on the road. George wanted to delve into the accident but she did not feel like remembering it. With the car totally wrecked on the roadside the just-married couple were reborn at Emergencies and could continue with their marriage after overcoming a coma. George wanted to know what had happened in the accident and decided to bomb her with questions. At last, after thinking for a short time she said:

–I was asleep and he was driving. –Maya wetted her lips with her tongue and her eloquence triggered off. He was beaten by tiredness, maybe a nod at the wheel. I don't know anything at all –She frankly recognized.

–It might be... –George tried to cause a reaction with a premeditated silence–: ... because of the party hangover. –When she heard this she showed a sudden troubled face.

–I'm gonna sleep, George! Tomorrow if they call me from work... – She stood up from the coach and on leaving the sitting-room she ordered him like the master to his servant– ... tell them I'm sick in bed.

A night is not enough to tell everything.

After a minute of receiving Maya's snub as an answer George went to sleep too.

But during the chat of the following day at last Maya's matrimonial memories woke up. She used to take an oleander tea every three days since she last returned from Cuba because she could not find mangos and tropical kisses in Alcoy to increase her delicate heartbeat.

At her home it was all laughter with her Syrian husband. Happiness and jokes at all times from the affectionate father, but a slacker for the tedious household chores which he left in her hands, although she worked out. Sa'dî roamed within instability despite his own initiatives in a lot of

trades. He even became an acupuncturist, a profession completely new at the time, played soccer professionally, and he also sold vegetables and handicrafts at markets. He wanted to have a steady job within the European society.

While she was on the terrace that night speaking about her first marriage Maya unexpectedly put her trembling right hand on George's shoulder. She worriedly grabbed him and emphasized:

–I still have my job in Alcoy... –She made a face of satisfaction because she had not lost it and her salary was now even higher than then... I was about to quit it for him, though.

It was after one at night when they were sitting on the terrace looking at the moon fading out: it disappeared among the pine trees of the Alcoyan mountains.

They decided to go into the sitting-room and closed the terrace door because it was getting a bit chilly. A few minutes after they made themselves comfortable on the coach, Maya resentfully said:

–He flirted with all the chicks... Even at our wedding! –She licked the still-open wound she had in her heart.

–You do exaggerate, Maya!

–Some friends of mine assured it to me, he did it during the banquet and dance... –Maya quickly raised her right hand and scratched her face: My nose itches!

–I'm sure you exaggerate, Maya! Are you scratching your nose because it's growing longer and longer?

–Like *Pinocchio's* for telling lies?

–You did say it... you are accusing yourself. I said nothing. I just asked you.

Her Syrian husband had a moustache.

An attentive, talkative and polite man!

Maya fell in love with Sa'dî's smile, which was glued to his lips.

Do you think, as she did, the Syrian guy dreamt of having a harem?

Without having a steady job with which to contribute to the domestic economy it was impossible to support a large offspring, let alone Maya's troubles which strengthened Maya's jealousy in her mind... which subsequently turned to be true. And for the sake of clarity: he first was secretly unfaithful to her and then he abandoned her for another more beautiful woman.

Why so many marital breakups?

It is known there are one million reasons, but they do not happen at the same time.

They are maybe simple stages that begin and then end, like birth and death.

On the couch with George, Maya defeated by that ghostly unfaithfulness stood up with a sordid, sobbing yell and blamed her life:

–He abandoned me for a younger woman... – Maya was twisting her lips to contain the anger of a heart-broken wife who was still tormented by that thought. She slyly frowned and silenced her grudge but a spasm escaped through her mouth–: He was a coward!

–Because he concealed his affair from you. –she got relieved.

–If I told you! –She closed her eyelids angrily standing by the coach and got absolutely blind, but she managed to sit down–. He wanted to be with her and with me at the same time!

–He was from Syria and culturally biased. Are they polygamous?

–I made him choose between both of us. –She stood up again.

–And you split up with him and with your home! Because of pride? Because of jealousy? –George forced her to throw up her anger.

–It was his fault! –Maya cursed, riled and brayed against him–. He was the true guilty!

George felt she was still very upset by that sentimental affair, which was still boiling inside the divorced woman. And as he saw her poisoned by all that suffering and the *ad-difla* tea cups which made her feel nauseous, my friend wanted to help her by finding an antidote:

–You now wish to live with the young Havanan guy having me as your best friend!

Without reasoning and assuming the comparison, fascinated as she was by *yesterday's pains*, she apologized:

–Everything's different, George! I'm telling you flat and squarely. He was a coward because he wasn't brave enough to tell me about his love affair!

She was asking George what her husband had asked her and Maya had firmly refused years ago to keep simultaneously her and his lover. Maya had hidden from George the conundrum of all her moves for months trying unsuccessfully to bring her Cuban lover to Spain and now she had the intention to marry in Cuba.

But Maya understood nothing about the trial of her Destiny nor did she know how to get out of the shadowy cavern, in the unconsciousness of her Havanan desires. She did not even realize that she was repeating with George and her Cuban lover the same proposal her first husband had made her years ago.

–I wanna continue here with you and your husband, as your tenant and friend, but you reject it. On the one hand you want me to be your best friend, but on the other hand you want me to move into my own home. The same thing your former husband asked you: to continue with your marriage and with his mistress. It looks just the same to me!

–My ear hurts a lot! I'm going to bed. –She nervously dashed to the sitting-room door.

–Does your ear hurt or you want to hear nothing? Why don't you take Ibuprofen? –he urged her remembering the wise words by Oriolan Baldomero Jiménez.

–You here in the apartment with him! The three of us together! You're out of your nuts! –She turned round and started waving frantically her head because she scorned the solution given by George.

–I'm saying it very seriously, Maya listen to me! What's the problem there?

–Nobody can understand you, George! –She hurriedly turned round and disappeared through the door–. I have a horrible headache! I'm going to bed! –she said from the dark corridor.

If by judging the person who is by us, like a mirror reflecting our own conscience, what you see reflected are your own limitations, did really Maya want to say “*Nobody can agree with me?*”

As the *concupinage algebra* problem set out by her Syrian husband was incomprehensible to Maya to understand her was both complex and easy. Maya went from the absurd and vacuous gesture to the quiet move of the cowardly cunning argument because she was dominated by her desires. She expressed the human contradictions and their additions.

Who lives free of them?

But all in all her greater weakness was lust.

Should Maya need ‘The Syrian, Cuban or *Turkish Passion*’ novel by Antonio Gala as a hormonal resource, whether Maya anxiously needed it she never recognized it.

Feeling alive goes beyond drugs or sex consumption.

One night, while George –lodger and friend– was brushing his teeth in the bathroom Maya went naked into George's room and waited for him in his bed.

On seeing her naked lying on his bed George was hypnotized by her feminine wiles and one button of his fly burst before taking of his pajamas.

Do you need the details?

Let your own imagination free and be ready for the surprise!

Because the teenager's game that took place that night between apartment mates while waiting for her Cuban husband's arrival was no more than a childish game, just an appetizer if you compare it with the lustful feast Maya had planned to have at a local brothel.

After returning from her third trans-Atlantic flight Maya's *insatiable ego* came from the *Havanan Paradise* with her libido excited and in *gluttony fervor* and pending to return to Cuba again. Why? She never said. We know what happened because George took part in that affair. Although it is irrelevant to that very event his apartment mate cunningly devised a plan to take him to a mate-swapping and orgy club.

For what she said she was an expert since she had been there several times. Maya wanted to show George other sexual approaches.

–You have pleasure openly and without qualms and in absolute freedom. And we'll be looking for snip hunts!

–Snipe hunts! What are snipe hunts? What can we learn from them?

–You gotta learn a lot, George. For instance... –Maya put her hand on her chin and madly pondered over it–. ...to learn how to fuck in public.

–And what for?

–To be free, man!, of the obsession to have your partner exclusively for yourself. There I'll introduce you to *Mr. José Diplodocus*, and actor and a friend of mine.

Without realizing Maya had used the sexist possessive –“*your partner*”- which coincided with her lustful and libertarian thought she was hiding from George.

Selling shams requires some kind of art.

Only privileged and denatured brains can make out the comparison of the brothel with the spiritual training work-shop. Within the deceitful freedom she defended Maya was hatching some amoral, unethical, hypocritical crafty strategies proper of the devil himself in addition of plenty of persuasive arguments.

–You outta try experiences liberating you from your daily attachments, George. The first time in public –she boasted as an expert– men don’t get a hard-on easily.

–And is that funny to you? What kind of training!

–And what’s more mate-swapping causes aphrodisiac effects. I’ll take you there, just if you feel like! so that you can see other ways of growing up. –Maya wanted to trick him and she purposefully lifted her face proudly–. I have no other interest, I’ve tried everything.

–Everything! Did you make it with several men at the same time?

–I’ve experienced everything! –she boasted.

–With women too?

She got speechless. Suddenly she remained mute. The real know-it-all lady stopped all that bragging and remained silent and that night she had to sleep alone with her chamber pot.

Three days after her dentist pulled out Maya’s wisdom teeth.

After a week that lustful experience arrived. She was impatient and was the first one in waking up before sunrise.

That day of “*Blindness*” by José Saramago Maya forgot to wash her face and eyes boogers properly.

At daybreak George changed his five Usui meditation precepts: *Do not anger; do not worry; be humble; be honest in your work; be compassionate to yourself and others.* Such spiritual guidelines and

statements stirred up our friend's actions towards convergence and brotherhood.

Maya had chosen a Lenten Friday for that sexual humiliation, a Catholic fastening day and a Holy Day in the *al-Qur'an* (the Book of God). George had been preparing his crotch for two weeks to know by himself how far you can be a prey of lust due to Maya's needs or frustrations.

That month of April it was too hot and the pajama was not needed for the sizzling siesta. Maya had scheduled their sexual feast for that night. But what do you think they did during that siesta? You would have done the same they did... What did you think? Maya and George watched TV, as simple as that, and then she drank some cool Coca Cola and went to work with the desire to come back soon.

In a jiffy they passed from making the sign of the cross and praying in the bookshop where they showed their serious public image, and that very afternoon she put on a deep V-neck blouse and black mini-skirt. George was waiting for her in the sitting-room. He heard an unknown sound of heels along the corridor coming to him, like calling for war, and then Maya showed up standing on *two thin needles*. She had grown four or more inches taller! It took her a lot of work to keep her balance. After losing her wise teeth it was impossible for her to keep her ethical and mental balance.

Maya wanted to conceal her small size with a ridiculous high *lettuce bun* and high-heeled shoes, which raised her heels and gluteus.

George had a look at her battle uniform. He remained silent.

She was wearing black fishnet panty-hoses, a pair of ear-rings which made her ears longer, and she had made up her face with anti-wrinkles camouflage. In truth, the vampire hides and only comes out at night! The vegan, a master in yoga and meditation, was wearing a *shot-down fox fur shawl* covering her shoulders. In view of that weird-looking sex symbol,

dreadful and ridiculous drag queen –she would have been thrown tomatoes at the Las Palmas & Maspalomas Drag Queen galas to make her leave– George made an effort to hold his laughter.

As a wild guess, he would have given her a whip to go with her disguise.

–Amazing! The first lady I’m going out with dressed in such a way!
–George clapped to conceal his irony.

She was almost making the fool of herself, but George did not say anything. It was better to keep quiet and observe.

When George saw what Maya had in her handbag, which was like a garbage bin resembling her untidy head, felt pity on her. She had a cup of passion red tea while she was skillfully cutting her toenails herself. They were soon departing towards that sexual adventure. George walked slowly down the stairs to the street. His hostess took the elevator to descend to her mental inferno.

A few minutes after midnight in the Jewish *Sabbath* –dedicated to God– her car went to a secret destination she only knew, close to the city of Alicante. During the trip George rejected the apple Maya offered him. She ate both his and hers.

–That way... –Pointed out the anxious co-driver–. Go on that way! – She ordered with compulsive reactions–. Yeah, that way! Pull, pull into that street! Pull into...! Up to the end of it... it’s this way! Yeah! –She was already aroused and orgasmic before they got to the brothel.

During the trip Maya had already painted her nails red.

She knew the way to her *wonder world by heart* within a maze of twin residential estates and naked streets where the very Alice by Carrol Lewis would have gotten lost. Maya often went to that part of the city with her sexual liberation course friends and buddies to supervise their Friday field classes. Co-driver Maya’s perfect orientation contrasted starkly with

her absentmindedness of other trips because she was eager to flee for a few hours from her monotonous, dull, blameworthy life.

That night she must have had a compass hidden between her legs.

–Park right there! That’s the door! Park as close as possible! –She excitedly indicated him with her right hand.

When George left the car, after three strides along the sidewalk he noticed that the lace of his left shoe was loose. He tightly knotted it before going into the whorehouse. Maya had forgotten the glasses she used for her *nearsightedness*. How could she have forgotten them! She suddenly stopped on the sidewalk and painted her lips red looking in the rear-mirror of an automobile parked on the street.

At the semi-basement door a striking madam welcomed them. She was in her thirties, the kind of woman that when you see her she takes your breath away. She took away my friend’s breath but his crotch did not turn a hair. The exercise he had been practicing to strengthen the muscles of his goodwill started to cast results. He had prepared himself consciously!

At a counter or ticket office Maya took out two pesos from her handbag and paid both tickets, hers and her rookie mate’s.

Maya went ahead along the dark corridor. A rascal wanted to grab her panties. George told me he found it repulsive due to such ostentation of amorality.

Maya walked past the bar, crammed with empty glasses and men – pardon me! I would rather say a pack of hungry hounds– and the genetic metamorphosis worked on her. For her fight against the death of the carnal pleasure, the wrongly-conceived menopause Maya theatrically and provocatively wiggled her hips and a bum to attract the macho men. *Don José Diplodocus*, the brothel pimp, greeted them.

Did she want to be raffled or be the leading actress of a an auction?

George observed. He took note of it... and followed her.

In order to know and understand better my own actions I will openly tell you everything. And I assure you I will let you know as George did.

There were stinking pools of water with naked leeches frolicking inside there. They coupled and uncoupled and fornicated all over the place. George remained quiet. He let the first insane lewd downpour go away.

Do always walk as our friend did therein, with no fear or doubts, but be more cautious when you walk along unchartered paths.

A platinum blond-haired lady with a fluted mouth was dribbling over a red-haired guy:

–Charles, pass over the bottle! *Diplodocus* will drink a toast to ‘*Borrachera Letal*’ (comedy ‘*Lethal Drunkenness*’).

–Pussy, I already drank it! –he bragged and emptied the last glass in one go.

–Bukowski, cocky! Take your ass out of the water and bring me another one –he ordered.

–Ok! I’m going for the bottle. *Ata*’s comedy deserves a toast –he agreed.

–Grab one from the bar. Come back quickly or I’ll ...! –He threatened him with his fist.

–But before opening it, pussy!, we’ll make it, won’t we!...

–No way. Get lost. *Jerk it off!*

Swaddled in towels Maya and George walked through a gray seedy joint where all kind of lascivious scenes could be seen. A cubby body whined on a kind of sweaty barred stage used for shows. She was with five hairy guys giving pleasure a pile of volcanic fat that shaped her body. She was quenching her phallic appetite, sucking a crater and spitting drool while a string of pygmies were going into the cubicle to increase the slob’s

feast about to be chewed. In a corner a nobody was having a shit asking for his turn in the line of volunteers who were licking the greasy woman's boobs. He saw an erect stream of beer fall all of a sudden into flaccidity. Over there life consisted of having a shit and pissing their own drunkenness... and shagging.

The lowest layers of our society!

Neither would the clumsiest monkeys of the Paradise have dared to imitate them.

Grunts. Snouts. Phallic shadows.

There were stark naked women and men rolling down like a herd of swine ducking and licking pricks and cunts. That paranoid comparison illustrating the outrages carried out in Sodom and Gomorrah were like insignificant details to Maya.

The good judgment lay in a mortuary grave in the center of the dark hall. Freedom invites us to try its unearthly liquor. But in that lustful venue such a dissolute behavior got drunk on the orgy and blood to the point of making the animal inside us mindless.

The forbidden shines like a coveted object.

Shall we excuse Lot's daughters?

The funny lyrics "*Dale a tu cuerpo alegría Macarena... que tu cuerpo es pa darle alegría y cosa buena!*" by *Los del Río* were distantly heard, a festive motto by the Andalusian Flamenco singers that has nothing to do with *Macarena*, with that senseless, irresponsible sleepwalking movie shot at that brothel, paradigm of brutality. To our friend the motto "*When in Rome, do as the Romans do*" was out of place there.

George thought of witty Galileo and tried to ask a question to Maya:

–What's all this? Where are the snipe hunts, Maya?

–This is freedom. Fun! Wait, you'll see the snipe hunts, just wait!

Maya wanted to get around our friend by putting into practice her verbiage, emphasizing that he would reach his absolute freedom and spiritual catharsis, but with the only intention to indoctrinate George into putrefaction.

She wanted to brainwash him with a lot of baloneys and kid him.

George felt like the sparrow that was blindly wandering in the vampire bats' cave.

He saw himself like Galilei when he was brought into The Inquisition... and remained silent for the moment.

Meanwhile, with everything organized in the recesses of his mind, Maya lost a sumptuous dinner because George put aside the mate-swapping thing proposed by her. Maya wanted to see herself on a bed surrounded by mirrors covering the walls, under the gorilla jumping with a huge thing between his legs.

But on this occasion her buddy failed her.

–And the snipe hunts, Maya? I wanna see them and get out of here! – He took her right arm.

She did not answer anything because she got cross with him.

George upset her when he rejected the sexual swap, the sublime orgasm she desired. Besides, he had contradicted her in her theory on man's innate troglodyte erection which Maya held in her theoretical classes. And she got more upset when George squeezed her arm firmly.

–Do I belong to you? Release my arm! –she said with a gargoyle's mouth.

–You do as you please, Maya, but respect my freedom. –George pointed out to two studs mounting women in a nearby stable–: Why did we come here? You said you only wanted to show me this place. Your intention was something different! To fuck like a filthy pig? You've lied to me, Maya!

–You’ve just seen the whole of it! Let’s go! –As she felt insulted she went to the locker room and had a long cold shower.

George got dressed and put on his shoes. Maya put on her black garments again. After a while she showed up with a sour look on her face.

–Take it easy! –George asked her to be calm–. And the snipe hunts?

–Let’s go back to my home! (Another blunder: she unconsciously mentioned the possessive “*my home*” –within the alleged detachment-from-the-material class). –Maya looked at him with a cobra’s eyes–: Not a word about this! –as she was mad she wanted to tie up the loose ends of her hypocrite morality.

–Maya, do as you please! If you want to stay! I’ll wait for you outside.

That *drunk ego* would not have been calmed down with orange blossom water. Maya knew nothing about balance.

–Shut up! –As she was walking down the hallway she anxiously ordered him to change his subject of conversation.

A bald old crook with a moustache, with a black disgusting flap between his two skeletal thighs –a specimen to be studied by Paleontology– sniffed her from head to toe like a dog to a female dog in heat.

Nobody who considers himself a human being would repeat such a ruse after tasting the degrading pandemonium at that seedy bar. Of course, Maya did. Why?

Our friend seriously realized that derangement prevailed in a place with no decency, respect or ethics.

Maybe amorality and the sexual imbalance prevailing therein had something to do with the *rams’* dung that were roaming through the darkest corners.

George had enough about all that:

–Come on! I’m leaving. Shit!

George judged the issue Maya wanted to involve him in as non-negotiable, though. A few seconds later, on their way out our friend went along a corridor, which was like an intestinal tract with excrements. He saw no snipe hunts. Not a trace of dignity within a loss icon. At last far from Cupid's virginal spring and Eros's most pure and beautiful things, guided by his own bearings he managed to find the exit door.

The exit could barely be seen because it was covered by the foul-smelling spiderweb-like curtains hanging from the ceiling and because of the lack of light in that Lucifer's dirty anus.

There was a long line of people waiting at the entrance to the cavern and George put into practice "*please let us go out before entering!*"

On leaving the wasps' nest George saw that the path was clear.

Our friend would never do or say anything about that incident but he decided that one day that lesson he learned at the brothel would come to light.

Once on the street he felt free, and willing to see the positive side George was convinced that going with Maya to such places did not mean to lend her his unconditional support, faithful obedience and silence. He knew that one day he would have the chance to tell his own deeds, but at the time he would rather be as silent as a tomb and follow Galilei's motto: "*Eppur si muove!*"

Nevertheless, as he accepted Maya with her lights and shadows he had the objective idea of assessing the experience she was missing in her condition of mother of science. Being in a world of his own thinking about that hypothesis for a few seconds, he began to walk around in order to return to the *laboratory* with the expert in the field. But on second thoughts he changed his mind and headed for her vehicle. What George felt was

miles away from Maya's tormented, manipulating and untamable attitude of her unfolding ego that she dusted off that very night during their visit to the whorehouse.

Our friend's subjective devotion to Maya, his master in vegetarianism, yoga, ashram and in the changes of life started to fade away like the candle in one of the movies by Scorsese since that day.

George has always tried to be frank and sane. He thinks you must handle your own will. Zero tolerance for an outrage and respect the freedom of others without exception? Ought the mistakes made by the ones you most love be allowed or prevented?

Admittedly, there are those ones who argue that the thief must be frustrated in his attempts to steal. Therefore, a wallet would never be left next to a convicted thief. Or would you rather leave your wallet open, risking yourself, and give him the opportunity to renounce to crime?

Would you let a son or a daughter drink bleach knowing their stomachs will be perforated?

To fast or to stuff yourself that's the question after being *vaccinated* against excess?

What is the remedy to ignore the *bell* of desire that enslaves you?

Choose by yourself. Feel free!

Saint George fought heart and soul against the most ferocious dragon –his *loathsome ego*– and put it at his feet rescuing his Cinderella princess, his own soul.

At the brothel our friend George felt the experience decided by his freedom, and in doing so he learned a lesson. On the contrary, immature Maya –at the opposite end– was frustrated and upset with her friend because he had not wanted to live such a lustful experience. Something

incomprehensible to George because Maya was about to return to Cuba, with all the documents issued and arranged to marry the Cuban guy she said she was in love with.

Already outside the brothel and before getting into the car to go home Maya, upset by the tantrum she had had, slipped on the sidewalk, fell down and did the splits on the floor. George stretched his hand to help her back on her feet. As she was offended she declined the offer and yelled.

He obviated her unreasonable rudeness and stretched his hand again... but Maya rejected it again.

What else could he have done if she felt like bawling on the sidewalk?

Maya defended her own freedom!

But was she really free from her *narcissistic ego*?

George felt pity for her.

Upon entering the apartment as she was starving and without satisfying her sexual lust went to the kitchen to pick something to eat. George followed her: he observed. Her apartment mate knew her well, or even better than she knew herself. Whenever she was nervous she devoured the food. Maya opened the fridge. She took a banana, the biggest one, and swallowed it in one go.

However, George decided to obviate Maya's changing mood and followed his heart, to love her. If this is a *mental masturbation* as Angeles defined, it did not matter anymore:

–If you believe it's mental masturbation, –he told Ángeles on the phone that time– it's out of question because we're helping Maya... for love.

In a snap of fingers *Justice...* links lives and bring souls together. And then once the task uniting them is completed they are free of any ties.

Should George have wasted his life with Maya as Akawiko aged waiting for the capricious emperor?

George got into Maya's life and now he had decided to get out of it. But before doing so he drove her to the airport and boarded her on the wedding plane. At the Madrid-Barajas airport café my friend drew two palm trees on a napkin and wrote the Word *Tzolk'in* without knowing why he was doing it.

He was enjoying a cup of green Tara tea. She chose passion red tea.

George saw her off:

–When you return already married I'll move into another apartment.

–He drew the moon, the sun and a palm tree on the paper napkin.

–Stay at my apartment until he arrives! –She put slowly the tweezers she had used to pluck her moustache during the trip in her handbag, then Maya wetted her lips with her tongue and crossed her legs like Sharon Stone–. Stay at my apartment!

–Live the wait without me. –George kissed her–. You'll be happier together.

–I don't even know whether he'll come. Stay with me! –She looked at him like a defenseless girl.

Maybe inspired by Singer Chavela Vargas, whose melody was played on the Barajas terminal speakers, Maya began to hum the song... but George had to move away from her life. He did not even wait "*a little!*" nor "*a litttttle longer!*"!... she did not die either!

–Move away from fear, Maya. Your husband is on his way home! –prayed George.

After Maya's departure to Havana for her wedding my friend headed for his liberating self-sacrifice that the sowed seed had offered him on carrying out his upright action. It was the final countdown to his training with his fellow-sufferer from Alcoy. The day Maya was celebrating her

wedding reception and *New Year's Eve* dancing *salsa* with her husband, George took out the Hoover and cleaned the apartment: not a speck of dust was left. Because his intuition told him that her husband would be arriving soon. It happened in February with the *Chinese New Year*, sooner than she expected.

Throughout that long cold winter of chilblains in Alcoy Daniel put up George in his apartment.

They could have been sharing Daniel's apartment for a year, since George's arrival in Alcoy, but Maya took him to her home when she said she had split up with her Cuban lover and begged George to live with her as her partner. However, a year after the Caribbean guy was already here in Maya's arms.

With her Cuban husband already in Alcoy... the summer arrived. George tried not to bump into the just-married couple and he was postponing that encounter in order to delete his memories. The vivacious Cuban guy knew that Maya had been George's partner when he was living in *Oriola* because George had traveled to his country. Nothing else.

After some months Maya began to phone George again and again to invite him to her victorious ego's party. But he managed to dodge it, though:

–Later on. Enjoy your marriage.

One afternoon while George was having a walk near the bookshop Maya worked at, a fond image sprung to his mind: the awesome evening sunset, similar to the ones he experienced when he waited for Maya outside the bookshop or at the adjoining small square after work. It was five o'clock p.m.

And George had the courage to phone her:

–Are you coming out of class now?

–Yeah! Right now! As usual.

–I’m walking under the bridge. Can I go up and greet you?

–Nanny’s waiting for me over there! –she fearful let him know about her husband’s presence.

–I’ll go up there and greet you both!

–Another day. I’m seeing him coming to me! –she insincerely excused herself.

–Be happy! Remember me to him! –George hung his cell-phone.

The conversation was curiously held at the same time he had met Maya at poet Miguel Hernández’s home in Orihuela, with Antonio Gutiérrez, with poet and playwright *Ata* and his muse Manoli. George was slowly walking away from the bridge where Maya and her husband were. But then he heard a voice: “*Look back for the last time!*” And he did so: up there he saw Maya holding hands with her young husband. In the distance George nostalgically raised his left hand to say goodbye.

Four months went by.

Maya and George continued with their own separate lives in Orihuela along distant courses of waters until he really missed something she had under custody.

He phoned her:

–How you doing, Maya! ‘I’m calling because I need *Batu*’s wedding ring –he emphasized– Remember, I gave it to you to stop thinking about my wife *Batu* all the time.

And so on and so forth. Maya acted dumb:

–Do I have it? Me? –She was gaining time by pretending she did not remember.

–Of course, Maya. I need the ring. –He approached the phone receiver as close as he could to hear a positive answer.

Lies, like the air-filled bubbles, vanish in the air.

–I gave it to my aunt –Maya lied to him.

George, without any obligation, made it clear to her:

–I need it because I want to give it to my eldest daughter.

George felt he was playing a tennis match against Nadal and McEnroe at the same time because Maya returned his questions as if they were tennis-balls:

–How might I know what my aunt did with that ring! I don't know for sure, George! She might have taken it to a jewelry store. Do you remember it?

Maya could not hide the truth behind her vain excuses and nonsense lies anymore. Seeing her defeated and exhausted at the bottom of the tennis-court George played an unstoppable high backhand cross court. But in case his bewitched opponent reached the ball he went up to the net where he volleyed it to win the match-point.

–How do you say? To a jewelry store, what for?

–She sold it!

–Tell me the truth! –I guess she was embarrassed to tell him she had lost it

–Yeah. She sold it! –Maya moved away the phone from her face to prepare her getaway.

George did not believe his ears. It had to be a lie.

–Did you tell your aunt she could sell it? Did you sell yours?

–I keep it because it reminds me of my first wedding.

–And the memories of my wedding? –George looked at his naked finger.

–You gave it to me! –Maya excused herself like a shameless crook.

–To keep it for me. Did I give it to you to be sold? –he felt swindled.

–*What is given...* –she vented a diabolical snorting without finishing the sentence ...*what's given it's never given back!* And she coldly and perversely hung her phone.

George heard the buzzing of the phone after Maya had said her last words in a mocking tone which wounded the silence of that farewell – like the one who picks a rose and takes away its scent. A piece of mischief, something stupid done by an ungrateful person.

Maybe someone might say what has previously been stated is a lie hard to believe, a fabrication by George or me. But I have told the bare facts here as George told them to me. Stealing is taking away what nobody gave you, according to one of the Buddhist precepts. What is selling without the owner's permission and keep the money for yourself? George always lent a hand, and sometimes both of them to her mate Maya to make her happy despite she always gave him a back-kick which George tried to dodge with love.

At the bus depot, from which George had phoned her he heard Beethoven's "*Ode to Joy*", which made up for the setback he had received in the universal brotherhood.

Along the path some people go and others come, *the goldfinch* flew away from Maya's life with no delay willing to cheer up other gardens. His mentor on the distant *Aquarius* path fled from the truth, giving up on honor, ethics and her spiritual ashram aspiration.

Maya wished to extol her earthly desires. Her goodwill, freedom, kindness as well as her immoral actions belonged to her.

If someone dramatizes, conscience is the only unachievable obstacle for the ones who con and manipulate.

As it happened to Genji, the Japanese Don Juan who could make fun of all the ladies... except one: his own conscience. This is comparable to

the guide book helping you to improve imperfection, if you feel like restoring your full identity in life.

Practice and practice to be more skilful.

Exercise your values and ideals freely.

But you must be aware that the perestroika of transmutation requires determination and courage.

If helping and loving others makes you happy and pleased lies will move you away from that path.

Will the law of fair retribution be fulfilled in accordance with your deeds?