

Janaina and her imaginary heroine

(The Diamond)

They are everywhere. Our guide gestured frantically toward the city around us.

around us. You are their target. So protect each other and be careful.

We were on a three-week tour of Europe, visiting incredible historic buildings,

enjoying delicious food and striving to learn at least a little French.

French.

It was almost a paradise, except, as we were warned, for pickpockets and thieves.

Marilense is a city where they steal your wallet as fast as they look at you, we were told.

we were told.

In the afternoons in Paris, we were vigilant hands; in the subway, in the markets, even at the top of the

Eiffel tower.

It seemed like the pickpockets were chasing us to the end of the world.

Worst of all were

the gypsies with their ruffles on their laps, asking for information, begging

for alms on the steps of buildings.

on the steps of the buildings.

We were warned that they took advantage of their generosity to then steal

without being seen.

without being seen.

We were so paranoid about these gypsies that they became a joke.

I can't find my sunglasses, Jana.

-Surprise, deep down I'm a gypsy.

It seemed wrong, but we got used to avoiding eye contact, staying together,

Generally, the gypsies were not as persistent as we were told.

Generally, the gypsies were not as persistent as we were told.

They did not push any babies into our arms, no one was stolen.

When they extended their hands to us, we shook our heads and walked away from them.

We thought they were invisible, but one day, as I was leaving the basilica of the

One day however, as I was leaving the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, my friend Matt couldn't stand it any longer.

I looked up to find that he had been left behind and was standing on the steps g-

iving a few euros to an old lady wearing a white dress.

a few euros to an old woman wearing a shawl.

I could not say no, he simply said,

Instantly, I was embarrassed by his instinctive generosity despite my advice.

my advice.

-You take the brush like this, with your hand twisted slightly downward, and brush lightly,

almost without touching the canvas, with movements not so fast, from bottom to top

and from top to bottom, always paying

always attentive to how much paint is left on the brush Rodrigo, as if you were erasing t

he scenes

erasing the scenes of the life of a very suffering person.

- Like my mother?

-I don't know, maybe. I don't know your mother very well and I don't want to know about her life.

The only thing I want is to teach you how to paint so that you won't be a slave to life.

be a slave to life, a slave to yourself, and a burden to your mother.

-My mother told me that I will never be a burden to her.

-Is that so?

-Yes, she said that as long as I am a good boy, and I am developing my potentials, I will never be a burden to her.

potential, I will never be a burden to her.

-That's great, it's good to have a mother who encourages you and gives you hope, unlike some

That's great, it's good to have a mother who encourages you and gives you hope, unlike some who only judge you and cause you sadness.

Q.- Didn't your mother encourage you to paint?

-Unfortunately not, I learned everything on my own, and everything that I have, I conquered

all by myself.

all by myself.

-Q. How did your mother die?

-She had a heart attack, now I want you to observe -see the expression of pain and "hope" at the same time

at the same time on Dostoevsky's face?

-I can't see it very well...

-It's true, and because he is half on his side and almost on his back, but if you see well, underneath his hands and his own back show that he is relieved, but relieved of what, of just not having gone to the other side.

just not having gone to the other side, of knowing that he will live a little longer, or because the Tsar realized that he was not such a bad man?

Aline had encouraged her little son, since he was 5 years old, to start painting, ever since
had found that mysterious painter, with his portrait of Dostoevsky, kneeling ,
thanking "God" for the mercy of having been saved at the last moment by the
by the benevolence of the Czar, imprinted in his mind and in his heart an idea, perhaps
false, that life always has a reason,
that life always has a reason, a meaning, and that even at the final moment of a condem-
nation
conviction that would lead to the execution of a "poor wretch," a revolutionary with a poor
life, a miserable
miserable and so arduous life, to be posthumously recognized as a genius, by some, as a
man only, by others, full of
a man only, by others, full of vices such as gambling and drinking.
-I don't like to read, I tried to read once, usually when I was bored, but I felt it
but I felt that it consumed all my energy?
Natalia said to the psychologist who was trying to find out why she was so upset and closed
in on herself.
upset and closed in on herself.
-Why did she have such an ugly fight with her mother that she didn't want to see her anymore?
-I'm not sure, Aline, but I think my mother thinks that we have some kind of relationship
I'm not sure Aline, but I think my mother thinks we have some relationship with these bandits
who are after Henry, but if she knew the truth, and why
why they are after him and us both, she would come and ask for forgiveness.
-You shouldn't expose yourself so much, not only because you are so beautiful, but because
being the "big
You shouldn't expose yourself so much, not just because you're so pretty, but because being the
"big-hearted" person that I know you are When you allowed her to come and live with you for a
while, I think she was the one who attracted
I think she was the one who lured these lowlives here.
-Why do you think that?
-I don't know if you've noticed, but that girl only walked around in expensive clothes with big
guys after her.
I don't know if you've noticed, but that girl only walked around with expensive clothes on, and
guys behind her, always making fun of others on the street, and she doesn't even work to walk
around with expensive clothes
Where did she get the money to pay the rent during the six months she was here?
she stayed here? Did you stop to think about it?
-But Natalia, do you think that everything will be so easy in life, that you won't need to study
to be the engineer that you think, or dream of being?
-Of course I do, and I dedicate myself very hard, but sometimes I think I will never be able to
finish college for lack of money.
college for lack of money, look at me and my sister, living in an old apartment ,
preserved but old, and paying a rent of 1000 reais, which we divide into two now ,
since Aline left us to take care of the family.

-Why do you think that?
-I don't understand.
-Why are you a pessimist?
-I'm not a pessimist, I'm a realist.
-But reality can be "altered" every minute, every hour, every day...
-What kind of crazy talk is this, I don't understand anything, and I think we'd better stop with
these sections,
I don't understand anything, and I think we'd better end these sections, which my mother inve-
nted to satisfy her own ego or lack of something to do.
Thank you Rita, but I'm tired.
-Ok, I'll take you off my schedule then, if that's what's best for you.
-Yes, but before I go I want to make a confession, do you swear you won't tell anyone?
anyone?
-Yes, you can trust me.
-So, how can I tell you... I'm a lesbian, or rather, I'm bisexual...
-But why did you tell me this, since you don't want my help anymore?
-First, you can't and never will be able to help me, and second, I just want you to know
Secondly, I just want you to know why one day I was found dead in some alley, in a street,
in a river, in a
street, a river, a vacant lot!
-My God, but you don't need psychological help, you need the police, what's
happening?
-Rita, my sister's husband "disappeared". Nobody knows where he is, and there are some
criminals
looking for him, thinking he has a diamond ...
-What a hairy story, are you okay? Do you have any idea what you're telling me?
-I assure you, I'm in my right mind, and Henrique is running away, because in fact,
they believe he can help rob banks, and that he would be a repentant bandit, and
that he was living here just to get rid of them.
They think he's a rival faction member, and since he's so skilled and intelligent, they want
him to work for them.
The poor painter, disillusioned with life, but still pulsing with art, knew that his "work" was
not to be admired.
"work" was not to be admired by everyone, and that few people would be able to feel the impact

and understand his motivations.

and understand his motivations, in the same way that he could not understand understand, perhaps ever" why these people were so miserable intellectually, or spiritually, and why they never admitted to his or spiritually, and why they would never admit that they led a comfortable and stupid life, from home to work to work to home, and to work to work to home, and bars and guitar on the weekends.

So, perhaps to satisfy his desire to change people's minds and culture, he projected this onto Rodrigo.

Rodrigo, started to encourage him to prepare himself for the "challenges" of life, and said to the boy's

surprise and delight of the boy, that in the future he could even earn money with his painting, or who knows

or, who knows, in a painting contest.

- "Do you know, Rodrigo, why many people don't like art?"

- I don't know, and I think I'm still too young to understand, do you?"

- I think I know, I can't say, but I'll give you a hint so that you can learn to reason from an early age.

I believe that people have an astonishing fear of the unknown, and art represents a lot of this, the beauty, the beauty, the beauty of the world.

The beauty, the lightness of the brush or the anatomical forms of a gentleman sitting in a square on a bench.

sitting in a square on a bench, painted on a canvas, or a lady, with an umbrella in her an umbrella in her hands over her head, in short, all of this that is indefinite and that we can almost not express in words

express absolutely in words, and what should discourage people from at least, to know the art, and secondly, the fact that they think that money is not ephemeral, of course one cannot live without it.

Of course, one cannot live without money, but thinking or wanting to acquire money all the time, at all costs

of course you can't live without money, but thinking or wanting to acquire money all the time, at all costs, also has its torments and causes many sadness and disappointments.

Rodrigo had already been taking painting classes for two years, and had already become a kind of secretary for

Renan's secretary, earned some money, and helped Aline with her mother.

she had to go to Renan's house, who was willing to help her for three months.

then she got a job in a cafeteria, and began to be chased by Bruna, a

Bruna, a bandidinha, who lived of robberies and could not empathize or sympathy for her, was then

That's when she met Luisa and had no doubt that she had found a great friend.

-Yes, I advise and encourage you to participate in this contest Rodrigo, you have an immense potential, your works are of a very high level.

potential, your works are of a level that no one at your age could reach, perhaps not even me. me.

-But I've been told that there are paintings and painters who surpass and humiliate anything I do! do!!!

-Don't pay attention to these people, no one humiliates anyone, there is no such thing, the most they can do and surpass you, but that's not why you have to give up, go ahead, don't waste all the effort you had, with gossip or nonsense of this kind, after all if you do not win is not the end of the world, other contests will come.

-Yes, when I'm old, sorry, like you, maybe I'll win.

-You should participate for the pleasure of "competing," not for winning!

Erica, an architect from the countryside of São Paulo, had hired Natalia as her secretary as an intern, but since she

but since she was kidnapped, practically all the works in which Erica worked stopped, it was a It was a blow to the company and to a good part of the city's economy.

-My God Luisa helps me give me a light, I don't know what to do with all this, even more without Erica, how will I play it all alone?

-I think you'd better not worry about it, I think you should come with me and abandon everything. everything, you need to protect yourself, because if these bandits who kidnapped her find out that you work with her, it could be up to you.

The kidnapers of Erica, had shot themselves in the foot, not counting that she despite not be bankrupt, did not have the money they wanted, because she needed to disburse much money to treat her mother, who had a rare disease, and was beyond everything, looking for her lost sister, Janaina, who ended up unwittingly, perhaps, getting involved with some some bandits who lured her into prostitution and tried to get her into drug trafficking, to which she refused.

She refused, but was then pursued and decided to look for her, or rather she had the "luck" of being found by people who worked in modeling agencies

models, and it was then that her life changed radically, in some things, in others not,

as for example, her relationship with her sister, all this led the two to be disconnected and

Erica never gave much attention to her sister and did not help her, but since her mother had become ill, she had not been able to help her, since her mother got sick and was almost out of commission.

she began to feel the need to get closer to her sister

to get closer to her sister, because she realized that she was one of the few people in the world

Fernando and the doctors who took care of his mother, but who could not work miracles.

but who also could not work miracles.

-So, first, Janaina, we will analyze your profile, take two photos for your registration.

We'll take two photos for your registration, you'll do a couple of laps around the stage to analyze your gait and posture.

there?

-Yes, I've come for this.

-You're extremely serious, relax.

-Ok

-That's it, nice smile, now one with your mouth closed... great.

-To the deck.

-That's it, that's it, just lift your head a little and look right at the horizon...

-OK, let me explain, we make a book of you, with several photos, we charge a fee for this book, are you interested?

-Look, and after this book?

-Then you wait until one of our clients contacts us and requests your work for a fashion show.

your work, for a fashion show, or commercial, what do you think?

-But what if no one is interested?

-It's a risk, but will you give up?

-No, of course not.

-Oh, I almost forgot, do you have problems traveling?

I have a little brother, but maybe I'll take him with me, or leave him with my sister, I don't know yet...

She didn't know that her sister had been kidnapped, but that would only last a short time...

....

Those were terrible days, when I was cowardly "persecuted", and when I realized that my mission here

that my mission here was much greater than I imagined, and exceeded even my intellect and survival skills, I realized that I was in a jungle, but not in a green jungle, with so many people in it.

in a green jungle, with so many trees, animals, snakes, monkeys, etc. ... But a jungle , But a jungle, a cruel jungle of stone, with buildings erected on all sides, in front, behind, up to the

city limits, it was almost impossible to feel pure air, and to find someone pure, at least in intentions.

then, as I found out that my mission was not to marry and have children, but to be arrested but to be arrested and die if necessary, I refused that damned vaccine that had made so many sick, some paraplegic, people who had no speech difficulty or stuttering began to have increasingly severe emotional disorders, breathing difficulties, but the most terrible most terrible difficulty, to be minimally happy, I thought it might be infiltrated in my home, my family, that

I thought she might be infiltrating my home, my family, who were putting me up against the wall more and more every day, wanting to know the whereabouts of a mysterious suitcase of money that they had "abandoned" at the door, might think I had a connection with doctors, nurses, and all professionals in the area of medicine, who knows he would not be selling human organs to have received that that "fortune", as a bonus. Who thought so, my family?

No, but military, army police officers who searched all the cities where I passed through, gathering information

I went through, gathering information about my work as an independent journalist, since I had seen I had seen a young man who got into a gunfight with the police and was shot in the face, I think by a rifle.

face, I think with a 12-gauge shotgun, I wondered where these fearful weapons came from and who got them.

fearful, and who was winning with them?

Was there some real war being waged, a spiritual war, or just the daily war for money, sex, fifteen minutes of fame? The drug dealer Charlinho, who dominated Caxias do Sul, had been repudiated by his own father, who was the previous head of the traffic, who

did not approve of his methods.

He ignored his father's "advice" and flaunted diamonds, jewelry, and lots of money, jewelry, and lots of money, which neither did his father.

No , the world is not good , and I needed to convince her of that all the time , every day , month , weeks maybe for years, I tried to make her feel that the world was evil, that they could kidnap her because of that diamond, one of the rare ones that circulated in the country, but she had difficulties, I don't know if it was character difficulties or the obscure needs of her fragile sex, who always needed to forget

always needed to forget a trauma that she perhaps never revealed to me, but was enough for me, a great

enough for me, a great observer, and curious about psychology, to notice her melancholic face for a matter of seconds

for a matter of seconds, something that disappeared so fast that I ended up discovering that she was bipolar.

bipolar.

I had to hide several and several times at the house of some of my aunts, while I left her alone in that apartment

in that apartment where she felt so comfortable and so lonely at the same time.

Because of this, I couldn't stand some weekends, and called two friends to visit her.

to visit her, and while they watched some movie, they drank vodka or whiskey.

understood why the rich appeared in scenes of soap operas, sipping small sips of whiskey, today I know, besides relaxing, because alcohol numbs, if drunk in moderation relaxes, but more than numbing, alcohol in excess can lead to complete dementia,

This is more or less what happened to the 40's movie muse Rita Hayworth,

or Margarita Cansino, who had tried to kill herself, she had been in a scandal on a plane during a trip, and from then on had the company of her daughter Yasmin.
But to get back to the point, we didn't have any children, so hanging out with friends on the weekend
But back to the point, we had no children of our own, so staying with her friends on the weekend was how she could fill the "void".

I started thinking, what is this crusty lesbian tendency that makes women understand each other?
I started to think, what was this enured lesbian tendency that made women get along so well with other women
often support their spouse? I had had my landline cut off, I could not give them any chance to try to trace me.

I couldn't give them any chance to try to trace me in any way, and calling her on one of these hungover weekends, she could talk her way out of it and reveal my address, where where I was staying with an aunt of mine in São Paulo, where as soon as I arrived the first week, I had suffered

the first week, I had suffered a robbery attempt, from which I escaped, running desperately desperately running towards one of the subway stations, where I stayed for a long time, wandering wandering until I got some change to pay the fare, many people looked at me with suspicion looked at me with suspicion, because I was relatively well dressed, and at the same time , others with a charitable smile on their faces, others without smiling, and I understood their I understood their lack of smiling, first because no one is obliged to be always smiling, and second because

smiling, and secondly because, for me, this is something of "alienated" people, and yes, I am sure that being happy all the time is impossible.

being happy all the time is impossible, even more so in a gigantic city like São Paulo.

But it was where I could best hide from everyone, from the police, from intelligence agents, from drug dealers

intelligence agents, drug dealers, of whom I was even more afraid, and they were the ones who first found my address, how? Because one of my wife's friends, Natalia, who lived in the middle of bars and parties, ended up meeting one of these criminals, and as she was

was completely drunk, ended up giving with her tongue in her teeth, but who had told her my address?

told her my address? I broke my head, I boiled my head trying to understand, and I came to the conclusion the conclusion that it could only have been Luisa, my wife, who on a weekend like that

I never imagined that this could happen,

But I was lucky that on that day when these criminals had found my address,

I was not at home, had gone for a walk, and when I returned, my aunt told me the whole story

When I came back, my aunt had told me the whole story,

of the second floors began to make a scandal shouting (Who let you

Somehow they had gotten badges from the police, the federal police, and the federal police, and they were

police, the federal police, and pretended to be looking for a thug, but they hadn't explained what kind of

thug they were looking for.

they had not explained what kind of thug, some women so limited, thought that it could be a rapist who

it could be a rapist who a few days ago had made a victim a couple of blocks away,

Nobody knew me, except my aunts, then the residents of the building began to be suspicious of me suspicious of me, but I did not let this shake me, my aunt then brilliantly tried to convince them that the criminal in question was already in jail, leaving them completely confused, making them shoot me.

confused, making them shoot themselves in the foot, and as they did not know this story, which had happened a few days ago, they thought she was right, but they knew she could be lying or making up a story.

or making up a story to deceive them, and so, what outcast would they be looking for, and if he was already

and if he was already in jail, what were they doing there? Then, in front of all the residents of the and made them leave, shouting "foraaaa foraaaa foraaa" from housewives and then I went to the window of the apartment in the kitchen and looked down, four men surrounded the apartment.

a look down, four men surrounded a woman on the beach, and asked for information information as it seemed to me, I began to notice the movements, and saw that one of them looked in

direction of the apartment, I moved away quickly, would they have seen me? I hoped not, if

had they seen me, I should disappear immediately, if not, I would know within five

days at most, which I estimated they would come after me, they didn't, I made the decision to

stay a few more days, but soon I feared my own thoughts again, and if they had

preparing an ambush, waiting only a few more hours, a couple of days to come back and get me?

come back and get me? One of them pointed a finger at her face, and then to the apartment as if to say

I know he's there. Then for three days I stayed in a hotel, where I met a businessman who told me of his

businessman who told me about his trajectory, since the beginning, when he started working as a baker for a German

baker, for a German completely crazy, until today, when he had opened a factory of vases.

I was curious about how to manufacture vases, and what kind of people worked with him.

He told me that he accepted anyone with good will, and with a keen journalistic ,

journalistic instinct, I asked to know the factory, he wanted to know what I was interested in,

he said he wanted to know what I was interested in,

said that my wife was there in Porto Alegre alone, and that she needed to work, and that we thought of going to live in the countryside of Sao Paulo, was half truth, Luisa did not know anything, and I had taken that decision a few days ago, due to the events, but of anything, and I had taken that decision a few days ago, due to events, but why would I go to a small town, where it would be easier to find me?
I didn't think they would be able to move 600 km just to find me, but to my surprise, they were.

I hadn't even talked to Luisa yet, but I figured she didn't have much of a choice.

I figured she didn't have much of a choice, and that she could only accept or accept under the circumstances. I found a way to

I arranged to talk to her through her sister, because I thought that this way she would be able to talk to me. because I thought that this way it would be more difficult for them to track me down. She was anxious at every phone call I made to her sister-in-law, wanting to know news about me. said that she had met this businessman, that he was a very intelligent guy, very presentable nice, and with a conversation somewhat intellectual for me, even with all my training in the art world.

my background in the world of arts, literature and psychology, I thought he talked too much for my taste.

too much talk for my taste, I soon became suspicious of him, started to talk less, but did not stop but I did not stop paying attention to his physiognomy, as I did in Luisa and in so many other people that I thought

I began to treat him more and more cordially and patiently, and with more and more patience, I began to talk to him.

cordially and with patience each time he approached me, without judging him for his appearance. appearance, that he might be homosexual, because there were already too many people noticing and smiling

smiling at his presence in the hotel, or on the streets when we went out to talk, I was with a mixture of pity and fear.

a mixture of pity and fear of him, because I had already helped him escape from about five idiots who tried to lynch him in the street, because they suspected he was gay, but the other day

I found him in a dark narrow street, almost on the corner, near a dead end,

where he was beating a young man, I approached and recognized one of those idiots who had tried to subdue him.

I approached him and recognized one of those idiots who had tried to subdue him.

It would be Brazil formed from this miscegenation of five hundred years, a place where the people of the

of five hundred years, a place where each Brazilian was a race? And if so, what would that that would mean? An eternal conflict without solution? Or just our singularity trying to affirm itself?

asserting itself? And why, to affirm our person, would we have to eliminate the other as they tried do with him? Yes, things are much more complex than we imagine, but it could be very simple very simple if people were willing to be just happy, now but what is this happiness? I was already thinking of writing a book about psychopathy, but about happiness? No, it was too complex for me, but I already knew two things, people can not be so happy alone can be so happy alone, but also can not be so long together, it takes perhaps spend a few hours, days, weeks or months away from your loved one, to see each other again as if

as if it were all new, or better, the continuity of the best of what we were living, this businessman, poor

This businessman, poor fellow, was a loner who had inherited his father's company father's company, along with a lot of money, and many people had no idea how much money he had, nor who he was, because if they did, I say with absolute certainty, they would not treat him the same way.

And I know what I say, because walking through the streets of a giant city like São Paulo, I could see the difference between the treatment given to beggars and other people, and so there was a difference for each "level" of person, a different treatment.

I don't know if you have seen that movie 2001, American Psycho, which is a fiction, but very well made in fact, to make us see the other side of the coin, the young of the coin, the young psychopath in question, who imagined himself to be a great connoisseur of music, should have some "delusional" disorder, as psychiatrists say, but from where did it arise? We learn from Freud that practically all neuroses have their origin in a trauma, and trauma, and so the trauma of the young man in the film is not shown or developed in the film, but we can

but we can assume that, as his victims were prostitutes, beggars, and even old people, could be the hatred for women of "easy" life the "losers", exemplified in the beggar, Just watch the scene where he talks to a beggar on a New York City street, close to 0 h and asks him...

-Why are you here in?

-Ehehehe, I lost my job (half stuttered)

You can see that he already considers the beggar a failure for barely being able to speak, and as soon as notices that he has a bottle, he asks him ...

-Why, because in, what did you do, you were late, you drank and came home drunk, you you miserable loser...

And he stabs him in the chest a few times...

And I ask you, could you see in this scene how much the revolt of a person with society, misery society, misery and indigence, can turn him into a monster?

The indigence of whom, in fact, you must be wondering, right? We are all in some way indigent in some way, when we don't get the proper respect or recognition, but

but we are even more indigent, absolutely, when we are denied our rights.
In the time of Honoré de Balzac, the great French novelist, this was already a naked reality,
Even some ten years after the French Revolution, those bourgeois disdained by the Bourbons
, who were the first
Bourbons, who were the first to occupy the power when there was the restoration, were proba-
bly those who
probably those who would occupy the lowest and most "despicable" positions among the
bourgeoisie, which was composed of merchants, those who distrusted their were suspicious of
their employee .
at the slightest sign of curiosity shown by the poor fellow, as in the scene in the novel Chat qui
Chat qui novel, when three of the coachmen of the merchant were waiting for another one to
the delivery of a parcel, if I am not mistaken, of fabrics (sorry for the lack of memory) and this
one is looking out the window.
This one is looking through the back window into the merchant's house, which makes the mer-
chant very suspicious.
Another thing that happened at that time and that persists until today is the impossibility
Another thing that happened at that time, and that persists until today, is the impossibility of acce-
pting a poor romance between a miserable man and a young woman from a wealthy family.
So, I thought that I could never have married Luiza, had I not interrupted relations with my family,
had I not interrupted relations with my family, had I not interrupted relations with my family, had I
not interrupted relations with my family, had I not interrupted relations with my family, had I not
interrupted relations with my family.
had I not broken off relations with my family, who looked at me from behind and thought I was just
trying to get back at them.
I was wanting to lean on my aunts, especially Luisa's mother, just to take advantage of her.
What a thing, no, this was gradually leading me to become increasingly selective
in relation to friendships, because I realized that in reality, her mother hated me because I was
poor, hated her ex-husband who mistreated her for a whole year during her 18 years of marriage, and
when she found out that he was
18 years of marriage, and when she heard that he was about to die, she kept quiet about anything
about his past, different from what she did before, when she kept talking bad about him, and as soon
as she knew
that she knew he had left this for the better, and was entitled to his "retirement" money
"retirement" as a lieutenant in the military police, she encouraged her children a few days before he
died to visit him.
days before he died, to go visit him, saying that he groaned in pain in bed, and others that it was punis-
hment for
he had inflicted on his children, and on her, some of this distrust she had of me,
probably stemmed from the wounds she kept from all these years, and confusing him with me
confusing him with me, perhaps, ended up turning me also into a cold and caustic person, and
only the storms of life
of life justified this, because to escape from that mafia, I had to be very intelligent, as when I asked
I had to be very intelligent, as when I asked Fernando, that businessman I had met at the hotel, for a job
a job in his company's Rh. Then, I could get to know people more and more by doing those
those Sabbatinas with interviewees, job applicants.
It was then that I met an incredible young man named Eric, who had caused me strangeness at first,
but when I
I began to know him better, I understood that he was not to blame for almost anything that had
that everything he did was driven by "mysterious" forces, such as his love for the young nurse Joyce,
and that he was in love with her.
the love for the young nurse Joyce, and that made him go to Ireland, to spend some time, to try to for-
get her, while
to try to forget her, while he wrote some articles about Irish life and customs.
It was then that I discovered that prostitutes in Ireland, as soon as they fell in love, abandoned the
and soon married, for love, even if the man in question did not have much money, because they knew
because they knew that even with all the comforts they had,
such an "easy" life was not a condition for happiness, on the contrary, it could generate many heart-
breaks
the daily routine could be bitter at the same time that lustful, and did not have the
"adrenaline of the real daily battles, battles against his own demons, or those of others, or just
demons, or those of others, or just the pleasure of opening a fair, whether of clothes, jewelry, utilities,
or even food, and thus meet other people, beyond that "closed" circle
"of men who were just looking for a day of pleasure.
I also heard from Eric a story that, being true or not, would be incredible, which he had never read in
any book.
read in any book, this he had read in the book "Trojan Horse" of a former Spanish Marine, if I am not
mistaken, or
or American, named Jose Benitz, a novel about Jesus Christ, that a diamond was a
Christ , that a diamond was a sign of luck , and that in the East there was a belief that
person who carried a diamond would be lucky for the rest of his or her life.
I asked myself then, what kind of luck would this be, the one only founded on the "infinity" of money?
Or would the diamond have
Or does the diamond have some mysterious power that can rid us of bad omens?
And what bad omens would these be? I even found this story funny when I remembered ,
that almost nobody would have a diamond at home, or hidden anywhere, so
we would be a humanity of almost 7 billion unlucky and disgraceful people, already born without
luck?
without luck? And the Brazilians then? They say, I've heard this story, that there is a Brazilian city
that

diamonds underneath, I heard that it was diamantina, but never had certainty

This story was never revealed, and while prostitutes in Brazil talked in their waiting rooms their little waiting rooms, about trips to Fernando de Noronha, Balneário Camboriú, or Rio de Janeiro, Luisa argued with her sister ...

-I can't do it, you can't stay here anymore, if they find out we are together, they will kidnap you and God knows what they will do to you, they may torture you psychologically, physically until they find Henrique, and this damn money...

-No, it's better that we stay together for a long time, alone here is that you are completely vulnerable, we can defend each other ...

-Imagine, two women defending themselves against a bunch of drug dealers, if it were only one or two

maybe, but they give too many ...

-How many?

-Last time I talked to Henrique, he told me there were five, but maybe there are more?

more...

-Look, I have an idea, what if we put an ad in the newspaper or posters at the bus stop offering these two rooms?

bus stop, offering these two rooms for rent to other girls, who knows.

then we would have even more chance to defend ourselves ...

-I don't think so, not really, we would have to warn them of the whole story first, and who would want to come and live here

who would want to come and live here knowing that they will be at risk...

-I'm talking about courageous women, of course that freshmen and mama's girls will not want to, but if they are really

but if they're really needy women...

-Women in need usually have children, I don't want to involve children in this.

-Let's look for ourselves then...

-Where?

-Where, in the streets, at bus stops, in the squares, at supermarket checkouts, wherever, but we can't be alone here anymore, the two of us, our mother must be desperate by now.

-It's funny you should say that, aren't you two fighting?

-Yes, but I don't think it's forever...one day she'll understand me.

-I think it's you who has to understand her -!!!!

-Why?

Mom and that implies everything, I can not go out, should not spend good in the gym, should not spend my money, ah, this tires!!!!

-I think she has a good dose of reason in this, we are in terrible days, in which it is impossible to predict tomorrow, and what will hit us, you spend too much energy in the gym, money in the club, nightclubs on the weekends, besides becoming a stranger in the city, you will end up being despised even by her.

And she is already warning you in advance that this can happen to you, because, on top of everything else, she

happen to you, because besides everything, she is old, and needs care ...

-Then you should take care of her, since you are so concerned...

-I'm already taking care of my life, which you should do, and I send her money whenever I can.

I'm already taking care of my life, which you should be doing, and I send her money whenever I can, and I haven't stopped supporting her or distanced myself for good, as you are trying to do.

so take my advice, if you want to live here, make peace with her,

because we may need her...

In some college, a conversation between two professors took place in these terms:

-I heard that rather limited journalist yesterday saying on the radio that we are not originally what we become.

I think that these broadcasters talk too much and investigate too little.

I think these broadcasters talk too much and investigate too little, I think we actually don't know what we are originally, and maybe we never will

know, so we are always in search of that, and also have no idea what we are when we become something, we think

we are when we become something, we think we are performing some function in benefit of others, but what do we do?

-What are you saying, explain better ... -Do you think it's crazy? I'll give you an example, since the 70s at least, the Mossad acts in the Middle East and maybe all over the world, undercover, trying to contain terrorism, and what happens? For every terrorist leader killed, it seems like ten more

-This seems "normal" and obvious to me, because after all, it is the nature of humanity to be always return, whether in its

reborn, either in their heirs, or as a phoenix, risen from the ashes that, when it seems to be a phoenix, seems to be a phoenix.

that when

it seems that everything is over, when many, or just a few within any group, complain to God and the devil that all values

and the devil, that all values have been forgotten and abandoned, and they think that they are above and think that they are above the others, and that they themselves do not cultivate these values anymore, and in fact do not even care about them.

values, and in fact they don't even care if others are cultivating them or not.

-And what do they want then?

-Just talk, material for conversation, a shoulder to lean on to prove to themselves that they are never but they forget that humanity is already alone, since the beginning of time.

of time.