

MIRACLE OF LIFE AND DEATH

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CHARACTER:

MARCELA... ..62 YEARS

CURRENT TIME

THE ACTION IS DEVELOPED IN THE CITY DE MEXICO

MUSIC: THE ONE THAT IS INDICATED IN DUE COURSE OF TIME.

WARDROBE: I BROUGHT APPROPRIATE TAILOR TO THE TIME.

BEFORE OF BEGINNING THE WORK ELECTRONIC MUSIC IT IS LISTENED. When OPENING UP THE CURTAIN it is CONTINUED LISTENING WHILE IN A SCREEN he/she is PROJECTED A VIDEO CLIP WITH THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THIS: QUICK IMAGES. THE IMAGES WILL SHOW US THE LIFE DE MARCELA: BIRTH, THEIR FAMILY, THEIR HOUSE. THEIR SCHOOL YEARS, THEIR SCHOOL, THEIR PARTNERS, THEIR GAMES, THE ADOLESCENCE, THE BOYFRIENDS, THEIR SEXUAL AWAKENING, THEIR STUDIES, THEIR GRADUATION LIKE TEACHER, THEIR FORMAL COURTSHIP, THEIR WEDDING, THEIR MOON OF HONEY, THEIR PREGNANCY, THEIR DAUGHTER'S BIRTH, THEIR MONOTONOUS MATRIMONIAL LIFE, WITHOUT UPS AND DOWNS, UNTIL ARRIVING TO THE CURRENT DATE. THE LAST IMAGE THAT IS SEEN IN THE VIDEO WILL BE THE SAME ONE THAT THE PUBLIC IS CONTEMPLATING: THE WOMAN SEEING THE VIDEO OF THEIR LIFE. IT FINISHES THE VIDEO. I CHANGE DE LIGHTS. MARCELA FACES THE PUBLIC.

MARCELA. - This that you/they have just seen is my life. I don't believe that he/she needs any explanation. It is a life full with common places, a life like the one of anyone, as that of you... Sixty two OR THE AGE THAT THE ACTRESS REQUIRES, BUT NEVER smaller TO 45 YEARS years summarized in some minutes. That age has, I don't take off neither one month. A life without high neither first floor. Good, that says now, before... Before he/she thought that my life was replete of them; today I see that it is not this way that the high ones, when a lot, the love that is the equivalent of the sex were; the university career, my daughter's birth, some trip... and you give birth to of counting. The first floor? They were also few: my husband's infidelity, my daughter's illness that was solved for well, a robbery, stopping to work... AND it is everything. Anything outstanding. The rest? Foolishness. And of those foolishness it is full the time that we are given. Today, three days after they told me that I have cancer, pancreas cancer, I see myself in the necessity of reflecting, sew that I hardly ever make. The few times that I attempt it I end up depressed, with blame feelings, with anger against my same one for not having made what wanted of my life. Then what case. But let us return to the present. The first thing that I thought when seeing the results is in the death. How original, not? But not in the death for the same illness, but in the death caused by my same one. In summary I thought of him suicide. Why not? For that is sinned? Years ago I left in believing in this of the sins. For that a crime is against oneself? Yes, and? I am not injuring anybody more; it is my life, it is my body. Will it be for the damage that I can cause to my family? More damage will produce them with my illness if it doesn't finish quick with me. No, it is not for the above-mentioned that I discarded that of the suicide. It is for fear. Fear to the pain, fear to that ignored. Although it is possible that when it passes something of time he/she stops to have it or that I no longer care. I don't know how

I will react in one week, in one month... or until in some hours. Clear, you will be said that why before I don't assist myself, I operate myself, I see if the illness you can control that that is the first thing. They will recommend me to go with such or which specialist, with such or which hierbero, with such or which faith healer. They will tell me the teas that I should take or to the saint to the one that I should request him that there are many miraculous. "Did San Judas cure so-and-so, San Antonio to so-and-so, Charbel the best is, that for not speaking of San Judas, is this certain". Thank you, but with pain I do have to tell them that I don't believe in them, and if I don't believe, won't they make me the miracle or yes? I doubt it a lot. I trust the grasses a little more, although if some that really cured the cancer existed it would already be known by all, the foreigners or the Germans would already be exploiting it and Japanese would already have taken it to him after depicting it. The truth is that for this century principle we are still in diapers in this of the cancer and of other illnesses like it is the AIDS. But of something we have to die, neither way of being eternal. When he/she is discovered treatment for these two illnesses they will appear other and others. That doesn't have remedy. The death is not treated. It is the only wrong that he/she gives us to all. HE/SHE LAUGHS. I am terrible, I am already being ahead a lot, I am already in the end, in the moment to die, when they still lack many things that to say. You will want to know which my reaction went when knowing the result. No, it was not that of thinking of killing me, that happened later some hours, when I was convinced that yes that I was the portadora of this illness and not another person that Marcela Salamanca Monroy is the one that will not die in a term very long. What did I feel? I will try to reconstruct the scene in honor of you, but first allows me to bring the results, I have them to the hand, I won't take a long time a lot. Yes? VA TO SOME PIECE OF FURNITURE, OPENS A DRAWER, IT TAKES OUT AN

ENVELOPE WITH THE RESULTS. HE/SHE WALKS TO THE PLACE WHERE IT WAS BEFORE. HE/SHE OPENS THE ENVELOPE. IT TAKES OUT THE PAPERS, HE/SHE GETS READY TO READ THEM. Leo. "Doctor Mario Fernández Fortress, Hospital of Gineco obstetrics. Present. The practiced biopsy, according to their indications, to Mrs. Marcela Salamanca Monroy, the day five of the present month, he/she gives us the following result: pancreatic carcinoma." HE/SHE STOPS TO READ. Then he/she speaks of fabrics, of other things that neither I understand neither I care. The main thing is it of the pancreatic carcinoma. Go if I know it, of that my father died. In this the doctors are not missed, TO little they don't live her to him saying that the cancer is hereditary? And yes, yes it is it in my case. Oh father, you didn't inherit me anything of money but yes your illness. You had made it the other way around and I would be you eternally grateful! Him little that you had the we spend in hospitals, medicines and of course in doctors. All get paid even. A heap. Mine is same. It is worth them if one has or not, them to get paid that it stops that they specialized. And there that of the injustices of the life comes. Me to the doctor Hinojosa pays him for a consultation, with everything and Papanicolao, what I pay to my Chole for an entire month of work. And look that Chole has to sweep, to mop, to go to the market, to cook, to make the beds, to clean the bathrooms, to hold back to me and my family, to eat what we give him and not what he likes, and for what reason to continue. On the other hand him, the doctor, all sentadote revises your papers and with voice very engolada says that yes that it is possible that a tumor exists that will try of seeing that origin is for it which one has you to make these analyses, these x-rays, these other studies... AND if the doctor is expensive, what you/they are the analyses, the x-rays and mainly the calls "other studies" it is to die. The bad thing is that one doesn't die, that was good. If I had died neither I find out this

rotteness that I have inside. The cancer stinks. Say it to me that had to change to my father during weeks and weeks. Fúchila! I will tell them one of my knacks or ways of being. If something collides me in this world he/she is people that smells bad. I don't support it. Now I am the one that will stink... and in that forms. The deodorants and perfumes make him that that the wind to Juárez to this pest, none serves. Neither although you put on the whole flask. This way that if some of you is disgusting as me, better neither they come to visit one another, they are forgiven from now on, he/she would understand them perfectly. What I don't know if myself will smell or nr. Say that one is not smelled, or rather that one gets used to their own scent and until it ends up liking him. That says, I don't believe it... But I already left for where it didn't should. I told them that the scene of the moment will act in that I found out the illness and I already began to speak of maids. How I won't make it if it is one of our fundamental topics. Without them... Good, I won't continue somewhere around. They already know the indispensable ones that they are. Or not? I recapture that of the moment. I will take air to concentrate. HIM AGO. HE/SHE TAKES THE PAPERS OF THE ANALYSES, IT PUTS THEM IN THE ENVELOPE AGAIN. IT IS PLACED IN TRAGIC ATTITUDE. HE/SHE OPENS THE ENVELOPE, IT TAKES OUT THE PAPERS. IT BEGINS THEM TO READ. THEIR FACTIONS GO CONTRACTING. IT BECOMES PALE. LEE FOR SECOND TIME ALL THE INFORMATION. IT WRINKLES THE PAPERS. HE/SHE STAYS LOOKING IN SOME POINT. THEY SPROUT HIM THE TEARS. HE/SHE SPEAKS SLOWLY. Cancer... I Have cancer..!

IT REMAINS PARALYZED SOME SECONDS. THEN, CRAWLING WILL SIT DOWN IN A SOFA. QUEDAMENTE BEGINS TO CRY. IT INTERRUPTS THEIR OWN IMITATION, HE/SHE GETS UP QUICKLY, HE/SHE FACES THE PUBLIC.

That was everything, neither I screamed, neither I spoke anybody, neither I fainted or something for the style. Some tears and already. That yes, inside I felt as that they tore me, my heart accelerated the more than it can accelerate, my stomach contracted, my skin cooled down. I remained this way several minutes. He/she no longer thought of the cancer, now he/she thought in that will die. Me, to die...? Yes, I already know that we all will die, but we don't know when. Now me yes he/she knew it. In very little time. Weeks, maybe months, never one year. I don't know if you have felt that that very soon you will die or that you can die from something or for something. I felt it already twice. The first one in an automobile accident already many years ago. The car was overturned, I was caught. It is my end, I told myself in that occasion. The truth that I worried about more to leave the place that to think of the death. The second time was when they stole me, it happened in my house, the thieves put me the gun in the head so that he/she gave everything and he/she opened the safe. I didn't know how to make it. It was sure that they will shoot. The fright was tremendous but neither I thought of the death. He/she tried to remember the numbers of the box in that another thing could offer them so that they didn't kill me. They were the two occasions. Now it is different, now yes I am sure that I will die and that I have time to think of that, to think of that of the life and in that of the death... The life is never thought, one lives, and the death feels it so distant that it is not worthwhile to analyze it. I will begin with the life. It is curious, when I think of the life I not think of the life that I lived already, in which I am living. And the one that I already lived already saw it you in a video. It passed in a blow. When I read men's biographies or celebrated women I find out the a thousand things that they made, the enormous hardships that suffered, the intense enjoyments that experienced. All they were part of political parties, of decrees in wars, of fights for the religions, of big discoveries, of

victories and defeats, of enormous disasters, of overpowering passions. And me, what? Neither wars, neither cataclysms, neither political parties or ideologies for those that it is necessary to fight until the death. Less still a passion, that they had it to us forbidden the family, the church and oneself. My big concerns were the money, the purchases, the social meetings, I repeat that of the maid, the programs of television, the dentist, the kilos of more, the readings and many other zoncercas, because that is, zoncercas. They don't tell me that it is not zoncercas to worry for if in this season the black color comes another time and to me he/she doesn't go me, or for if it will have a cheap one in The Palacio or in Liverpool and me I have to buy myself before a dress for the wedding of Raquelita. Of for sure my dress later reduces it. And we are filled this way the life. What are there wars, what is there poverty, what is the world polluted and will he/she end, what in África millions of AIDS do die a year, what does the church again want to dominate the man in its entirety, what...? Yes, all that exists, but there, far from us, far from me. To me that you/they don't go up me the price of my canderel or that they put to the jail to all those that can steal us in our colony, or that María Jacinta ends up marrying Raúl Esteban, those of the telenovela of six o'clock. How another thing the life can be? Today I began to think that why they gave it to me, for what reason they gave it to me that how they gave it to me that who gives me he/she gave and that if I made use correctly of her or I am definitively reprovén. I have also thought if my life is similar of important that that of the other ones that if it is similar of important to the life of the animals or of the plants. I don't have answer to anything of the above-mentioned. The simplest thing that is to say that the life gave it to me God that gave it to me so that he/she adored him and it served to the other ones. The how they gave it to me the the gynecologists and the obstetricians explain. Now that why to me they gave it to me and not to other, why that sperm fecundated to



that ovum and another sperm of the millions that you/they say was not that they end up fecundating. If it had been other I would not be here, another different being would be. That is to say that could not have existed for hundredth of second. The bad thing is that none of these explanations convinces me completely. Yes, God... But who is, where is it, what does to be able to have in fact? Won't an unknown force be for us the one that governs our lives and the lives of the planets? You go that is! The bad thing that if it is the God that you/they teach us in the Catholic schools I already whetted myself. I have not gone to mass that I don't take communion that I don't take the vigil of time of Lent for years. More years I have in that don't believe much of what you/they taught me. I don't believe in the sins, I don't believe in the angels and the devils, fewer believe in the sky and the hell. The Potatoes, bishops and priests... Good, better I don't say. The church.... less I say. The commandments... neither I say. That is to say that will be condemned of insurance to pass the rest of my existence in the hell. I told existence supposing that I will continue existing in some form... I am already speaking another time of the death when the shift is of the life. He/she will say that I don't think that we continue existing in some form after dying. But that will comment it when he/she plays him the shift to the scanty one. I continue with the life. The life is also the form in that one lives her. We always spend it speaking of the bad life that you/they take the other ones. And that bad life is not another thing that the things that the other ones make and that we have not dared to make. That a woman puts the horns to her husband and already for us you/he/she takes a bad life. That another doesn't accept their daughter to leave him the children while she works and we classify it equally. All take a bad life. The good one in ours. But I should already stop to speak of this. Better I chat them how my husband and my daughter reacted when I told them that of the cancer. Does it interest them? Now I know

how they reacted and also the rest of my relatives and friends. To all I have counted them to him. That once and for all they know it. For what reason to walk with secrets if in a few days they will see me so given to the cuas that will be possible it to imagine. For the time being I already know who I will have and with who nr. to really Count. Of course that all tell you that what atrocity that you/they feel it a lot that if I am sure that am mistaken to the best that many times the doctors and the analyses fail. That wanted I that you/they failed, am more, if the doctor fails I swear that I won't claim it and less I will demand him. That please it fails. But it won't fail. That myself knows it. My friends were the subtlest. All, of course, faked to cry, later Elenita asked me that if it erases me of the shifts that we organize every year, María Emilia he/she said that it could continue this way no longer playing basket that he/she will see with who it replaced me; my mother-in-law, with a great smile, asked me him to leave all my papers in order that she makes testament that begins to give my daughter my jewels that... that requests to my husband that marries again because you already see, he is so useless for her clothes, for her things" they won't believe it but as well as you/he/she is of old you/he/she is of sour. It already turned eighty years and there it continues. She is the one that should have my illness and not me. What he/she leaves to the hell! If it is then for her yes I believe in the hell. Good, I will count them first how he/she reacted he, my husband, my worse one are anything. I told it to him the second day. As if it was to declare him my love I prepared a good dinner, when it will arrive I lit the music. HE/SHE GETS UP. He/she LIGHTS An APPARATUS DE CDs. MODERN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IS LISTENED OR TO SOME AMERICAN SINGER OF FASHION LIKE IT CAN BE CELINE DION OR SOME OTHER ONE. SHE LISTENS TO IT A MOMENT. HE/SHE SMILES. THEN HE/SHE GOES AND A GLASS IS SERVED. HE/SHE SITS DOWN IN

THE TABLE. HE/SHE LIFTS THE GLASS AS IF IT WAS TOASTING WITH SOMEBODY. HER, CHANGING THE TONE OF THEIR VOICE, HE/SHE ANSWERS IN PLACE OF THEIR HUSBAND.

VOICE OF HER. - All well in your work?

VOICE OF HIM. -. Yes.

VOICE OF HER. - do You like how I set the table?

VOICE OF HIM. -. Yes.

VOICE OF HER. - don't you ask me why I put it, why did I put this music, why did I get ready so much?

VOICE OF HIM. -. Why?

VOICE OF HER. -. To tell you that I have been very happy in my marriage with you. VOICE OF HIM. -. Ah.

VOICE OF HER. -. I love you something.

VOICE OF HIM. -. If you prepared this whole number to request me something neither think; they will change to the manager, I don't know if I will continue in the company, I have many debts.

VOICE OF HER. -. Nobody is requesting you anything.

VOICE OF HIM. -. That waits.

VOICE OF HER. -. I love you that I am sick.

VOICE OF HIM. - Now of what? If you don't have the migraine you have the colitis and who knows how many you sew more, also, if you are really sick it consults to a doctor, I don't know anything about medicine.

VOICE OF HER. -. I have cancer, pancreatic cancer. I will die in very little time.

VOICE OF HIM. -. Of what are you speaking?

VOICE OF HER. -. Clearer neither the water. I have cancer and I will die. What do you find?

VOICE OF HIM. -. That you are crazy. You cannot have that, you would not say it so calm. From where did you take out that you have cancer?... do I Already know, for that of your dad. That doesn't indicate that you also have it. My father was diabetic and I don't have sugar in the blood. This way the other thing.

VOICE OF HER. -. They already made me biopsy and analysis.

VOICE OF THE. -. From when do you know it?

VOICE OF HER. -. Does it care the date?

VOICE OF HIM -. Of course, the cancer advances quickly if it is not on time.

VOICE OF HER. - This all that you will tell me is?

VOICE OF HIM. -.. No, clear...

VOICE OF HER. - I am waiting.

VOICE OF HIM. - he/she was thinking of Oscar Urrutia. Do you remember him? It seems that he/she is a grateful oncologist, I will request him an appointment, you will see that you don't have anything.

HE/SHE SMILES BITTERLY. And it continued this way. He/she never told me that it felt it that loved me that will accompany in my illness. Him to the practical thing. When finishing the dinner he/she had already made bills of how much one would have to pay in a hospital in Mexico or some in the United States. It looked for, and he/she found, the cards of the medical insurance. Tomorrow I will go with their friend that, Oscar Urrutia. HE/SHE GETS UP TO TURN OFF THE MUSIC. I don't doubt that it is concerned and until sad. He/she doesn't say it neither he/she will say it. The bad of us, the human beings, it is that we believe to guess what the other ones will say or to make. And those things are what we want, what we are sure that they will make the other ones. According to me, my husband will hug, both will begin to cry, we would spend later whole hours remembering our courtship, our wedding, our years of married. I would ask him for forgiveness for a

thousand things and him, with tears in the eyes, he/she would request me of new bill pardon to have deceived me some days with another. And now that I remember it... won't it continue with her? If it is this way with the news that I gave him he/she must be hitting of jumps of happy. Plus her. But I don't believe it. Although to these heights what I can care. Total, when dying him I will leave the free field so that he/she walks with her or with anyone... FÚRICA PUTS ON. The bad thing is that yes I care it. And if what I suspect is certain I will come, already dead, to pull him the feet every night. At both. And that while they are happened other things that I can to already make being deceased. Neither think that everything will be so easy! And yes, anything is easy. Today I began to think of pure foolishness, as always. I made the distribution, in my head, of all my things between my family and my acquaintances. That the jewels to my daughter, my clothes to my sisters, my perfumes... No, my perfumes will use them todititos while he/she lives for not stinking so much. My furniture, my disks, my.... my, my. So much thing and anything serves you in these moments. I don't know for what reason we accumulate so much. The worst thing is that when I distributed the things in my mind I didn't think that to the best nobody will want them. My sisters won't never use my clothes, my daughter will say that the jewels are for old and she will sell them, my furniture... I already see my papers, my books, my disks, if not in the garbage, if with one of those that buy used things and later they resell in the poor colonies. Point to take care that the white dress doesn't have a stain so that now they use it in any market on wheels. And that if they don't use it for other worse things. No, my family won't make anything of that. All him mine will conserve it such and as me I have it! HE/SHE LAUGHS WITH BITTERNESS. For what reason I make myself, they will make the same thing that I made with the things of my dads. Most of they sold them, other I gave them and several I threw to the

garbage. Here I have a secretaire, several of the books, my mom's jewels and I believe that nomás. My sister yes he/she kept more things, she loves to keep everything. He/she has a collection of bottles of medications for if some day they serve him. That sister... No, don't get scared, I swear not to speak more of her neither a word. If I begin he/she would have to speak of her, of my cousins, of my uncles, of my sister-in-laws.. Good, of those yes I would like to say something... No, better nr. will Already die and I don't want to continue loading me of the calls sins. HE/SHE SMILES FORCIBLY. They are good, pretty, affectionate... it PAUSES LONG IN THE ONE THAT SHE doesn't KNOW WHAT to MAKE. And now? If I don't speak bad of the other ones they are not happened other things. I will think how more I can tell them... I Already know. I lack to chat them my daughter's reaction, of my dear daughter... I called It to my room, I told him that he/she wanted to speak with her of something that was very important for me and maybe also for her. I told him that of the cancer and that of my next death. Did he/she cry, did he/she hug me, did he/she laugh? No, it tossed me what they call a roll. A roll in which didn't stop to not even speak to breathe. Good, in something he/she has to resemble me. HE/SHE GETS UP. IT CHANGES ATTITUDE TO BECOME THE DAUGHTER. IT ALSO CHANGES VOICE. And what wave with that? Does Pa'qué tell it to me? To begin I believe that you are I choreando, who knows for what reason net, güey. If you have that it is your wave, güey; to me my bells. If you tell it to me pa'que it doesn't go out with the cuates, so that he/she doesn't go to the holes or it stops who knows that another thing, neither you believe it to you. You are bad of the head, güey. Your blackmails me the step for where you know. The net one is that each who their jais. IT CHANGES ATTITUDE AGAIN. NOW IT IS HERSELF AGAIN. And it followed this way a good while. He/she told me that if I had cancer it was for my blame that she knew

that they only have that illness the bitter ones, and that I was a bitter one that I never knew about the life. Another meaning of what is the life! To know about the life, for the youths, it is to go to bed with everybody, have the sex that has, or to consume drugs or to walk alcoholized. That is to know about the life. Do go life the one that you/they have!... AND if they are those that have the reason and not us? To the best, as them they say, it is good to prove everything, and only not to prove it, but enjoying it. HUSSY. How's it going that now that I lack so little to peel of the map... And that it consists that this last expression was the one that my daughter used. Good, do I recapture, how's it going that now that I will die... does This sound more elegant... or not? My daughter used apart from to peel other expressions like to stretch the tennis, to give it, to fade and others that neither I remember neither I want to remember. You forgive, but this always happens to me. I begin to speak of something and to the while I am already speaking of another thing. That happens me from girl. In the school the teacher always nagged me. Good, it not only nagged me, it nagged us to all. Clear, I eat he/she never married. To that yes I believe that it had been necessary him to make that they make the youths now. If he/she had gone to bed with somebody another it would be their life. But not... although who knows, skirts see, interiors don't know. HE/SHE LAUGHS. I recapture the above-mentioned. He/she said that if it would not be good to take advantage now that I will die to make a thousand things that before I didn't dare. And that goes from skating in the street, to throw me of an airplane in parachute, to put on a órdago drunkenness, to go to bed with my husband's better friends, to smoke marijuana, to aspire a line, to steal in a store... he/she LAUGHS. For what reason I make myself... Never of the jamáses I will dare to make anything of that. Enough conditioned for not making it am. When a lot I would dare to dance in public or to sing. And that who knows. I am very shy, although you don't

believe it. Although it is not bad to dance and to sing... or yes? Of agreement, it is bad if one makes it bad, but if he/she defends a... he/she SMILES THOROUGHLY. HE/SHE GETS UP. IT EITHER PUTS A CD WITH MUSIC TO DANCE OR TO SING OR FOR BOTH THINGS, ACCORDING TO HE/SHE DECIDES IT THE ACTRESS THAT REPRESENTS THIS MONOLOGUE. HE/SHE WILL TRY TO MAKE IT THE BEST THING POSSIBLE. IF IT DOESN'T ACHIEVE IT THE HE/SHE WILL TAKE TO JOKE AND HE/SHE WILL MAKE IT FÁRSICAMENTE. How did it leave me? Those that say that very bad or they are mistaken or they are dying from envy. I don't also believe that he/she makes it worse of many than they sing or they dance in television. Have not they maybe seen and heard to sing to...? He/she will already say names and this is publicity. If they mean the but they happen to me a wool. Although yes, I will say a name so that they see that I don't invent. Have they listened to the Mrs. to sing tangos?... is an example, what does it consist. This way many other... and others. Good, I already dared to sing. Will it be similar of easy to make the other things that I have not allowed myself in the life? It can be, but already for what reason... Now that I think it I should never be so responsible with my house, my husband and my daughter. For them everything, for me, anything. For them my time, my health, my activities, my knowledge, my desires, my... AND me, what? What with my desires of learning, of traveling, of being carried out, of feeling unknown pleasures, of being related with more people, with more men? Know! My children say this way. Know! And it is not he/she in fact knows, but he/she doesn't know what he/she would be necessary to say. He/she doesn't know, he/she never knew, he/she will never know. HE/SHE LAUGHS. No, he/she didn't laugh me at the above-mentioned, it is too tragic to laugh at it, I laugh because I remembered the Crazy Monk. Do they remember? HE/SHE IMITATES THE CRAZY MONK'S



VOICE IN THEIR PROGRAM OF RADIO. " Nobody knew, nobody will know the horrible history of... " Oh, God willing and my history was at least horrible. That would make it interesting. My dad would have to have violated me when I was girl, later to blows I had put under an obligation to request charity in the street... Poor of my father! If it was a soul of God. Us, my mother and me, we made of him what we wanted. No matter how much I make him I cannot see it violating me or hitting me. Good, nobody of us can imagine to the parents in something as daily as to make love. Has some of you begun to imagine their father climbed in their mother and both making noises as if they will kill them? Truth that not? It is as imagining to a Pope in the toilet making their necessities. No, that doesn't go with their image. The parents are pure and the Pope doesn't have physical necessities. I tell them to us. I already walk I don't know for where instead of continuing speaking of my next end, of my end, like he/she said the sign when finishing the American movies. Should I continue speaking of the life? For what reason. Hard so little. Now he/she plays him the shift to the death. What do I know about her? Practically anything. Only it exists. Good, he/she could also speak in the different ways of dying. There is so many. Drowned, shot, burned, hasty, accident victims. Dead of a heart attack, deads itched by a hive of African bees, died placidly while he/she falls asleep, dead of a heart attack. But there are other deaths: Died by boredom, dead of envy, dead of pain, dead of desire. I, in these moments, die from desires of not having cancer. Good, one can one until death of desires go to make of the one or of both. A lifetime we spend it saying that we die from hunger, of cold, of everything, and this way, when the great moment arrives, the one of dying of to seriously, the word death sounds a little hollow, as of something already very used. We surely use that word to name everything and not to what produces us horror: disappearing of this world, to become what you/they

tell us every sacred Wednesday, in ash. In some sad ones ashy that they are only good to dirty if it is that they fall to the floor or envelope some piece of furniture. To me they have always caused me an I don't know what people that ask that their ashes throw them to the sea or the mountain. Me mine would throw them from the high of the Latin American tower so that they help a little more to the contamination of the city. It would be so little my contribution to her that nobody will be able to her to take into account. "Powders of those muds." In each blade of the powder my desires will go, my loves, my fears, my knowledge, my hates, my envies, my charities, my beliefs, my... you Sew big transformed into something as minuscule as a powder blade.