







Yuly



Pellet



Bony and Bebba

Sunday, June 17, 2007

I looked at a stone sculpture and it looked at me and I liked it for the look in it, not for its value but for its wisdom.

LP.

The tale of the book to men,

For my son Luis. Fifth baron of my wife.

- 1- If the first question that arises from the Love of Man is: What is the Light? ?. The answer of man to it is another question, and it is this, if God gives us Love, happiness and the eternal soul and the Creator of the Universe gives us life and time and his son CHRIST gives us Light and truth, now I ask you men, what is gold for yourselves? And what is creation? And what is your body? And God will always ask you when entering his paradise, if you are Men, what is an ant that all men know.

That is to say, you will be asked what an ant is, if you are a man, what is love? God will ask men, and man will ask God if it is that? love is the light ? . the man will ask himself again. and God will answer him with a story about the grasshopper and the ant, very old in the history of animals, God will ask you, If money or something else moves you to love him, what two things do you like more? ask God the man and as there are so many men each one will say his tastes and we will all hear him, and the man looking for love will look for the light and happiness in life, and he will like the truth and all the fruits of God. and all the men will find that they like 2 things mainly more than money, love and happiness.

And that produces so many good things in your heart that you will rise a little closer to God. The love of your heart will bring you a little closer to God.

- 2- After all, Time is the only thing that God has not made known to the men. time and life has given them and has told them: know everything in life. life and I will give you time when you see me again I will not ask you about life because I will always respect it, I will ask you about the time I have given you, how is life and what have you approved in all this time that I have given you, I will not ask you about your work (which I already know) but about your feelings and the love that you have cultivated because the soul although you do not have it polished and clean (which is like a sculpture) is eternally clean and is your life, I will ask you about your spirit to see if it has grown to see how much grain it has produced, and to see how much light and love it has the rest God will leave to our choice But he will want to know Not by the ear but by the grain How much grain of love there is in your lives and not how much ear in time, back, or in a time back and as man will know about life and its history

God will give him a new time in his eternal life to continue ascending the ladder to God and someday in some distant time he will make him an ant and that ant will be happy to continue ascending the ladder to GOD and some time he will make him more things than an ant so that men who are made in the likeness of GOD You already know how he is Because he is like you a
Man But He Knows a Little More Than You

Well, besides being a man, God was once an ant and you men may still have many, many times left in your eternal evolution to GOD S

Since GOD is KNOWN
through the lives and times that God grants us so that one day
the grace of God men
Someday I will give you some time and some life of an ant and then it is not that you are
Gods but you will know a little more Your Creator and Father God Or
whatever you call him by any name in your conscience. Now men you
know more,
But you are still a little young, to know
as much as your CREATOR.

Maybe after the ant he will make us something new and give us a new time to
continue to learn about eternal life in this universe that the
Creator provides us
His wife since
God is in his ecstasy
He lets his wife do it
And his wife makes the Universe and his son
CHRIST makes the light in
The universe and then
things are made,
So live live
in these 7
Universes of
the Creator with
His LIGHT and his life
the eternal truth
of its creation and
learn to rise, to
paradise in
spirit. Live with
your 7 bodies
your eternal existence
and forget the tale of
death and
Money

you are men

more than monkeys

but less than
ants, some
Day GOD will make us
Cow or rabbits only God
knows because if one_
ant knows more

than any man
infinitely, it could be a
horse, a dolphin or an
elephant, only God
knows.
Paradise is it
all .

----- (_ This is what Joshua his mother told the boy)

3 - My God, if man does not know what an ant is, what will it be for man and
For God a Dog. If
he is man's best
friend and
a monkey that comes
from the man,
and who will be the King,
the lion of the jungle, the
king of all animals, since the
elephant gives way to him
on the throne and that

the birds are happy
in the heaven that
God gives to men
crossing the skies,
some eternal Day
God will plow us a
Little bird. like a sparrow
or so eternally happy
at some time and in
some life to continue
ascending to God and let
us be happier, more
conscious, and more
joyful to be
closer to God,

Now I wonder

we will rise eternally
So in this unlimited
ascent, since God is
more than the concept
of the limit that can be
reached, it is always like
this.

.....

So let's continue and
Let's keep ascending
to him eternally
for love
and happiness

not only of
life but of the
spirit, since the
soul of the being
remains unchanged
since its Creation,

. ; God is the eternal
Creator and we are still
very much!
Tiny ones, though

We are your children

Like all creation

Everything is from God and God is
not everything, Creation is eternal,
and everything
what is created exists and

Everything that exists has
existed at one time, that's
all I can tell you.
say my son

Ask more to
your Father on
this stage of the
man and the
ant and of
More stories of
fables and let's think
a little, you love me
son,

- I adore you, mother.

Yeah father, like
you and father us loves
a lot since I am

your son as we are
children of God

of its creation and we have
many brothers,

- A kiss and that
sleep well little one,
- A kiss mother

Good night . mother

.....
.....X.

4 - The boy dreamed
and when he woke up
the next morning
I asked his father about the man and the ant because he was very
intrigued by the ants.

that through the man himself and
the father I speak to you
of the animals of the
jungle and of
the birds of the
Heaven, but still

still the little one
I didn't know about cows,

and then I ask his
mother mother tell me

When will I be a cow and

The mother answered him: Only God
knows, son. And she gave him a kiss with
all her might.

His love and

He told her how are you
the day and the son

He told her one day

Very nice mother
thank you . and also
everything is fine, mother,
I finish breakfast and I
I go to school, mother,
thanks for the story,
yesterday I dreamed

with you mother
Telling me more stories
of fables, it's very
funny mother that
Tell me a story from time
to time because it sparks
my imagination
and then I dream too
Pretty Things,

Well mother I'm going
to school to see
What I learn and what the
teachers teach me then I
will play with my classmates
and when
come back to eat mother,
I love you, I will give you more

Kisses and give it a
Kiss dad,
that is already working,

A kiss mother

Have a nice day and the
little one went to school
with his sister hand in
hand and they talked
about ants,

END .

5 ----- Moral,

love is
the most important thing.

//////////////////////////////////// //////////////////////////////////////

It will be what some ant would one
day have some thought

about something like that . and

The love of the child For
his parents and for
YOUR SISTER SOMETHING

Major of the

2 years, it would make them very happy

Arriving at school

where they would be
that day

END

6 – study hard

This is what the mother told the child continually, and the child loved her very much,
His mother had more siblings, and they
formed a happy family.

7-- End of the
ant's story

and the man

The child grew
up, in a time met

The one who would be his wife
was a girl a little older than him,
and they got married and were
happy.

and they loved each other very much

But they didn't eat partridges
because they didn't like to kill
anything or anything...

To eat by killing.

They didn't kill any
animal but they did grow and
eat many fruits that God gave
them

gave on the earth and God
watered them with his
water and provided the
plants with seeds for their
eternal life

So the boy, now grown up
and married to his wife,
asked himself,

since they did not
know the ants that... It
would be for God a

tree, and they no longer even
asked themselves if God would
ever give them
would give the absolute light
of rising to the heavens of
God to receive the
Light . and that the
birds will perch

in it in that
tree that some
day would be in
some land of
God .

God protect the trees
and the birds thought
the child already something elderly
and his wife . was a lot
smarter,

That His wife would think
About the tree, he thought
He always.

8 - And in the end they loved each other
and many loved each other,

God wanted them to
He gave a lot of life, many
children, and a lot of happiness and
they all loved each other.

The oldest boy never
knew if he loved his
wife, or his mother,
but, out of respect for
his father, but
end of happiness
came upon all,
every new birth
and each new descendant who
lived on that land the children of
the
mother and father of
This child and the

Parents also of

his wife, They all
lived happily,

and many lived years
and their offspring is

extensive and rich in

descendants because that
The child did not know that one
day that beautiful woman
the hiI'll see Eva someday

and so on we descend
of that Eve and that
Adam who knows God

When and where I will plant
that one day seed and
made that creation

in his paradise,

God protect the eternal

and protect us eternally just as
we love him eternally

That was this child's
prayer
continuously in
its interior, and

his wife who was

older than him was already
13 years old and he
Two less and those
were their Weddings
to that age, chosen
by God for love
and by his parents the
marriage was held
and they loved each other

eternally, that
boy and that
women that
some day someone

and the light of his mind
That Adam and Eve

They had the first

thought
in a monkey
of a man

That light and that first
thought Adam put
the seed and Eve
was the land of
that generation .,

9 – So, Someday

some monkey God gave
him to have the
light of a Thought, human
and his children
followed the trail
of that light of that

First human thought of a
God in a monkey
animal of his paradise
of his land and of his
gardens . .

10 – the question is
that the Money
separates and love
unites, that's what
One day that woman of
that Baron, now an
adult, thought when
The Baron turned 18
years old and she is 21

The woman was
Very beautiful and
He was very
strong and they had
an Offspring
of their mixture.

Very beautiful and very
strong, and they lived
at some time
in some land
of God , many
lives . and they were

Children of that land that God
gave them that gave them
those fruits for food and their
bodies were from the Clay of
the Mother Earth to which they
belonged.

And the child, now
grown up, thought: the
truth is that money
cannot be eaten or

I drink, I don't know
chew and not
feeds, nor is
sleep with him
and you do not
wake up in it and yet
the body Sleeps and
lives in God.

God protect you

My beautiful woman
and our children,

God protect you to
all brothers thought
As if he were an ant, he
always thought about
money and work, but he
didn't get anywhere.

Conclusion that

I thought it was too much

Complicated For The and
I consulted always with
his women
for that she
that was elderly

and More list

I will explain something to him.-

12 -- Thank you Bella
woman thought
in his heart for the love
he had for her, and she
to know

that God made
them feel his **heart** ,

She would have to explain it to
him and the truth is that the story
is about a man who is already 42
years old and who are the
Memories and the stories that his
beautiful mother Josué told him,

And his father David, (your
Grandparents, my son),
My name is

hidden as well as
My wife's

By Zeal for the truth
and it is a new story
that I made For my 5
year old son Bello To
tell his Father or his
Mother someday
Tale of the Ant

And the Cicada that me
My mother told me
As a child, he
always told me
that I thought it was
more of a cicada
or an ant,
and from that
question I fell asleep
telling me countless
fables of that
ant that one day
reached the finish
line faster
what the Animals
had done in
The Forest
And as the ant
always arrived first

to the goal that
the Cicada, later
My mother gave me a
book of fables, and I
found and read more
about
ant fables
and the hare and I always think
in my mother,
in the tale of the

Ant and the grasshopper,

the one I fell asleep with
every night. When I was
small and I wanted to tell a
story to my fifth son at 42
years old
life fulfilled and
happy with my wife
married,

so go to sleep
Beautifully tiny,
May you dream of the
Little angels, and
you, my Son, who are
near of God,
Be happy given that
So many teawe love,
So as Us
Love much God_
He told his wife,

13 I think about how happy

That your grandmothers are
with everyone and this
5 our son
and how proud
Our parents are there
Above all, of our
love I love you
Honey you are a
treasure I told him
Today and many
days of my life,

So I'm still not as
big as
Our Parents but

Now that I have
some lucidity, my
son, the only story I
can tell you is

that Father and you
Mother loves each other
Eternally, and they are
Very happy, God
You Protect you
Gave A kiss in the
Front and the child fell
asleep today

June 17th
from 2007 .

13 _ YOUR GRANDPARENTS
were full and
happy with their
grandchildren

and I am
very happy

with me
wife ; the wanna
eternally,

14 – END of
tale of the
book to the
men

17 - June 2007

God protect you
to everyone I thought
Continuously,

15 __ Your Friends and
brothers too
They had a lot
offspring and
his father David
and his mother
Joshua had many
Descendants of

the 7 brothers
that they were both; already
with these dates they had

more than 24 grandchildren, David
and Joshua and in turn they had 7
brothers each and this is the tale
For you my son I that I your father
write to you today For your mother to read
And she will tell you a little better than I

A kiss.

PD /

Son the question
is
if the equation is
double, the end ,
is simple
and the solution
is elementary.
HE raises
other unknown,
because.
 $7 + 6 = 10$
Yeah one and
one are
two .

my son
always
Let's protect
to our
mother
land
that the Creator
He puts so much effort
in caring
so much ,
given that
It's yours
daughter .

forks
our
Mother
and our
body .

God
YOU
Protect
eternally.

you mother
tea loves
a lot .
and me too
a kiss .

I will ask your mother to see what she thinks about the power conflicts that
are the cause
and more. This child is a treasure
that suggests such ideas to me,
my love

treasure
My wife, I'm going to ask you what you think...

- - END -

18 - June - 2007

LP .

Tomorrow I will give this story to my wife so she can read it to our son.

are
as
the dawn
you are like
the wind
like the
tide
of
our
love,

I love you
you are like
the fruit,

Beautiful and
Beautiful and
Your kisses

me they carry
 to the paradise
 your
 hugs
 and yours
 loves
 me
 raise
 both to
 God, and
 by God
 I love you
 both and
 I love you
 so much so that
 tea I love
 are a
 treasure
 I thought
 from your mother
 son at the end
 This story

and we dedicate it to your grandmother Joshua

LP

Son, these are the phrases from your grandparents and great-grandparents, let's see what you think. And tell me at least one of your own.

12 – Death does not exist, it is everything in life.

25 – Time is money

of the body

33 - what you have in your head

They will never steal it

from your spirit

05 – Think bad and you will be right. (from the

grandfather...) 14 – What you have in your heart will last

forever

of the Soul

23 - What is the light?

of the Creator

61 - How beautiful is the light

of Christ

06 - The only thing that distinguishes man

Money is from the monkey. (...from your father)

I ask son what is LOVE (1) HAPPINESS (4) LIFE (2) TIME (5) LIGHT (3) and TRUTH (6) for you.

001 __ If money produces interest
that drives the world's
economy.

01 __ What interest do you have?
and in what . ?? .

11 - What two things do you like the most?

- and gold does not grow

It doesn't even have legs.

What is gold for us?
SAME?

What do you understand your son by gold, work and money is
what same
for you .
or produces
the same ,

Good that you are
very rich in
spirit as
It is you mother,
and that you women
I guided you.

some day,
A kiss
LOVE

Beautiful wife
If you are
men who is
an ant. ?

or tell me

What is an ant? If you are
a man

is that an ant is 310 and the man is 10? and
honey

and what is it IRNFR
A.M

AND WHAT IS THE POWER OF MONEY.

You know my father created NEGUSA for me.

Someday I'll explain it to you.
something about the conversations with my father
since I have explained something to you in this story
about those of my mother

May you learn something every day.

My spirit told me

A Kiss My Love

and also dedicate this story to your MOTHER GRANDMOTHER
because she deserves everything,
to have a beautiful woman like you, precious. You are a treasure, LOVE.
MUACK. And a kiss sounded.
and there was light in the
Heart. and he asked his wife
love when will God give us the sixth child?

- when God wants and when you want.

- Honey, I want to have at least 12. What do you think about the idea!?

- If you want, I do too. I'm sure the grandparents will like it.

- Surely my love, and everyone.

- Give me a KISS, go and take me to PARADISE
.....

- No

Yes I already said it
the father,
If you don't stop,
you arrive early;
but if you lose
he time
by a lot
that you run
then you
win the
career ,
as well as
an ant
Slowly and

laborious
arrives
before ,
and Enjoying! ,
enjoying
The beauty of
landscape.

- Yes, darling, your friend already said it a long time ago: better slowly but surely.
- How funny my love. The truth is that I learn so much with your words.
Your advice shapes me
and your love melts me like in a crucible your
children are the best we have.....
- Let us thank God for this LOVE.....

He took my hand and I gave him the 21-page paper that I had been writing all day since 4 in the afternoon when I got up and now at 7:30 in the morning. I looked into his eyes and couldn't help but say and think, "What Beautiful Eyes!" My God!!!

And I said to him, "What do you think? You can tell it to our children however you want, read it to everyone and let their imagination grow from a young age."

- Our youngest son, Luis, is going to love it. I'll see what I can imagine to tell him at length over the many nights and days he asks me. Do you have to give me advice from your mother, Amor?

- Let's see what she thinks and what does your mother think too?
- I'm sure they'll give us good advice.

- You know so well, darling, tell me something about what Buddha thought about cows and tell me, darling, which comes first, the chicken or the egg. Let's see if we can apply ourselves a little. (and at that moment the roosters were already crowing) ...

If I ever make friends with an ant and it tells me something.....

- Honey!!! I love you more than an ant. Let's read...Let's read
this story to see what it suggests to us...

The truth is that Luis was very handsome yesterday, and the grandparents were radiant, full of happiness and joy.

- Yes love.

- You know, a horse told me something about physics.
- Yes, they do know something about numbers...

- You know, Love, one day I saw the Salamander fight with an Anti-Religious or something like that.
- an Amantis Religiosa darling

- Well, it was a fight like no other.
The teacher told me you'll see how he'll eat it. And I
asked him which salamander is the Amantis.

He told me yes, look. They
stared at each other for a while
.....
and in a sudden movement
of attack
I only saw
that the salamander
He enjoyed a healthy
morsel,;...in his mouth
Ilacia what was left of Amantis
a piece that he gobbled up in a flash!

- JOE!. ...

- I saw a mantis again
on the sidewalk in front of the school... the kids stepped on it and I
felt sorry for it. You know, I
like to look at you.

- Me too.

- The light in your eyes is special;

- and your Love is too.

...

- One day I feel like skating with you and going around the statue in the square and hanging
around there.

- Sport is healthy, as the ancients said, the body is sacred.

- They also said know thyself.

- Yes, but they said something else about it.
something like Mens Corporem Lux Healthy, I
don't understand Latin, but
I understand that a healthy mind in a healthy body, apart
from giving wisdom, gives health.
mental and physical
and well-being.

- I didn't know,
what a pearl
what a voice
within you

suggests to you

no

I knew that
the money

buys

- Love? You are always so obsessed with money, it is the least of it, God will provide..., come on, give me a kiss..... MUACK another KISS sounded...

- There is God the Man. I should think more about man and not so much about money, love and someday... I will know something more:

- Okay! Think of ants or goats or sheep.

- I like to see dogs of the flocks in the meadow doing their work

- Think of Owls.

- You are a SUN.

- You don't have to take the animals out and feed and water them.?

- Yes, darling... the truth is, yes.

- Well, take Boni, your big dog, and I'll stay with July and Bolita. ... I'm going to make you a nice meal, love.
(The kids were already at school and I left)

- Let's go out my love, it's time to work. The light has gone out.
MUACK another kiss sounded.
And I thought and thought
Damn! What is light... if I don't know anything?
What could be LIGHT?
It will be LIGHT MY LOVE Your
LOVE IN MY CHEST. Your sight
in the precious eyes That like
clouds
... You have your My Love ...

Your BRUTAL explosion!!!!!!
From your look
What are you doing in me?
Oh my GOD...!!!
What an expression! What a look! My love is
coming to me!
remember
as
always.....
Boni!!! Let's give Moly the mare and her mother
something to drink
Come on, pretty, and don't fight with the sheep, it's not your job, and a
mouse crossed the road.
thank goodness there wasn't a cat.
Come on Bony.....(I remembered when his sister
BeBBa ate a Black Hen)...

.....

.....
.....
.
Back to eating, We talked
about rain of frogs,

- You know, honey, one day in Morales del Rey,
I was entering
a rain
of frogs
extensive
that you
were raining from the
darling
of all
the sizes
fat and
small and
apart from
dash
on the windshield
from the car
and of the
thousands that
expachurre
with the wheel
from the car
arriving.
the question
the thing is
the field
was watered
of frogs

.....
- What would they think?
the lion, the dog and
the monkey and the
comes from this
The anecdote you tell me, my
husband, is what moves me to
tell you, teacher, I advise you
but you teach me

- One day I saw an
eagle hunt a
lesser bird in
flight
He wrapped it in a

arch and in full

I fly and hunt it down.

- How I like the sun darling: I
remember

When my face warms up When I go
out, and see the Bright Day

- The questions are how and why
- Yes, he'll come back later.
- My LOVE also likes the
sun a lot.

- What are you doing?

I fancy:

it's a

engine ,

for you ;

my love ,

- What are you doing?

It seems that you

I LOVE .

- You are the

better

...

the best

clock is

the sand one

- To me

like them

Digital! my

Love

- To me

you like yourself.

- Look at me!

- They are like

your soles

eyes

- and your heart

It is a light

that to my me

carry .

- beautiful

are my

love and

it better

is fall

in life

with you near_

How grateful I am

To God for you
and how much I ask
for you
bark No
it's my thing.

the attraction that
God me to DaDo
For you It moves me,
Eternally for you ,
You will see, ::

- LOVE how do we tell
the story to Luis?

- All the Good
that is given is
receive in life as
my friend said
Holy Grandma
Honey, I remember
Los Grandpa's toys
Were AMAZING!!!
He taught us
with great enthusiasm
and he laughed the most
that we_playing
There was everything,
Tell him the I tell Luis
As that of an ant had
What is it? gotten into
he furniture of toys
of the grandfather .

and I you I will tell,
Of the toys that I remember
How they worked,
There were dancers that
They danced and everything and
Also they were all Joking,
My grandfather was a joker, he
made jokes with the
ants!

- Thanks darling _
me dream agreement
of the white horse
- There is my Dulcinea,
- There is my Romeo.
- Oh my Juliet, how
much I long to see you

How much I long to be with you.

Your light leads me to God.

- You are a rose
 - love is the light? .red?
 - What color? my love.
-

- No HE .

me agreement of
a play I wrote about
Musovinsky or the
colour of plants

- Life is a dream,
said Calderon.
- A bird in the hand is worth two in
the bush, they all say. ____
The music I like the most
is that of nightingales –
although sparrows make
me very happy.

- Also, if you sing to the
nightingales, they respond to
you and you can establish a
Dialogue .

- I've been told there are
some birds in India.
who speak.

- Do they have the bodies of parrots?

- They are not birds ;
ask grandpa or father the
 has seen.

- Strange lessons
those birds will give
their word.

- They are black as crows and
they repeat everything
you say

I would like to dedicate to you
Thajh Majhall, I would
like to live with you in
Potala, it is just two
wishes.

- Working or resting only
God knows.
- I put sugar in it.
 brain, it's your fuel. and
- Already you like it smoke
- Yes, a lot and take coffee

How delicious is the milk
- Fuck How delicious it is
this dope.

- You get really excited
- Let's get on, my love.

.....

- Don't put off until today
what you have to do
tomorrow.
- How beautiful are the
books.
- How much we learn
of the teachers.
- the most advanced
and mysterious that I have
seen is a Gnome
that I know.
- You have to introduce
him to me,
- We'd better go on a
trip to see him.
your house and
incidentally we rest.
- We have to plan the
trip let's see Yeah
he us clarifies something
of something of the
ants, only God knows...
- They are the 12 less
ten .
- Look what sun more beautiful.
- Treasure
- Tell me darling.
- The 7 scales of
a piano, ... I ask you, are
they ordered,
and if they are ordered,
like the you know .
Because I have seen
pianos with the keys
backwards.
- you see very things
rare honey LOVE
, that you got it for me
that explain,
- Yeah , my love , I was
in a place in the fact that
the piano that was playing
I had another one ORDER

of the that you know in
 the land, so
 I think No will there be any?
 world in he that
 the music sound
 different . No already for
 talk about pianos neither
 of keyboards not even
 LOVE of orders that
 I'm not going to get involved
 in what you know by your
 order IF NOT of the
 music and not of feelings
 that produces .
 - You are like a little bird
 that gives me a
 Kiss
 - Thanks my love.

06/18/2007 13:26:30

The grasshopper is conceited and thinks he is great, and the ant is constant and patient. We know
 nothing about the fact that there are insects smaller than one or the other.

They were happy and ate lots of pine nuts.
 Like squirrels.
 - And cherries like birds.

- Bernarda, wow, how pretty.
 - Who ?.
 - No honey, it's a painting I painted
 That has a cloth with a pumpkin And
 it has a light...
 - You have to show it to me.
 - Who did you think it was?
 - I don't know an ant or something.
 - I've always thought that if
 you cut a rock you have a good painting.
 - On what plane?
 - On any level Love

- I will always let you pass, Mother, and I
 will remember your gaze.

**And you, our children, be good, for
God quenches your thirst.**

- and the water is so delicious and tastes so good.....

- Let's turn on the radio

What music do you fancy?

- Whatever you want, my love... better turn on radio 3 because there's an African music program on now.

- Ok I love it

- And I still think that a Gnome lives in that corner of the kitchen cabinet.

because sometimes I see him with his cap.

- And you tell him something

- No! As soon as he notices that I see him, he runs away. I

don't know if he's making fun of me or what.

or is afraid but the case

I see him smile, he looks at me, he makes fun of me and before I see him he disappears,

The thing is that the salamander on the terrace will know something more.....

- Oh! If only one day we could talk to a Dolphin.

- And feel something more. Honey, do you want a joint of HASH?

- Come on, do it, you're a machine

.....

* * *

- I enlighten myself

Every time

I'm blind

and I love the taste of smoking.

- It's like a perfume.

- It's something that accelerates my thoughts more than known light.

and they occur to me

so many things at once

and so many ideas that

it's like a coffee

For me it makes me active, to work or

to rest, or to listen to music, or

whatever I do, Smoke and go.

The story of a Gnome

and an angel who worked

together That's what I'm going for

to count to the

small .

Let's see how we organize

the ant in the drawer

of toys HE
meet him angel and
the Gnome and let's see
 What do we do?
what's happening,

- Not only of
bread lives the
man .

(and Boni came to put his head on me, asking me for cuddles because he liked me to pet his head and he squeezed me tighter and tighter, he was a precious dog and Bebbi was playing with my wife and Yuly and Bolita were resting on the sofa. The truth is that we missed the children, they had so much to study.)

I looked until the light made me blink, and I continued... a lot of things had occurred to me that day and even a tiny mosquito walking across my writing caught my attention. What would happen?

- So when I light up, I
blink so I don't fall
backwards.
- I keep them closed. -

We listen to music, we talk, we
smoke and we play with the
dogs, which is true.

They are some little
sweethearts, big and

They are small and keep us so much
company, they always greet us
and they are happy
when they find us

- GAYA the earth
would think of all
the dogs that roam
it.

- De Bony will be very
happy -

...

We smoke and talk
We talk and smoke
And finally my wife
came up with a
brilliant idea,

- What do you think, Love,
if we make love?

- Give me a kiss, darling.

He looked at me with those eternal eyes
that only he has
and I saw in its
color, in its texture

the light of the gaze
 the kind spirit
 as usual
 I was in heaven
 again
 my love kissing me
 and I in paradise___ It seems
 unbelievable how it always does it
 explodes and elevates me, it grows
 and keeps the universe in its navel
 and gives me
 A Kiss. And I never know
 where I am, I feel something, I see something,
 but above all I feel the
 such a tiny universe as
 a Piercing in the navel
sometimes I have it no sometimes
 he
 suddenly transforms
 in some animal.
 and we do love
 like lions like eagles
 sometimes like unicorns
 and it is so Pretty
 when you I see in the
 Forest So beautiful and
 always pure we are alone
 ...and in that moment
 I come down from heaven to earth
 and see
 Now he caresses me
 the neck surrounds me
 and squeezes me

My panting It has no limits
 every time anymore.
 This is a Ray
 this angel seraph
 that God has given me.

- You like it my love - he tells me
 (without words)

We made love
 and had a snack.
 we have a coffee
 and we smoke and smoke,
 always holding each other.

There is when I am older and know more there is! I
 will always remember your eyes, mother.

The Gnomes have a battle with the devil and
are very happy because they are playing
and they celebrate that they are giving him a good
beating. And the birds discuss decisions in the forest
before leaving for warmer grounds.
at the time when autumn arrives. Now in spring
before June 24th is when there is more light and
everything seems beautiful.

- Honey, you look like a blackbird -.

And you, our children, learn from your mother before
learning from your father.

That you will work now.

The pearl in the ocean that is now closed may
perhaps think something.

The sea, his companion, will await his decision

so that when it opens again it shows its shine to the waters.

Son, the story is long but it also takes a long, long time to end
because it has only just begun.

since the grasshopper has stopped to have a drink and the ant keeps going and going without
stopping.

And there is also a mermaid who not only sings but also moves like a fish in water.

I actually don't know any mermaids yet.

- My love, do you know any mermaids?

- Remember Troy; the return of Achilles, they appear little in literature,
but they have said that sometimes they fall in love with men.

- And Gnomes like joints!!!

- Because you know it,

- because They dance and do
party with them.

- Yeah?.

- Yeah dear the poor carry

Since the 12th century almost
because the devil chases them like
rabbits and makes wine with their
blood.

- Poor things -

- Well God takes care of it -

- The thing is that they are celebrating, right?

- Yes, now yes, because
they beat him up.

the vampire, and they laughed at him.

- He he. -

- To work like a black man is
to bend.

and as a Chinese is laboriously

Now as a European is not

I know how it is,

- Tell me a pun, honey,

- Give me a kiss

- MUACK.
- The best game is you and the
best word is yours.
I don't know how you do it but you always convince.
- You like chess.
- It stuns me,
- Because
- Not because it's hard for me to think,
right? It is the attack is the
War what stuns me
- You mean something constructive and not destructive
- Yes, my love, if chess pieces were like those
in Monopoly and we didn't always lose and
lose, how about friends, darling?

- Good, very good.
- What do you think, darling, that you shine so
much?
- Come -

- Fuck you make me sick
- muack - I love you
four times every time I breathe .- muack -
- You are a treasure.....
- The attention I give you
makes me tremble with pleasure and joy
making love together always for God's sake what beauty.
the respect I have for you and the good memories of you and our
lives fulfill and see then you my Dulcinea
I will take you on a white horse and
present you to the certain King
We will call the squire and his nag
I will take the sword out of its sheath and we will ride fast through the fields I will take
you out of a tower and I will see you dancing forever
One day I painted you but time erased it
but I do not forget you wandering again I
painted you picking a rose you are the most
beautiful.
- We will be eternally, our joy will overflow and as the love of yesteryear will return,
it will hold us in our joy and we will thank the Lord. I have never been able to
see, Lord, so much happiness in such a beautiful time.
I'll lie to you.
And you with your little wings on your helmet will fly and fly.
My angel, what beautiful wings you have.

- 06/18/2007 19:03:24 that we do treasure
- Whatever you want, Pearl. Do you want a coffee?
- and maybe a joint.

- (They smoked a joint) and

the case is that the ant
 moly passed by.
 and I asked.
 - Plants are green because,
 - Because they have a universal spirit.
 - And they are fed by light, earth
 and water,
 - The Day We Know More
 About Seeds.
 - What birds like.
 - You believe that madness exists
 - What do you think about frogs and toads?
 - I don't know what flies eat
 - I sometimes imagine a fly as a
 plane with passengers.
 - My love, you have a lot of
 imagination. Look at reality.
 - You're right .
 - Where will we go?
 - Straight and curved lines
 - About the spheres
 - Of your fullness.
 - What will become of our five children?
 - Well, more.
 - I sometimes imagine
 myself inside
 many futures in a very distant
 time. Like a mud fish or baked
 clay.
 some form of some matter
 and with a color and a
 Shine, let us ask the Creator what it
 will be like in her universe. I'm sure
 you'll melt me as always. Let us ask
 the Creator then.

Satan hates birds more than the devil hates Gnomes and the devil is just hate
 In Madrid on Monday, June 18, 2007.

END

Advice is always good, the question is how we take it. Now that you are
 still little, think and imagine, my son. A big kiss. And Father, with your
 letter in my hand, I send you this.

Just as Nostradamus spoke about Celestial revolutions and other things.
 So Father I send you this one too for reading.

And you, my wife, read it and apply it with our children. Don't
 ask yourselves what our father asks himself, too. Neglect and
 lack of interest produces disinterest.

All offers and all demands are laws of interest. Now the economy I don't know. - What
 arcana does a horse know that doesn't have a number and what is said about the
 rabbit in its burrow. - The arrival will chew more.

LP _____2007

So I printed the letter and sent it to my grandparents and waited for their news. And my father would reply with another letter so that I could add a few more pages to the story with some precepts and customs of the ant, but this time he removed the grasshopper and put the drone in the race. And then I remembered when I saw them on the day that it was their turn, all the ants were thrown out of the anthill and you saw them suffer and die of hunger for not working, that day marked in the spring I always thought poor drones with wings that do not fly and I felt sorry for them, I do not know why but I felt sorry for them. So that's what dad told me over the phone about the drones and it made me think, I was anxiously waiting for his notes to see what my mother and my wife's parents thought and then my wife arrived with a plate of food overflowing and we sat down to dinner, the children were already in bed and Yuly and Bolita were resting on the couch delighted and Bony and Bebbba were also resting on the floor because they were so big that they didn't fit on the couch; at this point we sat down to dinner and my wife spoke to me:

The thing is that while we were starting a Gnome showed up, yes the Gnome that I already knew who had found out that we were planning a trip to see him and they who are so helpful and clever, the fact is that he showed up at the door with some friends that we didn't see, we only saw him and it was hilarious, I had never seen him so close, my wife was very happy to see a friend and was asking him about the already long wars with the devil and what was happening now but the Gnome was very happy and calmed her down, he told her that although he was on the loose, they all set ambushes for him and that for each misdeed he would be judged.

And then he brought us a very curious book and after a long talk that I will tell you about later, he gave us the book that he had not opened and said goodbye saying that whenever we wanted we were invited to his house, that we already knew it and that we would be very welcome and he was eager to know our questions and answers to this book that he brought us that talked about ants, at this we were very happy because finally after so many years we were going to know something more about ants; as soon as he left we quickly opened the book and saw some very pretty drawings on the first pages, further on there was some writing that we did not understand and at the end only at the end after an engraving there were only a few pages of something that we understood and that we could read and thus began THE LITERATURE OF DREAMS:

3 SUBJECT NOTEBOOK

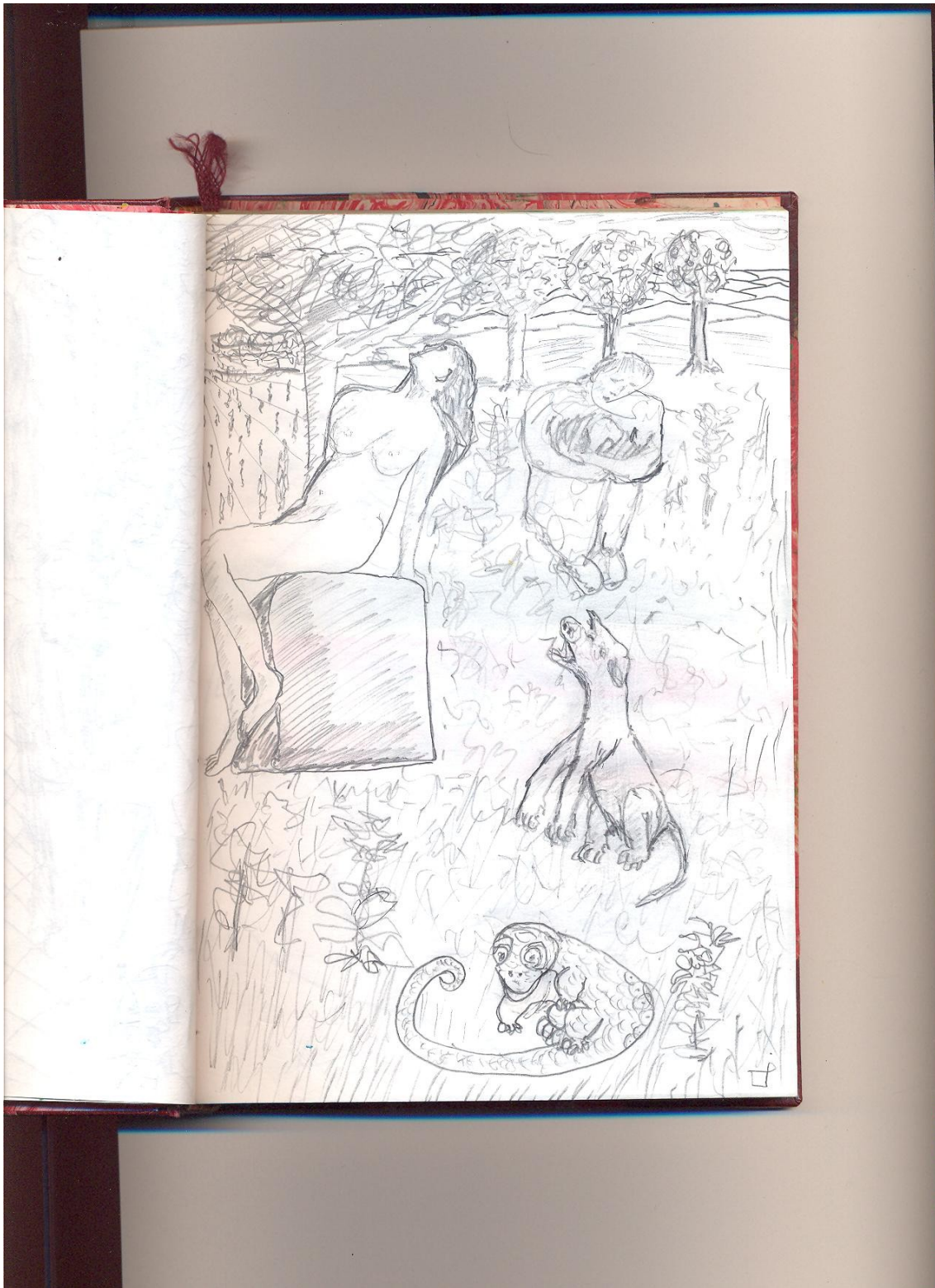
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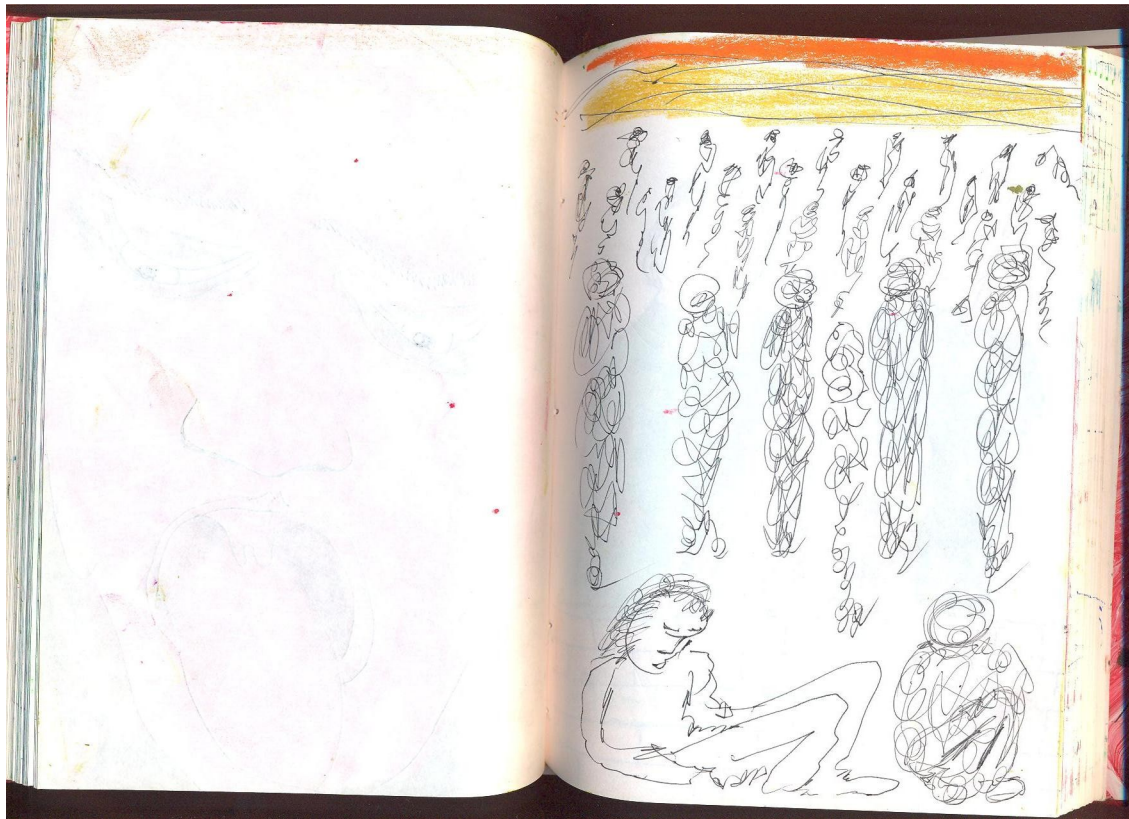
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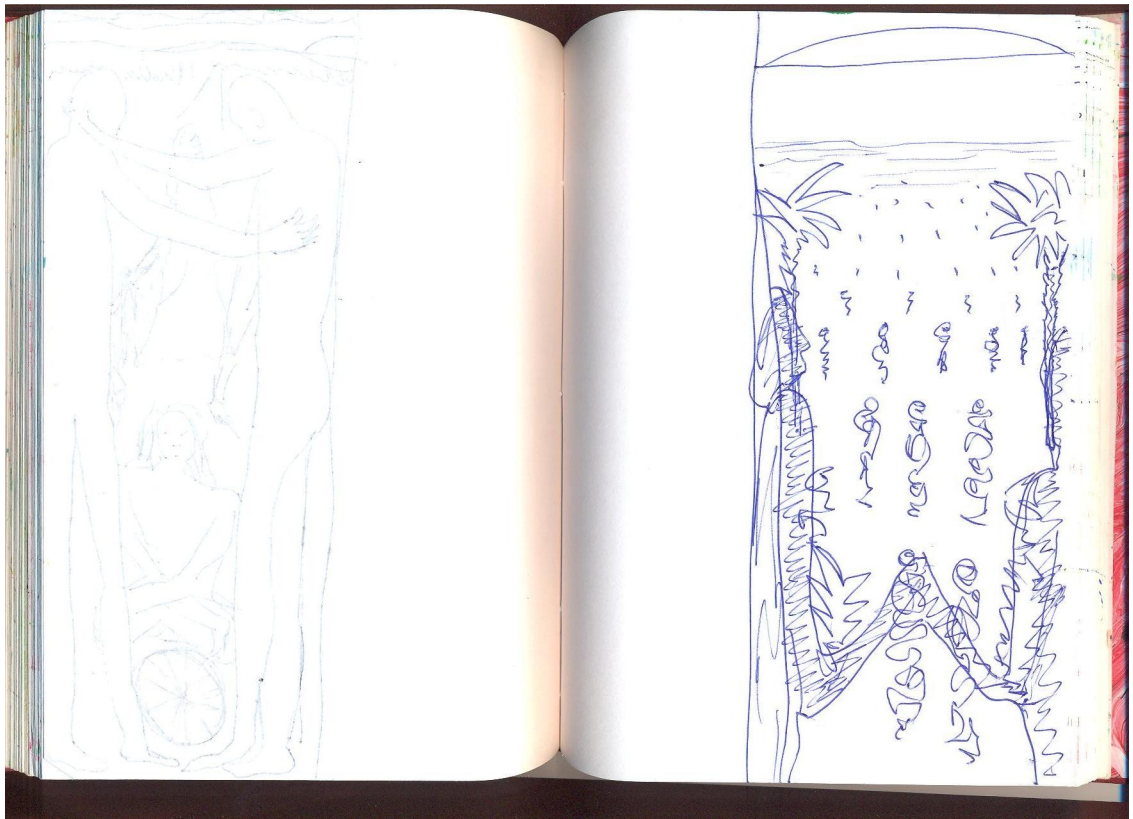
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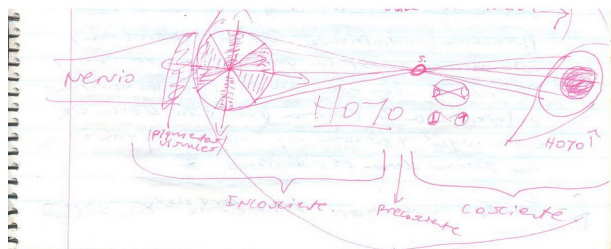








- Look, honey, how pretty, let's see what it says:
- We will study the rest of the book but let's read it since this is the only thing we understand: the title of the first page we saw appeared on a green page with a drawing of a face that had a pendant around its neck that was an egg and a lot of smoke was coming out of its head and it seemed to be very small between the shadow of the head "Alfanuhi or the cure for madness"



, and the next page read: “

is not in a mental hospital.

- There was some laughter, and seeing that the audience of the gentleman of the podium was a little stupid, Muviski took a step back; he was stunned and left as if thrown by his own impulses, it seemed that his body was moving him.

- He disappeared through some curtains into the anteroom. The man at the podium took off his glasses again and observed, not without amazement, the respective astonished faces of his audience when he had already left.

- Movinsk; lately he had not been feeling well, even his relations with Juan had become more abrupt, when they spoke their respective gestures did not match the great friendship they had then.

After they stopped seeing each other, according to what Rakitin told me, they couldn't be together even having a beer. Unusually, he appeared, I don't know, but he was there. During all this, Muviski went out thinking about abstractions and with a bit of disgust about his manic exit; his nervousness without reason, no, he didn't understand what was happening to him either. While he walked hunched down the dark corridor, he said to himself in a tone of voice as if he had recently been angry.

- Shit! These roots are all over my head again, this feels like fog... I was walking in the dark, groping with my hands - These puns are blowing my mind! - when suddenly I hit something with my foot, there was a scream and broken glass, they turned on the light, Movinsk was lying on the floor and next to him there was a lamp from the mamasca and a table in pieces, Juan came over to pick him up.

- Forgive me, my friend! - she was saying all this with very rough but subtle gestures, every now and then with tremors all over her body. Movinsk looked at him with perplexed eyes, as if they were popping out of their sockets; blushing, he scratched his hands as if he could not contain himself.

- Damn! Too many words that we turned around in our eyes and were cut short to eventually fall into death, everything manifested itself as a rottenness running subtly and little by little, they were confused as if they were drunk with wine and tried to dissimulate but both were certain that they would be future seeds, even if they were seeds of their perdition. - this is how Rakitin told me this episode at the beginning but then I was able to verify from Movinsk himself what really happened.

Reality was concretized into an idea, deep in their minds, especially their minds. These sensations were emptied with such enthusiasm that their minds became confused. One suggested, another understood, but neither of them knew to what extent. This was going through their minds like a galloping horse, although they did not know how, but they understood, of course they understood; none of them could define it.

My hands smell like cheese, how vulgar, but what a pleasant smell? Their relationship was based on something like that.

It was even an unhealthy vice, from sinking so much into the mind they got lost in the darkness, but I will explain this later because it seems to me that I am getting ahead of myself.

Iran, conscious of their mask, continued to protect themselves by the social shield; even though they knew how to distinguish and define it, and in fact they hated it. They understood each other better than anyone else, but they were all mixed up; I must emphasize now that it was not just them, but there were several more. Movinsk no more than the others, but he was concretizing it little by little, although it should also be noted that he was the founder of

the idea from Raquitin's point of view; this is not very true either, and you bore the eyes like dry wood, and you take possession of the spirit; But nevertheless you are , volatile as invisible as a wood nymph. You cut seconds into infinite times, you disconcert the person, you disturb the tongue and you understand, that you do very well, you understand too well.

This is unbearable, thought Movinsk; I am fighting with ghosts, I am flagellating myself, and deep within me there is the idea nestling like a repulsive insect, like an absurdity, like a burden carried from reincarnation to reincarnation.

But with each passing minute the idea kept on reproducing itself and growing and taking on new aspects; by this time Movinsk was already looking a little haggard, with his back bent and looking at the ground as if it were a real old trunk, he was thinking about it too much and the weight was increasing.

It is the great trap and Movinsk believed that there was no real affective communication at subliminal levels, but well all these attempts to encompass the idea are in vain, the idea will never be defeated, and defining it is in part selling it.

Everyone knows this imagination, but perhaps! In mundane, Bedouin, and everyday characters it was impossible for it to occur – that one; the most common thing in people is that every year that passes they already have a wall built in their subconscious, and a veil more inside them;

Nowadays it is an empirical fact, we are educated like person problems this; and the? anyone would ask well; the true roots They are buried: a child is a fruit and with time rot appears, light spots on the fine skin, bad smells, but at the same time it moves away from that ancient tradition, it is already a legend, it is already a pure tale,

They don't take a step in time without covering up the path they've taken (yes, with bricks and cement, to be clear), and they're ashamed to look back, and they throw away bags of memory and imagination as ballast; they think they're a balloon and they have to fly; well, they get confused, every bag of ballast they throw away sinks deeper, and the best and most fun thing of all is that besides being deaf, they're blind for these things. But that's a lot of language; in fact, they have two ears, two eyes, and a mouth to burp out of.

One no longer knows what to think. If the idea really exists or it's all just nonsense, Movinsk took walks, looked at the sky, compared, felt the touch of his fingers, that of his ideas.

- - I turned the page and there was a drawing of a very strange eye with a lot of red notes on a yellow page and among the notes on the eye it read from left to right nerve, visual pigments, unconscious, eye, preconscious, conscious, eye. On the next page the writing continued, I read out loud and my wife listened very attentively:--

“ – let's hope she composes herself. everyone thinks it strange and you act in a voluntary manner by dint of standing in the middle of the torrent of cold water but let's leave it at that, it leads nowhere, not even if I tried to explain it to you; that serious face that can no longer move, that serious but nervous look is nothing at all optical but is reality a friendship that becomes rough as a file a behavior that doesn't agree not even conversation is effective, your attention is not on her it is even a shame to remain silent for the audience.

But in his mind there were still great tides swirling and the whole mechanism of gears clapping their hands; this was what left him astonished - how difficult it is to unmask people! - balls. The real life of all that was latent in the basements of time; tunnels and sewers were all the space where Movinsk roamed. But there was uncertainty - how many imaginations could be found in those corners difficult to see in the darkness? Ha! They all walked deafly in their minds and brightly in their eyes. . . (the pike mud). And only because of you do you fall; it is your only way to vegetate and live. You destroy my hair and you make the waters of my mind bubble: you pass through a mist like a white horse galloping through my temples; you restrain my movements when I try to climb like a rider and tame you like a wild beast. and then you knock me down with a crash,

But again the waters rise and implant me on your back. What is this? Now I notice the softness of your hands as they grab your mane. But again it is with impetus, it struggles wildly to get rid of the imaginary rider, it jumps, it recovers, its smooth and shiny muscles are making a chess move to knock down the spirit of Movinsk again. And calm is reborn, only a few small white vapors remain that envelop the tiny rider like a mist.

And a placidity runs through Movinsk.

An expectation only comparable to a good chess move. Suddenly a sensation like waking up from a nightmare eternally only memories like the whitish spheres of glass that grow and explode.

- Be very serious, Movinsk - a voice sounds in the realm of imagination.

- Friday, March 14 -

Everyone looks, all terrified, they can only cry inside and out. I don't even understand how this miracle happened, but suddenly all the doors closed and opened without stopping, from the edge of the abyss they had to go to my edge, my stupid being has succumbed to them,

They don't understand anything and they're all crazy.

I don't know how or why. They all know me, nobody speaks but their eyes are hallucinating.

Unfortunately they keep messing with you and will their mockery and laughter continue? There are too many who hate me. The great majority scream. Everyone without exception is scandalized and I think someone has made a dance that is too incredible for me. I don't understand anything about where this social mask is hidden or this woman who I lived through so much horror in her theater, is she contrary or not? Does she look more like me than I think or not? Truly sir, I don't understand anything about this incredible outcome.

Sir, even though it may seem like a lie, I have crowned myself in shit because you wanted it and I am beginning to understand you a little better.

It has been rightly said that science has never been so degenerate and that never has a servant of yours been seen as horrible as me or a person more disgusting than myself. I ask your forgiveness and I ask you to forgive me.

So the diatribe, like my own performance, was too macabre, because there has not been a single moment in which I have not denied you.

I have not paid attention to you for a single moment and I have always treated you badly, and you have always repaid me with greater and immensely greater currency.

Lord, eternal thanks for the word. And for a work in which you yourself have tied all the threads, and everything, Lord, everything in this world must undoubtedly be done for the honor and grace of our Lord, Father and Son.

A race of knowledge in which everyone tended to do wrong with their imagination to the point of offending their own subconscious.

Suddenly the music stops; Movinsk gathers together all the nets of his thought:
- Yes, here we are again, me sitting in this chair, the black table, the quadrangular room, to my right there is an orange armchair with a pair of flowery cushions in front of a bookshelf that covers the ceiling with books and the statue.

Dividing into times and matters, 'the barrier of time is passable' in practice not in theory in the 7 formalizations of matter as a radio wave or the 7 histories of the world, in our abstraction or tale of the mirror or earth's crust,

A universe and 7 times, not only ours, or from another area since the 7 stories are realized and at the same time, time runs, an apple of dream is recharged in one place like a seed and in another it grows; the death of one precedes the life of another until the royal dignity 'Troy or Olympus'

July 24

And? ... - interrogatively and with a long pause, he continued observing with structuring eyes everything that welcomed him, he continued saying to himself - And? - If I really had to believe everything I see I would be a fly, a stupid illusion; imperturbable with a critical note of personality.

- I'm fed up! - his mind screamed, while he closed his fist, tensing all his muscles - If I look for solitude, that enviable solitude, I can't stop stumbling upon imbeciles; even in the soup I find imbeciles; and if I look for company in that lack of conversation I find myself alone; yes! alone surrounded by people; you even have to walk carefully so they don't step on you, and only the echo of my mind reaches me: maddening, which makes me look twice to believe: always; - Hello, how are you? - suddenly a silence breaks in like a lightning bolt, somewhat uncomfortable for the person in front of me;

- What! Do I have to believe this too? - says Movinsk, looking seriously straight ahead and playing with his thoughts;

-These people really would be better off in the closet.-

And again that monotony that they impose on you, something raw to bear; it was no longer part of memory; it was not even a dish to be tasted in time; it was retching; it was a vinegar that dissolved day by day those pearls of memory that Movinsk kept secretly; he fought to protect them but in the end he was dragged along; defeated on all sides.

Bloody wreck, hands tied behind his back and a long rope tied to the cart's feet, dragged along the ground like a dead bull by a black cart, four candelabras melting in the corners; the people inside were innumerable, all had a strange expression illuminated by a dim flashing candlelight; all the heads together looked like waves of the sea, suddenly an old woman points at Movinsk and lets out a hysterical scream, an annoying laugh like the squeal of a crushed rat; the old woman's laughter spreads to all the faces in the cart, monstrous faces emitting in chorus some hysterical and strange sounds, some emitted a hoarse voice imitating a train, others with spasms emitted dull sounds, not as terrifying as the figures they formed in the darkness.

They were all shaking in the cart and bumping into each other like puppets, forming a curious mass to watch. Four figures in black went ahead, whipping a crowd of people tied up in rows that pulled the cart. They all had expressionless faces. They could not even feel their backs cracking or the sweat running down their temples. In the cart everyone was laughing in high-pitched tones, rolling around, falling down and getting up again making the same sounds. The spectacle of Movinsk dragging himself along was too funny for them. They were all in the cart, but nobody saw anything. Nobody observed anything. Movinsk heard the crack of the whips, drowned out by the laughter of the crowd, but when he tried to look out of curiosity, he raised his head. What a terrible spectacle! It was an eternal silence. He saw all the figures paralyzed as if they were made of wax, none of them dared to change the position of their body or their expression even a millimeter, not a fly could be heard, it was a multitude of whitish statues; illuminated by a nervous flame; and a slow mist enveloped the whole landscape; His head is heavy, he cannot believe what he sees, he slowly lowers his back, resting his neck on the ground when suddenly the previous noise returns, now all the characters in the car scream and shudder and those in front pull like wild dogs. Movinsk repeated the experience several times and again each time the puppets returned to action they did so with more speed; the unsettled laughter of the beginning was transformed into screams of sadism.

The funny thing is that nobody noticed anything, everyone was walking down the street calmly; now the traffic light has turned green for pedestrians, a group of scattered walkers cross in front of the shiny bumpers of the cars,

The sun is blocked by a row of tall buildings with countless windows like beehives; everything is a bit blackened, the air is thick, because it no longer smells because of habit. Movinsk slowly crosses, stuffed inside, looking at a couple of faces with no expression as always.

Movinsk had left the room and was going to work, that morning like every other; no difference, no new feeling; he was missing the last steps to reach the square in a few minutes; he was late that day, he quickened his step, which at the same time helped him to keep the heat offended by a whitish and autumnal breeze that slid slowly, in the first moments of the day and left his cheeks red. In his right hand he had a folder; papers; nothing of importance, like everything that surrounded him; deceived by himself, he only managed to remember small smells of the idea, small passages of the past that left him with an aspect of bitterness and satisfaction, but every time he looked at the present, everything left its value in deceptions, his absurd work made him pay a price too hard for himself, before he had never believed that reason could deceive; funny thing no, - yes, your reason is a con man - movinsk used to say in a low voice whenever he found himself in front of a person of our civilization; reflective, objective and a long etcetera of unpleasantness, until reaching to annul it if it is not beyond object. The action does not matter. You will ask: and movinsk what does he do? that he never moves? well that is of lesser importance; we are registering movinsk's mind as when a blind man reads by the touch of his developed fingertips. Where he moves or what he does is the least, since one comes from the other. I do not know if I am well understood but to make it a little clearer the thought of movinsk is given by the same old reason repeated by the action of a conscientious observation in his actions that remembers in the unconscious the lost drachma; of the person. I remember the first day that I met movinsk. I am now like a year ago; in the same place, looking at the same star through the same window; - a repressive feeling - and the force of gravity has bent me; Movinsk itself has dissolved into a mist and has moved away passing by

at full speed through the confines. my brain was imprinted with all of it. I no longer dare to speak from memory for fear of falling into meaningless words. I'm stuck. The only thing that produces a certain irony in me is thinking about <<the idea>>? that tremendous schism of Movinsk related by himself. He always ended by saying - Ha! it's nonsense... nonsense. - and immediately afterwards he would greedily snatch the glass and like a thirsty thousand-year-old he would absorb it with a face like a sea bream until the ice crackled. - Mon ami - he would turn the conversation around to end with a mysterious and absurd intonation in <<the idea>>!. Again the idea. Everything mundane and there is to be. a glass, a look, a feeling, a behavior, a thought, and even a garbage can if he looked for it. Now I remember a conversation we had; well really the only one who talked was him because he was too drunk; He would walk around the room in circles and, as if meditating on a problem, he would speak out loud:

- I find myself here again before a starry sky. Is it an obsession? My face is reflected in the window glass and my neurons burn. I always thought that it was a great responsibility to be a neuron; that of having to tell everything to the neighbor before dying. For the perpetuation of the species... and for the deformation of reality, - which is nothing more than an imagination -. I have to try to find a more objective point, less distant and with less sawdust; - which is what abounds today -. In the end I will be nothing more than an orbit without a planet, unless I choose to imagine it. -

- Well, imagine it-

- So - says Movinsk - if I had to say what madness it is that the goblins come out from under these letters; I do not deny that although they are a little shy, they know how to hide well from inattentive eyes.

14 – September

Nobody sees it, not even myself, trying with the fingers of the mind. Tremendous uncertainty towards everyone, an eternal distrust is woven with the thread of the facts and when you least expect it, you degrade! I came here to check and I was not mistaken. The fact of knowing in advance a supposed disenchantment (some pillars that with time and imagination are the foundation of stability) hurts me to check and feel that there are no 'fingers of the mind' but fingers of death, but ideas that behind all this there is always a small diamond of evolution.

No time in memory? Bohemians, thyme and water Movinsk takes on a new character. 'the idea', paradoxes, although it does not qualify as stupidity leaves its importance behind. New time! and the tiredness of the wind hovering around, for a moment I thought happily but then I check where I am and I reproach myself; it is not important either, so much energy in understanding all these stories of some who if 'the idea' of others who if their imposition and at the bottom of everything there is an absurdity hidden and breathing bitterly in the subconscious

- Because of these lost cerebral seas – in the reality (imaginary of course) that shame creates in the mind. I don't have the strength to describe or even imagine thinking or continuing on this path.

Indeed, we are on the benches of another school, and we are ashamed and ignorant and we fix our mental universe (sensation and thought) on what will be reality with memory.

!!These little ones are getting on my mind!!.

Let us forget and reflect, or better yet, let us remember and face it. Here they come, the dwarves!

No to ignominy, to contempt. For myself, there is a lack of control that goes beyond madness and borders on nervous hysteria. A small tide in the waters of my skull. My

skull! How absurd and macabre it sounds. It really is macabre... and nothing is more macabre than imagination compared to reality.

- Mind is sensation! - Movinsk repeated insistently this afternoon while drinking beer. It complicated the canine relations of the earth in a few centuries.

Reminding him of the film 'A Savage Planet' with the dogs and the dwarfs.

This morning I suddenly found myself in Movinsk. The mind is the sensation! Round vibrations like bubbles surrounding reason wander in the space between one eye and another. Trace vibration.

December 12th "

06/20/2007 7:23:42 AM

The Gnome's manuscript ended like this, and at the end there were pages of very curious drawings. We finished reading it very late that day. As soon as I closed the book I looked at my dear wife and asked her:

- Honey, what do you think?

- It doesn't seem like something about ants as if Movinsk were an ant or Alfenuhi the one who tells it were an ant or even Juan I don't know, the fact is that it is a third-person story about the ant Movinsk and something that happens in an idea of that ant.

- It seems to me, I don't know if they are ants, but something like an idea in the antenna, the head, or in a neuron of the Movinsk ant has been damaged, I don't know.

- Honey, it seems to me as if he wants to tell us that reality resides in an idea of Movinsk.-

- How does the universe reside in an ant's antenna?

- No, the universe is not reality and reality is the universe, darling, they are two different things; I don't know, darling, it's very complicated.-

- Well why don't we write an email to the Gnome asking him who is movinsk and what's going on with the ants-

- Ok-

- Look here I leave the email, we are going to send it to you GNOMO@@hotxmaix.son

So we were very tired and went to bed, we got up late so the next day we wrote a letter and sent it running to Gnome.

20/06/2007 16:12:57

Gnome answered immediately and told us not to worry, that it was just a tale to imagine and only assured us that Movinsk was a young ant, who lived in La Mancha since the 15th century, who moved near a mill and was a friend of the knight Don Quixote, he didn't say anything about Juan or Alfenuhy or whoever had narrated the writing, he wrote us nice words and told us that we were invited to his house to chat and have dinner and talk more about the book.

So we started planning a trip to the spot to find the Movinsk ant. What happened was that we would have to ask the animals if any of them knew the Movinsk ant, since he had only been in the spot for a short time and perhaps no one knew him yet.

The thing is that while we were chatting we showered together and my wife, as almost always, while she was soaping my body under the water, hugged me and kissed me. I was in heaven, my God, what pleasures:

- How you take care of me, darling, you are a treasure-

- I love you and you deserve it-

- Honey, sometimes I think I'm so happy with you that I thank you for everything-

- My love, for me you are an explosion-

- So when we go to La Mancha in search of Movinsk we'll see what he tells us.-
- When we have some time, we can go with the children.-
- Oh, that's great! And darling, what will happen to the idea of that ant? It will be like a six hundred accelerating or broken, I don't know. This is crazy!
- Honey, how do we tell this to the children? I don't know how to start.
- We need advice from our parents, let's see what they think and see what they decide and what we tell the children.

This is when a poem occurred to me and I don't know why it came out in English and I read it to my wife:

- Honey, I wrote this poem, I don't know for whom, but I dedicate it to you, darling, so that you can teach English to the children.
- Let's see. -

And I began to read to him:

The spirits are going
 Throw my feelings.
 Hash hash hash,
 Making up my mind
 Throw the hiest world
 Runing dreams
 Making up my mind.
 Red spences of the yellow ice.
 The stars of the moon
 Stears up my mind.
 Closing the eyes
 Woking up my mind.
 The spirits go
 Throw my feelings. ha ah
 That yellow sense
 She doesn't exist.
 That black memory
 She is his greatest dream.

The order was always infinite in reality.

- Honey, with the illustration begins the roll that reason dominates, Way to kill feelings, rational! .-

- Honey, what are you saying?

- Those purple arrow eyes that run the soul, the mind has run wild hidden depths between the eyebrows. Sides and fear of perdition

These thieving eyes
 Terror in the subconscious
 And you ask endlessly Those
 eyes of a cat
 Do they even know
 the dark temptations?

Will they see?
My blush in mind.
4 people talking in 2 eyes. 2 minds
greeting each other without words.
Those black eyes
Pure flirtations of Light.-

- How beautiful, darling.-
- You deserve it all my love.

MUACK and another kiss sounded.....

- Dust in memory Joy in sad
memories Rigid before the
blackness
Those eyes of pure light,
Kisses on the head,
Unexpressed blush
Flash of a stare Dread!

These eyes of mine or his
Throw down feelings
Tensions revolutionize
Hidden blush
Bomb run
Which then explode
The fingers of the mind collapsed
What a peaceful blindness!
Autumn of the mind Re
white of death.-

- Honey, you are very poetic today, - my wife told me.

- My love, I feel today like a Moor in the 12th century with a car and an atomic bomb.

- Honey, you know you have a lot of imagination; go on, make yourself a marijuana joint. - And then Bony came to pet us and we fed the dogs.

20/06/2007 17:05:46

The story, my son Luis, is getting a little long, but what I want to express to you is the Love, the treasure I have for your mother who is helping me write this to you and little by little she is guiding me.
We will add your grandparents' writings and your grandmothers' advice. A kiss, darling.

Wednesday, June 20, 2007

Our parents' grandparents arrived in the afternoon, and we all had dinner together with the children. Bony was very happy every time he saw my father Darío because he had taken care of him when he was little.

At that time, during the afternoon meal, another email from Gnomo arrived and he told us that there was another ant in Tutankhamun's tomb that had something to tell us, but that he would tell us about it later. So, very happy, we showed Gnomo's book to our parents and we read it and chatted through the night. I was delighted that after 42 years we finally had something about ants, and that was even though I had spent my whole life trying to talk to an ant. I was happy and my wife was delighted. We were fulfilled and we were all very interested in Movinsk. Darío left us some notes about the ant and the drone, and he told me to come up with something with the notes. I saved them to examine them later with my wife after reading them and discussing them with the children in bed.

When I was little I thought we were the product of the dream of plants, just like my mother told me in a story, but now I see a bird feather and it makes me think how sacred goose feathers must be. You see, my wife takes my hand and caresses me. Maybe I was thinking of a hair on a feather. There's a lot to explain, but I don't know about the rest. My wife pampered me and I was very happy.

When the grandparents left I said to my wife:

- The paella you made was delicious, you cook very well my love.-

- Thanks darling.-

- Even Bolita has eaten the heads of the shrimps.-

- I've already seen it and Yuly has repeated it.-

Bolita was the youngest and was Yuly's daughter and Bebbá was Bony's sister. Yuly was a big eater, she was a little dog who ate breakfast, lunch, snacks and dinner. She ate more than me and I didn't understand how she ate so much and was so small. Yuly was a mix between a Pekingese and a terrier, Bolita was Yuly's and a Yorkie's, and Bony and Bebbá were purebred and were Airish Wolfhounds.

We were worried about how to tell Luis about Gnomo since he was very small and we hadn't said anything about Gnomo to the kids yet, so we smoked some hashish joints and started talking:

- Honey, why does Ball hide all the food in corners throughout the house? -

- I don't know, maybe it's to feed the ants, and every time I turn on the vacuum cleaner it brings 70 evils and gets very angry, more than with me, who seems to be playing, with the vacuum cleaner tube that he doesn't stop biting as if it were an ogre that eats and steals his hidden food.

- It has already destroyed several vacuum cleaner tubes and we have had to put a metal one in, because it has destroyed all the plastic ones.

- Ha Yuly likes macaroni with tomato the most, she devours it!
- Always wash the dish – HeHe
We laughed for a while and went to bed since we were very tired and it was late.

06/21/2007 13:51:52

We slept for more than 12 hours and decided to have breakfast and look at Dario's notes about the ant and the drone; they were like notes and they said something like this:

"The grasshopper does not have wings to fly, but rather it has a kind of sticks that it moves a lot to get off the ground and it only flies in a straight line, it does not know how to turn, while the drone has very pretty wings with which, if it knew how, it could fly to the Sun, but it is lazy and does not feel like moving them, so it is a bit stupid and with such big wings it does not know how to fly.

In the anthill, the day their wings grow, they are thrown out due to lack of space because so many large wings do not fit inside the anthill, so when they come out, the Queen tells them: my men, fly to the sun, there is no more room for you here.

However, the drones are the parents of such offspring, although there is one of them who is the father of the queen daughter and he has such love for the queen that he does not allow her to ever leave her side, so my son, think if there is a king drone father of the new queen, what love will that drone have for all his children and his wife the queen so that he would give even his life for all of them.

So, my son, one day when the queen daughter is a teenager, her parents give her inheritance and they leave for a nearby place to establish a new kingdom and new offspring; one day an ant told me that they knew how to take a step and find themselves in the lands of the Sun, and that they not only had telepathy but also teleportation.

So after a little research I discovered that ants have universal life, that is to say, my son, they have already gone through death long before and even if you squash them, they leave their body on the ground; but their spirit flies away and goes somewhere else. For them, leaving their body is like cutting your nails for you, my son.

You will wonder, son, why there are so many ants on Earth and that is why they are immortal and have also conquered all the universes when we have conquered only a palm of land.

You know, my son, that there is no being happier than an ant and that God loves his drones very much; because even if it seems to you that they die, it is not so, but rather they are transformed into new queens in a very beautiful reincarnation. My son, the parties in the Sun and in all the stars of the drones are famous and it also happens like the salmon, son, that are born in a star and after going out to all the planets that surround it, they return as a drone to their star where they were born to celebrate that from being ants they are something more like drones and now they will be queens, all the animals praise them and they play games in the stars where everyone participates and the creator gives them games and they have a lot of fun.

What's more, there are races between drones and young ants and they are very close because you never know which one will win until you see it.

Son, in all the stars there live many animals, but a little more perfect than us.

God's inheritances are vast and life floods all its lands.

So you might wonder, son, if you notice that when two ants meet, they move their antennae as a greeting and they tell each other many things and they praise each other a lot and in a second they continue walking with their work. Likewise, son, it seems that ants hide in winter, but the truth is that they migrate like birds. Knowing what journeys they make in winter and where they go is something very mysterious.

Son, the ant's best friend is the earth, just as ours is the dog. Ask the earth more about them and she will tell you.

Know, my son, that there is a drone, king of all the ants, as well as his wife, the queen of all the ants, who were the first created by the creator eternities ago, and no one knows where this queen and this king of all the ants are, but he hopes that they are happy living in God's estate somewhere, since they will never die, never!

They shed their bodies like a snake, they shed their skin, and they do not crawl like snakes, but walk on their feet and are very happy to be so small, although only in the eyes of man.

So my son, you who are now so small, enjoy and learn a lot and always respect GAYA your mother the earth.

The most beautiful thing in the world, son, is apparently the music of ants, which must be so perfect that we cannot hear it because they transmit it through telepathy.

So son also thinks about the dolphins' music, which is very perfect and very beautiful, and he thinks something: what is more important, an ant or a dolphin?

So my son, if God makes man in his likeness and makes him king of the earth, it is because he can step on an ant or burn it with a magnifying glass by compressing the light into it, but think that no matter how much you are, you will be nothing more than an ant in the eyes of God the man and this will be forever like this...

May God protect you, your brothers and all your descendants. May God protect you, son.
"

So we knew a little more about drones and ants, Dario had clarified a lot of things for us and my wife told me:

- Honey, little Luis has been asking me insistently if ants run, what do I answer? Well, I don't know what to tell you about speed or bacon.

- Tough question, honey, I don't know how to answer you. Tell the kids that in one step they can go to infinity and if that's not running, what else is.

- I love you darling.

- To me you are like the dawn,
like the wind.

And it's not just your beauty

of body, soul and spirit is not
only your absolute purity

It is the love you give me that elevates me to God.

- You are always in the bottom of my heart. MUACK.....
- I think, darling, that the queen ant, from all her drones, chooses one to love forever and that her other brothers are thrown into the Sun to become new queens, but they, the royal couple, continue together forever.
- How beautiful my love. Look, listen: They will have many children and; my real life surpasses all fantasy;
Honey, Luis asks me if ants have a kitchen and if they cook or eat everything raw.
- Well, I don't know, honey, you'll have to ask Gnome, but what I do know is that Gnoms love to cook, and they make delicious stews all from cooked vegetables and fruits.

At that moment the phone rang and when I picked it up some very strange noises came out and then it hung up. I thought it was an ant calling us and I told my dear wife about it, since she didn't hear the strange noises, they couldn't have been anything other than an ant, because I didn't understand any of their language.

My wife took me by the hand and hugged me and began to tell me very beautiful things. She began telling me that an ant could smell a carrot from thousands of kilometers away and she told me something like this:

- Sadness is not from God, only from man
Just as hatred is not of man, it is only of the devil, and envy is of his son, the serpent, the devil, so these two ugly things are like Pandora's box, which when opened in the heart produce all evil.
Man must overcome these two things and lock them deep inside a Pandora's box and never open it.
You can't throw that box to the bottom of the sea.
and we do not know where to keep it, Christ will tell us more.
The only thing I know is that hate produces a lot of sadness and is paid in the same currency and envy is much worse, there is no currency with which to pay it.
How beautiful is friendship, darling, come on, give me a kiss.
- MUACK! I love you so much, my love-
- Juan (the neighbor) told me that he will come over for a snack later and invite us to go for a ride in the new six hundred he bought.
- Cool! Where are we going? -
- No, he'll tell us this afternoon. Do you feel like eating? -
- Yes, honey. Besides, the kids are probably hungry by now. -
- I'm going to prepare a delicious dish for you.-
- Thanks, darling. -

My love prepared us some eggplants stuffed with tomato and gratinated with cheese and while we were all eating, Mozart our robot sang to us and played beautiful improvised music.

- Delicious, darling; you really cook so well.-
- Mozart does it better than me but I like doing it.-

Mozart while singing, attentively wanted to change the plates for dessert and my treasure told him not to worry that she would do it already, Mozart continued singing and

While she went to the kitchen the children played tongue twisters.

Mozart was a gift from our grandparents, it didn't cost us anything and Darío had another robot called Vivaldi and he was much better than Mozart when they got together they made heavenly music; Mozart sang very well but Vivaldi was more perfect in the music he made or at least I liked him more although he was also a more expensive robot and had more technology. Bony really liked the robots and licked them but Bolita was suspicious and sometimes barked at them. Yuly, as always, washed the dishes.

After eating while the children played we took a nap and made love.

06/21/2007 21:00:21

Juan showed up and we all went to see the six hundred, it was beautiful metallic and he told us that we were going to take a ride around Pluto that would take us 15 minutes to get there, the children were very happy so we all went up with the dogs and with one speed Juan passed behind the Moon and we approached Mars making a turn and we all looked through the binoculars at the beautiful pyramids of Mars and its giant sculptures carved into the rock, gosh how beautiful they were, we passed Jupiter and approaching Saturn we moved away from its Moons because if not we would have to go slower or we could get a flat, then we passed near Neptune and he told us that on the way back we had to stop by for a moment to see a friend of his, so we arrived at Pluto to see if we could find an ant; It was humid and cold, but we had perfect suits for the cold so we went around Pluto and stopped the 600 in a crater, we all got out and had a great time. Well, the thing is that on the way back to Neptune, leaving Uranus aside, Juan put the 600 in its waters and at the bottom of the sea we went to see a friend of his, who was a king; this was a very pretty seahorse, he came out to the door of his sand castle and his guards greeted us, he gave us great praise and leaving Neptune we arrived in about 12 minutes to our house in El Escorial, Juan put the 600 on the road and to get home we went around El Escorial and passed in front of it, whenever I passed I remembered when I was little my father after eating made me walk many kilometers inside its walls, I did not know it was so big then, how beautiful our city was, so we arrived home and stayed chatting with Juan. We talked about cars because I had a Volkswagen that went much faster than Juan's and went to the ends of the universe in 10 minutes, but a two-horsepower car that our neighbor Jose had was much more fun because it went slower to see the landscape and traveling that way was much more pleasant; we talked about cars and Mozart made us a delicious potato omelette and we all had dinner with the children. So early in the morning Juan left and the children went to bed and my wife and I were left alone and then we started talking and my dear wife said to me:

- Honey, I love you so much that you are the light for me.-

- Thank you my love.- I gave him a kiss, and taking my hand he said:

- You are a pearl in the sea of my heart, you are

the sunset and the harvest

red in the veins of their eyes they watch us on the esplanade a

light, nameless howl sways the wheat of the steppes.

Feet stained with mud, the tiredness of the hands fled to the whole body,
sleep, sleep.

Slow steps walking all night. Plastic
smiles. Talcum eyes, immense field
stretches out in front, small interferences
with the green doors. Bell ropes up

pretends to sound
and pretends that I kiss him,
he roots my opposites
I love losing him
and then give him a hug
Maybe it's my neurons protesting? But
who believes what they see?
These illusions of the senses and of science
reduce us every time I observe
growing with the centuries of humanity is a
product of the philosophers
Strength and power are born!
With wisdom and greed, which
are two great opposites.
Now in the infinite corridors of my
mind I find no concern,
Finally the war is over and the
battle I'm talking about is over.
He does not know the science of the eyes and the
stars he would have had to see it in this flash it is
necessary that he first tell
the dictates of his conscience dictate
that my father died a long time ago,
many years ago, so many;
half animal half man supreme truth is
that they are all crazy the sane one has
gone astray. Did you think before?

Let me dream peacefully I have
no time to listen to nonsense
locked in sleep
If you are hungry eat my plate one of
meat and another of mind widowed
memories of the soul
imprint and seal of reality
Dragon fire and its effect on dreams
and in shock in the world everyone dreams what they are
you will wake up now plants
In the mirror of real time, let us toast to
what separates us, friend, in the spaces
of training.
in a millimeter forever locked in the
destiny that has everything.
We will adjust stories later
in my real essence

your circumstance
the amorphous balance of society
another cog in our machine a
lonely and dark path
On other royal roads they attack you
along the way son of water and fire you
never let a light shine imaginary king
who is man impossible gift of classified
numbers under the earth, educated

You step on the dreams of life, you
are real and you are a lie, who is
behind those eyes? Does their
reality bother you?
Are you bothered by its good... or its
bad... show me what you dream of?
The earth has many wonderful places the
seven stories of the world
all rose, fire is the time day
and night the trees living
treated with time
We are in the same world,
let's dream again
And who tells you that learning is not a
dream is remembering
can we sleep in this story?
battles of the war
those seconds of ambition to find
yourself in a curious body that I
don't know
My imagination wandered peacefully from the
mirror, the minds of men were my peace.
and a labyrinth of games showed her its
beauty, like a horse she traveled through
giant worlds invisible until destiny was
to cut short life out of free will; I
delved deeply into death
and made me harmonize; they with so
much freedom and locked up more than
ever, streets of time and mind took me
into imaginary worlds the mind was my
body

memories and longings of the
past that poorer minds
You don't believe what you see. I want to
go back to where I was like a stranger you
will leave
hide me

I'll just tell you to go to sleep and you can go
out. Time has passed too quickly, as we were
playing I went out of time, you'll have time to
sleep later,
we appeared
So you have lived? I only
remember that I fell asleep,
stupefied with senses.
It is a fact without turning
back, history does not change,
wisdom is destiny, the theater
of the world
Living under every thing; we are
vertebrae of a coiled snake in the
course of the world continues in
these labyrinths
in the deep caverns or
approach, trunk and roots of perfection is
hidden in my body
and I never see him, the juice
and wisdom of the trees, the
essence of all things, he lives
next to me,
divine water and the universe that
surrounded me in it, procreation and
birth; my body as it was forming; particle
by particle it united and grew.
Like rivers, lives will come together in the same ocean, like
particles of water, we look at each other
We will be able to travel through imaginary worlds and
spaces, your destiny is to enjoy it,
My reality is mountains and landscapes of thought, for you the
basis of human senses are prudence and balance.

I looked at her and after a pause I gave her a kiss, and since we were tired
we went to sleep. Bony and Bebbi always accompanied us until we went to
bed, so we gave them a treat.

The next morning our friends and neighbors José and his husband Andrés came to
visit us; José was a painter and Andrés was a sculptor, good artists, and I am a
programmer and my wife is a physicist. We chatted for a while and played with the
dogs and the children. Bolita was very excited because she really liked friends and she
would throw herself in front of the visitors so they could pet her belly. So we invited
José and Andrés to dinner and Mozart served us the table while he sang and
improvised music.

After eating we all got on José's two horses and went for a ride behind
the Sun, we looked at Venus and Mercury with our glasses, beautiful
landscapes; we returned in the afternoon.

06/23/2007 18:11:09

Gnome came on the videophone and told us to go to Egypt to find Tutankhamun's ant, so the next morning we went to Egypt, we spent the whole day asking around and visiting all the monuments in case we found it, but we found nothing; on the way home we got a call and it was her, finally Tutankhamun's ant on the videophone; she told us her name was Xsail, that she had moved to Egypt during Tutankhamun's reign, that she was an anarchist and homosexual; I am also an anarchist and my wife is a leftist; Mozart transcribed the conversation for us and it went something like this:

" - The punishment is for man not achieving his goals in this matter.

Laughter belongs to all animals.

Greed is a product of envy and hatred, and is only of man. Joy is of all animals.

So, you men who with your new technologies seek new weapons and new diseases that you then spread throughout your lands, this is the cause of much perdition for all men and animals; your wars are the product of your search for power and money, all your estates seek power and money and your churches

Unfortunately, they also seek power and money. Power gives you money and money gives you power. Is it not true that you are governed by these institutions? The truth is that you have what you deserve.

One thing is the economy, which is governed by supply and demand; another very different thing is money, which is governed by your precepts. Perhaps money cannot be something volatile, however, the economy is governed by matter.

If you had almost no water, drinking would be very expensive and your thirst would never be quenched; so go and observe your deepest instincts.

See that the poor are worthy of mercy and that your patents attack dignity, especially those of medicines. Now I ask you, states, what taxes will you charge for water from the sky when all your energy comes from water? Are you going to put tariffs on rain?

Church people don't work, politicians don't work either, they are not productive and the poor don't stop working; what is the interest on your coins? Does God charge you interest?

You are a bit usurious, lazy, and I will keep quiet because I was about to insult you." -

The ant seemed angry; in fact, she was silent for a while as if containing her anger, and after a while, during which she almost cried, she said to us:

"- I am sorry for how you treat your animal brothers.

I wonder why your temples are almost always closed and why you don't let animals in. Can't a dog pray?

One day your dogs will replace you, not with their flesh and blood, but with their labor.

The truth is that the Christ you sell does not represent me.

You let evil men rule your churches and make wicked men saints; this will ruin you, in such darkness that the master will come one day and kick you, merchants, out of the esplanade of the

temple, trading is forbidden there! And you trade with your lowest feelings. One day you will know the wrath of God.

I have nothing more to say to you. A kiss
and may God protect you. - "

The ant said goodbye almost crying and left us with a big hole in our hearts.

We finally met the ant we were looking for. May God protect her!

06/24/2007 16:23:50

Juan appeared and told us that Ajax, the seahorse king of the seas of Neptune, was inviting us for a few days to talk to us and teach us; I had to work and couldn't go, so I stayed behind programming a new robot, and my dear wife and Juan packed their bags for a few days and went to Neptune to see Ajax. I stayed behind for a few days and Mozart took care of the children and the house while I worked; thank goodness we had a cell phone with a videophone so we could talk to them every time I missed my wife.

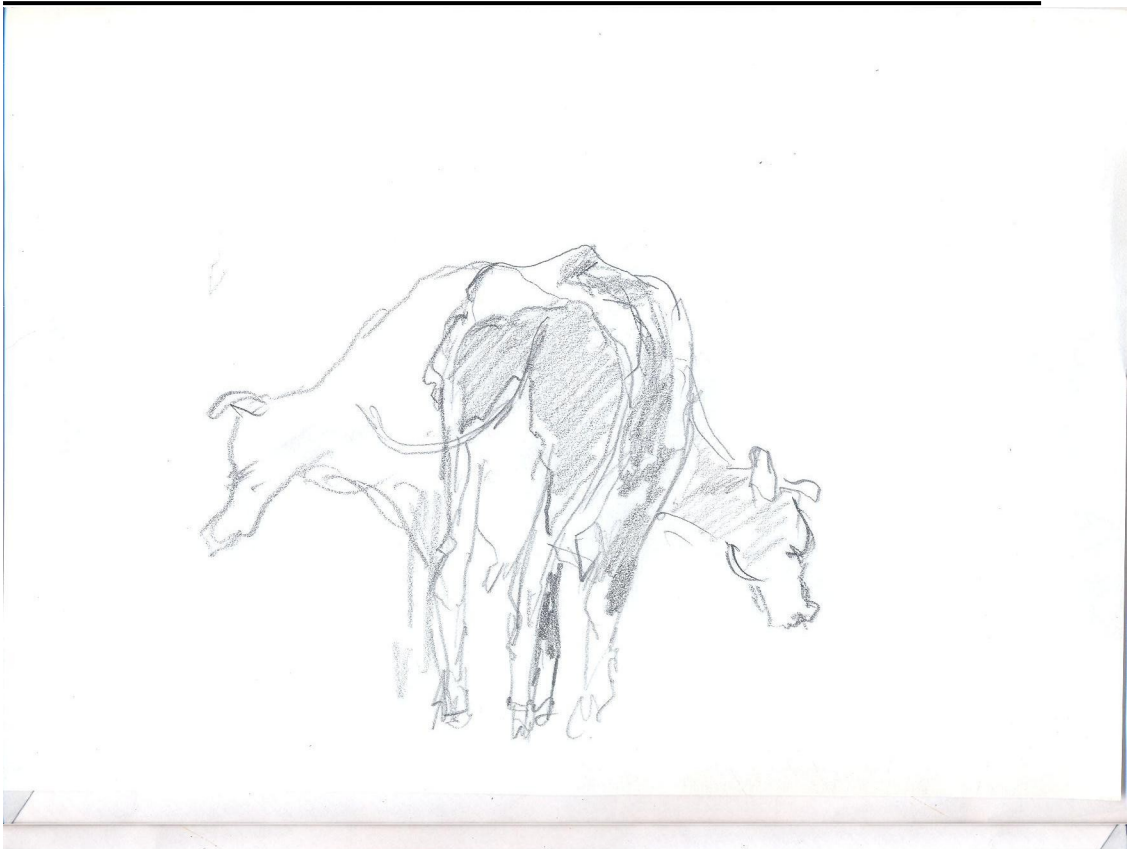
When your mother returned, her children brought a notebook with writings on physics that your mother called modern physics and I, who already knew something, called prehistoric or fundamental physics. So I am scanning the notebook for you as it was written by your mother because your mother's Arabic typography has many mysteries as it is written and transcribing it would lose a lot of information; even so, I will transcribe the written text for you at the end because her handwriting is a bit complicated.

Children, the notebook that he brought a week after leaving, scanned, is the following:

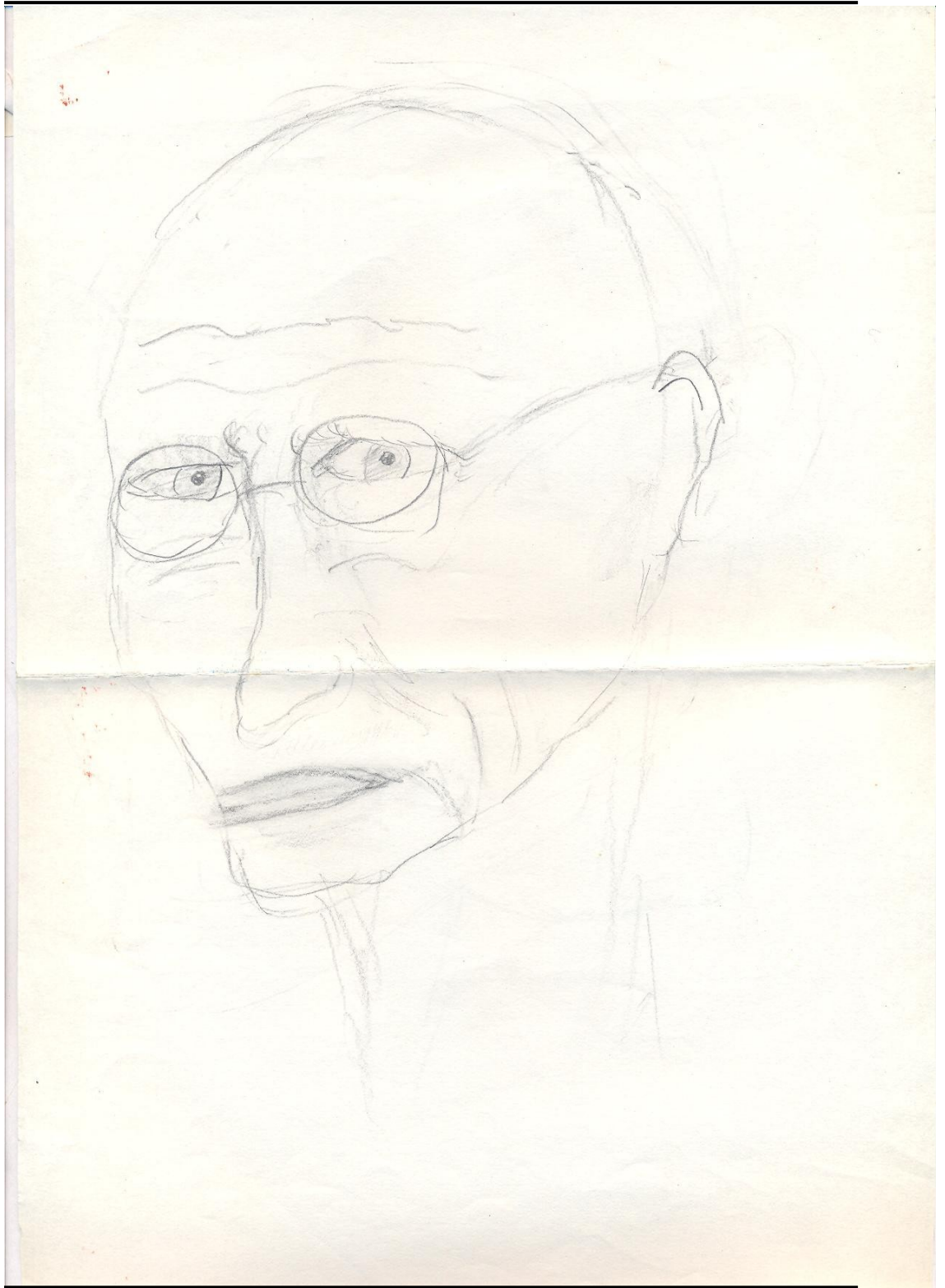
Note that the crossed out formulas are not valid and the only formula that remains the same is the weight formula, all the others change;

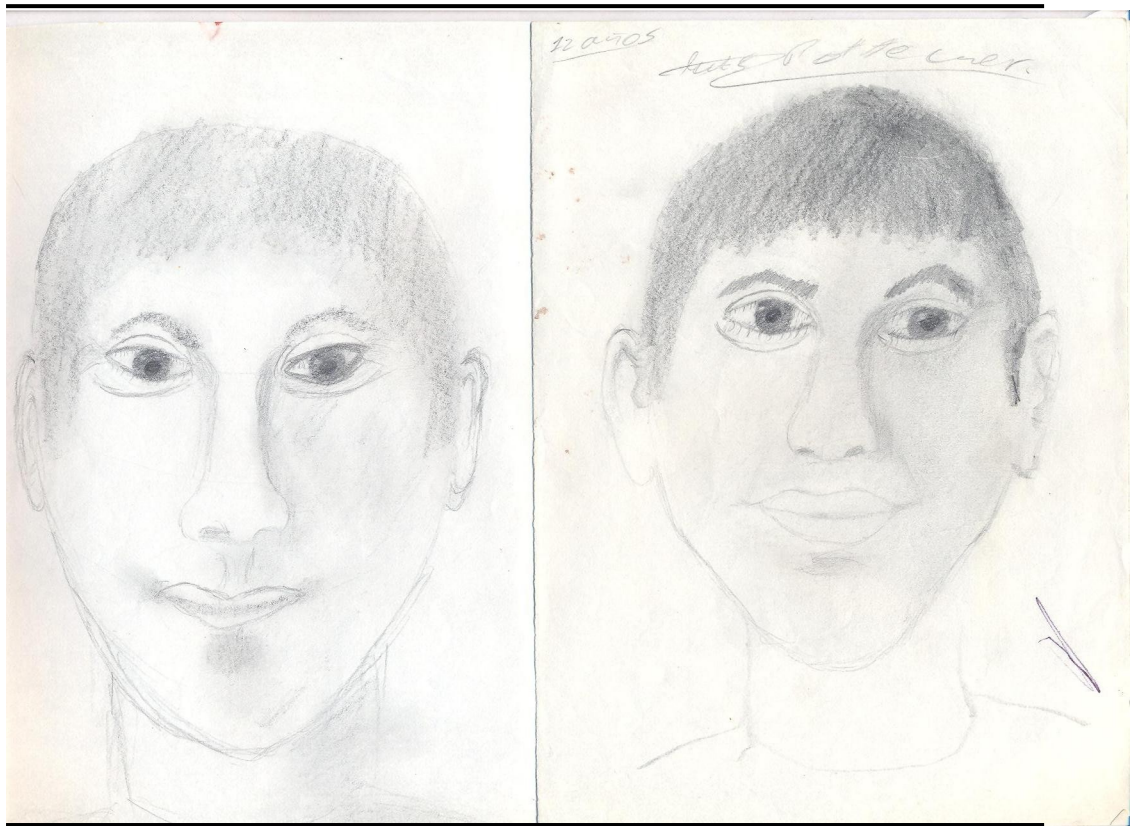


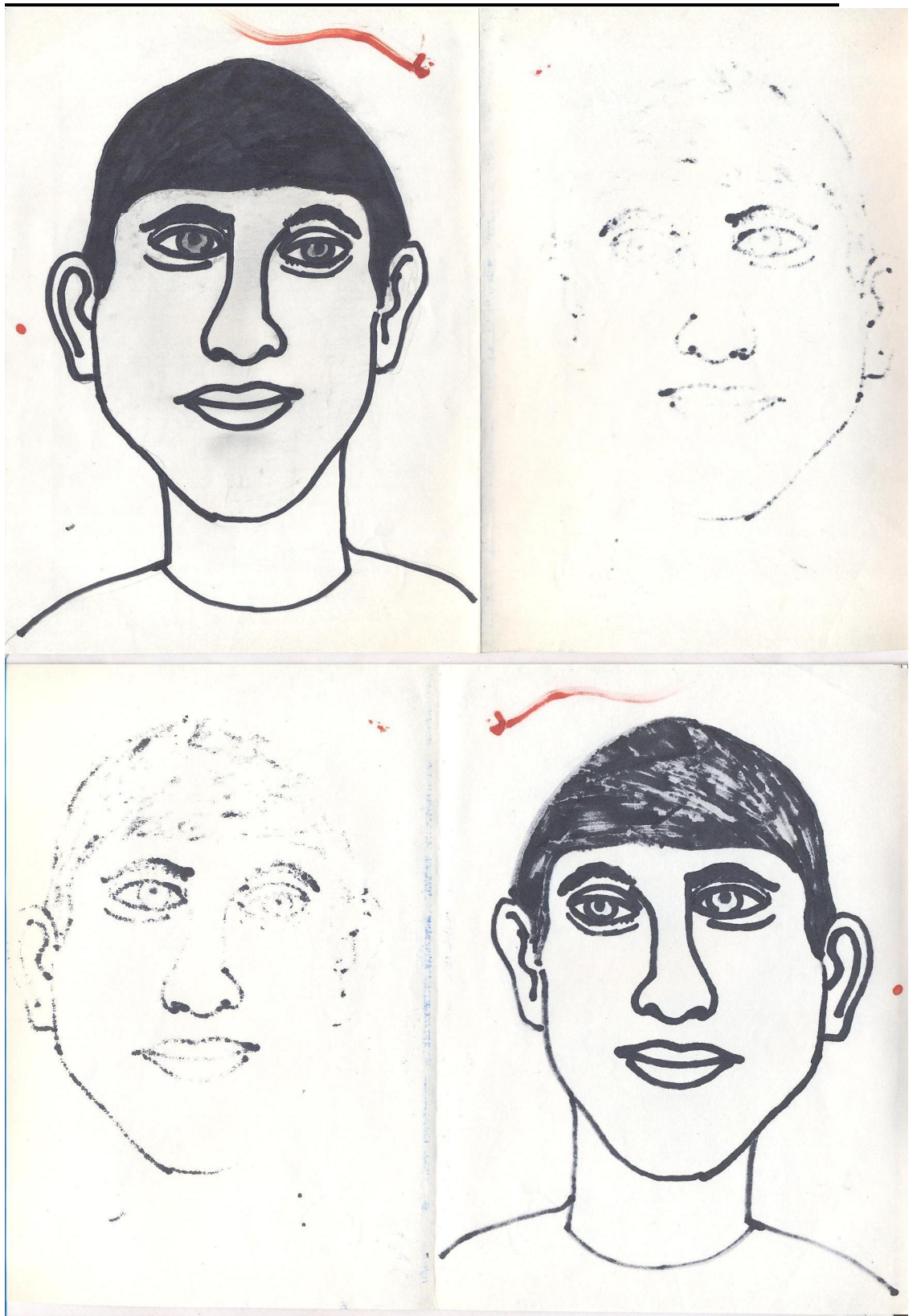












$$\frac{3 e \alpha^2}{10^2} = \frac{3 e \left(\sqrt{\frac{10^4 c^2}{5}} \right)^2}{10^2}$$

26-3-06

$$m = 3 e \left(\sqrt{\frac{10^2 c^2}{3}} \right)^2$$

$$\frac{10^2}{3} = 3 m e c^2$$

$$m = e c^2$$

$$\frac{e}{t} \int c = \frac{4c}{\alpha}$$

$$c = \frac{e/t \int c \alpha}{4}$$

$$c = \frac{e/t \int c \sqrt{\frac{10^2 c^2}{3}}}{4}$$

(const
L₀)

$$C = \frac{v \lambda}{4}$$

$$C = \frac{e / \epsilon f c \sqrt{\frac{10^2 c^2}{3}}}{4}$$

$$C = \frac{e / \epsilon f c \lambda}{4}$$

$$\lambda = \sqrt{\frac{10^2 m}{3e}}$$

$$C = \frac{e / \epsilon f c \sqrt{\frac{10^2 m}{3e}}}{4}$$

velocity

$$V = \frac{e}{t} \int c$$

masa

$$m = \frac{3 e x^2}{10^2}$$

const.
 position $x = \sqrt{\frac{10^2 c^2}{3}}$

velocity

$$V = \frac{4c}{x}$$

$$x = \frac{4c}{V}$$

$$m = e c x$$

$$m = \frac{3 e (\sqrt{\frac{10^2 c^2}{3}})^2}{10^2}$$

$$V = \frac{4c}{\sqrt{\frac{10^2 c^2}{3}}}$$

$$x = \sqrt{\frac{10^2 m/e}{3}}$$

$$x = \frac{4c}{e/t \int c}$$

OK
~~WATER~~

$$m = \epsilon c^2$$

$$c = \sqrt{\epsilon/m}$$

$$C = \frac{e}{\tau} \int \sqrt{\frac{\ln^2 c^2}{3}}$$

4

$$10^2 m = 3 \alpha^2 c$$

$$\alpha m = e c \alpha$$

$$V \alpha = \gamma c$$

$$c = \frac{V \alpha}{\gamma}$$

$$V = \frac{c}{\gamma} \int \frac{1}{\gamma}$$

$$\alpha^2 = \frac{10^2 m}{3 e}$$

$$\alpha^2 = \frac{10^2 c^2}{3}$$