

# SAY IT YOURSELF

DIARY

BY GERARDO D'ORRICO



# Gerardo D'Orrico

## Say It Yourself

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=59142374](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=59142374)*

*Say It Yourself:*

*ISBN 9788835411154*

### **Аннотация**

This diary is my fourth book, a collection of twenty compositions representing the thought and certainties of our modern age. Tales about a not very distant past that could be identified with today's reality, the present not reviewed journalistically, people who do not have common public representations, too busy in a certain sense to think what they could never do, until what was taken away from them to not understand a contemporary good or evil. You also tell autobiographical stories like personal experiences with others or possessions, peace and pain, miracles, love and friendships.

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declare yourself and the world as a hobby or sport or? You need to declare yourself and the world according to your own experiences in concrete human and material relationships. It is a diary written in a simple way, a phenotype of Christian and present feelings, it wants to represent a door to the future, a new party. The period of letters reaches from August 2010 to May 2013.

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# **Gerardo D`Orrico**

## **Say It Yourself**

**GERARDO D`ORRICO**

**Say It Yourself**

**Diary**

# SHORT BIOGRAPHY

Gerardo D'Orrico was born in Cosenza on March 6, 1976. After completing my high school I attended the universities of Arcavacata (CS) and Bologna but without a degree, I have a good knowledge of computer science and some musical instruments. My youth was between the residence of Luzzi (CS) and Cosenza for studies or in the hometown of my mother Villapiana (CS) by the sea. I have made many trips in Italy and someone abroad, after the military service I helped my father with his work and I dedicated myself to writing prose as well as continuing my passion for computer science and software programming, I created and manage a web-site ([beneinst.it](http://beneinst.it)) where everyone can enter their pages for free: letters, poems, drawings, pictures, photos. So far I have published four books: 1. The good and the bad, memories 2. An ash ceiling 3. We Are Already Ten Minutes Ago 4. Say it yourself. I live in Luzzi where, among other occupations, I continue to write or revise my texts and research for technological art.

(Photo GD – 1993)



# PREFACE

This diary is the fourth book written by me, a collection of twenty compositions representing the thought and certainties of our modern age. Tales about a not very distant past that could be identified with today's reality, the present not reviewed journalistically, people who do not have common public representations, too busy in a certain sense to think what they could never do, until what was taken away from them to not understand a contemporary good or evil. You also tell autobiographical stories like personal experiences with others or possessions, peace and pain, miracles, love and friendships.

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*Gerardo D'Orrico*

# 1. MONEY, PEACE OR SORROW

**Summer letter, 31.08.2010**

The reason is our religion, who made all our troubles is the summer that runs its course, don't you agree? Unprepared in everything, a fast of the mind. Sweet the path that leads me to a great refreshing September, several observations occupy me, then I was not a lawsuit that lives our Calabria or big words spoken in the air. Who knows what we wanted, where we are going to end up. Who governs here? Say it, repeat it, you'll see it works, pass the space plane takes you away, or your brute who wanted but does nothing already. You sleep while walking through the streets and in the house, with a good night ahead, full of scents and smells typical of this summer. You'll see you'll find an argument that justifies your normal line of aesthetic products, which you take out. Your understanding for my peace, better the sea or the mountains? was much worse in May, not knowing which way to start, the competent modern doubt of the great morning or afternoon win, you do not see our friend betrayed, lost, terse. The truth in cement is only one, speak in your own house.

09.08.10 The foolishness turns our heads or is at our side, today is the solution of everything, of the past of all time, today is pain and other things. Look at the clock, those Globes still think that good takes care of other things. How senseless is our government: don't move therefore don't get down but go, go. It will be as they did last strengthened or paid, satisfied for it our honour is still. Here is another thing that will happen at this time, as at lunchtime, do not move, stay and look at the colour of the day, but do not commit crimes is so (( )).

“Loving you is the life of the things that never expressed themselves, of our daily enigma, of the words that are few for the time lost, from all the time we don't see each other occupying that place no one ever comes, who tells you it's not yours or, they want to steal you.”

So the day has come, the sun burns our people. Exactly: now what will your neighbour amplify you, because you think he doesn't talk. The reason is how mathematics precisely takes a line that you see, a speech gives no room for doubt or imperfection. Better go to the next stop, a triumphal arch towards the end of the road. Theme the lie: now you have overcome oblivion, now the first favourite dish will be the devil robbed, the prison, the woman or the branch of the tree. Since we must overcome our fascisms, you are not here, don't lie you are not here.

Make peace, go beyond a mistake in person, make a mistake up close really, it's just the ransom demand from a kidnapping, what you wanted from the devil. These things are easy, they're

rifles, they're ours, then they're our fear, the fascist restrictions. I would say the restrictions of a sick person, saying no is abuse of power, in another aspect they are overwhelming power of people here in Calabria as in Rome. Why don't you talk about your reasons or, the existence of evil. A person, a world, a ball that spins on itself. So let's repeat today is again like yesterday, again like in memory. Floor by floor you repeat boredom or a black spot on your chest, you say that peace is a place for those who have no eyes to see, the truth in people and things. War is a place where there is no peace, we are there, we are there, it is not true that there is self-extinction. The others are easy people not guns, maybe guns weren't easy. Who lives in prison is easy but, it means also something else then there are needs, how strange it is to talk about people sometimes you can't see who you're seeing. According to you, with an accident to the head, a good thing is always the same, people are distancing themselves is not good.

Five minutes more for my peripheral existence, we're not in the office yet. The wind is blowing in the colourful plots of its future, what you want to change the work, it's everybody's business today, how many times I have told you, the good that governs life is present, you don't run away from reality, only sand can escape in our hands. Life is the persistent existence impregnated by the heart swab, there is no better shape than the real, true one. Enlightened by what newsstand you come from, how many worms. Existence together is not a burning man, it is said we are all alive, occupying because to think that there are not

all the people in the world, it is useless to believe in fantasies or in the emptiness of things that are there or, there are not. Some things are said that it would not be obligatory to be there, others should be found around us or outside our home. Two lines for our passed away, in the kingdoms where the air is finer: they hurt us while they hit, a person close to you a kiss.

It was difficult the good, even if behind the door of the house or in bookstores, people almost extinct is then we are the product of all generations of the Earth. The world is full that also charges us with responsibility to all, each one his then it is not true that one goes away, moves in everything or has to die, okay. It is the other people who create, I repeat to you, even our freedom, they are only false and false but those so // //. In short, you have well understood in a concrete, historical, epic way of who they are today? then they receive a salary with the poison that goes around. Built from the legs up to the shoulder people, are the other people who create our day and our work or, the next bill, you have to look reality in the face not those who are the evils, at least for now is so forever, tell me you have doubts about your production? the truth does not hurt, the truth free from all evils is like a great wonderful road where to put your car end, if you want after this is all as before, as it has always been, as it will be. It was difficult the Good, in short our end, nobody has arrived there yet now 7:16 12.08.2010. You live in another city, another house, a winning building, but maybe the handset came off the phone and, because the party or parties didn't work, the Germans

are still alive today.

American music, American films, American people, relationships between non-robotic units. The possibility of correcting one's own mistakes, the copies of our lives, among other things how to change a good, our cultures for what little strength we have left, today isolated from the rest of the world. Our self-destruction, hatred of the true milk, of the true is of those who bring us evil, those who produce live too deep inside. Other people inside us, where is our fearless dream that frees us. Speaking to free ourselves, we need to free ourselves from a state that doesn't exist. Every person is alive, don't you think? Whoever lost was killed, there is a way to get where you want to go, wandering between the usual things and a living dead to avoid, like the same things as another year all paid, instead for next year all the bills and insurance, as our blindness is tomorrow, I feel like laughing.

The Sun of our raised plan, are you still stuttering while you speak? your blindness is my death, it's an honest but unselfish world, who wants not to be seen today as it came was not believed to be ignorant, the goal of evil. Sinners in the shadows, they live in the night the day. A fund exists as in a glass by force, those will be ideas or objective realities not composed, not manufactured as if you called me speak to me, if you did not call me no. There is a machine to work, in the end, you just need to know how to use it, do not splint, it must not arrive exists, it is on we are distracted, ignorant.

Hello all 'The Sun that the children cry, everything you want in our house is already elsewhere but even here, some things cannot be kept at home, they are not ours, alone you see what beautiful evil you have around the house. You had, having our future is too much now or it won't be anymore, like a passing train, there will be no more station there are too few kids. Hi, your favourite cut. You see what an extra nerd it is, an evil no one cares about because of lack of state efficiency or malfunction. We're too big, we're everything to us, to others. Actually, it's enough to show up to see what it is, you don't live in evil, you stay still in evil. Live today, if you are alive today there must always be a right weight to things, to people, you can't go to the baker to buy a coffee. Many things that you didn't think you've already done as if one is, is not something, someone. People don't touch each other, they don't get offended, they don't talk to each other, they don't look at each other in the words they cut out.

The truth of pain is not nothingness, the pain to find people, medicines, philosophies to turn to already, here no one is left with only a few bad workloads. Ah, a false Fascist inverted remains silent, a little drenched in mucus doesn't see what his real absence of state is, it's like the flame that sets today's fire free the arts for the next two years, to go and eat in the mountains with nature. What can I really say, who is interested in your line of products, poor guy really hurt himself, where does the dark line end to enter the codes? the truth is one for everyone at the center of colour, of life. Free yourself, we're in an imaginary

fascist prison, life has become tortuous to go beyond where we have to go, we don't get out, now we get by without anyone talking to us from the tumult of dead ideas. People living in another place, do not touch them are zombies, they are fake garbage embellished to resemble the evil that governs there. The state is air, it laps its realities as if it did not exist, like the extraneous truth mathematics for which they created it. In the hope afterwards, at the height of a human maximum a mirror in front of the whole body, you can already see other things but who knows what lives on the other side of the mirror, heaven or the lover, horns or a state of abuse, it is only an overwhelming, an injustice not to realize how much you live below. Stop, mouse.

A cold war won by the freedom that frees us, what does not denounce you the skin, we are already from the morning of different people, reasons, intentions and decisions of taste, even in the flesh of a human to follow not like a machine. The responsibilities of the State, ours and those of others who know where they are, blessed are those who with their own eyes have or see the truth. It was the month of the year and the day of today, when we woke up, you cannot steal anything is our computer, hardware and software that wakes up. It is still a little difficult to talk about our days, too many superstitions, too many Valkyries, false and stolen anarchists, thieves, bullies, fools. In any case, there are rules well installed forever, the applied law is associated with the medical and legal arts.

What you feel is that you have to be, you should be trained in

this gym with that thing that pulls blasphemies well, don't think about it then you will cry like a mad roast, so I know more about that I am there where those things happen, other problems as in the past what you have to and, what you can't. The day alone he will show up to go to work or, for example, to say who you are and what you would like from whom, where he pays you, think about how you could slow life down. Returning to our bodies well decided, look that one has the iron in his hands, is still turning because laughing who does not have to listen to him, is not even a devil then was not possible all the amount at home, you cannot agglomerate all 'the power that is said without an amplification, a newspaper or other. Ah! It's a cold or hot war all to win, from here instead of there are all people who have lost, Ok you can't imagine how low you were like the others and me too. The rest you see... it's the old commune, things that are discussed in front of people with reforms or in jail, the people responsible.

It was what you remembered your power, your resistance, people's ignorance, your age who knows what you want to erase in order not to exist anymore. You have to be careful there are many false people who wanted to make us, ourselves other us, already present modified for the uses of an unhealthy power. Beware no one creates us we are human already conformed, let him go away from your life that damn pepper and salt, his words are wrong in going on, many problems are solved while talking, you kill yourself while he wanted to make you himself, he already remembers badly then. We are already what they stole

from us yesterday and then bring it to us, to finish only by you can be true, yourself, no one creates you. Some species of humans in Calabria, even in the evening they prefer to arrive at them alone. Some things were thought, nobody talks to you leave your mistakes alone I laugh, it was a game for people aware of war because they do not believe in the main interruption in life or, talk about the problems of these people. In this late summer you never know what happens, maybe the fascists will die forever or you will never see the end of our and your globes.

Good luck Earth's forgotten population, abandon your memories, your tasks and responsibilities of a world that was supposed to be a dream reality, instead became a construction. How much difference between last night and, the day that begins now. No, we won't get hurt, now another one continues.

*...and the best of pain, money and peace is already here. Bye,  
G.*

## **2. SEE HOW EVILS DIE**

**Before is after, 29.09.2010**

September zero ten only the noise of the broken phone, only things of the impossible. An evil is the same everywhere, useless to start a parenthesis that you can fall, they tell you this is home of good as never you talked about evil you did not want to do it then it is always the same embarrassment are the same people. I on this side, you on that side did not know that there was a belonging in life, you had not learned that the word life refers to the main issue of the air included in the body.

What is censored today is the return, for example, you tell me you always occupy the same place on Earth, where you are, the evils come to me because they think it is me, you as well as how many things are not said about today, now instantly or later you feel a future that is now, in other words what is adjacent to a real, modern, electronic, computer, software look at a clock then you will understand me. Your famous social interruption today is easy: now here where you are, okay. Now don't interrupt that is where you are, where you are there is evil, tomorrow look at the sea in fact there are doubts but they are the real, the money, the car, who we are but really. Do you remember what you wanted

to say? It's already all solved, there was no need to do and say anything. Exist, exist! So many things have not been done, you want to live in America, please come home.

Daily themes: people still very disturbed, a lot is an adjective. Those viruses are none of your business. Sara or will be dear, dysfunctions or horns, in Sicilian people do not recognize the living as attacks on the survivors of the planet. You've seen the state today, my dear brio eater, who's the nutcase. The brute force of who didn't know, a live murder of a lawyer but, in my opinion, he's just a little distracted and, a little cold. Daily theme who or what goes on, goes on.

It was the end and it's over, now it starts again but, you don't firmly believe what power is and what pain is. It was the past instead is the future, an extinct state not present is a tragedy, a drama like an institution where to go the day, it could be our silences or, better the evils of today, one day our sins were discovered, now what has become the sky. The flowers will dry up again this year, it wasn't me, it wasn't you, it's our time. Draw an arrow, continue, look at that beautiful wall, now go back to where you were before, where today's rulers will escape in a teaspoon. That wall is imaginary or for everyone, reading the newspapers is leafing through organized nothingness. To resemble emptiness, to learn to digest fascism. Rest where there's no snow, what a lovely Sunday.

I go to the head to make sense of what year, what weekend – end? Bella is pretty and pretty anti-fascist Sunday annihilates

the saying that thieves do not mention there, if you want to go start as well, even against fake fascists, thieves and even a little 'murderers. You used to live in the past to proceed to the future or precede who knows what he wanted, the fog does not see it. All people are here or not, they live somewhere else in their home but, they are present in the economy, in our inner existence, gentle class or green plant. A process of self-elimination such even of the days, as one of the greatest hidden social revolutions is where you exist you live, it seems to me air after a worm, the deceiving poetry is just a silence. Money is like 'the blood must get there, horrendous that people slowly slide down, smile at us or other expressions that go down to the bottom of the city, their silences, look how evils die. A piece of advice you did not want to talk then, the emptiness or nothingness in their eyes, where are the others, civilization, their thrifty occupations, they are alone and cry. I say that bright light has the truth in the day, last week at work, the blood where it is, the money, the petrol. Theme what really happened, the emptiness. The traffic light is red... oh, my God, look what he was saying to you, your traffic light is red, the phone broke, who and where, still the problem of the other year, you got hungry, the boss doesn't speak in his moods, I see so many problems already solved in front of me and your bionic soul that nobody speaks.

A summary: 1. Time is getting better and better, don't be fooled and then it gets easier. 2. These are all things there are. 3. Reality now wants its truth back. 4. There are all the speeds

you want, it works at all speeds.

*End.*

*Please, around the next hour.*

*Spotty kiss, G.*

### **3. I WOULD COLOUR IT FOR YOU**

#### **The aristocrats on the ground, 02.11.2010**

Dear diary of beloved life, plant friend, Giacomo Leopardi  
verse eighth vague, is those insulting. Overtake, overtake him are  
the social worms of them, dear Italy. The speeches, the habits  
is then much to change that problem is still not solved today  
dear Italians, what you already know do not touch with your  
hands. The fake of our century even at home, the monster, the  
indecent, hunchbacked, you didn't know better than not talking.  
The disturbances, identity problems, school is everything, the  
manias our stomach-challenged friends, sometimes are questions  
that we do not know where to bring our thoughts, goodbye.

Who are our evils, because we are a past, we already know  
who is the one who shoots from the left side, seems a little devil  
like the one in the drawings. The law in everything resolves  
constructive doubts or creations, after later this software. Go  
back is real, your business. This company is hibernated today,  
it looks like a replay: you shouldn't talk, they will never find us.  
Only miseries today who are the evil fantasies, hallucinations, the  
ghetto or the government, then you hear to please, who thinks  
we have not already solved, how many disagreements give them

a point, give them death as they say in jargon. The boys do not speak obey the good, at home lost more of them than us, more than you thought friend the power of speech or, what the words meant before, thanks a break.

They were behind their door, it's true you have to leave them there, later the complaints of investigations not made, because declared inconsistent by reversing the good with the good and the bad, what you can do today, even in two years is the same, while you don't do it remains the same until it happens, or somehow it happens but, in addition you have to see what is saying behind your back then, you have to make the differences between the two sexes is that trouble, however good day free or passive, imprisoned at home, dear poplar wood, main sausage.

All the misunderstandings are mistakes, still false and the society of false... it's a pity if the state was bad, I'm sorry are you the extinct? By the way, what do you get up to do? Have a coffee. You're the past. The only trick is here that the other one is right, your or my parent still forbids me sin, the globes cloud my vision. How much freedom uh, disfigured exists in the bottom, you live an illegal state, I always feel green, look the most discerning person has already understood the mode, since here there is no, so all the freedom even without a rooted habit, responds to our greasy last week, no introduction, period.

Present I still have a doubt, I thought nothing was too obscure our ingenuity, as order or, something public. Perhaps later at lunchtime what seemed to have passed or, if a product is yours

or not, already move a shake, Protestantism is a movement, hopefully you see how present our home in our state. Only some issues act in the week, who sees provides could nothing be done? A big event will happen in the afternoon, what you wanted from the community now worn out, honest and miserable, do not fall down come on let's go. Autumn begins as a new era for my days, as if nothing lies for the miseries of our past, it is really serious in this quiet mind our joy what you want not to tell you, it is everyone's but not for everyone. A cadence of sound harmony repeats life to make it more true, the vulgar is not an educational repetition, one should not follow that indicated path, it is not right not even to say, the illegal and fascist past has already happened. Life gives life today we are the falling star, like those who see it falling towards yourself, it's not true that it had already happened to you don't know, it's not true that they will catch you, what will happen tomorrow you can't decide today, who knows what they will make us say tomorrow! It will be in our hands tomorrow, take all the time you want alive, you and all the things that have never been done. Careful, careful you don't get hurt. Finished already is the time of emptiness, of never being born, of our strange way of looking at things.

What that thief wanted, our goodness without credit for his crime. A tribute to the smell of corruption is too much, who will listen to us tomorrow if we cry again! That three-line thought isn't over. A piece of advice the money you can spend today, spend it now, then there's no one left, laugh, maybe it's us who are

cheating in jargon we don't like. The last person is us, the most responsible for a poor burned, an oxidized book of people, our true nature is nobody will ever tell us who we are. I fell down by day or you are a thief, you fall or continue to be inferior, true as the electricity or gas bill, you can only as what you have already paid. Rex, Lux, don't you get it? He can't tell you because he's your killer, your evil, your best friend or a fake disguised as him. Pushed down, the loss sets us free, we suffocate, who dies is the disgrace of the house. I believe in the suffocation of pain, not in the growth of an evil, as the film in the evening coloured us with Valkyrie. A void, that's why you can't understand the square, on the picture not on nothing, so the future will come anyway, in every time as in these modern electronics nothing escapes the law, the real one. Feel if your heart beats, if the phone rings instead of feeling the boredom, the Valkyrie or the anarchy that is always one thing.

Sacred, profane, zombies, you can't get upstairs except climbing those usual clear stairs, you need to build a wall with concrete more than painting it of boredom, but, our complaint is a crime of defamation, sin will be a mistake to judge, so here no one does you good because even tomorrow the same, in my opinion it is difficult to hold a different world that many do not know cut, what a confusion where the complaint ends enters the habit, only the details of a life destined to be trashed, full of things in good homes is nobody knows, no one will be ourselves. You sleep of boredom or, still you are not sleepy, you can't even

imagine how many problems someone has, not me where I'll find you nowadays, do you know what a heretic is? where you've gone don't talk, otherwise it breaks! Who has ruined poetry for ten years and ten years is still that human virus, do not empty like folders the past or, the present, tell him to go to hell. Today he is still looking at the calendar and the clock, other people and more, before Christ. Are those charts belonging to the school the ones you're missing how come? Math, geography, letters or something.

What great ice cream is then, and then, and then there's you that doesn't work, not me then, the opposite. The curtain comes down five minutes early so people don't know what time it is outside.

*Your infected, bye Perego.*

# 4. LOGS CLOSE TOGETHER

## Freedom is you, 01.12.2010

“Are you busy tonight? You tell me? ...then the phone call fell through.”

This was how we preferred to spend the time of the things we already knew, where the heart, reality, dolls, porcelain, our unbelief exceeds us. How low is this product, tell me when you'll come, to see if it stays fresh! Perhaps we like to sleep, peace. You want a cigarette among the many things to do today.

The theme: the proximity of retro progress, terse, lost do not even mention it to me. You want to know what is the chopstick cutter, the cutting board of the deep ... we are at work we continue after we get paid, why do you still think. We'd already have the solution in our hands, how many stumbling actions even today, no cooking for tomorrow, hurry up and get cold, you say it, love is depressed or speaks for you. The evening ends, night falls, even the curtain falls again, dear beloved and gloomy Italy.

You still remember that unhealthy thought, that pain in this month of December, was so ignorant.

At the end of a year or at the end of a century, you are in a metamorphosis in your body for the whole day, the stolen peace

seems always the same story, it is tell me how many people you feel in chorus because you are there, what annoyance you are not, dying. End of year zero ten still cannot speak of evil, who wants to jump.

Trick or treat you're alive, but in an unspeakable mistake you haven't even begun. Too low, my ass, again that false fascism, pick everything up and let's go away. It's enough to stay to have, to continue to see, there is always a great universal crime, the silence of knowledge.

Leave yourself alone, talk, breathe, how much you have left behind, how many occupations to do, an army of failures to cross to see the first brick of your house. Tell yourself what you already know, being is a privilege today because somewhere else you'll be better, they want above all you for everything, who they are you know, it's not the echo in the broadest sense of the word an evil creates gas chambers or, what no one has ever undertaken in a concrete way, like you, everyone. Try to tell her some things then you think about it, obviously make them your images do not worry, however I repeat you is a thief but clumsy, wanted your evil while the others leave incompetent. How many evils in Calabria make invoices, maybe they are but they have done evil to themselves. How much the world was the same, don't confuse a burnt cloth, up above is not the same. Everyone talks while everything is in nothing, we are defrauded children it is not true that if you don't know now you will never know, there are no other people on that side only the illegal and false, more false

statements, slander, deductions.

If you want to enter please is like when you don't know, I think it is also false who programmed us, without a success card or, a ticket already paid, you will see more. Poor, deluded in the daylight of those who do not recognize the true original source of truth. Most of the work hasn't been done while everyone is going to joy, look at them go on.

Who wants to finish reading a book that they don't like, what does a people mean by offense, an act done together! A voice at the bottom: what can happen if we do it all together for real, but sorry it was not a problem of those two or three then, the ignorant governs as 'the evil desire future, it's years crying we need pepper or cultures, how many things we have and we are still just us this other, we need a machine that continues a matter of personal instances, you have to finish that then it is the same, we do not stop physically while others continue.

How many crimes in the last week then, in files you can find why he left us uh, how low the sea was in the past days. Abandon people who make mistakes, how many problems we will have to choose fist or force... paper or stone. Better to tell her all the things that aren't there or failed, the rest is boredom. History or fantasy for nothing you don't stay, how many mistakes we have already made to live nothing. Look at the sun that warms us, it says it's all gone anyway, asking is the impossible. We live a communism a bit 'too big I was once told, so devoid of words without institutions turned on, instead it is a time of renewals,

call see other people who are well maybe they had not explained about the hours, other tolls, balances and payments in general, there is no active tool only the comments of this afternoon after lunch, the money or the Sun. Death is in the end so it's the future for these, like what a broader software was. A statement cannot hurt to live well above, as what had already happened in the past, life has already passed at fourteen, do not you believe it? The pain is different, our compliance, the issues a little more expensive when it swallows us Sunday after lunch, who deserved had already won. Look what a nice newspaper if you're smart a party is like a palace, you have to live well to be healthy but, as you will do in the next chapter when they tell you how God is called, then you and your back.

I've been going on for several years, it's good not to surprise only two. He was just a thief that modern epoch, he made or better still makes all that noise, because he is the annoyance that I think are many humans from the quality of confusion, I talk about it because I had noticed another dimension to human figures in history then, must go to jail, if you don't want to be surprised much is just a legal process, to a strange point, up to life already know but, we have to be hospitalized because we are governed, we pay it that is, we think and commit our good then miserable of people who do not speak, declaring to the Czech a unique good to the history of one. A good is instead of many others or the opposite, to say why we need to move so as not to be killed or, stocked by many positions that we do not know but,

that we learned in school. The person in charge of the good today must be a good person, certainly a delinquent or an unconscious person, and that's me... those are diseases of good, parasite units in society. You're still hungry what that person has ever said to you, you know even evil is good in these people, evil is what he says, good to our people, because it's not only mine, you'll see that it will surely fall.

So a rich fake replaces me in a world betrayed then everyone already knows, in this silence, who says anything else but, certainly another false pleasure then illegal, must go to jail, the square is the prison for that person, you do not joke with certain issues that hurt the flesh, desperate animal friend. Let's proceed, from where? Come on you do not know there is only one truth to where you want to go then, is what you wanted to know but unfortunately you do not say a word. Make, make your expressions mine, the wine again. Good morning that will ever really live, does not seem all dirty, you have a religion prior to Jesus Christ? At a certain point it ends what he wanted to tell us, that is, that he did good, since then we are always good what he wanted to tell you who declared he was good. All these unique places do not exist, you are always you in certain aspects, that is, you are this tomorrow, next week the future maybe not but, you cannot go crazy, we have been deceived and backward friend, as evils are all the same. What's wrong with the world? You've got a bellyache. No, the world is wrong. You know what goes on after that arrow, you know there's everything in life in an instant,

what you see is everything for now and forever. All the things happening must pass now there, where you are in the world, in front of you to be understood by you, to exist. This moment is the next or, next year the unknown but, it is not very fleeting, finally I do not think we are situated in the good today, to put it briefly, today is a day like any other at the end of the year zero ten you do not know, what speed life takes where it tells you to be, this hello.

Where you are bored, how many fascist prohibitions, gloomy at the end of a year that as always alone poor man presents himself as a sum, on the other hand what can you expect the day gets up, its realities adapt to their strength effectiveness, it will be suitable so, it is said perhaps it is our city that wanted to hide the furniture with its neon sign bright, flashing. Things that nobody ever wanted to hear like an echo at ten in the morning: what he wanted, what he said, now he's gone, now as always a deep right hidden in the homes of those who did not want, an illegal act outside the body, problems of others that 'the public does not work.

Close the phone call we were already ourselves before we woke up this morning, everything where we are as always is in a body of crime, the stones in your mouth like the people scattered downtown, it's already over, I do not think it will remain for years to come. How much it costs a today, what you see for next year, what has ended up in the end is just a little defrauded, with the art of a deception our state, by the metamorphoses that are assumed

or personal duplications. How many fakes but comes next year, there was really not everything at this time, time for all or open offices. It is necessary to realize exactly as an example, for the Good not to operate those things, which are not good. Look at the clock, scrutinize the rest of the room or the horizon, the scenery is free of the place where you are.

The taste of lead, the year goes the same with people even more up-to-date than you. They have already done a different good, people a misery, a misery like I wasn't good, but I was good, so don't complain as you see we are all here. At the end of this economic legacy you can call me and I'm at home now I'm going to Happy New Year, happy holidays.

*Bye Jesus, call me.*

## **5. THE FILM I WILL WRITE TO YOU**

**Lovingly us, 02.01.2011**

Okay, you're alive, bye... it's one of the most beautiful phrases of this century. Dear Red Brigade fade a little bit in this future, don't you have a name and talk? the city already exists with my cousin's software. Today, after a crack in the face, he runs away. The year zero eleven, who knows who's talking? Still mountain problems so we called there, be careful many continue until eight or ten. Tomorrow you will go out with the money, you do not understand anything, however a good day to you who have cobwebs in your head. Again, open your hand well again, let's see... here, look at it yourself at home, then let me know. I leave the house I'm a free wardrobe, I don't commit insults against the state, I'm not a criminal with my eyes open just to see the difference between things that move and things that stay put.

Corporeality of the possible, of the real you don't tell it all, now and now we really owe it to go in the sense that we have to move. You would be a thief or a non-thief, whoever stopped you, find some where it is written or look at your peace. You still have the intention to know where the thumbtack of the disc attaches

in your truth, okay in my opinion you are in a state of confusion but, so they will call the police, they will say that you were in evil but, it is not a statement known then, to finish were others so more than one evil, by the great echo blamed, so that's how you will be: a beautiful creature alive whatever said, was so distant or far away that you do not hear, morale we are all in the same boat.

A good is a mistake or perfection, who knows how much it costs. The favourite yard of life is our room, our bad thoughts will be burned. On this day what will they do to us, what will all the people build but where have you moved to? I mean where are you... right now the first train for life has passed, you keep laughing, they are all false here in our country. Stop, it's because you're talking, don't you think it's our love, as there is a real or a problem common to all of us, it's true they come and go but, everything is real we are an image then we leave, we overcome afterwards an evil comes again and we have to exist to leave it, smaller than a penny just because it's a human being. The first form of elevation: don't advise, go ahead, don't talk to me, go towards the road, let's walk together, but that cloud nearby is evil, dear zero eleven. We owe a solution to walk higher than the earthly ground, not the popular ignorance as 'the pavement, or the authors we met in our lives were alone and confused us.

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