

A composite image featuring a dark, starry night sky. In the upper right, a saucer-shaped UFO with a glowing ring on its underside is shown. A bright, jagged lightning bolt strikes down from the sky towards the center of the image. The lower portion of the image shows a dense forest of evergreen trees. The title text is overlaid on the center of the image.

Do UFOs exist?

Juan Moisés de la Serna



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Do UFOs Exist?

«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

Serna J.

Do UFOs Exist? / J. Serna — «Tektime S.r.l.s.»,

The night was dark. Suddenly, a great glow came through the window and such clarity flooded the room that woke me up. Amazed, I looked everywhere. What was going on? I rubbed my eyes and I really didn't know if I was still asleep and that was a dream. I sat up in bed. I had to see what was happening because I did not understand what had happened. Trying to wake up a bit, I put my feet on the floor and the coldness of the tiles ended up waking me up. I saw that I was in my bedroom and was still at night. Through the window, nothing could be seen, only darkness, not a single star in the sky could be seen. But in my head, still dazed, I remembered what had woken me up. Although I didn't know what it had been, a feeling came to my mind, something like a great light, or a glow, maybe it would be a flash light.

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Juan Moisés de la Serna
Translated by Gastón Jofre Torres
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“Do UFOs exist?”

Written by Juan Moisés de la Serna
Translated by Gastón Jofre Torres
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Foreword

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I sat up in bed. I had to see what was happening because I did not understand what had happened. Trying to wake up a bit, I put my feet on the floor and the coldness of the tiles ended up waking me up. I saw that I was in my bedroom and was still at night. Through the window, nothing could be seen, only darkness, not a single star in the sky could be seen. But in my head, still dazed, I remembered what had woken me up. Although I didn't know what it had been, a feeling came to my mind, something like a great light, or a glow, maybe it would be a flash light.

To my parents

Do UFOs exist? Have they existed?

Or are they just a chimera?

maybe they are real

your doubt is not the first one.

Some people say they have seen

and they want to show it

something that flies, different

and they will not forget it.

Because if they are sure

they will not change their opinion

they saw it, it's true.

they will always affirm it.

But then why others

have never seen them?
if they fly
from one side to the other.
Maybe, it's not sure
that's why you have to doubt
If I haven't seen it, I can't
believe your reality!
Are there UFOs? I don't know!
I can't prove it
For the one who has seen them
it's easy to affirm.
Everywhere it is said
that UFOs can be seen
but the truth
is that few people see them today.
Is it sure there are?
you say it, I don't know!
if you have seen them flying
I already know the answer.
But if you haven't
you can also affirm
that it is just a chimera
that's your reality.
Some yes, others no
Who tells us the truth?
both of them will be right
they might have their reason.
I don't have your evidence
I didn't see them, you know
if that was a UFO
only you will affirm it.
This takes a long time
Are they hoaxes or reality?
Do they exist? Have they existed?
I don't know, you will tell me!

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CHAPTER I.

The night was dark. Suddenly, a great glow came through the window and such clarity flooded the room that woke me up. Amazed, I looked everywhere. What was going on? I rubbed my eyes and I really didn't know if I was still asleep and that was a dream.

I sat up in bed. I had to see what was happening because I did not understand what had happened. Trying to wake up a bit, I put my feet on the floor and the coldness of the tiles ended up waking me up. I saw that I was in my bedroom and was still at night. Through the window, nothing could be seen, only darkness, not a single star in the sky could be seen. But in my head, still dazed, I remembered what had woken me up. Although I didn't know what it had been, a feeling came to my mind, something like a great light, or a glow, maybe it would be a flash light.

At that moment, I thought that it could be a dream that I had and that made me wake up for some reason. I left the bedroom and I went to the kitchen. I would drink hot milk to warm my body. I remembered what my mother always told me when I was a kid "There is nothing like milk to make the body react".

When I stood up, the coldness of the ground ended up waking me up. A chill ran through my whole body leaving me a bad sensation, as if a gust of icy wind had passed next to me, like the one that you feel in winter. And the truth is that it was very strange because everything was closed inside the house and there was no electricity. How could that have happened to me?

I walked through the hall while I was thinking about it. Suddenly, I noticed something. Under the door of the living room, light came out. How strange that I had left it on! I remember that before going to bed I had turned it off. Yes, I'm sure, I did it when I came back to clean the street door as I did every night. It couldn't be. You have to see what strange things were happening to me tonight! Well, I would go to turn it off and then I would go to the kitchen to do what I was going to do.

I opened the door. Incredible! I was stuck there where I was with the doorknob in my hand. What was happening?

For a moment, I thought that I was still asleep and that all this would be a dream. That was more credible than seeing what was happening. The intense light did not come from the living room, it was not the lamp, nor anything from inside. It entered through the window. But, how?

Outside there was only the garden and there was not any light bulb, or anything like that, that could give light and also there was not any lamp that gave light in such an intense way as the one I was looking at right now coming in there.

After I don't know how much time, it would surely be a few moments but they were eternal, in which I was motionless trying to give myself a logical explanation about what could be happening. I carefully released the doorknob and I dared, still undecided, to take some steps and go to the window to be able to see what was happening.

I reached out my trembling hand. I had the intention of drawing the curtains and look at what was happening outside. I could not understand why it trembled in that way but the truth is that it was so. What was that fear that I had in my body coming from? I was inside my house, with everything closed. What could happen to me? Nothing for sure but even though I thought that, I also said to myself "If the garden is a closed place and nobody could put anything there without me noticing it, so where does that light come from? And what will they be doing it with in order to have so much intensity?"

I don't ever remember having seen anything like it. It is as if the headlights of a car were focused on the window. What a stupid thing I'm saying! How could someone have entered a car in my garden? And why? Which would the objective be?

I finished arriving next to the window. I had crossed the room so carefully that I didn't know how long I took, but I didn't dare to separate the curtain so that I could see well what was happening

outside. Suddenly, I heard a noise and I remained nailed to the ground. It seemed that I had heard him behind my back. That was not possible. In the house, there was nobody else but me. What would it have been then what I had heard?

Perhaps it would be a joke of my imagination, product of the fear that I had in those moments. Maybe, what was happening to me was the result of bad digestion. What had I had for dinner? I had to remember, yes. Because all this could not be real. Of course it was that, only a reaction of something that I had eaten and that had made me feel sick.

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It's been a long time since I came to this house to live. I needed to be alone. Since I finished my studies, I spent my time travelling to know the world. As I said to my family, and even though they didn't understand, that day when I told them when we finished having dinner, they answered me:

— Well, your life is yours, live it as you wish, but don't get in trouble.

— Relax! I just want to see something, before I settle down — I replied.

— Something of what? — they asked me. Don't you have enough going on holidays from time to time?

— No, that's little time, I have to travel, it's like a necessity, I want to know other cultures — I told them.

I was determined not to be convinced, it was an idea that had been going through my head and after I thought about it a lot, it was finally time to say it to my family.

— But for what? — they said, surprised —. What do you want to know specifically?

— I don't know yet, I just know that I need that, to have time for myself — And it was so much firmness that I had to put into words that they didn't insist anymore.

— Son — added my mother —. I know that you are prudent, but remember that there are dangerous countries, do not be confident and always be attentive.

— Don't worry! I'll do it, rest easy that I won't get into anything, I only go on my own, you know I don't drink.

— Son, be careful with drugs — my mother said worriedly.

— Mum! Trust me! You know those things don't work with me.

— Yes, that's now, who knows who you are going to hang out with, and you know... then, to be fair, they do stupid things.

— Mom, don't worry! Trust me, you've taught me well, and I'm not going to disappoint you.

My two brothers who had remained silent looked at me and both said:

— Remember that we are here.

— Sure! How can I forget? Surely when you finish your studies you will also decide something like that.

— It's great to travel like this because you learn more than you do in books — my father said when he heard me.

But my mother who did not agree protested a little hurt:

— But abroad? Isn't Spain big enough?" — he said as few tears escaped from her eyes.

— Mum! — I said —. Don't worry, you'll see how nothing happens to me, and before you know I'm gone I'm already back — and I kissed her to reassure her.

After several years of going from one place to another, I returned, yes, that had also always been very clear to me, where I wanted to live, it was next to my people, well, next door, but not mixed.

When I came back, and I said that I would live in this place, they really were not very happy, but they had no choice but to hold on, because it was a decision that I had adopted, as usual after meditating on it, because I never liked taking a decision without giving much thought to the pros and cons.

The house was decorated according to what I like, with nothing left over, those gossip that are usually stored as memories and that only serve to accumulate layers of dust, I only had the necessary things, but those that made me feel good.

Few have visited me, I have always been a loner, that is the truth, I prefer an afternoon out, watching how the sun is gradually hiding, while the wind is hitting my face, than spending time, “losing it” as I say, with friends, I do have them, although I recognize that they are few, but they know that when they need me, I am there for them, as well as for the family, but if not, we can spend some time without seeing each other, that’s the truth.

How many afternoons I have gone out for a walk and it has become dark and sitting on the ground, on the grass, I have fallen back, to contemplate those stars, those luminous dots in the sky, is there anything else... magical, wonderful?, I don’t think there is a word that can describe it in its fair beauty.

Yes, they are right when they call me loner, but I do not think that anything can compare to that feeling, it is as if something expands inside me and makes me fly to those stars, as if the Earth let me escape and then at I am back again, as if drawn to reality.

Well, I do not know, because on more than one occasion, I have found myself there, when the dawn sun hit me in the face, I had spent the whole night, yes, that is the truth, and where better to stay than in nature?

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The road was lonely, I had been informed that I had to be careful, but determined to get there, I went inside. I’ve never been scared, but I still remember how had gotten goosebumps on my skin, as they say.

When I heard that, I stood still for a moment, but I thought, “If someone or something wants to do to me whatever it wants, I am an easy target” so I started running, intending to go into those trees that I saw in the distance, there I could hide well.

What happened next is difficult for me to explain, it seems that I had misjudged the distance, because the grove seemed to me to be moving away instead of getting closer.

Already exhausted I stopped, I had to rest, I had no breath, I left the backpack on the floor and sat next to him.

It was impossible for me to go a step further, I don’t know how long I had been running, I only know that those trees, which at first seemed close to me, were still there, far away, in the same place.

The truth is that they looked good, but as much as I had tried, I had not managed to shorten the distance that I was missing to get to where they were, what had happened? Where was I? Why was everything so dark?

I tried to force my gaze, to see what was happening, I could not distinguish anything from what must have around me, of course I immediately noticed that I was not in the middle of that road, where I remember perfectly that I had stopped.

With a quick wave of my hand, I tried to see if I was fine, I don’t know, it was an instantaneous impulse, but what was it?

I could not move, the arm when trying to move had experienced a jerk, something prevented me from moving, I immediately deduced that it must be tied, immobilized in some way, but by whom? Why?

If I hadn’t done anything, and I hadn’t seen anyone around, what had happened to me?

The first thing I had to find out was where I was, this was not in the middle of nowhere, I felt that not even a blade of air was running, so I deduced that it must be indoors.

I thought quickly of that tremendous noise I had heard, that caused me so much fear, the one that had made me run, surely it must have been caused by someone, who in the end reached and caught me, but what did it do? Will it have transported me too? And how far?

My head hurt, I realized at that very moment, why would it be? Maybe they beat me before taking me as a prisoner, yes, that must have been and that's why I didn't remember anything that had happened.

How long had I been there? I had lost track of time, who would have done that to me? Determined to clarify it, I wanted to start talking, I had to discover something of what was happening, but even though I tried, I could not pronounce a single word. That left me perplexed, I didn't even hear my own voice, and I think it did shriek, but nothing, no matter how hard I tried, there was no way I could hear my own shriek, that was really weird. Was I deaf?

Now that I realized, I hadn't heard any sound since I woke up or whatever. Maybe it wasn't a dream, but rather that I was conscious again, after the blow they should have given me, but why was everything so dark?

I don't remember ever being in place like that. I tried to calm down so I could focus on something else. What did it smell like?

Yes, I noticed something, the smell was pleasant, like flowers, I wouldn't know how to explain, but I would say that not far away, there must have been several flowers, because it wasn't just one class of them, that smell that I was perceiving, but rather, the one who can give off a bouquet, made up of various kinds, but that would be very rare, that someone would have put me in a hole, because that is the conclusion, that in those moments I had more at hand, that someone had kidnapped me hitting me on my head, and it would have taken me to some dark and remote place, but if it had a bouquet of flowers there, it didn't seem logical to me.

Suddenly I noticed something approaching me, it was... I don't know, I felt as if someone was breathing next to me at that moment, but no matter how hard I tried, nothing, I saw absolutely nothing, but I felt something touching me and I jumped at that moment, it is as if the contact with that had produced me an electric shock.

What a strange feeling! I could not explain it, it was something unexpected, unpleasant, everything around me lit up, it was as if someone had turned on a very powerful light, but despite that enormous clarity, I still did not see anyone. Or is it that there was not anything nearby?

I could not say it for sure, only that my eyes hurt because there was so much light and I closed them immediately. That's what I remember, and then I don't know what happened. How long have I been I like this? No idea. Minutes ? Hours? Days? I don't know.

In a moment, I moved and felt something, the wind hitting my face. How could that be?

I could not explain it to myself, I remember that before nothing was noticed, perhaps someone would have opened a nearby window, because each time I could see it with more intensity. I opened my eyes and astonished I looked at the place where I was. I was on the ground, with my head resting on the backpack, with a posture of having been sleeping. Was I asleep?

That was impossible. I would never have gone to sleep in the middle of a road, but there I was, without being able to suppose what had happened to me.

I got up, slowly, doubting if I should do it, I don't know, I was so amazed that the first thing I thought was, "Surely from the race I had to take, I was so tired, that when I sat down to rest, the tiredness beat me, and I fell asleep without even realizing where I was."

Absentmindedly I ran my hand over my face, when something I touched on it left me again with another doubt. My face, which I perfectly remembered shaving this morning, before leaving the hotel, was now covered in hair.

It could not be possible! It does not grow so fast, in fact I can spend several days without shaving my face and it is hardly noticeable, but now I ran my hand again to verify what I had just noticed, and yes, I had a beard of at least a week or more, that couldn't be possible! How had it grown so much in just a little while?

Without leaving my amazement, I took the backpack to put it on my back and a foul smell suddenly gave me. What could that be?

I put it back on the ground and opened it, and what would not be my surprise, when I saw that the fruit, the one I always carry when I go out into the field, was all spoiled.

After looking at her, and looking at her a couple of times, to see that what was in front of her was true, incredulous, I threw the bag in which she was carrying it. How could she have put herself like this?

I don't know, an apple, well... But all of them? And that way?

It seemed that they had been several days in which they were no longer edible. With that idea in mind I put the backpack on my back, and turning around, I headed for the place I remembered coming. I wanted to return.

I looked for the last time at those trees in the distance, and I thought, "It may be that they are further away than I thought" but really, it seemed that they were close, almost, you could almost touch them with your hand. I would say they weren't even half a kilometer away and look that I'm used to walking distances and I already have the measurements in my head and I'm not usually wrong, but this time I don't know what had happened, I still remembered the great race I had had and nothing, I couldn't get to those trees.

Well, now I did not want to think about any of that. I was going to head back to the town and lie down for a while, they surely were astonished last night because I did not return, although thankfully I am a foresight and that I had already warned them that sometime when I find a nice landscape I like to spend the night in it.

So when I get there, I will tell them that I have done that, that I have spent the night looking at the stars, although now that I think about it, I don't even know if it was a starry night.

Well, then, I will only tell them that I wanted to spend the night in the countryside, lest it be one of those nights when it is cloudy and nothing is seen, and strange people ask me where I have been and I do not know what to answer.

When I got to town, I noticed something strange in the people who were meeting me, they looked at me, I don't know, as if I were a strange bug. Suddenly some children approached me, so much that they even touched me and then ran away. What was happening?

It was not normal. I had been living here for a few days and had never seen that it would awaken so much expectation.

I kept walking, but I saw more and more people around me getting closer, and they talked to each other, whispered as they say, and laughed. Suddenly, I don't know where they came from, but two policemen stood in front of me, and prevented me from continuing to walk. I wanted to ask them why they were doing that, what was going on, that I just wanted to get to the hotel where I was staying and have a rest.

I was surprised, I didn't hear anything, just silence, that is, I didn't hear my own words. I heard the other people well, but not my voice. What was happening to me?

One of the policemen took me by the arm, and I, with a sudden movement, tried not to do it, but I must have miscalculated my forces because the policeman fell to the ground.

I was amazed, it could not be possible, I had not pushed him, I had only tried to get him not to catch me, it would surely be that he stumbled.

He got up very angry as usual, and asked me, with the club in his hand, to go to the right. I, who did not want any problem, did what he wanted immediately, of course that made me end up with my bones in prison, locked up there, and unable to say anything because I couldn't speak, I didn't know what had happened to me, but I was mute, and so it was impossible to explain myself.

Lying there on a bunk, which was in a corner of that small cell, I don't know how long it had been, when I saw the hotel owner approaching the gate.

I was glad to see him and I got up quickly. I went to speak to him but I could not even hear myself, and of course neither did the others, although I do believe that he moved his lips, because I

saw how the man looked at them attentively as trying to understand what he was saying, but nothing, it could not be possible.

— Yes, I think it's him, but it's impossible, it's been two weeks — I heard him answer the policeman behind him.

When I heard that, I was stunned. What did that man say? It couldn't be possible! He was wrong, or was it that I misunderstood him?

— But are you sure this guy is your client? — I heard that policeman ask him again.

— Yes, I have no doubt — said the owner of the hotel at that time —. I know that vest very well, because on some occasion I had told him that I had never seen them like that, but of course he is very changed, but yes, I think so, it is him.

Suddenly I remembered that detail, the owner of the hotel liked my vest. From the first moment he saw it, the amount of pockets it has, said that this way he could carry everything on top and everything placed in its place so as not to leave them forgotten. I took my vest and when the man saw me he said:

— Is it true that we have talked about those pockets?

I shook my head affirmatively and when the man saw me, he said to the police

— See how he is? Yes, I have no doubt.

That police officer, still looking doubtful at me, approached the gate and, inserting the key into the lock, opened the door and let me out.

Immediately I rushed to hug the owner of the hotel, thanks to him I was free, but he made a gesture that I did not understand, and saw how he separated from me.

That surprised me, but at that moment I did not give it much importance. I just wanted to get out of there, leave, get to my room and rest in that bed that I remembered so comfortably.

I was walking down the street, next to the man, the one who had taken me out of my confinement. I saw how people looked at me and talked to each other, it is as if something was happening that I did not understand.

I decided to stop looking at them, I was only interested in arriving soon and I kept going on. When I arrived at the hotel, as soon as I entered the door, the man told me that he had no other place, that everything was full, and led me down a long corridor.

We walk through the kitchen and after standing up he opened a small door. I had gone quite confused behind the man asking myself where he would take me. I saw that little dark room, there next to some buckets and more piled up objects that I couldn't see well. There was also a small bunk. I just wanted to rest and I indicated with my head that it was fine and he left closing the door behind him.

When I was finally alone I did one thing, what I was most looking forward to, to rest, this must have been a bad dream, and I was sure that when I got up again it would have happened, and everything would still be fine, but before falling asleep I glanced around as if wanting to make sure that what I was seeing could not be real.

Four dirty walls, a little window near the ceiling, I also saw there hanging on one of the walls a small piece of mirror, and followed by an unstoppable impulse I got up and went to look at it and...

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Why am I remembering all this in these moments? They were difficult times, but finally I have been able to overcome them. I could never have imagined that this would happen to me, but what are you going to do? There is a saying that says "Curiosity killed the cat", because that was what must have happened to me for having been curious.

Of course that I say that if I had been calm, at home, none of that would have happened to me, but I would not have also seen as many and as many things as I could have seen, because it is true, that sometimes, my eagerness to know this or the other has taken me to unusual places, but it is that, if not, I would never have known it.

No one wants to speak clearly about these issues. So much bullshit has been said and written about it, that it seems that nobody wants to be involved, but I say, who is interested in not being discovered?

There are many people like me, who want to know something, not much that is the truth, we are just hobbyists, but it is not surprising that they leave it for being tired because as soon as they start to move a little, they only find tripping and bad faces, and that tires anyone.

But I think, “If there is a volcano fuming, and that smoke is seen from a distance, then why does someone insist on denying the existence of such volcano?.” The same with this, if there are multiple evidences of its existence, why are there so many interests in which the truth is not known? And they not only deny it, but also the one who is trying to look for the evidence has so many impediments.

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When I put my foot on that ladder of the plane I was already decided, it had been difficult for me to make that decision, it is the truth, I did not feel like going through hardships, and I knew that if I continued with the same issue it would happen, but once started, nothing or no one was going to make me give up on the idea.

I had to get to the end of the matter. I did not want to be another of the many who had stayed halfway and when obstacles began to be found decided to give up because of fear, comfort, or who knows for what other reason. I did not want to give up; therefore, my resolution was strong and I think that this aptitude was going to help me a lot from now on.

I kept going up, calmer now, it was my first flight in such a device, it didn't look very safe, but I had no other way to get there. I would have to put my fears aside, and trust that everything would turn out well, because If I did not encourage myself, surely no one would.

I had paid the pilot in advance what we had agreed, but when I saw myself sitting there, I thought, “If I got to know what this is like on the inside, I would not have been in trouble.”

When I was thinking about it, the pilot approached me. We still hadn't started and I thought when I saw him that he was coming to ask me for more money. I really don't know why that was my thought, but it was, and what would not be my surprise, which was, on the contrary, he gave me the bundle of bills that I had given him the day before.

— The only thing missing is what I have spent on these drinks. I couldn't miss this, so thanks for cheering me up — the man was saying to me.

I stared at him, I suppose, with a silly face, because he laughed out loud.

— Dude, that's right, thanks to you, I'm going to go to places that I have wanted to visit all my life, so it wasn't fair to charge him. You have given me the push I needed, and in return I will take you there for free. Yes, I know that you don't understand it now, but you'll see how in your moment you do understand everything.

And without more he turned around and when he was walking away to get into his cabin I heard him saying:

— Fasten your seatbelt tight, we'll be off in a few seconds.

I stood there without knowing what to say. I looked and in my hand I still had the bundle of bills he had given me. Why would he have done it?

I did not understand him. He had told me that at the moment he would not understand it, of course! How could he understand that strange ability? That I would have hired him the day before and I'd have given him the money that we had agreed, and that at the beginning of the trip, I would return that money.

It was incomprehensible of course, and I also remembered in those moments that he told me that later on he would surely understand it. What did he expect would happen later? I got an answer which was absolutely absurd. The pilot will take me in his plane for free. What strange things happened to me!

Half asleep I was going when surely a “turbulence”, as the pilots say, made me hit my head , and I got up, looked around to see what was happening and I found myself up there in that plane.

I was sitting and next to me there was my backpack, the one that had all my belongings. I said to myself “What could you tell me if you could speak?” And smiling, I looked at it again, and I said again “You better stay quiet, because surely there would be times that you would not let me get into any of the problems we have experienced together.”

— Take over that belt. We’re already arriving — I suddenly heard the pilot saying.

I instinctively reached out my hand and saw that he was tight, and I thought “Well, if he’s not a good pilot, a little belt won’t be useful.”

Instead of belts, what they should give to those who take planes is a good helmet for the head, one of those worn by motorcyclists, so if people are given helmets, their heads will not be hit.

“Well — then I thought —. Really, what else gives a tap on the head. If this device falls, I will not tell the story in any way.”

When I was thinking about it, I saw through the window that was next to my left shoulder, some nearby trees, and at the moment the pilot was already slowing down. “Good — I thought —. This time I’m free!”, and before I could think anything else, I already had the pilot encouraging me to go ashore.

— Well, we started the adventure, I’m all ears. You give orders my friend because you’re the one who understands best — said the man, to whom he had a good mood.

I looked at him surprised, but what was this man saying to me? That he was coming with me? I had no plans for that. I just wanted to continue, as usual, with my things, but without company, and above all, what kind of company was this old man offering me? Come with me?

That was impossible. If he seemed like he couldn’t take two steps with that skinny body, what was he trying to achieve? Climb? How?

— Friend, I am stronger than I seem, do not be influenced by appearances, surely I can keep up with you and that I will not be a hindrance at any time” he said and was standing there looking at me very seriously.

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I was sleeping peacefully in this paradise, never in my entire life had I imagined that such a place could exist. I had taken a bath in the waterfall water. What a delight! It came to me wonderfully, after the long walk.

We picked up a fruit along the way which we ate sitting quietly in the shade and we both commented on how it was possible that there were still places with this charm.

— I’m sure no one has ever been here — Peter said to me —. If someone had discovered it, they would have already taken care of spoiling it. I do not know what we have that we cannot stay quiet and whenever we touch something, we break its harmony.

— Come on! Don’t be exaggerated — I replied —. We have done something well, I say, don’t be so fatalistic!

— Well, yes, something sure, but what? Come on! I invite you to reflect a little and find me a place where the man has put his hand and has improved it. I’m sure you’re not going to find any of them, it’s just that we are like this. What are you going to do? We have little hands, we’d better stand still.

— Come on! Keep eating, don’t tell me it wasn’t worth getting to this place — I said, while I threw myself another bite of that delicious wild apple.

— No, if the place seems wonderful to me, that’s not what I’m talking about, but look, if by any chance it occurs to us to stay here to live to enjoy all this, don’t you think we would have to make some arrangements for it, to make it livable? And every thing we do for our comfort would be to spoil nature, which if it has it that way is because that is how she likes it, who owns it, and not as intruders who want to put it, modifying the environment. Do not tell me that you have not been tempted to tell

me that you would stay here to live, because the truth is that as soon as I have seen it, I have said, this is my place!, from here I do not move anymore, whoever wants something mine has to come up here.

— Dude, I see you're an exaggerated — I said, smiling.

— Exaggerated! What do you say? When I saw that crystal clear water falling into the lake, I was delighted. I have been a long time without being able to stop looking at it, until I have decided to take a bath, I did not want to break the harmony of the moment, but I said to myself, what the hell! This place is so magical. I want to belong to that magic, and when I have immersed myself in it, it is as if my whole body, at the same time that I was feeling its freshness, was recharging something. I don't know how I could explain it to you. Do you know what happens to a cupcake when you put it in the milk bowl? It swells. Well, I have had that feeling for a moment, it has been as if I was filling myself with something that was entering my body. I could not tell you, but it was a delicious sensation. I think I have never felt anything like it in my life.

— But Peter, we have already visited many places and you have always found some charm, I think in all of them.

— Yes, it is true because all the sites have their... I don't know, I like them, I can't help it! But this one, my friend, this one I tell you, is unique. What I have felt as soon as I have looked at this place, I would not know how to explain it in words, but what I do tell you is that I do not move from here. If you want to continue with that task, well, I have already found my place, and I think I will stay. Yes, every moment I spend here I am more determined to it, and also sure that I can adapt to the site without making any changes. I am sure that the place will welcome me and I will be able to spend the rest of my days there — he was saying very convinced.

— Come on! Don't be exaggerated. How am I going to leave and you stay here? That can't be possible. Look, if you want we can be here for a while, living, both of us, I don't know what you want, anyway they are waiting for us nowhere, but then one day we will have to leave. This site is fine, I do not discuss it, it is wonderful, but listen to the task that we have in our hands, we are not going to abandon it, at least for the moment, I think we still have a lot to do — I said to try to distract him from his idea.

I was a little thoughtful, I did not know what my friend meant with that he was staying here. Yes, I understood the words, but I think there was another meaning that I did not quite understand, and I asked him quietly:

— Peter, did you feel like this is your place?

— Yes — was his flat reply.

— How? — I asked again with fear, since I was already dreading the answer.

— I have been with you for several years traveling different parts of the earth, and you know because you know me perhaps better than I do myself, that I do not make drastic decisions.

— No, that's not your thing. I know that well — I replied.

— Well, now I want you to understand that if I told you that, it's because that's how I feel it and I think that's the way it should be, and I shouldn't leave this place. I cannot give you any more explanations because I am not clear about it either, but I would like you to respect my decision, as you have done so many times, that even though the place, where I asked you to be smiling, always smiling, was very rare, because dear friend, that's what I like most about you, your smile. Well, as I was saying, with a smile on your face you said to me "Well, we don't have anything better to do, why not?." And we prepared everything to start an adventure to that place again — Peter was saying to me in a very serious tone.

— Yes, I don't know where you have always got your ideas, but the passing of the years has proven me right, following your "hunches" like flames, we have gone to unusual places and we have had experiences that, if it had not been for you, we could never have had them.

— Look, well the same as in those times that you are referring to. In these moments I am having that hunch, here is where I must stay. I do not know if it will be for a long time or for a short

time, that answer is still not very clear to me, but I must let you go, and I must be alone here. It is a stage of my life that I must go through in solitude, and do not think that it will be easy for me to get away from you, you have accustomed me to your morning ditties, those that I do not know where they come from but that make me wake up with joy, because its lyrics always invite you to have a good day, and I recognize that it is a great way to feel positive, even though I have ever told you to let me sleep a little more, that the previous night we had been seeing the stars until very late.

— Peter, do you remember when we met?

I don't know why I asked him that in that instant, but his mention of the ditties had brought to mind that moment.

— Of course! How do you pretend I forgot it? I was on the motorbike, so calm, I wasn't in a hurry and that's why I was going so slowly, when I passed that field I heard someone sing. The truth is that I found it amazing, a guy there singing to the moon. I couldn't believe it!

At first I thought, and excuse me, but I don't think I could think another thing. I thought you were like a vat, and I stopped the bike, because the lyrics of the song seemed beautiful to me. I was there listening, I don't know how long. You did not get tired of saying those things, which I had never heard in my life, and certainly they could not have occurred to me, so I did not have the slightest doubt of waiting for you to finish, I had to talk to you. After listening to it for a while, I understood that he was not drunk. A person who says these things is very sane. What was evident was that you thought that no one was listening to you, although the lyrics clearly showed that you were saying it to someone.

— But were you there for a long time? We've never talked about it.

— Well, I don't know when you had started, but my time flew by, it was very interesting. You know, you seemed like a minstrel of those who speak the books that in the Middle Ages narrated the events in the form of songs. That was what I heard that night, a series of inexplicable events for me in those moments, but the more I continued to listen to it the more they hooked me, as they say, all that, that you seemed to have very clear became more and more interesting and that's why I waited for you to finish. I didn't want to interrupt you, what you were doing was very important to you, I noticed that immediately.

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— Today we have History, gentlemen!

The professor was talking very seriously, we all knew it, of course he was the history professor. What was he going to give us? We did not understand very well why he had told us that.

The whole class was surprised, we looked at each other, until one of the classmates, possibly the one who had less patience than the others, could not wait any longer, said:

— Sir, we already knew that.

— Yes, I know — he replied —. But what I am sure you do not know is the topic we are going to deal with — said the professor, putting a big smile on his face.

He had our full attention, it was the first day of class, and that it started that way, we all found it very strange, so we were quiet to see where it came from. What would he want to tell us?

— Have you ever heard of Charlemagne? — he asked very seriously.

— No! — was the general reply.

— Well, I'm sure he was the brother of Alexander the Great, and that Magno was his last name — said one of the companions.

— No! — said the professor —. They did not get to know each other.

— Well, at least they would be cousins — said another of the companions.

— I doubt that, but let's continue with what we were. Charlemagne, who was the king of the Franks and the Lombards, was crowned Emperor Augustus by Pope Leon III in the year 800 in Rome. He was the son of Pipino el Breve, and fought against the Muslims in his advance through the Iberian Peninsula, until he was defeated at Roncevaux.

He told us his story, how good it was! It was interesting, but we got tired of it because it was getting longer, and we were beginning to hear some whispers in class.

— What a problem! — was suddenly heard from the back of the class.

The professor, that old man, taking off his glasses, leaving them very calmly on the table, got up and said:

— Do you think that's a problem? And if I tell you something...

— Yes, but don't let it be another problem — he heard himself being told, interrupting again.

He was very thoughtful, in silence, so he was that way a few moments. We thought he was angry, and he was planning something to punish us.

It was the first day of class, and it seems that we had started off on the wrong foot, but what would not be our astonishment, when he returned to speak he asked us:

— Who knows what a UFO is? — And he fell silent again.

We all look at each other for a moment and then we laugh.

— Why are you laughing? Did I say something funny? — asked the professor.

— A UFO? That doesn't exist! — jumped one from one of the last rows, those who sit there because they want to interrupt, without anyone knowing who it is.

— What happens? Haven't you seen them? That's why he makes that statement — Don Carlos replied.

The whole class was very quiet, we were expectant.

— Has anyone seen them? — he asked suddenly.

— No! — was everyone's answer.

— Then why do they say they don't exist? They can only say that they haven't seen them. Come on! I say, that it would be their correct answer.

We laughed, we thought he must be joking, but the very serious one kept saying:

— Have any of you been to Egypt and seen the pyramids?

We all naturally answered "no". What a question he was asking us.

— Then they don't exist? — he was asking us very seriously.

— Of course they exist! — most of us who were there told him —. There are a lot of photographs of them in many books. How can they not exist? Is it that you have not seen them? — we asked puzzled.

We did not fully understand what he wanted to tell us.

— Yes, but even if there are those photos that you say, we have not seen them, because you have told me that you have not been there. That is true, right? — he asked us again, but before we answered, he continued —. Look! If I ask you if you have seen our beautiful Cathedral, you will all tell me "of course!" How can you not see it?

So, as you have seen that it exists, there is no doubt about it, but if I ask you if the Chinese have seen it, surely your answer is no, or at least most of them. Some of them may have been sightseeing and have seen it. Then, for those who have not come, our Cathedral does not exist, because they have not seen it, as it surely happens to you with your Great Wall, that it is possible that some have never even heard of it. Look! All this problem, as you say, I have released it, so that you understand that, although one does not know or have not seen a thing, it does not mean that it does not exist, of course our Cathedral, the Chinese Wall and the Pyramids exist.

— What about UFOs? Do they exist too? — a classmate asked from the back of the class, laughing.

— Gentlemen, I have not seen them, so I do not know if they exist or not, but Charlemagne does say that they exist, because he tells us the story that he saw them.

His words shocked us, that could not be true! But the teacher continued to tell us that the existence of whatever that is, because it is not very clear, it has been trying to be demonstrated for a very long time and although there is evidence of their existence, it has never been admitted because

there have been more detractors on the issue, and that when someone claims to have seen them, the opinions are more powerful than those who say that they do not exist.

We were all very quiet, and he, hearing the bell that indicated that the class had come to an end, said to us:

— Gentlemen, this is the work that you will have to present me at the end of the course: is there life elsewhere apart from Earth?

Look, I have had different classes in all my student years, but it has never been any like that.

The professor left, and we all, we all stayed there debating the theme. It seems that it had captured our full attention because it was the most interesting course of the whole course of studies.

We made study teams, some in favor of the existence of these alien beings, and others to look for evidence of the contrary.

When we had free time, one of the small groups could be seen through the corridors or sitting on the campus lawn, debating something we had found, and it was also a topic that was spread through the university and many students from other courses joined us in that study, which every time we progressed, it became more exciting.

A few days before having the first holidays, we had so much accumulated material that we wanted to share it with the teacher and we asked him to give a class just to talk about it.

He did not want, he said, no, that it was an end-of-course project, and that we should continue with him. That initially left us a little disappointed. We wanted to know what the other groups had, and at the same time we needed to communicate what we had discovered, but Don Carlos was blunt:

— No! Let's not anticipate events, everything in due course.

And as much as we insisted, he did not give in and we had to put up with it, but of course, the teachers, you know, are the smartest, that's why they are teachers.

That refusal made us even more interested in the theme, and we no longer did it only as a class assignment, but rather that some of us were so interested that our involvement has lasted us all our lives.

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— How many years? — I heard behind my back.

— What do you say? — I turned and asked.

— Yes — he said again —. How many years have we been in this?

— Well, right now I don't know — I replied.

It was true, I had no idea how long it had been since we started.

— Exactly nine years ago — he replied very seriously.

— How? How do you know that? — I asked curiously.

— Very simple, because it's my birthday, and although I tell myself every year that I'm not going to have one more year, I still remember how I met you.

— And that? — I asked Enrique, everything seemed strange to me.

— Look, I was in that bar, drinking a few beers, that's precisely because the next day was my birthday, and I wanted to celebrate it, and what better than lying down all day!

— Lying? — I interrupted, asking, puzzled by what I was hearing.

— Of course! after a good drunkenness, what do you think it happens? Well, the best way for it to happen is to be sleeping, and thus not think about which the day it was. Well, at least that was my intention, that's why I already had a few in my body when you stood there by my side.

— What do I have to do with all that? — I asked, since I didn't understand why he had mentioned that.

— Look, the first thing I looked at was your vest, that was the truth, and I said to myself "That would be a good birthday gift". I liked it from the first moment I saw it, the pocket was so big, I don't know! It was like a whim of a child, when you go to the park to play and there is another child with a ball over there and he starts crying and no one can stop him because they don't give the ball to him.

If he wants it, he doesn't understand why he can't have it, because something similar happened to me. I wouldn't know how to explain it.

— And that's why you asked me if I sold it to you? — I said, remembering that moment that seemed so strange to me.

— Of course! If not, why? Would it have been better if I had tried to take it from you by force? That was not my style, but the truth is that your answer made me laugh. Do you remember which one it was? I did, of course, but don't tell me that you also remember it.

— I can't give it, friend, because he's like my second skin, without him I wouldn't know how to live — I said —. Of course I remember it very well.

— How exaggerated! It seemed to me at that moment when I was listening to him, but he made me think of one thing. I had nothing in my life that could mean so much, that was so important, and that's why I wanted to talk to you. You seemed like a good boy to me, any other, maybe he would have been upset because I had spoken to him, but not you. You had answered me correctly, without leaving my side, despite the state I was in and how absurd my request must have seemed to you.

— Well, what's all this about now? Tell me, are you feeling sad?

— Well, in that conversation you told me what you had come to look for in that bar, that you did not like to drink, but you understood that perhaps in that place they could tell you something that would help you find what you needed. A good pilot, and yes sir, there I was in front of you, listening to you, and fascinated by your proposal, which I had not heard for a long time, because my fondness for drinking had run like wildfire through the environment and nobody needed my services.

— But why do you remember all that now? — I asked a little surprised.

— For a long time I spent my time in that bar, and I saw an opportunity in your need. You were a foreigner, then possibly you would not know anything about my fame, and when I told you that I had a plane, something lit up in your eyes. Something, I don't know how I could tell you, but I liked it, and I said to myself "I have to help this guy", and I remember that at that moment I left the bottle in my hand. I was no longer interested in keeping on drinking, you had captured all my attention only when you started telling me why I needed it, I already felt inside me that this would be the trip of my life. Then I asked you for that amount of money, which I already know was excessive, but you have to forgive me, you know I was a little drunk, but the strangest thing was that after thinking about it for a bit, you agreed to give it to me, and not only that, but you got out of one of your multiple pockets a wad of bills and right there you put them in my hand.

— Yes, I do remember that, I wasn't really determined to give them to you, really, but I said to myself "If he doesn't take me, I don't know how long I'm going to spend until I find someone who can," and that was what decided me, I said to myself "I'll try to save on other issues", because the truth is that, if I gave you all that you had asked me, I would have little money left for the rest of the trip. Enrique, tell me the truth, were you so interested in that issue? Or did you accept because you had nothing else to do at that time?

— Look, dear friend! I think we've talked about it a few times, but not so intimately so that I would tell you my deepest secret...

He stay quiet. I respected his silence, but as I saw that he was saying nothing and the time passed, I decided to ask him that, quietly, as if not wanting to disturb him:

— Look! If you still think that you should not deal with that issue, we will leave it for another time."

— No! I think one day it had to come, and that moment seems to me to have come — he was saying very seriously, staring at me.

— Well, if it seems to you, I'm all ears — I replied, since I wanted him to know that whatever he would tell me, he could trust me.

— Look, once when I was a kid I was playing with some friends, I would have been around three years or so, there was no one around there, you understand me! No fathers or mothers, they

were with their things, well, the older things, you know, we were entertained in the field. Well, that's what we always did, we had no other task than to play, that's what we were kids for!

We were all there, I do not know how many we would be, I remember that at that age I still did not know how to count, but what I have not forgotten in all my life was how at one point we saw something that surprised us and we stopped to see it better. You know how curious children are, we get so close that some of us get to touch it. Well, the truth is that I didn't, perhaps because of fear, or that I hadn't gotten close enough to that. The luck was that I didn't touch it.

— You said luck? But what are you talking about? What was that?

— Wait, impatient! Now I'm going to tell you, don't interrupt me, otherwise I will forget what I was saying. It was so long ago and I still have it in mind as if it had only been a few minutes — he was saying to me with seriousness, and a recollection as if it was really happening to him in those moments.

— Well, go on, and sorry for interruption — I said softly.

— Look, the children who came first and touched it, because of that I am sure, I saw them how they did it, at the moment they disappeared.

— What? But what are you saying to me?

— Yes, don't think it's a joke. Do you see why it's a topic that I should better leave inside me and not share with anyone?— And he stayed quiet.

He was silent for a long time and I did not want to interrupt him. I respected those moments that seemed to me that he needed, to overcome those memories, but when time passed and did not continue, I grew impatient and said:

— Go on, go on, I do believe you! But it was strange.

— No, I'm not surprised by your reaction, but you know that I've not been drinking for a long time. Well, as much as since I have been by your side. Today as you know, nothing more and nothing less than nine years.

— Well, what do you mean by that? — I asked Enrique. I didn't understand what the time he had been with me had to do with what he was telling me.

— What do I mean? Well, if you didn't know me so well and also knew that at one point in my life I liked drinking, sure it would have been natural for you to think I had drunk, right? — He was talking to me looking at me very closely. I think he looked at me like that to see my reaction when listening to him.

— Well, I don't know, but it never occurred to me to think about it, be sure!

— Well, since this matter has been clarified, I haven't taken a drop of alcohol, that's how it is.

— Come on, you make me feel impatient, as they say in my hometown.

— And what does that mean? It is not unusual!

— Well, the truth is that I don't know the meaning. It will be that if you take a little longer to tell me, I will burn, but well, what does it matter what I say? Go on with your story that is the most important one!

— Oh! Yes? So it is important? and what do you give me to continue? — he asked suddenly.

— What do I give you? Don't be a joker and go on.

— Look, as I was saying, the children who had arrived first were not there, although it seems impossible they were nowhere to be seen — blowing a big sigh, she stayed silent again.

— Were there only children? — I asked him at that moment, to try to get him out of those thoughts that I imagined were painful.

— Well, no, there were few girls too. I remember that my little sister was also there with us, but as she was younger, it took her longer to get to the place, and when I saw her approaching, I caught her and another boy who was running next to her, and I didn't let them get closer, and even though they wanted, I pulled their arms with all my might and we even ended up with the three of us lying on the ground.

— But what was that? — I asked curiously.

— Yes, I would also like to know that. You won't believe how many times I thought about it. Look when I was lying there with my little sister crying next to me, because she hurt herself when she fell because the other child fell on her, I heard a strange noise and I looked at that, and that, I can't tell you what it was, it flew off quickly and disappeared into the clouds.

He was very quiet again, looking at the sky, as if wanting to find the answer that he had not yet found in spite of the time that had passed.

— Like this? No more! — I asked quietly. I didn't want to interrupt his silence, but I was curious because I wanted him to keep telling me what happened next.

— Indeed, like this. In an instant it was all over, an instant of my life that I will never forget — was his reply, shrugging his shoulders at that moment.

— Come on! It would seem to you, because you were small.

— Look, little yes, I won't argue with you, but silly, no. Something that had swallowed my friends, left and only left a hole in the ground, just that.

He was silent again for a few seconds, surely that he was thinking about that distant moment. I looked at him, but I didn't want to break his silence and I also waited quietly. When I already thought that he would not continue, that the memories would not leave him, he continued again.

— The big ones started running, you know! The parents, and I saw how my mother, who was crying, took my little sister and me and hugged us and there was no way she would stop crying, holding us there, almost drowning us, and she didn't want to let us go. Then, over the years I have understood that all that was joy, but then, I did nothing more than say "Mom, I have not touched it, I have not touched it." She seems not to understand what I wanted to say and later I had to repeat it many times to others who asked me. It is true that my life changed. I still remember that many strangers came to town. Very ugly men, all dressed in black, who did nothing more than touch me and ask me what had happened and where the other children were. I kept repeating them what had happened, but they did not want to believe me. I lived there a few more years, but one day my father got tired and said that we would leave because he did not want to be there anymore. It seems that other men wanted to keep asking me, so one night in a car that we had in which my father went to the field to work, we got up and left the town. I do not know where we would go because I fell asleep. I would have been about ten years old, and my little sister seven, but they had never bothered her because they said, since she was so young when that happened, that she would not have realised but I know that she did because sometimes I noticed that she couldn't sleep and asked quietly what was wrong, and she told me "I don't want to sleep so they don't come and take me when I don't see them." That ended her life — one doctor said. She became ill and there was no way to heal, the fact that she did not sleep left her with less and less force, until her body could not bear it anymore. By then my father had also died. Well, it was a silly accident. One rainy day he started running to take refuge and when he got close to a tree, it seems that a lightning bolt broke a branch of that tree and it fell on my father killing him on the spot. Of course there are things in life that are better to forget. Well, the fact is that I had to take care of my mother who did not raise her head, refused to eat, another older sister and my little sister. And of course these are the things. Where are you going to get a young man to pull an entire family from? I enlisted and became an aviator, that way I helped them. The pay allowed them to eat, but they could not bear the loneliness, and my mother and my little sister soon gave up. So now I only have my older sister, who, by the way, is not that we get along very well, because she always blamed me for everything, she said that if I had not left we could have gone ahead, and my mother would not have died.

Tears ran down his face and I stood in silence at his side. I decided to wait, not to break that silence that I thought it was necessary.

All he was telling me was something he must have deep inside and when he released it, he was freeing himself from a heavy burden.

Suddenly Enrique got up and approaching where I was, hugged me and in my ear I heard with a thread of voice that said to me:

— Thank you, friend! I needed it, you know, I had never told anyone like that — And walking away a little bit, he told me — Have I made you feel bored? — While he cleaned his face, as if wanting to erase those spilled tears.

— No — I replied, smiling. I wanted him to calm down completely and to be sure that by my side he was fine, that I would never reveal his secret.

— Well, if you want, I'll tell you something else — he said, looking at my reaction.

— Even more? — I asked quietly.

— Yes, it is that my life has been, I think, a little particular.

— Well, go on, I'm all ears.

— Look, I was already in my twenties. One night I couldn't sleep and I went out to the field, you know, the needs that sometimes we have. Well, I was going back inside and when I reached the door, I thought I heard something. He didn't even give me time to turn when a blinding light crossed the sky. I stayed in the same place where I was. It couldn't be true! I didn't want what I still remembered as a child to happen to me and that it had given me so many headaches, but no, I was lucky. At the moment, the truth is that I do not know if it was seconds or minutes, or perhaps hours that I was there without moving a single muscle, as if wanting to go unnoticed, and if someone was somewhere that did I expected that it did not notice that I was there. It was natural that all those who lived around the environment were asleep at that time, but I was not lucky, perhaps their way of detecting is different, because I am sure that nobody had never moved me and I could not know if I was there much less if I was far away.

— And what happened? — I asked him, curious. You have to see how impatient I am, but he was even making me nervous when listening to him.

— Well, what had to happen, no more and no less. They approached me and said "Hello" and I don't remember anymore. Probably, I fainted.

— But how are they going to talk to you? And who were they? Come, clarify it for me!

— I don't know, because I don't remember seeing them, but I can assure you that I did hear them, and I think there were three of them, but don't ask me why I know. I know! And I can only say that, I heard perfectly how they said to me "Hello".

— Come on, joker! That can't be possible. Assuming they were, I don't know, aliens, how would they know your language? So how could you have understood them?

— Look, I've asked myself that a million times. Well, yes, it is an exaggeration! But what I want to tell you is that every time I think about it, I ask myself the same question. How could they talk to me about something that they understood? That would be impossible, of course, I've been through something like that twice in my life, everything can be possible now, don't you think?

CHAPTER II.

We were sitting quietly. The afternoon was coming to an end, the sun had just hidden over the horizon. When he proposed his idea and I heard it I thought it was great.

— What do you think if we go there? And we see “in situ” the place and if it is possible, that, surely it will be, talk to someone who witnessed it.

— But what do you say? And how could it not have occurred to you before? Of course, that would be great — was my immediate reply.

Now remembering it, with the perspective given by the passage of time, it did not seem to me such a good idea. That little trip had brought us a lot of complications, and in the end, what for? We had not clarified anything, just a lot of preoccupations.

I sat on the bed, here alone in my room. I began to review mentally, I do not know why, that distant day when the two of us gradually entered that place. As we saw it, we did not find it pretty, as we both at the same time express, “Ugh, what a place! Nothing beautiful.”

I remember as if it was just a moment ago, that when we finished saying it, we burst out laughing at the coincidence.

— Well — we said to each other by way of comfort —. Places are as they are, and they may seem better or worse to us, but we have to take them in their own way, not in the way we would like them to be.

— But friend — you said to me —. It is that this has “tomato” and surely that of trails nothing at all. We will have to manage by climbing as if we were wild goats.

— You are exaggerating! — I remember answering —. It will also be good for us to do a little of exercise.

We continued walking for a long time in silence, neither of us dared to tell the other to stop, that we should not continue, until the inevitable happened, the ankle said “I have come up to this point!” and tired of climbing those rocks, almost inaccessible, decided to break.

I looked at him, I still have the scar, and I said, “Why did you have to do that to us at that time?” Of course, the ankle is not going to answer me, but if I remember correctly, that problem made us not be able to continue, but it didn’t let us turn around either, so we had to spend a few days on those burning rocks, which seemed endless.

Even though I want to stop thinking about it, it seems that I can not, it is as if something I have inside, some memories of the moments we spent there that I must take out and try to forget.

I will keep remembering them sitting here, nothing will happen to me, there is no one, I am at home, in my room, in my bed, I have enough tranquility to review all that, without emotions arising in between from those events, but the truth is that just thinking about it, something gets in my stomach, which barely allows me to breathe, it seems that I have not overcome it yet. Although I believed that since so much time had passed, it no longer affected me, now I see that I was very wrong.

What were those noises ? It seemed that they were getting closer. I looked everywhere, but I couldn’t see anything, only rocks and more rocks, and that scorching sun, which today did not want to leave. Suddenly everything changed. I remember how I fell with my back to the ground, it would be because my ankle caused me enormous pain at that time. Although I think it was the other way around, the fear that entered me made me fall and the ankle protested, and it was not for nothing, my whole body had fallen on top of it, and of course it couldn’t bear my weight and it broke.

The pain, so intense and sudden, that I felt in that ankle, made me at the same time take my hand to try to catch it. Looking towards that site, that reason freed me from that, I couldn’t see it, but I think it was the best, because in the situation I was in. If I had seen it, I don’t know how my heart would have responded.

Now remembering it, I think I'm exaggerated, but at that moment, I don't think I would have assumed it. But what was it? I'm still asking myself. The truth is that the place was steep enough, so that nothing, or anyone, could be and at the moment not, but it was so. That scorching sun was shining and a second later something came between me and its light, and that shadow, whatever it was, was so big that all the sunlight covered those moments, and then it was gone, as quickly as had arrived. Of course, I was already on the floor and with the problem of my ankle, what happened or did not happen was not so much of my interest, the tremendous pain I felt was important to me, what would that be? How could it get there? and then, where would he have gone?

There are things in life that are very difficult to understand, and of course to tell another, nothing at all. If you cannot assimilate it yourself so that someone else believes it, it would be impossible.

— Peter, have you seen him? — I asked immediately.

— The what? — he said, looking surprised.

He was returning from looking for a place to spend the night, and he found me on the floor, with my ankle bleeding there and not only that, but also scared to death, yes, because I was even trembling. He thought that the ankle was to blame, and he asked me a lot of times how he had done it to me, that he had left me there, with the backpacks so that I could move better, but it was inexplicable that I could have fallen if I was resting on the floor.

— I wasn't sitting! — I said softly —. Well yes, but when I heard that noise, I got up immediately, to try to see where it came from, and what it was.

— But what noise? What are you talking about? Could it be that you have fallen asleep, and have dreamed of something? Or perhaps the sun's rays were strong and what you have heard is a product of insolation — he was asking me very seriously, staring at me, because he couldn't explain what had happened to me.

— No, Peter, really! I was wide awake, in fact, I think I was not even sleepy. Yes, it is true that I was tired, but I remember thinking that I should have gone exploring, instead of letting you go. You will be so tired and not for a moment have you shown it, and not like me who has been coming for a while protesting for the little path we are taking, the difficulty of climbing and climbing.

— Come on! What are you saying? We are both tired. What is the difference if you or me try to find a place to spend the night?

— Well yes, but you see, I was thinking about it, so I tell you that I remember very well that I did not sleep, and also, although at first, as you say, I was sitting, then when I heard that, I got up. Tell me, how could I have fallen to the ground if I was sitting down? Impossible!

— Yes, of course, you're right, but it is so strange for me, that you tell me that you heard something and I, who shouldn't have been so far away, only a few meters away, haven't heard anything. Well, let's leave that and let's see this ankle that looks very bad. I think we will have to be around here more than we had planned — he was saying to me quite worried, while trying to touch that to see what could be done.

— Well, let's leave that and let's see this ankle that looks very bad, I think we will have to be around here more than we had planned - he was saying to me quite worried, while trying to touch that to see what could be done.

— Well, it seems to me that if you have this strength, we should use it to return, we do not know what is ahead, and we do not know how far there is someone who can help us, and if we return at least we are sure of what is there, because we already know it — Peter was saying, very sensibly.

— Tomorrow we'll see! — I answered almost convinced that the next day all that would have passed me by.

Of all the problems I had in all my life, that was the most problematic, of course there was a tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow and the next, it was like that for a while until my ankle wanted to be useful. The next day when I woke up full of pain, I found that it had swelled enormously, and it was impossible to put my boot on, I think the foot was so large that its size was twice.

How could I even think of moving? But I had to, we couldn't be there, I wanted to get up, but the pain was stronger than me, and I had no choice but to stay there, lying, sitting and lying again. Several days passed, I do not know how many they were, we both lost track of time.

The scorching sun that was outside, almost kills us, but of course we never know how strong we are, until we subject the body to a test, the one that people call "extreme", and well, everything that I am now remembering here, sitting quietly, it stayed behind. The ankle stopped hurting and we were finally able to return to civilization, happy to have been able to say it, although we were left with the frustration of not having reached the place we had planned.

Although we have never spoken about it again, I have not forgotten that noise and that great shadow. What would it be?

The mind sometimes plays tricks on us, and makes us believe that we see things that do not exist. I remember Peter once told me:

— There are times when re-remembering past things, lived situations, helps to overcome them.

I think that the fear of that moment I have it so deep inside me, that I see that, despite being here in a safe place, and that the time that has passed has already been long, it has not prevented my entire forehead from being covered in a cold sweat.

Perhaps all of that was the product of my imagination, so why is it so difficult for me to assimilate it as such? Because there are times when I wake up with the bed wet with sweat that a shadow produces, it is as if I were going into the house. I have never been fearful in my life, but as time goes by I cannot leave behind that feeling of being watched by that.

Determined to clear my head, I got out of bed where I was sitting and went out into the garden. The splendid day has immediately made my mood change. The mallets of flowers with their beauty have reminded me that in life there are many beautiful things that are worth enjoying.

One day I was passing by a flower shop. It was strange, I had never directed my steps in that part of the city, I went into those unknown alleys, and the truth is that I was pleasantly surprised by the beauty I found. I have always liked the open spaces, the great endless meadows, with their blue skies, but now, I don't know why, I was admiring small streets, with their little houses on both sides, and I liked it. Turning around a corner, there I found a little square, where on one of its sides there was a flower shop.

I have always admired nature, but what we could call wild, the flowers scattered throughout the field, which grow spontaneously, but I had never approached a florist's. It was the first time and I really liked that mix of colors and smells. The amount of flowers were different, and I could not help myself but I took several of them.

Not in a cut bouquet as that kind lady proposed to me, because, as I answered her offer, she didn't want something that after a few days it would be spoiled, so she found me some plant pots and I let her be the one to indicate which ones as she understood better than me.

I only asked her not to be delicate plants, or that they needed a lot of care, that they be strong since I would plant them in my garden and there was seasons when I would be absent, and I could not take care of them.

With these indications, she gave me five plant pots, each with a different plant.

I already liked the number, five has always been my lucky number, and I said so to that kind person who was helping me.

— They will be lucky to be with you. I know you will take good care of them — said the young lady, smiling.

Several years have passed since then and my garden is beautiful, those five little plant pots, each one of a kind, which I transplanted following the indications of that kind florist, have become large mallets in his environment, some covering its piece of wall, another spreading on the ground and thus each one has taken something from the garden and in that part it has developed.

Seeing what nature can do when we leave it space and time, I think that is what we should do ourselves with our life, give ourselves time and we will see that we can do what we dreamed, we will also need our space, without interference of anything, or anyone, because it is the environment that sometimes imprisons us so much, that it does not even let us think.

We must be clear about what the environment is. We can be in the middle of an empty beach, but if we are hooked on technology, we will not even see the sea, we have to delimit that environment so that it does not drown us. Yes, it is true that there are needs that we must cover daily, but we must never allow ourselves to be overwhelmed. Who are the others? A television set bombing us at all hours, a phone that never stops ringing, a job with so many overtime that we can't even breathe.

Let's analyze what it is that we have, and what it is that we want and seek at that moment in our lives. That we be independent of everything and everyone and we are doing what we really like, even if others do not understand it, because there are times when we seek approval of our actions and that leaves us without freedom, depending on the opinions of others.

Reflections that I make myself looking at the tranquility of my garden, but that, despite this, I cannot erase from my mind the odd incident of my past.

I remember when we returned to the town, after spending those fateful days, without food and under the rays of that scorching sun, the welcome was inexplicable, people seemed to be hiding from us, but we had done nothing to them. What would happen to them? We were trying to find it out when...

— Leave! It's for our own sake — said the little boy, approaching suddenly.

We didn't really think much about it and although Peter did not agree at first, I think that, thinking about my still convalescing ankle, he decided without further ado to rent that beat-up car that took us far away.

I think the decision was correct, especially when we were already in the distance and saw how that great storm fell in the town, which we both said:

— Luckily, we got rid of it!

It looked like he had been waiting for us to leave so that he starts.

— Let's hurry up! Before he starts — said Peter.

When we were putting the backpacks in the back seat, I asked him, puzzled, what he said, what he meant.

— Look through the rearview mirror! — he answered me —. I've seen those dark clouds approaching — and he pointed at them with his hand.

I, who of course was already determined to leave, told him:

— Well, cheer up, start, we don't do anything here.

And with speed, well the truth is that it was not much, because the car we had obtained could not last, but it was enough to find us far away when that storm began.

Fortunately, it did not go on, because our car was one of the convertibles, but it did not have a hood. It would have it in its good times but judging by the remains of it, it must have been removed for a long time. The few pieces that were still visible there were all rusted.

— If water starts to fall, we certainly have no choice but to take a shower — said Peter —. And so we got rid of the days that we have been without giving it to us.

Of course, that one thing is a controlled shower with a control in which you give more or less power to the jet that falls on you, and another very different one is what it gives you that downpour that falls from the cloud, in a few moments it seems that the door has been left open suddenly and everything that was there escapes.

Suddenly I noticed how I was getting wet, and it was as if I came back from a dream, I had just seen how the storm ended in that town as we drove away, as fast as we could, and now suddenly, water.

I looked everywhere, and laughed out loud. I couldn't believe it, the sprinkler had started. Yes, I had it regulated so that it would work for an hour, so even if I was not here, I knew that the whole

garden would remain well-kept, and would not dry out due to lack of water, but what I had not realized in these moments is that it was his time, and on time he began to fulfill his obligation, drop water to refresh everything.

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Revising some papers that I had stored in a drawer, I have found some photos of my graduation, and looking at them, those years of student have come to my memory, without compromises.

Seeing there in that little corner where Don Carlos had put himself, when we invited him, those memories immediately came to mind, that Master Class which he gave us on the last day of the course, when he invited us to present the work done to the various groups. How many debates were formed!

As we were told at that time by the Rector, who was, as he must be the most serious of the entire University, never in any course has a theme created such controversy.

All the teachers had signed up for that session, which due to the attendance had to be held in the Auditorium. Despite that situation, many of those who wanted to listen to it, they had no choice but to do it from the hallways.

The course was coming to an end and that work could no longer be delayed. We had participated with great enthusiasm. Working on that had made us take everything with more desire, and some teachers had noticed this, who had told us that it seemed that doing the work of the History teacher had cleared our heads. We had opted for all the classmates to make study teams for the other subjects and the system worked well. The level of the class went up, because when there was one student who dealt with a topic that choked him, as it is usually said, he always had a partner helping him through it.

I think that was the course in which the grades obtained by some students were higher in the entire history of the University, as the Rector told us. We had all deserved to be on the Honor Roll, that had perplexed more than one, who did not trust that system very much, and said that what we did was a waste of time, in an absurd job.

But honoring the truth, it is that perhaps it was that theme that motivated us, and the friendship we made with each other, those who formed those working groups that we have maintained forever, and I, honestly believe, that had it not been for Don Carlos, none of this would have happened to us “Thank you, teacher.”

How important are some people in our lives, who possibly without intending to help us move forward and with their influence determine our future.

I remember a conversation with a very young priest that one day I found in the corridors of the university. He approached me to ask me about the office of one of the teachers, but I do not know what arose between us, that life surely had prepared us for that meeting.

I told him where the place was because he had asked me and then I went to my class, which was about to start.

Several times I remembered the person of the meeting. I had seen in his gaze a peace that had caught my attention, but well, I let it pass, without giving it much importance.

The class ended as usual, on time, but when I was walking down the hall distracted, someone coming out of an office bumped into me. Well, I didn't realize that door was opening and we both hit each other.

Looking at him to apologize for my mistake, I saw that he was the same person who had asked me that question before class.

— Excuse me, sorry — I heard, at the same time that I also told him, and we both laughed at the coincidence.

Little by little we were talking as if it were two old friends. Walking around the Campus, he told me that he was the nephew of a teacher, the same one he had asked me about. He did not teach me any subject, but I had heard things from him, and having the opportunity to speak to someone who must have known him very well, I could not resist the temptation, and I think that even without wanting

to, I made him some questions. Well, I don't know how it was, but I remember that before I knew it, I was asking that young priest something about his uncle. He was very serious and said to me quietly:

— That belongs to the private life of a person. If it interests you so much, why don't you ask him personally? Since I think that only the one who is interested is the one who should answer you on that matter.

I was surprised at his answer, and I thought that diplomatically he had told me not to go where they don't call me, but since I am a nosy person I did not stop, and I continued saying:

— From what you just told me, yes, because otherwise I would have flatly denied it.

— Friend, whoever follows it gets it, but if you really want to, do your best, which is to go to the source — he said, smiling.

I stood still. What was he talking about? That conversation that we had that distant day resulted in a great friendship, a collaboration in many matters that do not come to mind here, but without that person in my life I admit that many things would have been very different. He put the right point, as you might say, to the matter we were debating, and I recognize that this helped me advance on multiple occasions, that without his opinion things would have gone in other directions.

Eusebio, that was the name of the priest, how many hours we have both spent debating multiple issues. I think he was the one who taught me to listen and to be patient, which is not easy, or at least for me, since at that time I was not, because, as a young man, my impulses made me know that when I knew something about a theme I had to let it go, without realizing if the interlocutor was interested in that or not, and of course, the result is that I received some blows.

Yes, because you start talking about something, which seems to be very interesting, and you do not realize that it is only for you. The other does not care what you say, and of course you get disappointed when you see his lack of interest, but if you have patience you will get to see who really cares what you have to say, and you can let everything go, because what you say will interest him, and he will listen to you carefully.

My friend left after a few years, the place where he chose to spend his life was not easy, but as he told me, everyone has to do what they are destined for, and he had chosen to pass it among terminally ill patients, as he said that it was very important that when one goes passes away, which is what he called death, he said that it was only one step in which we took off the meat that covered the true BEING that we all carry inside, and he affirmed that when we die is important to be calm, and not be afraid, because the place where we go is better.

How could he be so sure of that? He never asked me why I could assure it so firmly, but I can say, because I knew him very well, that he at least believed it, and I had not the slightest doubt.

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Waiting for the sunrise to start the journey, I revised everything I had in my beloved backpack, the one that had accompanied me almost from the beginning. It is so comfortable to carry everything you need so close at hand, that since I saw her in that little shop at the airport once, when the plane that had to take us had not arrived because its departure from the other airport had to be delayed for a storm that was falling in those moments.

Well, going around the shops, I don't know, to spend some time, I discovered her in that little corner, half hidden, and she immediately caught my attention so much that I took her and said:

— Friend, you come with me.

The saleswoman told me that there were other better ones, that this one was out of season, that she was no longer wearing that color and I do not know how many other things. Of course it showed very well that she did not want to sell it to me, but I was determined, and I finally got it, and also with a discount that I did not expect. So it was from another season and I do not know what this will have to do with fashion, if it is not an object to use and throw away, it lasts what it has to. And if you take good care of it as I have done, the truth is that I don't even remember the trips we have done together.

My beloved backpack, the one with hours of pillow that it has made for me, when I was tired and I could no longer go on, the backpack and I have put ourselves on the floor, and there we were calm. I used the backpack as a pillow in which I put my head and I have slept wonderfully.

It had everything, well it was to be expected, because I put it in last night, thing by thing, looking at it in the list that I always keep, so as I go in I don't forget anything, which I may need later.

But without knowing why, I went to the drawer of the table and took out a small magnifying glass, and I thought "I'm going to take it with me, maybe it will help me for something" and opening one of the side pockets I put it in there where I had those two pens, the sharpener and two erasers.

Suddenly I realized that something very important had been overlooked and I ran to the kitchen. The matches, how could I have forgotten them? I had them on the table last night. Luckily, when introducing the magnifying glass in that pocket, I had missed that, since I always carried them there and with how useful they are, they have taken me out of compromised situations several times.

Because where or how you are going to start a fire, when you have been away from any civilized place for several days, of course, with tinder and rubbing the stick, but come on, if you have matches, it is much better, more effective and faster.

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— Where can you start? I remember that when I looked up I was a bit astonished, but not much to be honest. The sky had suddenly covered itself with a mist, and I thought "This is something strange" but I'll keep walking. It had not been long. When a cloud was approaching, that was the blackest thing I have ever seen, and it also seemed to me in a moment, that came out like little rays. It couldn't be possible. I must have been dreaming, but I was wide awake and I was also standing, walking through that lonely place. If I had been lying down I could still think that tiredness had overcome me and that would be a dream, but no, I was pretty sure I was awake and wide awake.

— And what did you see? — I asked him, it had already intrigued me.

— You see, it was one second, because time has not passed, it was like the blink of an eye, when there over my head I wouldn't know how to say. A few meters away, it's not that I could give it with my hand, no that was not, but it was very close, it was a huge round thing and it had some small holes that could be said to be little windows in a round shape. It had many, yes sir, I was still, I didn't even want to breathe so that they did not notice my presence. The truth is that I was terrified, that, whatever it was, was a quiet moment.

— How long? — I asked curiously.

— Well, I don't know, because, as I say, the fear I had, the truth is that it certainly wouldn't let me think, but now it seems a bit to me, although I remember that at those moments I only wanted him to leave without seeing me.

— And...? — I went to ask him again, but he kept talking.

— Do you know what I feared most? Well, that he would finish going down and crush me. Surely he would leave me sunk in the ground and no one would ever know about me anymore.

— And you were not afraid of being taken away? — I asked again.

— Well, it is that in particular I don't know very well what I thought. Although I think that I didn't even have time to think, only in a moment did it flash, and I saw it rise quickly and disappear, the truth is that I do not know where it went, the sky was totally clear and as much as I looked everywhere, I did not see anything again, and immediately I sat on the ground, my legs were not holding me. I felt the weight of my body, and I was afraid of falling. Once sitting there, I looked everywhere again, and I never saw anything again, and I asked myself, was all that true? Was it there? or I just imagined it.

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A thunder woke me up, how it was raining! I had planned to leave, but that would be almost impossible for me. The motorcycle is safe, but the water does not make the roadway safe, even if I was in bed lying down I decided to postpone that ride. Tomorrow if it stopped raining I would, then something else occurred to me.

I have always liked to keep everything I have found, related to the topic, because I thought “Well, today I will spend time reviewing what I have out there” and decided I got up, I did not know the surprises that I had that rainy day.

As there was a lot of material that I was taking out from the various places where I had it stored without order, I decided to put it all spread out on the bed, so I would distribute it more or less, I don’t know, by dates, or something like that, but after a while there I didn’t even have a little hole, so I decided to look for another place and after thinking about it I said to myself “What better than the floor! Everything is clean, and nothing is going to spoil them.”

I left homework for a bit, and I said to myself “Well, it’s about time for breakfast. I don’t want to get messed up because my time flies by.”

I looked out the window, how it was raining! Of course, although I would have liked the trip I could not have done it I ate breakfast quickly because it was urgent to continue with all that. I had looked over some of the articles I was working on and realized that despite being mine I had no idea about them, perhaps at the time when I cut them, I’d take a look at them, but now I didn’t know how much I had collected.

With the cup of coffee in my hand, I remembered how it all started, that teacher with the first class he gave us, never in all my student days, have I been as interested in a subject as this one.

I remember how he told us part of the life of that man, Charlemagne, who was the son of Pipino el Breve.

— What a little name! — we said, of course, with laughter.

— We eat the cucumbers in the salad — said one of the students jokingly.

— Yes sir! I do that too, but let’s be formal, each one has the name given by their parents. Perhaps that is why this man had that little name, because his father, or perhaps his mother, were fond of eating salads and added that ingredient to him — the professor said, smiling.

Everyone in the class laughs at that comment.

— Well, formality, gentlemen! Let’s go on, the professor said. Charlemagne, in his time, was the person who accumulated the most power, but there is something in the narratives of his life which is still very interesting, because he came to the Iberian Peninsula to fight against the Muslims and thus prevent them from continuing to rise towards Europe, and their troops were defeated in the Battle of Roncesvalles, in the Pyrenees of Navarra. You do know that surely. Well, it is also narrated in his life that on one occasion while riding a horse, something got in his way, a luminous object that scared the animal and made the knight hit his bones on the ground.

— Oooh, poor guy! — was heard throughout the classroom.

— Yes, do not look at me with that face, in that antiquity there must have been visitors, because it is narrated. Well, then I think he sent an edict in which, if he saw another object like that, it would be destroyed or something like that, but that’s already his job.

— Do you want us to look for UFOs?” — a dared one of the students seated in the last rows asked, the rest of us had remained very quiet.

— Of course gentlemen! Although what I want is more concrete, are there, or are there not ? You have to look for evidence of the two positions, and in the end we will see the conclusions.

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As if I had returned from a dream, I saw myself sitting here in my kitchen with the cup of coffee still in my hand, and I took it quickly, to continue with the task that awaited me in the bedroom. Search among all the documentation that had been accumulated through the years, the evidence of the existence of these flying objects.

Because that course is over, but the bug that entered my body that first day of class has never left me anymore and has made me look for the answer everywhere, in personal experiences, traveling to various places to interview to someone who claimed to have seen them.

The notes were a lot. The two teams that had been formed with the colleagues had chosen me as secretary and said to me:

— You are the one who has the best handwriting.

So in that way, without almost wanting to, I had to get deeply involved because there was not a day when any of the group didn't give me something else, so I could file it. I had to go putting it in chronological order, making a small record of how we had obtained it, and well, some other thing, that I could think of to give that a format.

At first I did not take it very seriously, really, thinking that there would be four things that I would have to write down, but I already had five notebooks, and I said to myself "This is going to be endless, I have to cut it out. The day we have to present it, there will be no one to follow it."

With patience I spent my time selecting the information. I would make it more summarized, since at the beginning I had extended what was written down. Well, you know, to make it look tidier, but now I regretted it. I saw that my colleagues were trying to give me more and more and I decided to do things differently.

I wanted to take advantage of those Holy Week's holidays to put everything a little better, because, if not, we would not finish the course and nothing was finished and you know, in the end with the exams, time flies by, and there are not enough days to prepare everything.

— They're calling you on the phone — I heard in the door of my room that my mother told me one morning.

— I'll go flying! — I said, but I would never imagine the surprise that awaited me.

— Mr. Gomez! Good morning! — was the first thing I heard when I picked up the device.

— Don Carlos! — I said surprised —. I had never heard his voice on the phone, but that peculiar way of speaking was unmistakable.

— You have a good ear — he said by way of reply.

— What do you want? Your call is very strange — said a little curt, without leaving my amazement.

— Look, since I suppose that these days you will be a little freer, I would like that, if possible, only if it's okay, I don't want you to take it as an obligation.

— Yes, tell me, what do you want? What do you need? — I answered.

— Well, if you like, we could meet a little while in the afternoon that you like and have a coffee.

I was listening to what the teacher was saying to me on the other side of the phone and I couldn't believe it. I stood there standing with the device in my hand. I didn't even know what to answer, what would he have called me? And if I had listened to him well, he was saying that he wanted to see me outside of college. What would he want from me? Well, still doubtful, I replied:

— Of course! Whenever you want, you know, we are on holidays.

— Is that okay with you tomorrow afternoon, around five? — He told me —. And calm down! — he added.

— Okay! Where? — I asked him more relaxed.

When I heard his voice, it seemed to me that he had outlined a smile, because it sounded differently, so I dared to ask him:

— Is something wrong?

— No! — I heard him say —. Don't worry. I want to have a few words about the work you are doing, and I have noticed that you are the secretary, and as some of your colleagues have told me, you are the one who knows the most about how things are going, as they contribute what has been found and a little bit more. Well, see you tomorrow at five, bye!

— Goodbye! — And when I was going to hang up, I realized that we hadn't met anywhere and I said almost screeching —. Don Carlos ! Wait a minute! Listen!

— Yes? — I heard on the other side of the thread —.What is it? Why are you shouting at me? I am not deaf.

— Excuse me! I didn't want to, you just didn't tell me where the meeting place is — I said a little scared, for bothering him with my shriek.

— Oh, how fool I am! Yes, at the cafeteria, right?

— Yes, but which one? — I asked again.

— There, at college — he said.

— It can't be possible, it will be closed, remember we are on holidays.

— Well, there at the door and then we walk somewhere else, I say that we will find a place where we can sit down for a while, don't you think?

— Okay, at the college gate. I'll be at five o'clock, don't worry!

— Very good, see you tomorrow!

I heard that he hung up the phone. I still stayed a moment with the device in my hand, I couldn't believe it, that call seemed strange to me, well, the next day I would find out why it had occurred to him to make it.

The rest of the day, I spent looking at the notes I had about the work, in case he asked me something I could answer. I don't think I should tell him everything, but anyway I would see what he said, because the truth is that all this seemed strange.

At a quarter to five, I was walking through the door of the school. It had snowed and it was freezing, so instead of being still, I moved from one place to another, entertained to see how my feet crushed the snow as I stepped on it. I was concentrated on that when I heard a voice behind me.

— Well, Mr. Gómez ! Punctuality always has to come first. I would not have been very amused to have to wait for you with the day we have, look how it is snowing today, with the good weather we have yesterday.

— Hello Don Carlos! Good afternoon! — I said to him at the same time that I would come back, and I saw him that he was wearing his openwork cap, that almost his glasses could not be seen and his scarf was covering the rest of his face, and he was extending his gloved hand to greet me.

— Let's go somewhere right away and instead of coffee, what do you think if we have a chocolate and some cookies? That is more appropriate for the unpleasant afternoon we have.

— Okay, as you wish — I said a little curt.

What was I doing with a teacher having a chocolate? I remembered my mother at that moment, who when I hung up the phone, asked me who was the one who had called. When I told her she was surprised and said:

— What will that gentleman want from you, outside of class, son? Have you been in any trouble?

— I don't know mom, but stay calm. There are no problems, he wants me to meet to have a coffee.

— He'll want to ask you for something — she said, more calmly smiling.

— Well, I don't know. I'll find out when I see him.

— Son, you have to invite him — she said very seriously.

And before I said anything, she took her purse and taking money out of it, she gave it to me. When I saw it, it seemed a lot and I told her, but she insisted that I take it in case something came up. And it seems she was right, a coffee is one thing and a chocolate with cookies is another, but I was calm because I had enough money in my pockey to pay the bill.

How strange all this seemed to me! But well, it was not a bad idea, so we would warm up.

Taking steps very carefully so as not to end up with our bones on the ground, trying to step where no one had, so that in this way the possible ice that was on the road did not hinder our short walk and we arrived immediately.

The two of us had gone in silence, attentive to the ground. When we entered the cafeteria, which by the way at that time and as the day was, as the waiter told us, no one had dared to leave their house.

— Sit where you like the most, as you see everything is at your disposal — said the waiter when Don Carlos asked him where we could sit.

— What do the gentlemen want? — the waiter said kindly as he approached the table where we had sat after taking off our coats, scarves, gloves. Don Carlos even took his cap.

— You almost have to undress, but if you don't wear all this, there is no one who dares to leave the house — said the professor, smiling.

— Yes — said the waiter, who was now coming to our side —. Sitting there at the table and with the warmth of a good beer is where on days like today you are better, and well, how have the gentlemen dared to go out? Tell me, what can I do for you?

— Look, I think what works best, on an afternoon like this, is a good chocolate, with cookies — Don Carlos replied.

— You do know! — said the waiter, and looking at me he asked me —. And what about you? Are you also encouraged to do the same?

— Sure! — I said a little curt.

I had looked at Don Carlos and I was thinking “What am I doing here with this man?” I have always been a little shy, but especially this teacher was one of the most imposing, and it is not that I was short, but he must be two meters tall, and surely he had more or less one hundred kilos, that is, he was by far the highest in the entire cadre of teachers, and then, so serious, with his black shell glasses, which gave him an air of intellectuality, what would he want from me? I still didn't understand.

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As we got closer to the destination, we talked about what we would find. We were excited, because surely here they could give us answers to some of the unknowns that we still had to complete.

— Why is there so much controversy? — Peter said —. That is always the question I have asked myself, because if there is no evidence of that possible extraterrestrial life, why are some determined to continue affirming that there is? Where are those strange theories derived from? If there is life here on Earth, does it have to be elsewhere?

— Look, dear friend, it is that each one is free to think what they want, and well, I say, that if they continue affirming it, they will have to demonstrate it, it is not enough just to say it.

— Yes, I agree with that very, very much, but it is so difficult to talk to them when they insist on one thing. It is not only that they do not give their arm to twist, but rather that they do not even let them speak, trying to convince with their words what they think, but when they have to give some proof, nothing at all, they do not have anything to support his blunt claims — Peter added seriously.

— Well, there is the issue, otherwise we wouldn't have this little job. If everything were so clear, what would we do here?

— Yes, I have been asking that myself for a few days, at the moment when you asked me to come, what for? What will they bring us?

— Wait! And ask me that same question when we go out, and then I'll have something to answer you. Right now, the truth is that nothing occurs to me, it will be like other times when they tell us that since there is nothing, nothing can be talked about.

— Look, I think we should start the conversation differently — Peter said suddenly becoming very serious.

— What do you mean? I don't understand you — I answered expectantly to know what idea occurred to him now.

— What if we tell them we know something in particular? Let's see where they come from.

— Come on, what are we going to tell them? If we don't know anything about anything — I said a little disappointed, seeing that he didn't have a brilliant idea as I thought.

— Well, we can invent it, what do you think of the idea?

— Come on! You're kidding, right? What are we going to invent? I don't know what you mean, what I say, what we come here is to try to see what they can give us, not to show them that we are smart people and that we know perhaps more than they do. .

— No, look, that is not so, but we do as other times that we are ignorant, because you see that we do not get anything, they think that we are only going to snoop on their beliefs and they do not open up. You've seen it before, they hardly even speak to us.

— Well, that is perhaps comprehensible. There would have been many times when someone has laughed at them and they got tired, come on! I would be, of course.

— Listen, when you are involved in something, it is because you like it. This is not like going to the class, that the teacher is nice to you, or that the class is a firecracker, you have no choice but to hold on and not miss or you won't pass the subject.

— I understand, that when you join an organization it's for something. Now, I don't think this looks like anything interesting. I don't know what purpose they will have to spend the time here.

— Well, everyone likes one thing. Soccer fans who are taken their football match off on Sunday prefer to be getting wet on one of those days of heavy rain instead of staying at home without seeing his favorite team without playing. However, who does not like it, I would say it does not understand. What is fun to see some gentlemen running after a ball? And most of them are millionaires, is it that they do not have money to buy one for each one? You see how we are not all the same! There are tastes for everyone.

— Yes Peter, I agree with you, but tell me, what do they get? I don't understand it.

— Well, dear friend, something will come out, even if those of us who are not on that subject find it difficult to understand, but well, let's go back to what it brings us, that we are going to get to the center and we still haven't agreed on what we are going to tell them.

— I have it clear! — I said very seriously.

— Yes? Well, tell me, that I don't — he said, looking at me to see if what he was saying was true.

— Look Peter, since you are more skeptical, I let you speak, and that's it, you'll know what you have to tell them, and where to take the conversation.

— But how good! What a comfortable posture, and if nothing comes out, what?

— Come on, joker! How can nothing come out? If, as they say in my land, you don't shut up even under water.

— Are you calling me chatty? — he asked, and it was clear from his tone of voice that he had not liked what he had just heard.

— Of course! With all the letters, but yes, with all my love, don't go mad, that was not my intention, I just wanted to ask you to take the conversation wherever you want, that I only accompany you.

— Yes, quietly, and if it the result is bad, I know who you're going to blame.

— No, look, it is not that, Peter. It's that if we both talk, we will be in trouble, so you only do it and that's it.

— Well, but without reproaches later, and don't tell me either, you could have asked them this or that, say it now or be silent forever! That's what they say at weddings.

— That would be the old ones, because now as the officiant knows that three newscasts are going to last, as they say, I think they tell them half of the things. Look, I remember now some friends, that, at their wedding, which incidentally two priests attended, because of circumstances... Well, that does not matter, what I wanted to tell you is that there is a time when you wish the spouses a long life together, with something like meeting their third generation. Well, I remember because they told me that, in their ceremony, the two priests, not just one, both, only wished them to meet their grandchildren, that is, the second generation, and they said "That is surely that one of the two of us are going to die soon" and indeed it was so, the husband knew only the grandchildren, and these being little ones.

— You mean by that, that the priests were fortune tellers and they knew it?

— No, but don't tell me it's not weird. And like that, things usually happen every day, that we find people in our lives who, without knowing it, can make a prediction, that with the passing of time they come true.

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I ran to pick up the phone. I had just read a story in the newspaper. "What a coincidence!" I said to myself, and without thinking twice, I got up and went to the device saying "I'm going to call Peter, I'm sure he hasn't noticed it."

I was dialing when I heard the doorbell. Surprised that someone was doing it at this time in the morning, I left the phone in its place and went to open the door. Surely it will be a fool, or a neighbor who needed sugar for breakfast. I looked at myself "What a good look I have! — I thought —. In pajamas and house slippers and immediately I put my hand in my hair, surely I had everything messed up.

As I reached the door, even without touching it, I heard them say something from the other side.

— Come here, lazy. There is much to do.

I smiled when I recognized the voice, while opening the door and saying by way of greeting:

— You! But what are you doing here at this time? I was calling you on the phone.

— Did you also read yesterday's newspaper? It happens to you, as I do not have a free second per day, I leave it for the morning and take a look at it in the bathroom.

We both laugh at the coincidence.

— Did you hear the news? — he said, upset.

— Sure! And I see you too, but why did you come?

— How could you not want me to? Did you see what time it is?

— Not really — I replied.

I had got up and then everything had been rushing, so in those moments I had no idea, what time it was.

— Well, come on, get ready quickly, I don't want us to be late.

— But where? What do you say? It is impossible!

— Look, there is a taxi waiting for us, and I've already told you that if we get to our appointment on time, I'll give him one more tip, and the man is delighted.

— But well, look how I am, I was going to take a bath.

— What shower or what excuses! Put on the first thing you catch and let's go. Tomorrow you get up earlier and take a longer bath for today and tomorrow. Also, you have to shave your face because you did not have time — Peter was saying to me as he pushed me.

It would surely be for me to react, because I do not know what was happening to me as I was stupid standing there.

— Oops, but it's true, I hadn't even noticed the shave — I said as I ran my hand over my chin, noticing how it pricked.

— Look, I get out of the car and I'm talking to the taxi driver, but don't make us wait, because later he will have to almost fly down the road, if he wants to earn extra money.

— I'll be down soon! — I said, closing the door, since he had already turned around and left.

Running down the hall a flip flop came out, and I did not take it again. I smiled, and said to myself "Walk slowly that you are in a hurry! Do not forget to put something on" and I quickly fixed myself with the first thing I caught, like Peter said.

Jeans, which seemed the most appropriate, I always look good with that and I took a white shirt and jacket. The truth is that I do not know why I did it, and when I was going to close the wardrobe I took, as well as on the flight, a tie, saying to myself "Just in case!." I folded it carefully and put it in my jacket pocket.

I revised the bedroom in case I forgot something and when I was going to go out, I looked at the mirror and saw a little detail. I had no shoes, and I thought "See? The rush is never good", and

I put on my socks and shoes quickly, while reviewing what else I might be missing, the glasses, the wallet, the keys, well, I think I carry everything.

I left the house, closed the door well making sure that I locked it, because the truth is that I don't tend to be distracted, but the arrival of Peter, so unusual, had upset me a little.

I ran to the taxi, which I saw parked by the sidewalk, and got in immediately. The taxi driver by way of greeting said to me:

— Fasten your seatbelt! We're going to start the flight.

I was a bit curt and I said:

— Good morning, what happens?

I quickly reached for my belt, thinking that it must have been unbuttoned, and that is why that man told me, because in the rush I had dressed, perhaps I would have forgotten, but no, it was fine.

Peter smiling said:

— I have told this man where we are going, and for what, and what the things of life are, he tells me...

— I suppose that what you want is to get there, don't you care where I take you? — asked the taxi driver, interrupting.

— No! — Peter replied. But yes alive, eh!

— Yes, that, above all, don't worry that, in twenty-three years in the profession, I was only fined once, and it was for a justified oversight — the taxi driver was saying while driving.

— Tell me, tell me! — Peter said, while I, who was in the quiet back seat, still did not leave my amazement at everything that was happening.

— Well, I was carrying a pregnant woman, who couldn't think of anything more than to give birth in a traffic jam, and I didn't want it to happen here. I got on the sidewalk to continue my journey, with such bad luck that there was a motorcyclist nearby and of course he saw me. I did not stop when he told me, and I went quickly to the hospital, and the motorcyclist had come behind me in order not to let his prey escape. At the hospital door, they had taken out the woman and took her to the emergency room. She was about to give birth and the guard fined me for not having, gentlemen, you will not believe it...

— Why not? Go on, go on, it was because you did not stop — Peter said, very interested in the conversation.

— No way! — said the taxi driver, smiling —. For not having taken the handkerchief out the window, to warn that it was an emergency.

— And that was it? And they didn't forgive you? — I asked, puzzled, because I understand that in such circumstances, you can raise your hand a little.

— No, sir, because they told me, that if we, the professionals behind the wheel, do not follow the rules, who is going to comply with them? Next time, I had to remember the rules so that this does not happen again. Luckily, it did not happen anymore. Well, until now, you never know what happens on a day-to-day life, because each one presents itself differently.

— And how could you not have looked for something calmer? — my friend suddenly asked the taxi driver.

— But what do you tell me? This is vocation, and not everyone has it. What would I do in a store or an office all day? It would be impossible for me, as my wife says, "You spend the whole day in the taxi. Can't you ever rest?"

— Well, she's right, because driving in the city has its problems, and doing it every day must be tremendous — Peter said very seriously.

— Well, depending on how you look at it, I've had five kids. Well, now they are older, but when they were little, there was no one who could be at home. When I did not have one of them crawling on my legs, there was another crying, because he wanted his bottle, and look at it. I can be working

in the taxi as many hours as you want, but children, I have no patience, what will I do? — The man was saying entertainingly, as if he were with two friends, as he continued driving.

— Hey sir! Where are we going? — I asked him at that time, since we were going through a factory that I had never seen in my life.

— I've already asked the gentlemen, if they let me choose where to go — he replied, smiling at me —. You know, so many years in this, one knows the shortcuts and as I have been told that you are in a hurry, that is why I have taken this road. The landscape is not very beautiful because it is the industrial area, and people do not usually come here for a walk because they do not know this place, but we shorten a few kilometers and that is what matters to us at the moment.

— There is one thing I would like to do if we have a little time left — I told them.

— The what? — Peter asked, puzzled —. How do you say that we will have plenty of time if we don't have enough time?

— Well, I'll have a coffee, even if it's fast, since I haven't had breakfast yet, and I am noobody without the morning coffee, but well, I'll try to hold on as much as possible.

— You are one of mine! — said the taxi driver, laughing —. I understand you. It would be good for me to have one too. As soon as I see a gas station, while we fill the tank, that I don't want to stay on the road due to lack of provisions, we take it, do you think?

— Sure! Let's do what you say as you are the boss, that's why you have the wheel.

Already silent, we had been more than half an hour, when suddenly the driver said:

— Get ready!

I, who was half asleep, asked him absent-mindedly:

— Prepare for what? Have we arrived there? How long have I fallen asleep?

— No! — said the man, laughing out loud —. Arrived? Get ready to have a coffee, that soon we have a stop to refuel.

We got to the gas station, and the three of us got off. The taxi driver kept ordering the gasoline and we went to the cafeteria.

— Ask me for a single long one! — we heard him say loud to us to listen.

— Okay! — Peter said, turning around.

We entered the gas station's cafeteria, it seemed that all the drivers had agreed to stop for coffee, because the bar was full of people, so we stayed in a second row waiting for our turn. We saw that the taxi driver who entered was going to the end of the bar, and he was waving at us. When we arrived he had already asked for his coffee and the waiter was leaving to put it on, but he said:

— Wait! Put something on these two friends too.

We both ask the same thing, so as not to complicate matters, and we wait, while the man said:

— This place is for drivers, so we don't have to wait that long — and he almost ran away.

The waiter came with the three coffees. We looked at each other and after paying for them, we went to a table, to be a little wider. After a while the taxi driver returned saying:

— Excuse me, but I have gone to call a relative of mine, to tell her not to wait for me to eat. She has always told me "Honey, if you are not going to come to eat on time, let me know so I do not put your food in the table, which then gets cold".

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