

## A MAN FULL OF REASONS WHO NEVER EXISTED

I'm broke. Just like that, it seems like a simple and catchy advert, although the truth is that its ability to attract attention is rather poor for several reasons:

Firstly, even though we are the country that has passed the most education laws, people have taken a liking to series and reading has been somewhat postponed. If these words fall into the hands of my fifth-floor neighbour, she will be angry. Pardon the expression. Words do not fall from anywhere because they are ethereal, spiritual and not subjected to the law of gravity. I said she would be angry because she is a teacher and, more than once she has told me to leave education alone, because he who does not know is like he who does not see and that no one has given me a candle in that funeral. I must admit that I have never liked funerals, I try to avoid them, I only attend those I cannot avoid. My neighbour on the third floor, right door, also uses to tell me that what harm my education has done to me to always mess with it, that I should not forget that I have lived four months of my life working as a janitor in a school in the city. That's true, that's how it was until the director fired me, according to him, for obvious reasons, actually he meant "for not respecting the ideology of the congregation", but he must have been very confused because he was not able to find the correct words. Therefore, I lately don't say anything about it and pretend to be a Swedish. It's a figure of speech, I mean I am playing clueless, as if I hadn't heard anything and I am finding it somewhat complicated these days when everyone claims that young people do not respect anything, that when they were young such things didn't happen, that is enough. However, I know for a fact, I mean I can prove it, that in ancient Greece the same thing was already said. Socrates, perhaps? By the way, hemlock must be a very drastic drink, it leaves no room for opposing opinions or assessments, it does what it has to do, period. Historically, over the centuries, the idea has spread that the level of knowledge of students is very low, unlike them (the older ones) who knew too much. At this point, there is something that does not fit me, if less and less is known we should still be living in caves and not as comfortable and warm as we are on the sofa in the dining room, with slippers on our feet. I love eating cheese and laughing while watching television series. My partner says that I've left the floor very dirty and that is enough.

Secondly, with this pandemic, the word ruin and its synonyms, bankruptcy, decadence, depression, collapse, insolvency, misfortune, misery, crack, disaster, desolation, destruction..., are heard with great frequency and it's well known that human beings are rational animals of habits and adapt quickly to new things, which is why they are at the highest point of evolution, just as Don Eustaquio used to tell us at High School.

Thirdly, the sentence is poorly constructed, it makes no sense. I cannot be in ruin, because ruin is not something physical that can be seen and touched, as if it were, for example, a pile of dust that I had just swept away. Speaking of dust, no offense, but we'll get to that as the years go by. Only those who are excessively good and well placed in the ranks will be saved, who will become ecclesiastical sculptures or charity cards, and with a personality disorder who will become statues of salt, although the way things are going I don't know if there will be enough raw material to fulfill such a task.

Fourthly, I am not finished either, I still have a few euros left, however, I have to express myself in this way so that creditors do not step on my toes. And hit the clichés! These guys don't go around stepping on other people's toe! What I mean is that they are usually very stubborn and rarely get discouraged because as I just pointed out, they are very obstinate, stubborn and tenacious.

I could go on, but my psychiatrist told me that I'm a pain in the ass and that I don't have to go through life explaining everything as if others were ignorant. One day, before leaving the consulting room in a bad mood, he blurted out: Histrionic, you are more than a histrionic! And after slamming the door he left me there with my nose in the air. I'm on fire! As if I had the soul of a poet! I mean I was left alone and astonished. Then the notary who lives upstairs came down and, looking at me for a few minutes as if I were a freak, a specimen to be exterminated, in a very low voice he muttered, of course if his voice was very low I could also have written, he whispered. . In any case, this was what came out of his mouth: "If it is repeated once more, I will attest to the act and you will hear about it." The tone rose and the ending was something like this: "YOU WILL HEAR ABOUT IT!!" It was logical that this great man was upset because it was the fifth time that this noisy phenomenon had occurred in less than an hour. Well, the fact is that the alienist came back, now calmer, and repeated again that I was immature and rude. The rude thing didn't

sit well with me, I was about to ask for explanations but I kept quiet. Apparently it was the right decision because there was no more noise.

A few days later, after speaking kindly with a part-time employee of the Administration, without rancour, understanding his precarious work situation and with a certain left hand (the right one did not want to collaborate and got caught in the door of the storage room, the truth is that it did not have a good colour), I was one of the few citizens who managed to submit the papers to qualify for basic income. I was denied because the photocopy of my ID card was not in colour. Apparently this detail, although it did not appear in the instructions for filling out the forms, must have been very relevant. The lady who checked my documentation looked me straight in the eye and spoke in this way: "Your-document-of-identity-is-a-document-in-colour-however-the-photocopy-of-it-is-in black and white." She expressed it slowly, word for word, and with some misspelling. As she realized that I was having trouble understanding the message, she delivered it again in the same way, but this time without misspellings, a fact that undoubtedly, made it easier to understand. The people in the queue got a bit nervous, so, in case *things got worse*... Wow, an Anglicism! Well, just in case, I gave them a friendly and welcoming smile. Meanwhile, my interlocutor was still going about her business, now with an attitude more in line with the demand and vital enthusiasm of my co-religionists at the counter: "You will understand if I refuse your papers, because if you are capable of making such an obvious mistake, it seems clear that I should not trust you. The next one, please". And there I remained, undaunted, unperturbed, laughing out loud, lying down, slapping my hands on the floor, together with others who were doing the same as me. We stayed there for a while, turned into statues of salt. Until a fire engine arrived with its siren, its ladder, its water pump, a beautiful vehicle, it lacked nothing, and we ended up diluted in the drain of the official building, a famous neoclassical monument of great reputation.

As I said, I'm broke. What do you think? I know you think it's a trick question. You think that my purpose is to make you pity, suffer, get upset, distressed, and even commit suicide for me. That's horrible! No, no, never! Don't worry, I'm an entelechy. There is no record of my existence in the Administration.

**"Stories without Mufflers" (2006 - )**