

## THE HOMO ULTERIOR

Thanks to the analysis of the information gathered in different documents, mainly diaries and computer files, about three thousand years ago there was a person who, according to studies carried out, could be the origin of a new evolution of human beings. Let's take a closer look at what has been reported:

In compulsory education he never had any academic problems, in verbal aptitude he performed well, even better than well. Certainly above average, outstanding greatly in oral and written expression. He also excelled in numeracy, but when letters replaced numbers, he began to have difficulties with mathematics. Logically, he chose the arts baccalaureate where Latin and Greek had a lot of weight because, although they were unknown subjects to him, they allowed him to leave behind the sciences and all the spatial-temporal spectrum that went with them.

He used to go for walks or jogging to keep fit and, to make the most of the time, he listened to novels by different authors on his mobile phone through wireless headphones. This required him to be very attentive so as not to lose the thread, which he did not always managed to do. He often had to rewind and go back because he had become engrossed in his own thoughts and everything going on around him faded into the background. In any case, at the end of the narration he had the feeling that he had retained the gist and lost much of the detail. That is to say, as if his mind were designed to grasp in a global way what was heard, the summary of the story, and not to remember the specific aspects, those necessary to make a tight concatenation of the events that took place throughout the story.

At other times, instead of audiobooks, he would recall poems: his own, especially the last ones he had written, and others by prominent national and foreign poets. Here he lost even more track of space and time, often not knowing exactly where he was, let alone the exact date and time. It was as if he had been transported to an ethereal place, without physical conditioning, a place where emotions were important and everything else was meaningless. This did not worry him because he knew that it fitted perfectly with the conception of the humanistic theory of psychologist Carl Rogers, for whom the self would be a psychic structure made up of values, feelings and ideas that the individual recognises, values and interprets as their own.

Walking through the streets of the city and arriving at a specific place was a puzzle, something difficult to solve. If the bus stop dropped him almost at the door of the place he was going to, then there was no problem. But if it didn't, then he had to pay attention and try to remember the names of the shops every time he had to change direction. This approach, which, at first sight seemed simple, was complicated by the fact that our protagonist did not clearly distinguish between right and left. And, of course, as he accumulated streets, the confusion increased, to the point that he felt the urgent need to return to the initial position to restart the route, swearing to himself that now he would not fail, that he would be able to memorise all the names and turns. One morning he wanted to go to a bar famous for its spicy calamari rations. He had been there more than once in the company of other people. Therefore, he had a slight idea of how to get to there. After many attempts, he was totally unable to get there. Back home, his wife told him that a few months ago they had moved to a more central area. He thought of the saying "it never rains but it pours." A strange thing because he used to make mistakes with proverbs and clichés. He had started by changing the order of some terms in them or even the words themselves as if it were something funny, but, over time, the confusion became real and permanent, something beyond his will and control. "A doctor a day keeps the apple away", "To put all baskets in one egg", "Every day has its dog", "Never do today what can be done tomorrow", "Among the one-eyed people the blind cannot see", "A summer needs swallows", and so forth.

Sometimes, when he managed to find the place he was looking for, he was very happy and his mood improved noticeably. But, in general, he felt that not being limited by space and time allowed him to live as he wanted, less constrained. The obsession with individual freedom and the renunciation of the defense of collective rights were quite widespread at the time. On one occasion he got lost in a block of streets that intersected as if they were inside a skein. He didn't have a phone or watch, so to calm himself he lay down on a park bench and after a two-hour nap he woke up so relaxed and in such a good mood that he forgot to return home. His wife called the local police reporting his disappearance. They asked for a detailed physical description of her husband to facilitate a successful search. He was never found.

Today, in the year 5030, it is known that what began as a unique case has become something more generic and common. Some argue that our protagonist was kidnapped and, using his stem cells, cloned in various parts of the world. Another theory holds that the proliferation of people with these characteristics is mainly due to the fact that they

adapt better to the society in which they live because they are subjects with little critical capacity and lack the necessary skills to join together with others and form a front to oppose the authoritarian and classist practices of the States and their elites. Finally, there is a current that maintains that the destruction of animal and plant nature has been generating for a long time, in developed societies, weaker human beings, incapable of facing major problems. Subjects who, as years go by, will disappear definitively through sheer incompetence and degeneration. Within the latter approach, there are those who venture that it will be the native Africans who will take over and change the course of history.

Incidentally, it is believed that our homo was named Manuel and lived with his partner and two of his four children somewhere in the south of the Iberian Peninsula, formerly divided into two countries that, about a thousand years ago, decided to unite their destinations by popular vote in a referendum. According to the contents found on his old computer, he may have been in a profession related to one of the human sciences. In any case, what is known for sure, as mentioned above, is that he practiced creative writing. Photographs of him and his family and various oral, written and audiovisual documents of his literary work can be seen in the Museum of Antiquities of the capital, which, according to the latest research, was not too extensive, since he tended to be a perfectionist and consequently spent more time modifying what had already been produced than generating new projects.

**“Stories without Mufflers” (2006 - )**