

## THE SHADOWS OF THE TRIPOLAR

He is a middle-age man, without any features that makes it easy to distinguish him from the others, however, his history, the way he dresses (he wears an eye-catching tailcoat) and his location make him an exceptional person. For the past few years, he has been living under scaffolding in a half-built block of flats, which came to a standstill when the banks decided to switch from the fever of their own speculation to the fever of other people's austerity. As the mentioned building is located next to a music hall specialising in folk-rock, our man closes his eyes every night smiling at the ballads of a prodigious singer-songwriter but, in the mornings, he wakes up freezing cold and, as he says, "immersed in the ceremony of confusion"

One of his shadows, the most gregarious, wanders indolently through the once fallow lands, now transformed into industrial agriculture, plastic seas where the always elusive men in black sell fruit and vegetables wholesale and buy wills in cash through the ingenuous reasoning "this is what there is, take it or leave it, there is nothing else" They openly speak of a "lawless plain" in some digital newspapers.

Another of his shadows, the most supportive, stands haughtily among the skyscrapers of the big city, where hollow, meaningless words reign, like paper-fish fattening in the sewers. Most people have opted to avoid face-to-face conversations and communicate through an electronic bird which allows them to type one hundred and twenty characters. Note that the concept "word" is so unenthusiastic that they avoid even pronouncing it. It would be like an ancestral belief that what is not named does not exist. Well, in this climate, the second shadow gives its voice to the crowd in order to weave a clamour that, one day, will invade the horizon from sunrise to sunset.

The last one, the most creative, penetrates the tunnels of the subway and submerges into the nostalgic blues of the undergrounds, where the times are changing at Mary's farm and the answer, according to a man who plays the tambourine, is blowing in the wind, like a rolling stone that, under the red sky and after the hard rain, will inexorably reach the sea.

By the way, our protagonist's name is Ernesto and, from an early age, psychologists diagnosed him with "emotional lability", a technical term that his closest relatives were never able to understand.

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