



The boy
who wouldn't wear
A MASK

Roi S. Aharon

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The studies have shown that the studies were right; The human organism, perhaps the most sophisticated survival mechanism in nature, had evolved and adapted to the virus. The virus mutates, man too; same old familiar story since the first unicellular creature had emerged.

"The Boy Who Wouldn't Wear a Mask"

A satiric short story collection

About the Covid pandemic and other pathologies

0.00\$ including VAT



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**Printed in the land of Here
In the year of Now
Upon paper for the making of which
No sacred trees were cut off**

**To all children
Who breathed their childhood
Through the mask**

Cover My Ass

The plot of the stories, its characters and their names are all made up by the author's wild imagination. Any correlation between the plot of the stories and events that occurred in real life, as well as between the characters that are in it and their names to characters or names of people – dead or alive – is absolutely coincidental.

The Stories

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*Stories translated by machines, soon to be translated by
a human

The Boy Who Wouldn't Wear a Mask

When the first baby was born wearing a mask, he was immediately taken into care and observation; Eva felt as if they took away her stomach. The studies have shown that the studies were right; The human organism, perhaps the most sophisticated survival mechanism in nature, had evolved and adapted to the virus. The virus mutates, man too; same old familiar story since the first unicellular creature had emerged.

Until the scientists bring her baby back, Eva asked Lucia, her delivery-room neighbor, if she may place her newly born son on her chest; it was like holding God in the palm of your hand.

In order not to impair the normal development of the object of research, the

researchers had allotted Eva with several minutes a day in its presence. During those limited moments they had shared, Eva had meticulously examined the bizarre turquoise object, that covered her son's glowing face. White rubber bands were stretched to the back of the tiny ears, and a thin layer of membrane fused them into the soft skin. Microscopic particles of plastic were embedded into the nasal cartilage, which was no larger than a button. When the child asked to breastfeed, the elastic membrane stretched downwards, like gills, and Eva served him with her nipple.

She refused to admit it, even to herself – but Eva couldn't help being disgusted. The obstetrician, on the other hand, was fascinated by the level of accuracy of the mutation – nature had imitated almost perfectly the mechanics of the mask. Hadn't he known better, he'd be tempted to believe it were the works of an intelligent designer.

The human Epsilon species were more protected, less sick, with longer longevity. As it always is with natural selection, some

organisms had evolved faster than others. During the year following the first Epsilon birth, about sixty percent of babies were born with a mask on. Studies have shown that babies of the old breed are carriers of new mutations of the virus, and the World Health Organization had recommended a series of tests that any future mother will undergo, for early detection of the Amaskial Syndrome.

Two years later, astir Maria and Joseph arrived for their first Ultrasound test.

For five whole years they try. Fertility treatments, a note on the Western Wall, thistle seeds boiled in nettle soup. As fate would have it, on the eve of Maria's fortieth birthday, Joseph stooped her from behind, she was as ripe as a peach and Bam, it was hooked, probably something about the angle. It doesn't hurt, said the nurse, and applied the cool gel to Maria's stomach. It was even rather pleasant. Holding each other's hand, they gazed at the soundwaves translated into a black-and-white blur, that looked like the

universe. Maria burst into tears and Joseph laid a soft kiss on her head.

On the eleventh week, it was possible to determine with an accuracy of eighty-five percent the existence of a standard mask, according to the size of the fetus' jaw. The Maskial translucency screening – the doctor had explained – does not provide with an unequivocal result, but presents data that can then be compared to the results of thousands of other women. After entering the data into the software, the software then calculates the chances of the fetus to suffer from an Amaskial Syndrome, so that the chance of fetal defect can be statistically predicted.

Maria had wrapped her belly with her arms.

There's nothing to worry about, the doctor reassured, among many women, even when the result indicated a high risk, the fetus is, in fact, healthy. He had recommended Maria and Joseph with a series of additional tests, just in case, and handed them a document, that Maria held on to like a baby holding his father's finger.

The vaginal method for Chorionic Villus Sampling is less painful than inserting a needle through the abdominal wall. The placental tissue are essentially the cells that make up the placenta, and they carry genetic load identical to that of the fetus. According to this approach, the doctor inserts a conductor through the vagina, while watching an ultrasound. A catheter is then inserted through the conductor, with which a small amount of tissue is aspirated. It's a bit inconvenient, mild pain may arise. After collecting the sample, one examines whether the placental tissue contains microplastic particles that were shed from the mask, and thus the regularity of the pregnancy may be determined with almost certainty. Rare side effects include light bleeding, congenital malformations in the fetus' fingers, and naturally abortion, however the great advantage of the test over the Amniocentesis (in which Maskial microplastic particles are monitored within the fluid surrounding the fetus) is the time of the test. Amniocentesis is performed during the second trimester of

pregnancy; In this case, if the result obtained is abnormal, the pregnancy must be terminated by induction, a challenging procedure both medically and emotionally. This is while in case of abnormal results in Chorionic Villus Sampling, which is performed during the twelfth week of pregnancy, the pregnancy can be terminated by scraping – a much simpler procedure.

That does it, said Maria.

With or without a mask, she had no intention of turning the miracle that's becoming within her into a scrambled egg. She started crying, literally sobbing, the doctor winked at Joseph, stay cool it's the hormones, and then explained to Maria, the risk of miscarriage due to the test is low, between a quarter percent and three percent, depends on who you ask, Maria wanted to go home but Joseph had some convincing arguments, Mi Amor, a life without a mask is a hard life, not only the medical risks, they'd pick on him in class, how will he find a job, Mi Amor, think of the burden it'll be for us, the doctor had agreed

with Joseph and besides she had a document in her hand, Maria chose the vaginal method. The pregnancy was progressing well. At week thirteen, Early Fetal Ultrasound, at week sixteen, Triple Test, at week eighteen, Amniocentesis, just in case, at week twenty the baby kicked for the first time, and Maria burst out laughing, at week twenty-two, Late Fetal Ultrasound, at week twenty-six, Oral Glucose Challenge Test, at week thirty, Third Trimester Ultrasound Test, at week thirty-five, Culture Perinatal Screening GBS.

It was a marvelous journey.

For five whole years they've been wanting it so badly, without even knowing why, and there, a new story is about to begin, even though we all know how it's going to end, amid all the preparations Maria had nearly forgotten the new life knocking on the doorway, nearly forgotten all the loves, the pains, all the disappointments and wishes that are growing inside her stomach. Luckily, the doctor had noted since the first moment, Escitalopram is a pill from the SSRI family,

and is considered safe to use during pregnancy.

Only the birth remained; during normal Epsilon births, the ministry of health recommends a double amount of Epidural Anesthesia, due to stimulation caused to the cervical wall by the mask. After twenty-four hours in the delivery room, with ten fingers, ten toes, and a standard mask, Alexandra was born, and Maria was born together with her.

Alexandra learned how to walk, and talk, went to school, then to university, got married and pregnant, went through a series of tests, and gave birth to a healthy baby girl. Meanwhile, natural selection had continued operating its operation.

In the next generation of the Homo-Maskaritous, the mask had received the skin color of the baby. The membrane had been assimilated a tiny bit more towards the chic and chin, and the white rubber bands behind the ears appeared like no more than protruding veins.

Alexandra's daughter was already born with a thin layer of crust, stretching from the

forehead to the beginning of the neck, clinging to the oral cavity, enabling to eat and drink with no gill activity, while still maintaining all the virtues of the mask.

The evolutionary mutation continued to perfect itself, and once Alexandra's granddaughter – Maria's great-granddaughter - was born, the mask was no more than a microscopic biological membrane, a thin and transparent layer covering the entirety of the head, stretching from the back of the neck, through the top of the head until the front of the neck, almost invisible, so thin that it was no longer possible to tell which was the face and which was the mask.

*

Generations passed.

The world to which Sophia – Joseph and Maria's great-great-grand-child – was born, had almost eliminated the Amaskial Syndrome. Most were scrambled before they

had a birth date, and the ones who weren't, were sent to special educational institutions. During her forty years of age, Sophia only heard about the rare syndrome once or twice, in biology class, and didn't know too much about it.

It wasn't a futuristic world, in the sense of servant robots or flying vehicles. True, the internet was a bit faster, but you still had to disconnect and reconnect the router when there was no reception, the bread was still stuck in the toaster and it burned your finger, and the rice was still scattered all over the table when you opened the bag.

Sophia woke-up every morning, took the bus to school, smiled to the other teachers, made herself a cup of coffee and set down for small talk. Impatiently she awaited the bell ring. When she heard it, she hurried to class to meet the children, who were the one and only reason for her choosing to be a teacher. She has long since given up on adults, especially men, who knew how to manufacture five G's, ten G's, a hundred G's, but couldn't locate one small, sweet G that resides within her.

She'd rather do it all on her own, but science still hasn't found out how – without choice she paid a visit to the sperm bank. It took a few attempts, probably something hereditary, but thirty tests and nine months later, Sophia gave birth to a baby boy. She refused to admit it, even to herself, but when the tiny lump of light rested on her chest, the stern feminist raiment had melted, she was no longer a teacher, barely a woman, and Sophia only felt that those very three kilograms of gentle tissue are the supreme purpose of her life, that more than anything she is one thing and one thing only – a mother.

Already after two weeks, Sophia knew there was something unusual about the child. True, all the moms in the school believed their child was special, and all of them had maternal intuition. But for Sophia it was different. She didn't care to brag; actually, she didn't even believe that our children our ours, if anything we are theirs, and this child, whether he was hers or she was his, was different. Adam sobbed each time Sophia talked on her phone or watched TV, spent

hours gazing at Max the cat, barely responded to voices and noise.

Above all, it was the gloss he had in his eyes.

Adam grew up and went to kindergarten. Every morning in the circle, the teacher sang 'Hello children', and instead of replying 'Hello teacher' like everyone else, Adam farted. The children burst into laughter, and Adam was sent to the quiet corner. When he laid his eyes on a toy he liked, he immediately grabbed it, whether it was on the floor, whether in the hands of some other girl or boy. He was then sent to the quiet corner. He told the other children he doesn't have a dad and asked them if they'll share their dad with him, and in return he will share his mom with them. But the other children didn't want to play with him. Adam would scream and shout, then calmed down, and went back to play with the cubes.

The teacher summoned Sophia for a talk but had nothing new to tell her – Adam had told her everything every day after getting back from kindergarten.

The teacher wants us to move to another kindergarten, Sophia told Adam, and Adam only said, she's not a teacher, mom, she's a singer.

In elementary school, Adam was reciting poems while everyone else tried to study. When the teacher scolded him, he told her, don't worry Ms. Edelman, one day you'll find a daddy, and to the sports teacher he said, you keep caressing your bald head.

In junior high, Adam met Louisa. She had short blonde hair and ripped jeans, and Adam loved her like the sun loves the trees. He approached her and said, Louisa, I love you, I love you like the sun loves the trees. Louisa was silent for a few minutes, and then walked away.

Sophia tried to explain to Adam, such directness may sometimes deter young ladies, but Adam said, she's not a young lady, mom, she's a princess, and Sophia caressed his head. He didn't know that Louisa had tried to find him on Tic-Toc when she arrived home, unsuccessfully.

He failed almost every single subject during the first year of high school. During math test he made up a puzzle and solved it, during English test he wrote a limerick, and during history test he drew a portrait of Adolf Hitler. Despite his poor achievements, the youngster had shown growing interest in political theories, different religions, and philosophy. For his birthday, his mother bought him Emanuel Levinas's "Totality and Infinity", even though she didn't understand a word of what's written there.

After calling the teacher 'a warder' in front of the entire class, and saying that she's a bitter old woman, who, instead of observing inwards and meeting the pain she carries from childhood, uses the oppressive hierarchal nature of the structure she represented to unpack psychological frustrations on every student who doesn't obey her, Sophia had received an official letter from the school board. Many words were written there, but in the bottom line, either she takes Adam for diagnosis or he's out of the school.

The doctor placed a pack of documents on the table.

Sit on the bed, lad, he said and stuck some device into Adam's eye.

Ms., what's your name again, Sophia, yes, Sophia, said the doctor and smiled at her behind his mustache, are you sure you're his mother, you seem like his sister, so tell me for a second here, did you go through all the tests with the lad right here? Don't tell me you're one of those natural birth-givers? Who oppose science?

Sophia didn't know what he's rambling about, she went through all the tests, the results were perfectly normal.

Have you noticed anything unusual about him? Having a hard time in school? Unable to interpret social situations? Says peculiar things?

Sophia didn't have to answer, her eyes said everything.

Well, Ms., I'm afraid your son suffers from an Amaskial Syndrome.

This is an extremely hazardous, extremely contagious syndrome. I'll explain. The Maskial Membrane is the organ in charge on the regulation of the mouth and all its functions, including eating, drinking, and speaking, as well as on focusing the vision. Persons who suffer from Amaskial Syndrome are characterized by blurry eyesight, stemming from enhanced gloss in the eyes, like in your son's case, unlike my eyes for example, who are covered by a thin grey layer of crust. The doctor approached Sophia, and expanded his eyelids with his fingers: here, look.

Without the Maskial membrane, viruses skip from one face to the other, as if they were toads hopping between them. Those viruses may cause changes in the behavioral patterns of every individual who comes in contact with the patient, for example difficulty of studying or working in normal frameworks, waning the ability to interpret social situations, etc. My recommendation would be a Maskial transplant. Meanwhile, lad, you'll have to wear this.

The doctor placed a transparent jellyfish of the table.

Just notice that the nostril hole is placed in the front and not the back.

You're not a doctor, said Adam, you're...

Thanks doctor! Burst Sophia.

She paid the secretary and they left.

I don't want to wear a mask, said the son to his mother when they were back on the street.

Put it in your pocket, she said, just in case.

Prof. Shalev reviles, said the biology teacher in a monotonic tone, that the up-to-date data regarding complications during pregnancy as a result of Amniocentesis or Chorionic Villus Sampling, are somewhere between 1 to 500 and 1 to 800. Last Monday, medical research was published, indicating an even smaller risk, almost zeroed. Evidently, the method used to determine the risk up until now was, to say the least, inaccurate...

Adam raised his hand.

Yes, Adam, the teacher said reluctantly.

Adam stared at her with his bright glossy eyes and asked, teacher, why do I have to learn this?

A few giggles and whisperings were heard throughout the classroom. One girl started to scratch her chin, and another boy rubbed his eyes.

Adam, I don't have time for your nonsense, said the teacher.

No, I'm seriously asking, if new research is always showing that the previous research was false, why then should I trust the new research, and not those crystal ball fortune tellers, those witchdoctors who performed false researches, since the appearance of the first Homo-Maskaritus until last Monday?

Two youngsters, who always sit in the back vandalizing the class table, had listened carefully, and started stretching their cheek crust.

Yeah, asked another young lady, why do we have to study this? Why can't we paint, or play music, or go to the beach?

Adam turned around, and saw it was Louisa.

That's how science works, said the teacher, each time we get better, until we get to absolute understating of everything it'll take a few years more.. Young man, where is your mask? In your diagnosis it was clearly specified that you are obliged to wear the mask if you want to continue being a student in our school, and according to the gloss in your eyes I believe you are once again not following the rules and putting all the other students at risk.

I don't want to wear a mask, said Adam, and the teacher kicked him out of the class.

That's very dangerous, she thought to herself.

Reports of additional cases of Amaskial Syndrome were received in the news channel studios. The scientists were working around the clock in order to find an explanation to the phenomena, according to the laws of natural selection, since this selection, the natural one, will do anything, but anything, in order to survive, its paths are devious and winding, they aren't always easily deciphered, however one can be certain that, one may

count on the scientists, to find a worthy explanation, to why the selection did what it did in the name of survival and in its name only.

Meanwhile, the president went live and explained: a healthy society cannot function without masks. Citizens who suffer from an Amaskial Syndrome are kindly requested to set an urgent appointment for a maskial transplant, or, alternatively, wear the jellyfish. I mean the mask. Listen closely – the police shall fine any maskless Amaskial resident, but the cops can't make it to everyone. That's where you come into the picture, the normal citizens, law-abiding Homo-Maskaritusus. As from this moment onwards, every salesclerk is a police officer, every cleaning lady is an inspector. I wish I could have granted all of you with a special police badge, he joked, well here, he said, and presented the camera with a golden badge. I implore you – don't let the Amaskials shop at your stores, ride your buses, walk your streets. They put you and your children in great danger. You are either

with us or against us. They can be identified by the gloss in their eyes.

The next day, Adam wasn't allowed to enter the school. He came back home, bitterly weeping, and the weeping turned into a great smile when he saw a message from Louisa on the screen, it was a photo of her holding a jellyfish in her hand, with a caption, I took off my mask, come to the beach?, apparently it's pretty simple to take off the mask, she googled it and found out that until the age of eighteen you can simply retrieve it from the top of your head, like a nylon bag, there's an entire cult of parents who believe in natural births and take the mask off the baby right after birth, for a minute there Adam imagined how all of the boys and girls take off their masks together, and stay just like this, just as they are, Adam wore a bathing suit, took a book and hurried out, he passed through the flower shop, wear a mask, said the vendor, I don't want to wear a mask, he went to the chocolate store, wear a mask, said the vendor, I don't want to wear a mask, never

mind, Adam thought, I'll give her Levinas' book, he went on the bus to the beach, wear a mask, said the driver, I don't want to wear a mask, Adam started walking, his eyes were shining more and more, the people in the street stuck to the side of the pavement as he walked, he's not wearing a mask, wear a mask, he's not wearing a mask, wear a mask, I don't want to wear a mask, what's the problem with wearing a mask, you're putting us all at risk without the mask, I don't want to wear a mask, wear a mask, said an artist who advertises a bank, wear a mask, said a feminist supermodel, wear a mask, said a cashier who wanted to be a ballerina, wear a mask, said a programmer who hates computers, wear a mask, said a Yogi who wanted to be enlightened, wear a mask, said a philanthropist billionaire, wear a mask, I don't want to wear a mask, wear a mask, I don't want to wear a mask, they gained some inexplicable joy from doing the same thing that everyone else did, it doesn't really matter what that thing was, as if that very pathetic partnership of destiny, expressed by an

insignificant act such as wearing a mask, may end the loneliness to which they were sentenced once taken from the ashes and kneaded into a separate body, and remove the partition between them and the world, boy, wear a mask, they said, I don't want to wear a mask, they realized that together they are stronger than him, it was pleasant, wear a mask, they crowned him, I don't want to wear a mask, he fell to the floor and they surrounded him, wear a mask boy, I don't want to wear a mask, one of them saw the jellyfish protruding out of Adam's pocket, wear a mask, there he has a mask in his pocket, wear a mask boy, they floored him, wear a mask, held his arms and legs while he's twisting, I don't want to wear a mask, they put the jellyfish on his head, wear a mask boy, he fought but they pinned it, I don't want to wear a mask, Adam was struggling to breathe, but the air wouldn't go through the mask, wear a mask, I don't want to wear a mask, the people held the mask around his head, until he did not struggle anymore, Emanuel Levinas' book dropped to the pavement next

to him and opened, it was written there, you shall not murder is the first commandment of the face, there is in the face, that is fully exposed, something threatened, that as if orders an act of violence, and at the same time, it is the face that forbid us from committing murder, Adam was lying there on the floor, without any resistance, the people looked at him, and just as they've requested, he was wearing the mask.

The Invisible Hand

One law, and one law only, appeared on the 'Fraternity' political party platform, and therefore, once elected, the party was able to assign considerable resources to its enactment as well as to its enforcement.

No one had imagined that the small party would win the elections. Commentators had attributed the victory to two main factors. First – the targeted campaign, which, due to its simplicity, had managed to penetrate the minds of many, like a nail. Second, it was the momentum: the many have had more than enough of the never-ending parade of brawl and defamation between the two leading parties, 'Liberty' and 'Equality' – who, for centuries, had failed to come up with even one pinch of either liberty or equality.

And this is the formulation of the **Constitutional Amendment – The Abolition**

of Money: No institution nor individual, including the government, a bank, or a private corporation, shall issue any means of trade, whether analogue or digital, for the purpose of exchanging goods and services between civilians.

On the first day of the law's enactment, majority of civilians – among them yours truly – had locked themselves within the safety of their homes, for fear of riots. Others, members of the 'Liberty' and 'Equality' parties, set out to demonstrate, furious. They were joined by other civilians – mainly those of white collar, who dedicated years for acquiring proper education, that would guarantee a regular job with fixed income, or those who gained seniority. The police allowed the demonstrations to go uninterrupted, as the president had long ago made clear: freedom of speech shall not be harmed. You are free to do as you please, he said, only without money.

Nevertheless, civilians who attempted to break ATM's, believing the cold cash would

somehow be of service to them, or those who tried to loot grocery stores and such, were arrested by the cops. The president had repeatedly warned and alerted on the media channels: The economy remains free, and law and order stand firm and valid; the chaos we are currently witnessing is no more than unavoidable pains of labor. You are free to do as you please, he kept saying, only without money.

Few, especially the formerly newly rich, who habitually checked their bank balance, and could only find a zeroized zero, as round as planet earth – jumped off the rooftops.

Banknotes from all countries and all periods began to be traded in the black market, but the police made it to everyone – including the distributors of digital currencies, who roamed the streets, possessed with Messianic madness, preaching about the new cryptographic social order that will redeem humanity.

Enforcement of the Amendment of Abolition of Money was a top priority for the ‘Fraternity’ party, since, as was already

mentioned, it was its sole, single, one and only promise prior to the elections. For the president, there was nothing more important than keeping his promises to his Excellency the Voter. Although money isn't the root of all evil, said the president, it is most definitely a fertile soil for its growth. He just kept on saying again and again: you are free to do as you please, only without money.

On the second day, domestic food and water supply had yet to run out, and most people still remained within the safety of their residence and watched the news. Some were afraid to take to the streets; but even those who weren't afraid what-so-ever, still preferred not to go outside. And I'm not only referring to various workers of the economic system, who, overnight, became as redundant as an uncovered cheque – bankers, accountants, credit companies, brokers, analysts, financial advisors, investment advisors, mortgage advisors, scalpers, changers, wage calculators, government officials in charge of pensions, the tax authority, and employees of insurance

companies, as well as advertisers of these companies and such, supermarket cashiers, and the company that manufactures the cash registers, Brinks drivers, casinos and lottery corporations, all enterprises who directly or indirectly occupied themselves with money, for all of their clerks, managers, guards, counsels, technicians, operators, and the secretaries, the cleaners, as well as professors of economics, and the print houses that printed the textbooks, the lumberjacks who lumberjacked the wood used for their paper, and reporters of the finance section, I'm not only talking about them, but also the farmers, the teachers, the doctors, the drivers, the shoemakers, the bakers, the therapists, the singers, the painters, the pilots, the poets, the dancers, in the absence of any monetary incentive, none of them was simply able to find good-enough reason to scratch themselves off the couch.

Most landlords awaited to see where the wind blows before evicting their tenants, but others didn't linger. Amongst the evacuees, those who were wise enough to have been born to

parents who own property, went back to living with them, until the storm calms. Yet quite a few individuals and/or families who were evicted, found themselves on the streets, next to a pile of furniture, while their former residence had remained as empty as outer space.

Parallely, pantries began to empty, and the people came knocking on supermarket doors, demanding food. The owners of the grocery stores remained the legal holders of the stock. The employees of those very shops, who, in the past, had unloaded the crates, arranged the shelves, washed the floors, scanned the barcodes – were left in the mercy of the owners, depending on their good will in order not to starve to death.

Some of the owners had kept the entirety of food supply for themselves and their families, in case judgement day arrives. It was impossible to tell when should supply run out, since, as already mentioned, the farmers lacked good-enough reason to go out to the fields.

Other shop owners, opportunists, checked to see just how far they can get, how much they could receive in return for their wares: a nice sweater, a piece of jewelry, a blowjob. Men and women alike did what had to be done in order to provide for themselves and their families.

The landlords too enjoyed similar status to that of the owners of grocery stores. Tenants lined-up to run errands for them, or give them a massage, bestowed upon them objects that the owner – like a raven – had coveted, handed them surplus of food or toilet paper (even though their supply was meager to begin with), and most of all offered their bodies, in every position, at every hour, according to the owner's most hidden and latent desires.

Once the entirety of the owner's physical urges was satisfied, and they still possessed excess food or assets at their disposal, they were offered diverse entertainment options in return for the use of their property, for the sake of pure amusement: flutists fluted for them, dancers danced for them, and those

who didn't possess any talent, any talent what-so-ever, put on a monkey costume, or that of an armadillo with tiny golden bells, and pranced at the corner of the room, to the echoing sound of the owner's rolling laughter. Rubbish was piling up in the streets and no one was there to collect it. Public transport was shut down, due to chauffers' refusal to drive civilians unpaid. Private vehicles were also hardly seen on the roads, as petrol was frugally kept for the worst of times. TV channels, internet websites – all operated on a limited basis. The only ones who showed up for work - in order to continue and report strictly the essential - were those who were promised tangible return for their labor, in form of food, shelter, or benefits, much like the cops.

Demonstrators marched unto the president's house. Without ammunition, though, they didn't stand a chance against the Fraternity Guard. And the president? The president only kept saying again and again and again: you are free to do as you please, only without money.

Now, regarding crime rates. It was too early to tell how those would be influenced by that very same fallacious law. There had been some reports of incidents of armed robbery; but it was a relatively rare phenomena, in any case much lesser than the government's predicaments. Indeed, it is by no means far-fetched to think that even in state of absolute chaos, most normative law-abiding civilians would rather exhaust all possible possibilities before choosing to take extreme measures, either for moral reasoning, either by power of most primal, most selfish common sense. The robbers, therefore, who were usually caught with a bag full of canned food, were swiftly arrested, thanks to great policing forces – as there was almost no need for traffic police, undercover agents, and fraud investigators.

As far as drugs are concerned – there too contradicting data was collected. On the one hand, there were those who sunk into idleness, anesthetizing their minds, even in the cost of starving to death. On the other hand, for many, who were preoccupied with

chasing food or shelter, the need for altering one's state of consciousness was cast aside. Moreover, in many cases, the substances were simply not to be found, for purely logistic reasons.

Domestic violence, murders and raping still occurred, but those as well gained second priority, in favor of more basic components of that very infamous hierarchy of needs.

Surprisingly, it was the mob bosses who experienced great relief. They no longer had good reason to continue the circle of whacking; they simply retired. Conversely, owners of banks and large food corporations had conspired and founded a lobby to combat the law. They hired jurists with the assets and food in their disposal; but the president was determined and would not relent. You are free to do as you please, he told them, only without money.

Once legal efforts failed, the bankers hired a group of mercenaries, to assassinate the president. But the government had always possessed greater food reserves and wider shelters to offer to the cops; all assassination

attempts were thwarted by heavy security forces protecting the president. There's no greater political power than the power of the people, said the president; you are free to do as you please, he repeated, only without money.

For some, the law played in their favor. First, all debt was immediately annulled, including mortgages. The news reported of generous landlords who, in lack of good-enough reason to maintain custody of their former investment properties, handed them to the lessees; but they were a minority. Office buildings, previously used by companies who dealt with finance, as well as some government buildings and former banks, were converted to housing for those who lost their homes. One could easily think of at least one or two acquaintances who supported the law, since in the end of the day, despite the uncertainty and anxiety, still preferred not having to show up at the office on Monday morning.

The shelves at the grocery stores were starting to empty. Even before all essential

goods ran out, the social activists had founded the aid delegations. On the streets, the delegations were unofficially titled 'The Freebies'.

At first, the Freebies worked to find ad-hock solutions. They recruited grocery or shelter for those who lost their homes or remained penniless, collected garbage, managed the water infrastructure. Quickly enough, the Freebies phenomena had accelerated, and Freebies were founded for planning of long-term solutions. Civilians of all population strata, from doctors and engineers to street cleaners, joined the ranks of a Freebie or founded new Freebies. The Freebies manned the fields, the schools, and the hospitals, developed trainings in various themes. They taught the citizens how to defecate without using toilet paper, to handle their own waste, to grow food.

Everyone wanted to help the Freebies; they recruited petrol of oil tycoons and allocated it to bus drivers' Freebies; empty office buildings were donated by corporations who went bankrupt (only to the extent in which

this concept still had any meaning) and were went to the possession of the homeless.

It took me about a month to join one of the Freebies. I didn't do it because I was concerned for supply or housing – before the law of abolition of money, on top of the spacious house I own, I was the owner of a neighborhood grocery store; therefore, the economy of my family was safe and secure.

In all honesty, I was just... bored.

On Television there was only the news, which kept repeating itself. My wife was constantly pushing me to get off the couch and make something of myself; but I didn't know what to do. My whole life, one question and one question only had reigned over my mind: what can I do in order to make more money? That question had haunted my days and my nights, to it I dedicated more hours in my life than to any other thought. Suddenly, I was required to only ask myself what I *want* to do. I remembered that in my childhood, I liked to go once a week to the educational farm and help with harvest – therefore I joined one of the agricultural Freebies. Together

with me were Wall-Street refugees, homeless people, teenagers. Some felt a need to shoulder the burden for themselves and for society, some came for self-realization or something like that, but many arrived for the exact same reason I did – boredom.

Naturally, the Freebies used their resources carefully. The crop harvested in the fields was packed and distributed in a manner that doesn't create waste, so it won't be necessary to collect it afterwards. Abandoned roads were drilled open, and fruit trees were planted in their place. The trees hatched the asphalt and, in their tops, nested the sparrows. Only a few main roads were kept, through which the Public Transport Freebie drove passengers for a shift at a Freebie, for meeting their families or for a stroll outdoors. At this point, non-essential necessities, such as exquisite food, new cloths, or advanced technologies, weren't occupying the Freebies, for obvious reasons.

One of the research Freebies has reported that so far, approximately every third civilian had already joined some Freebie – each

according to their will and heart-desire. Some contributed one hour per day, some two, and for some, well, you had to force them to put down their pitchfork and take a break.

The Freebies established no prior conditions for using their product, and so, any alien consideration was eradicated – each person chose in which Freebie to operate only according to what they truly liked doing. Those who's thirst was saturated while watering plants, watered them. Those who used to strain your muscles at the gym, carried boxes. And those who had no damn clue as to what they liked – in many cases it's an acquired taste – well they tried their luck in different Freebies, until finding a craft that fed their soul.

All members of the Freebies offered their skills; they even trained the bored landlords, who didn't know how to do anything besides depositing cheques.

Artist Freebies filled the streets – painters, musicians, poets, actors – and their melodies replaced the sawing sound of car engines. The streets gave birth to new forms of art.

The artists, who's empty stomachs left space for the art to go inside, couldn't find a good-enough-reason to commercialize their art. And the hungrier they were, so their art satisfied. The famous artists had locked themselves within the safety of their homes, for fear of damaging their property, whereas the anonymous artists, the hungry ones, played the songs of the famous ones, which were written in their days of hunger.

And love, people made love; on the streets, at sea, with neighbors.

Naturally, friendships were made within the Freebies. A homeless volunteer had met a lonely, bored building owner, and he offered her to live in one of his apartments; youngsters formed study groups for philosophical and literary texts; couples found each other and married.

As time passed, more and more civilians, of all population strata, joined the ranks of the Freebies; and honestly, hand on heart, and even though the Freebies offered food, culture, education, infrastructure, transport, medicine, without asking anything in return,

you tell me, what do you say, wouldn't you've joined?

During the first few months, food was scarce, but it seemed like people needed less nourishment than before – the place of the physical feed was taken by the spiritual feed.

The Freebie markets operated in stores, or on sheets at the boardwalk. Besides food and hygiene products, a variety of secondhand artifacts were given, as well as art pieces, and heart to heart conversations, massages, and lectures. Cooks turned the modest crop into royal feasts and gave it for grabs; some of the steamy pots were of master chefs, some of experienced grandmothers. Tailors and sowers measured, cut, and weaved old cloths into luxury robes, as an alchemist turning lead into gold.

So, as I said, all goods and services were freely given to whoever asked for them, with no prior conditions. Some took more, some took less. Although each person was allowed to join each Freebie or enjoy its product unconditionally, an unwritten rule was quickly shaped amongst the Freebies; it was

socially unacceptable to be the owner of a property where another person resides, and to demand something in return for the right to use it.

It seemed that the root of the economic problem wasn't money after all, but ownership of land. Honestly? Before the law of abolition of money, I was an enthusiastic supporter of 'Liberty' party. However, working in the fields taught me, that perhaps this party wasn't offering liberty after all? That perhaps the land doesn't belong to us, but we belong to it?

As stated above, in the case of the lonely, bored building owner, ownership wasn't a cause to refuse a certain so and so to join one of the Freebies, nor to prevent him from its product. The only implication was those frequent dirty looks, sent to him by his Freebie companions – whisperings, at times – and the fact that oftentimes, other members of the Freebie preferred not to hang out with him. Same goes for civilians who abused the open markets, collecting excessive amounts of product into their laps. Peer pressure

motivated many to let go of their vacant property and restrain one's greed.

You might think: no way everyone just agreed to give out free stuff to people they don't know. And you're right. Not everyone's built for it. I'm somewhat ashamed to admit it, but my only son is a classic example of such a person. I have only myself to blame for it; ever since he spoke his first word (light), I taught him one thing and one thing only: you must make money.

Well, it worked. At the time of legislation, my son was a sophomore in the School of Economics. Once the faculty closed its gates, he was terribly frustrated; even when I tried to share with him my insights from working at the Freebie, he vehemently refused to do anything for a person who is doing nothing in return. It unfair and uneconomic, shouted him and many alike.

And so came to be, alongside the Freebies, The Sharies. The Sharies functioned as some sort of unions, organizations of family members, friends, and acquaintances, who only exchanged goods and services withing

their inner circle; such an arrangement suited those amongst us who've yet to realize we are all one big family. Members of a Sharie resided in different places and were occupied with various crafts; they offered the fruit of their labor only to members from the same Sharie.

My son and his companions then founded a brewery – and only members of their Sharie got to enjoy its product. An average Sharie had around ten-thousand members, a number big enough in order to form an autarky economic microcosmos. Thus, my son and his companions knew for a fact that other members of their Sharie weren't idling; perhaps they did a tiny bit more, perhaps a tiny bit less, in any case they did something, and that knowing put my son's mind to rest, even though it wasn't possible to measure who exactly did what, by some random abstract numeric index.

A year after the legislation, two out of three civilians were members of at least one Freebie. A significant portion of the other third belonged to some Sharie. Thanks to the

immense manpower invested in a small number of domains, there had been created unprecedented abundance of food, culture, public transport.

New technologies were developed as well, but those technologies always served the human-beings who created them instead of vice versa.

Hence, even if each and every one of the third of civilians, who, for one whole year, hasn't dedicated even one lousy minute to some Freebie, would have done their best to eat as much as possible, to spend as much as possible, to litter as much as possible, it still wouldn't have been enough to harm the welfare of the remaining two thirds of civilians, who haven't sowed one seed and haven't carried one box, unless they chose to do it in an absolutely freely.

Who would have believed, besides perhaps the president, that thus shall unfold the future? Then again, is it truly that unbelievable, is such a world only reserved for fairytales?

Many Freebies of philosophy and religion had preoccupied themselves with these questions and such. For example, the sole objective of one entire research Freebie was to determine – whether there are, evidently, some principles in the nature of a person, which interest him in the fortune of others, and render their happiness necessary to him, though he derives nothing from it, except the pleasure of seeing it, or whether that very person intends only his own gain, and he is, in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was not part of his intention.

Upside Down*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

Tom opened her eyes and almost threw-up. She was upside down.

She looked down at her room – the bed, the dresser, Mr. Sweetie, the whale poster – everything was in place. Only she, who was supposed to wake up in the exact same bed as Mr. Sweetie and the white sheets, was glued to the ceiling.

Tom wanted to try and stand, but she was afraid that she'd fall down to the floor. She decided to crawl first, until she was just above the mattress; It was the responsible thing to do. She tried to get up, and immediately got dizzy and threw up on the white sheets. Fortunately, Mr. Sweetie seemed to escape unscathed. After several failed attempts, she managed to stand with both feet on the ceiling, like a chandelier, her head hanging

just about the height of the whale, which leaped downwards from the water.

She walked back and forth, again and again on the ceiling, and pretty quickly got used to her new state – walking upside down is very similar to walking normally. The room, however, was not at all normal. The dwarf palm looked like a green snowflake, the carpet looked like a setting sun, and small dust dunes deserted the top of the closet.

Tom tried to remember what she did yesterday that might explain the upside downing, something she had eaten or drank. Or maybe it was something she *hadn't* eaten, grandma always says that if she lost a little more weight, she'd be blown in the wind like a feather. To be honest, Tom quite liked it, being the upside down. But she was already in the third grade, old enough to understand that like this, it's impossible to live a normal life.

She jumped and pushed the doorknob up, that is down, that is her up which is the normal down, jumped over the door frame, and walked on her tiptoes, so as not to disturb

the neighbors from the floor above, through the ceiling of the corridor, and into the living room.

Dad, Mom and Omer were having breakfast on the dining table, not upside down. They didn't notice that Tom had entered, and went on doing their thing; Dad drinking coffee and listening to the radio – from this angle his baldness looked like a hairy knee – Omer making shapes of his french toast, and Mom sneaking glances at him, making sure he finishes off the plate.

Tom waited for the right moment, so as not to startle them.

"The government went on a defensive attack..." the radio reported, while Dad was sipping coffee with fanfare, "Um... don't panic, but..." Dad, Mom and Omer looked to the right, then to the left, and to the right again, but couldn't find Tom.

"Up here."

Mom was the first to notice her, dangling from the ceiling like a bat. She jerked back and her coffee spilled onto the table.

"Tom! What are you doing there! Get down here right away!" scolded Dad, "but Dad..." "No buts! Under my roof we don't play these kind of games! You want to be upside down, go to another house!" "Doesn't your head hurt?" Omer asked Tom who, except for the lump of tears that started to accumulate in her throat, felt great, "but Victor.." Mom said and touched his arm, "D-O-N-'-T W-A-N-T T-O H-E-A-R I-T. Look what you did, you made your mother spill her coffee!" "..Medicine that will heal the body even before the disease..." reported the radio, "Tom, honey, you know how much we love you, only that we already talked about how you sometimes take the games and imaginations too far, remember?" Mom said, looking for a towel to wipe the coffee, "maybe go to your room until Dad calms down a bit? And when you come back, try not to be upside down, okay?" "No, it's not okay! I hate you! Hate you!"

As her tears fall to the living room floor like rain, Tom ran to the front door, jumped to the handle, and hopped over the lintel, onto the ceiling of the second floor lobby.

Upset and upside down, she could only think of one person who could help her. She climbed up the slanted ceiling above the stairs, until the first floor, stepped out onto the building's patio, jumped down onto the neighbors' porch, and stopped.

Cautiously, she approached the edge. A goldfish was jumping in her stomach. She looked down, beyond the point where the balcony ended. The sky below her looked like an ocean, and the clouds like whales. She wanted to jump and see what's in the sky, but she was old enough to know that whales don't like little girls as much as little girls like whales.

Hopping from balcony to balcony, Tom tried not to attract attention. She looked up at all the non-upside-down people on the street. Everyone looked at the sidewalk, no one noticed neither her nor the ocean with the whales.

When she reached the corner balcony, she waited until there were no people around, leaped to the thick branch of the birch tree, and climbed down the trunk to the sidewalk.

The bus stop was next to the tree, Tom reached out, the birch bent a bit, to help her reach, she grabbed the panel, crawled through the opening between the sidewalk and a poster of happy children drinking black juice, and clattered on the ceiling of the station like a dust ball.

Usually Mom or Dad drove her to Sally's house, which is downtown. Only two or three times she traveled with Mom on the bus, during the time when Dad was waiting for his new job and they didn't have a car. Tom couldn't remember what was the bus's number, but she did remember the name of the stop, because Spirulina was her favorite algae.

Two normal mothers came to the station with baby carriages, they talked about their gossiping friend, then a normal man in a suit came and talked to himself, he said that the new app will help children develop social skills. Only when he turned did Tom see that he had a pearl in his ear. A small giggle escaped her, she immediately covered her mouth with her hands but it was too late, the

mother with the orange stroller, who was always alert and ready to spot anyone around who's upside down, looked in Tom's direction.

"Little girl, it's very dangerous what you're doing there!"

The mother moved the cart away from Tom's falling range, and Tom noticed that the normal mother had turned orange like the cart.

Now, the normal man in the suit and the other normal mother glared at her, as well as other normal people who had begun to gather near the station.

"What if you fell on my baby!" "Girl, get off there, you're putting yourself in danger!" "If you don't get off, we'll call the police!"

One old man took a camera out of his pocket and started taking pictures of Tom, then another woman, and another. I wish the bus would come already, Tom thought, and dribbled further into the corner of the ceiling.

The bus stopped and opened its doors.

"Excuse me! Do you go to Spirulina?" Tom called from the ceiling of the station.

The bus driver, who had a day as long as the bus ahead of him, didn't understand where the soft voice was coming from, and had never heard of Spirulina.

"She's there!" the normal mother told the confused bus driver, he followed the mother's finger up to the ceiling of the station and saw the upside-down girl.

"Little girl, it's forbidden to get on the bus this way! It's no child's play here!" called the bus driver.

The people continued to gather above Tom, shouting and taking pictures. The driver – not the bus driver, another driver, the one who was listening to a Frank Sinatra song in a taxi that was stuck behind the bus – got out to see what the commotion was about, and saw the people gathered around the girl snailing on the station ceiling. He made his way between them, plucked the girl from the ceiling, put her in the back seat of his taxi, strapped her in so she wouldn't fall up and

ran away from the people who tried to block the taxi.

"Where are you going, young lady?" asked the driver. "I've got to get to Sally's house, in Spirulina," said Tom, her hair brushing against the roof of the cab. "You mean Sepulveda?" asked the driver, "Exactly!" "Do you know Sally's address?" The mirror so that he can keep an eye on Tom, and signal to the left. "How did you turn like that?" asked the driver. "I don't know," said Tom, "I got up in the morning and suddenly I was on the phone..."

"Special news flash," the song Play Me To The Moon stopped and was replaced by dramatic background music, tom-to-do-dum-tom-to-doo-dum, "The police have launched a manhunt for upside-down girl. The upside-down girl was last seen on the roof of the bus station next to the brick tree. The passers-by tried to help the girl but she escaped inside a getaway car. The girl is a danger to herself and the public, and the public is asked to give the police any information about the girl's whereabouts.'

The driver turned off the radio.

"It's not easy being the other way around, is it, young lady?" Tom shrugged. "Yes," said the driver, sighing, "this world is not built for people who are upside down."

The driver found the big and beautiful house easily. He picked up Tom from the back seat, and carried her to the front of the house. He carefully placed it on the porch, took out a chocolate bar from his pocket, and stuffed it in Tom's pocket.

"Just be careful not to fall into the sky, young lady."

The driver patted her on the head and drove off.

Better to enter from the back yard. Tom walked along the gutter, step by step, until she reached the back door and knocked on the glass. Sally looked out, recognized Tom's upside-down head, and opened the door.

"Salola!" cried Tom.

Their eyes were exactly the same height, just upside down.

"I had a feeling you'd come here," Sally said.

They haven't seen each other for almost a year. Salula looked more or less the same. Only her devilish hair, which once grew wild and was full and smooth like a queen's, was gathered in a tight ponytail, and her face was also a little more serious and red, but that's how it is when you grow up, it's normal.

"You're all over the news," Sally said.

Throughout the kindergarten years, Tom and Sally were inseparable, so much so that the kindergarten teacher, for logistical reasons to save time, simply called them Tomali.

Tom cried an ocean when Sally moved downtown, and they went to first grade in different schools. Mother promised to drive her to see Sally at least once a fortnight, and she made sure to do so throughout first and second grade, until one fine day, Sally's parents did not allow her to see Tom anymore. Rumor had it - Tom eavesdropped on Mom talking to another mom on the phone - that Sally had a rare disease, and her parents wouldn't let her see any of her friends while she was having treatments.

"Yes, you don't understand what happened to me, I just woke up like that on the ceiling, and.."

"It's really disgusting of you to come here," said Sally. Now, Tom noticed something else different. Metal bracelets encircled Sally's legs, from the ankles almost to the knee, and she had strange shoes.

"disgusting? Salula, what, what happened to you?'

"what happened to me?! You'll get us both in trouble like that! All the police are after you, and mom and dad told me that if you come here, call them straight away!'

"Salola, I didn't, I didn't mean.. What are these bracelets? And the shoes?" Tom felt the lump of tears build up in her throat again.

'These are not bracelets,' said Sally, 'these are lead weights and lead shoes. The doctor said that if I persevere with the treatments, every year we can lose a little weight, and by high school I won't need weights at all.'

"But Salola..."

"Don't call me that! We're not in kindergarten anymore, understand? I want to live a normal

life! I'm not ready to be upside down all my life!

"Salola..."

"Tom, you are my friend and I love you. If you don't leave now, I'm calling the police."

Tomali looked into each other's eyes for a few more seconds, and the tears flowed from Tom's eyes to the floor. She started running on the gutter, came back to the entrance porch, then jumped to the birch tree and grabbed one of the branches at the top, she continued to jump from branch to branch, and the tree reaches its top to the next tree, so that she could jump to it, and another tree, and another, until she reached a tree that was enough Far from the big and beautiful house of Salula.

Tom sat down on one of the branches, her tears streaming up, and below her the ocean with the whales. She took the chocolate bar out of her pocket and ate one cube. It was the first thing she ate all day.

A rustle was heard at the top of the tree. Tom stopped eating, but continued to cry. The rustling grew louder, and from among the

moving branches and leaves, a boy emerged. Barefoot, shirtless and with a gold earring in his ear, the boy sat next to her on the branch. He was the opposite, like her.

"It's not easy to be the opposite, isn't it?" the boy with the gold earring asked her.

"It's very, very hard," Tom cried and cried, "and go?"

"I'm not upside down," said the boy.

The crying stopped, and Tom looked at him with a confused look.

"If you want I will show you. But you'll have to trust me.'

Tom didn't know the boy with the gold earring, but he had a big smile and kind eyes.

"How did you find me?" she asked.

"First I saw you on the news, then I listened to you, when you were in a taxi, through the Frank Sinatra song."

The boy turned the gold earring inside the bow.

"After I found the big, beautiful house, I consulted the trees. Trees give great advice, that's why they're called trees.'

He held out his hand to her.

"It's simple, you just have to let go. You just have to let go."

Tom took his hand.

"Ready?" he asked, and before Tom could answer, they jumped.

The ocean with the whales came closer, Tom looked up, and saw the city shrinking and receding, she plunged into the ocean, and the whales were swimming beside her, another whale, and another whale, big whales and small whales, even whales that didn't look like whales, she kept falling until she no longer knew what was up there And what's below, really, it's hard to tell, if, for example, there were two girls, one girl is at the North Pole, and another girl is at the South Pole, and they both fall into the ocean with the whales, who falls up and who falls down, Tom continued to fly, releasing everything, until that landed a soft landing, like on a beach made of feathers. She rose, and both her feet were firmly on the forest floor.

The boy with the gold earring was next to her.

"Do you see?" he asked.

Tom followed his finger to the horizon and saw the distant city.

She was the opposite.

The buildings, roads, bridges, parks and even the sky - were all upside down.

"I'm not upside down," said the boy with the gold earring, "and neither are you." it's them They are upside down.'

Tom remembered that last night she drank spirulina juice.

"Come," he said, holding out his hand to her, "come meet the others."

The Problem

"Sit down, my boy, sit here next to me, and I'll tell you all about the times known as 'the days of the problem'.

The problem had appeared in a land far, far away, though quickly enough made its way onto our districts. Overnight, the problem had swollen to unprecedented proportions, and even gained the title: the most problematic problem ever. The problem appeared not only in the newspapers, the television sets and the billboards – even in the faces of all human beings the problem was reflected. In their eyes.

What does the problem look like, you ask, my boy?

Well, I've never seen the problem with my own eyes, nor any of my acquaintances. Not many were those who saw the problem or heard it, it had no color nor smell, in any case

it was clear to all that the problem was firm and valid. And if the problem could not be seen, it was only for it – the problem – was everywhere – just like the wind.

The problem continued to spread, becoming so common, not only in schools and cinemas and cemeteries, but also in the cracks of buildings at the corner of the street, on land, air and sea the problem was, in the white that's between the letters in the textbooks, under your nails.

People sought to escape the problem in any way possible; Some shut themselves inside their houses and sealed the windows, others tended to flee to isolated mountains. But wherever man turned, there was the problem.

The president warned again and again of the problem, a new political party called "The Hell with the Problem" was formed, a special team of problem-solving experts gathered daily to discuss the problematic nature of the problem and look for solutions, and new laws were enacted – the "problem regulations."

Schools were teaching the theory of the problem, and how problematic it is. The

teachers all gathered together in an exemplary manner, fulfilling their civic duty, instilling problem-solving skills, and telling about the problem and its twists and turns in the ears of every girl and boy. The problem was then so absolute, so all-encompassing and so problematic, that at one point the entirety of people stayed lying in their beds, hiding under their blankets, while the problem is raging in the village, in the field and in the city.

The experts found out, it was pretty fast we'll give it to them, that in order to solve the problem, one must first locate the problem. And since the problem could not be seen, it had no color nor smell, the experts soon developed, in accordance with their civic duty, a problem-detecting-device. The color of the device was light-green, and in the presence of the problem it turned lemon-green. The experts divided the total number of lemon-green devices, by the total number of light-green devices, and thus calculated the coefficient of the problem.

Indeed, this was no solution, but at least it wasn't another problem.

I was especially concerned for the well-being of my father, your grandfather. And because of my civic duty to protect him from the problem, I hurried to town and bought a closet with a cushion. I could not sit idly by, my boy, for as long as you are not part of the solution, well, you are most certainly part of the problem.

The experts had recommended the closet with a cushion, which will protect him from the problem. The closet with a cushion is not a solution either, they explained, but it rhymes with solution, and therefore is much better than anything that rhymes with problem.

Many have purchased a solution with a cushion, and nailed their elderly parents inside it, far from the reach of the problem, so that they can spend their last precious years in peace, without real exposure to the problem, thus ensuring their safety, no problems asked.

The children were then wrapped with an anti-problemial-plastic.

I'm not sure you should hear this, my boy, I'm risking the sin of corrupting the youth here, but in the midst of the days of the problem, some mentally unstable people have disputed the existence of the problem. They used tricks and twists to argue that there might not even be a problem at all, and that if there is a problem, it might not be that problematic.

The anti-problemers were treated in accordance with the 'problem regulations', and rightly so. It is crucial for every individual to know and understand that one may try solving the problem, may deepen in its problematicness, one may investigate the problem endlessly, may attack and fight the problem, but must never doubt its very existence. For since the dawn of history there has been the problem, in the beginning there was the problem, the problem is the Elohim. Yes, the problem - it is as ancient as time itself, and once created, will never go once again disappeared. At the moment the

problem ceases, man will cease as well - the problem, that's what man is. And if you don't have any problems, my boy, no problem at all, you better get up and go out and find yourself a problem, otherwise your fellow men, your good fellow men, out of pure concern for your well-being, will find a hell of a problem just for you. Yes, my boy, my dear dear boy, they will write volumes upon volumes about the problems you didn't even know you had, and all of this solely for your benefit, so that they can accept you as one of their own, as problematic as the next one.

Fortunately, in the end the genius stood up and offered a solution. And thanks to the genius the problem was solved, and everyone cheered: Hail to the genius, cheers for the solution! Hail to the solution, cheers for the genius! And overnight, the times of the most problematic problem ever had ended, with the solution to the problem. And the people went back to living their lives, just as they lived it before the problem appeared. And the problem had been completely forgotten. For the life of after the solution is the life of

before the problem, and fortunately there is a genius who, although unable to manufacture problems, is indeed able to find their solutions. And so, the problem had passed as it came, becoming a vague memory, leaving behind only a thin trail of problematic wind.

Back then, people still didn't know, that the problem was so problematic, that even before it was solved, it began producing, on its own, additional problems. A problem that produces problems, there's a real problem for ya! And rest assured, beloved son, that even if few were the ones who saw the problem, it had no color nor smell, rest assured that for every fortunate lucky billions who escaped the horror of the problem, appeared in the newspapers, the television sets and the billboards numerous horrific evidence of the waves hit by the problem and its backlash.

Yes my boy, back then, the people had not yet realized, that the problem is here to stay.

Ten years have passed since the problem arose in that far, far away land. By the time my father, your grandfather, had passed away, he was already lying in his closet with a

cushion. The burial was conducted, therefore, easily and without problems, after the cemetery had been scanned by problem-detecting-devices and the problem coefficient was calculated properly.

And you, my boy, who had to spend your childhood in the shadow of the problem, whose most beautiful years were tarnished by that very same problematic and damned problem, remember that your parents did their best in order to find the solution and spread it widely and ignite it like a torch, and fulfilled their civic duty, and know that you have no one to blame other than that very damned problem. Can you feel the problem, my boy? Under the skin you can feel it, in your tendons it incubates, in your bones?

And sometimes late at night, a strange thought comes to my head. And I pray that my father would not have lived his last years in a closet, and you - your first years you wouldn't have lived in plastic, but then I remind myself that praying, especially regarding an event that happened in the past

and of which we had no control over, is an irrational act.

And so, with the finding of the solution, despite of it being a temporary solution, which like anything that's temporary, the body for example, has an expiration date, the problem on the other hand is eternal, like for example the soul, anyway with the finding of the solution the people had returned to the schools and cinemas and cemeteries, returned to the air and land and sea, until the evening. And upon evening, the people gathered in their houses, sat down in front of their screens, pressed the red button on their remotes, and awaited patiently until the next problem was announced."

Conspiracy*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

The news flash opened with the headline: All conspiracy theories turned out to be true.

The serious broadcaster, Tsipurit Cohen, spoke fluently while in the background shots of the camera alternated with mesmerizing speed - close-up, medium-shot, close-up, long-shot, close-up, close-up, and God forbid. The set on which they staged the landing on the moon, American soldiers scratch the alien in Roswell, a CIA agent. Shaking hands with Osama bin Laden.

The studio was hosted by Professor Shilmoli, who set out on a journey around the world to prove that it is round. He started in California and moved east, parallel to the border with Mexico, to Florida, crossed the Atlantic Ocean on a ferry to Lisbon, hitchhiked to Moscow and boarded the Trans-Siberian, went down through Mongolia on a yak to Beijing and

from there took another ferry, he expected that after Japan he would arrive To Hawaii and then back to California, but in the middle of the Pacific Ocean his boat ran into a six foot high barbed wire fence with nothing behind it. The camera photographed the fence, but could not photograph anything.

Tony couldn't believe a word that came out of her mouth. He got up from the folding chair, got into his trailer and scribbled some thoughts on a piece of paper. Then he didn't put the page in the fridge, because he knew they weren't looking. He only opened the fridge to finish yesterday's mac and cheese, and his belly spilled out of his tight white t-shirt as he ate.

"Martha! Martha!" Tony called, but she didn't hear him, so he had to carry himself to the house.

Their house was quite big, in fact they were very rich. Tony didn't imagine, when he bought the remote plot in Northern California in the early nineties, that one day he would be paid a fortune to grow hashish

there. In any case, for most of the day he preferred to be alone in the trailer.

"Martha!" he called from the living room and turned on the television. Tziporit Cohen interviewed all members of the Illuminati in turn.

"Martha! Where is this woman when you need her... Martha!"

The television played an ominous jingle: "Tonight on the main edition, an interview with the aliens who planted life on Earth."

"Martha!!!!"

"Martha, Martha, I heard you when you shouted from the trailer!" Martha shouted from above, as the soap opera cut to commercials.

"You don't understand, the news says there are aliens, but I know they're lying..."

"what?? I can't hear you!"

"The news says there are aliens!"

"The aliens can kiss my ass, maybe tell me when you're going to throw this piece of junk out of the garage?"

"You're talking to me about a lawnmower, I'm telling you there are no aliens!"

"Her name is cut on the aliens..." Martha shouted and went into the bathroom.

Tony walked towards the garage, because what could he do, he loved this creature, who chain smokes in front of soap operas and has already taken the form of an armchair. They married in days of happiness and poverty and in health and sickness. Martha has long since become a part of his body. One could make it difficult and ask what it means, what does it mean that Tony loves Martha, but asking what it means that Tony loves Martha is like asking what it means that Tony loves his elbow.

He loaded the mower onto the van and started driving.

Everything was suspiciously normal. Vehicles drove on the road, mainly trucks. A bus screeched to a stop at the station, and two boys got on it. Stewart waved him goodbye at the entrance to the dump, and smiled. As Tony unloads the lawnmower, two more pickup trucks arrive to clear debris, the drivers beeping at each other. What about the Lakers, one said to the other, they're worth

nothing without Kobe, the scraps, how's the Old Ball and Chain, getting fat and watching TV.

Has everyone gone crazy?

Tony gets into the van. The gas light flashed, and he stopped at a Duke station. The small television in the small shop was on, Tziporit Cohen just moved her lips and under it a title: The interview with the creative aliens, while 02:34:22, 02:34:21, 02:34:20, 02:34:19, 02:34:18...

"What's shaking, Ton?" Duke asked his old friend.

"Watts Shaking, I'll tell you Watts Shaking Duke, there are aliens, that's what Shaking is..."

"Oh, yes," Duke laughed, "I saw. Who would have believed, eh?"

"who would believe? Duke, how can you not be shocked?"

"shocked? Ha! do not make me laugh. Birdy Cohen would have to find something much more interesting than a few green gnomes inside a Frisbee to shock me.'

"And what about the Illuminati?" Tony asked, paying for the gas and a bag of chips.

"The Illuminati?" asked Duke.

"Yes, some billionaires who want to run the world according to what they think is right."

"Well, what's new?"

"No, no, they say a small group of people get together and plot money and power," Tony said.

"Good morning Elijah! If you'd like to get to know such a group in person, come hear my son-in-law and his friends talk about the app they're developing."

"Duke, I don't understand, it doesn't bother you that they run our world? "

"Let me tell you something, Ton. Do you see this TV? And that table with the two chairs, and the napkins on it, and that peeling counter, and that pump that's attached to your van? This is my world. And I love him, and I don't see any Illuminati in him. This world has only one manager, and his name is Duke."

Duke folded the bills and put them in his shirt pocket.

"The world is round, Duke, the world is round!" Tony said as he left the store.

"Round, flat, from my side it will be in the shape of eggs!" yelled Duke just as the door was closing.

Tony got into the van, gripped the steering wheel with both hands, and looked ahead towards the mountains.

Fuck it, he told himself and hit the gas. I'll show them what it is. The van sped up, and Tony headed down towards Route One. He didn't even look at the surges curling and crashing against the mighty cliffs. All the way he ran through his mind arguments that he would use, then potential counter-arguments, and answers to these arguments.

Also in LA. Everything was normal; The same advertisements, the same jeeps. Except for some crazy people who stood at the intersections and shouted that the world is round, everything was the same. When Tony burst into the news studio, the interview was in full swing.

"You!" Tony shouted and approached the alien, "Take off the mask!"

He started tugging at the alien by the hair, who by the way was not a dwarf or green at all, more than anything he resembled Immanuel Kant.

"You didn't make us!" Tony slapped the alien.

Tsiprit Cohen calmed down the angry viewer. She spotted an opportunity - after so many years in the industry she has an eye for ratings potential - and suggested he join the panel.

Tony sat down.

"Show your true face! You didn't make me!"

Tony said.

"Don't talk nonsense, Adam," said the alien, "with your limited mind, you can't know anything about who made you. Your intelligence has a limit."

"Who are you anyway?? How do you know what limit my intelligence has?!" Tony was annoyed.

"I know because I drew it," said the alien.

"I'm interested in what you drew, Tony replied, no creature in this world can tell me what I can know and what I can't know."

'I can say that, man, because I've proven it. It is very simple, you can only know what you perceive with your senses. You see me, and you conclude that I created you. Everything else is a matter of faith,' the alien said, sipping his coffee.

"Look look, he proved it! What is proof anyway? What did you prove? According to your senses? By logic? Do you believe them? Is this not faith? I know you didn't make me, even though I don't have a rational explanation for it."

"A stupid person, doubts logic and senses. You should accept the fact that I am the one who made you, and go back to living your small, meaningless life, except for the meaning you give it, of course.'

"Yeah, if that's the case, if you made me, then who made you?" Tony asked.

"I don't know and can't know," said the alien.

"But maybe an alien will come to you tomorrow and tell you that he is the one who created you?" Tony asked, and the alien replied:

"There is no such thing as aliens."

"Aaaahhhhhhhhhhh." Tony thought he was going to explode. He left the studio and slammed the door.

"Hey, you, wait a minute."

The broadcaster went to commercials, and Tsipurit Cohen ran after Tony out of the studio. She got him in the parking lot.

"Why are you so angry with us?" Bird asked.

"Why?? let's see. You lied to us for years about the fact that the world is round, and that the universe is expanding in some nothingness. Now you are lying to us about the world being flat. You make millions from ads for Xanax and hamburgers, and every night you just tell everyone how bad and dangerous this world is. So yes, I'm mad at you, and no, I don't believe a single word that comes out of your mouth. Is it so far-fetched?"

"I guess we didn't give you a good reason to trust us..." said Birdie and scratched her head.

"To say the least," Tony said, "do you think you're doing something good, that every night at eight, millions of people sit down in

front of a screen and watch you report on disasters with a serious face?"

"Good?" Bird asked, "Who decides what is good? You heard what the creator said. Our consciousness is limited, we cannot distinguish between good and bad. Everyone has their own good.."

Tony opened the van door.

"Okay, okay, look," said Birdie and grabbed the door of the van, "I apologize for what happened until now, and to prove to you that you can now trust me, I want you to see me for real, without severe disapproval, without make-up, the way I am."

Tony's heart softened. He regretted judging Tzivorit so harshly. Still, she's only human.

Bird Cohen grabbed her chin, pulled her face back, her body turned into a rubber costume and fell to the floor, and out of it came a giant man-eating grasshopper the size of an elephant.

"I hope we can turn over a new leaf," said the giant elephant-sized man-eating locust, and Tony walked away.

*

The water was still, like a lake. Not a single cloud was visible in the carpet of the clear sky. Tony and Martha sailed gently in the Pacific Ocean, like swimming in a bathtub on a paper boat.

The sail rocked a little when it hit her.

"Make me a ladder," Tony said.

Martha sighed and bent down.

Tony placed his boot between her clasped hands.

He lifted one leg, then the other, and jumped over the fence.

Nothing To Worry About*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

She went down carefully. The rickety metal stairs made a creaking sound, in the narrow and dim passage leading to the basement. With hesitant steps, which match the hesitant soul, after all the body is merely a mirror of the soul, she reached the heavy door and knocked three times.

"Who's there?" called a woman's voice from inside the room.

"Umm... it's me, I have an appointment at three o'clock..." Etti replied.

The door opened, and the smell of moss hit her. In the center of the room stood a worn dentist's bed; The yellow sponge wants to escape from the greenish skin cover, like a prisoner from a dungeon. On a shelf beside the bed rested a pile of needles.

"Come on in," said the woman who opened the door.

Just now Eti looked at her for the first time, and for a moment she was frightened. Spider-miners covered her face (the spider was on the right cheek). Inscriptions in Latin and Hebrew decorated her neck, and on her stomach a colorful toucan spread its wings. There were trees, for example fig and cypress on the calves, and faces on the thigh, some of them familiar, such as Maimonides, Hippocrates and the Christian Jesus, works by Hilma Af Clint and Frida Kahlo on the arms, symbols, numbers, the sky. If this is what the outside looks like, thought Eti, what does the inside look like?

"Welcome to fucking Buckingham Palace," the woman said as she rolled a cigarette, "what did you say your name was?"

"I'm here, and you?"

"The customers know me as Frank. Please, you can lie here.'

Frank took two puffs, just to feel the burning in his throat, extinguished the cigarette,

washed his hands, grabbed one of the needles and cleaned it with a cloth.

"Roll up your sleeve. "Right or left side?" asked Frank.

"Left," replied Eti and rolled up her left sleeve. Frank measured the arm, marking a point about two inches below the shoulder.

Frank got her first tattoo at the age of eleven, after all, the body is just a disposable tool of the soul, used and thrown away. It was a seahorse, behind the ear.

"What do you do for a living?" she asked.

"I'm a teacher," Etty said, and a thin smile caught her face, "a first grade teacher. Tomorrow is a graduation ceremony for my children.'

"I could never work with children," Frank said, "Look, there's usually a bit of purple at the edges, so if that's okay, I'll add some shades."

"Trust you," Etty said, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath.

"Do you still think there are people you can trust in this world?" muttered Frank, doubt after doubt to herself, and I just giggled uncomfortably.

The first time the needle touched Etty's shoulder, her body jumped. Another bit his lips, while the needle inscribes the ink inside the arm, as if right under the skin.

"I never thought I'd get a tattoo," Etty said, distracting herself from the pain.

"And I didn't think that four years at the art academy would end in a musty basement," Ratna Frank, who had long since learned that this gap between thought and reality, is a place you can't live in for too long, and one of the two, either thought or reality, must change.

"Ah!" The needle touched a sensitive point in the center of the shoulder.

"Sorry," Frank said.

"It's OK. What did you want to do?"

"I wanted to be a curator in a museum, to be surrounded by the great works of history, and while also painting myself, the rivers and the green and the stars, to capture a little piece of the eternal divine grace in a golden cage of oil and fabric," Frank put the needle down for a moment and looked at the gray concrete wall of the basement.

"It will happen," Etty said, and Frank wondered where that place was, where hope comes from, the one that doesn't depend at all on life's circumstances, however green they may be, and whether they would let her in there.

"So tomorrow your children finish first grade?"

Eti nodded and smiled proudly.

"So what's the secret, how do you manage to deal with thirty little devils running between your legs all day?"

Etty laughed, then thought for a moment.

"I think the key is to remember that there are no good kids and bad kids. that they are all thirsty to learn, and most children, especially in first grade, only know how to learn the hard way," Etty paused for a moment, "I would even say that the bad kids... thanks to them, the good ones can be good. So they're actually good too, aren't they?"

"We're done," Frank said and got up to wash the needle, "looks like a first grader's drawing." Etty looked at the cloudy mirror in the corner of the room. The stain looks completely

natural. Now she noticed for the first time that there was a door behind the mirror, and behind it a mattress, a blanket, and some blank canvases.

"Thanks a lot, Frank," Etty said.

"Anna. My name is Anna," said Anna, "I hope they will let you see your children."

"Me too," Etty said, walking towards the door.

"Eventually it will be over," she said, "eventually they'll let you work in the museum."

Anna was silent.

"You know," Etty said before she left, "they're all children, they were all and remain children."

Anna leaned towards Eti, and Eti hugged her, like she hugged each of her children at the end of each school day.

*

The next day I came to the graduation ceremony.

The line moved towards the door, above which was a large sign: '1st grade graduation

ceremony'. Please roll up your sleeves, for the sake of public health'.

Etty looked at the sign like a sleepwalker, looking for the hope, somewhere in the white between the letters.

"Hello ma'am, sleeve please," said the public health officer.

Etty rolled up her sleeve and revealed the green patch, with oval shades at its ends.

The public health officer took out a magnifying glass and brought it up to the green spot.

Etty pulled her arm like a girl touched by fire.

"Excuse me, what are you doing?" she said, noticing that her voice was shrill.

"I'm checking the hole," said the officer.

"What the hell hole are you checking?"

"Ma'am, the green spot appears as a reaction to the disinfectant. Recently there have been many cases of citizens trying to fake the green spot, through a tattoo. The new instructions from the superiors require that the original hole punched in the center of the green spot be also checked, in order to make sure that the disinfectant was injected

correctly and on time. Here, it says here,' the public health officer pointed to the sign, and I saw for the first time the small letters at the bottom.

"As long as you followed the instructions, you have nothing to worry about," said the officer. Etty moved closer to read the fine print, and the officer rolled up her sleeve and brought the magnifying glass closer.

'Madam, you don't have a hole in the center of the stain. reinforcement! reinforcement! Madam, please do not move, for your safety and for the safety of those around you.'

Eti began to breathe heavily, she felt that her lungs are shrinking. She tried to walk away, but the officer blocked her way.

"Why are you doing this?" Ethi asked, as her body began to shake.

"These are the orders from the superiors," said the public health officer, looking for reinforcements on the horizon.

"Who the hell are these superiors?" Eti shouted.

"The superiors are the ones who listen to them," said the officer.

"But why, why are you listening to them?" The tears stood in Etty's throat.

"I listen to them because they are the superiors," said the officer. "Oh, there you are! Please take her."

The three officers lured Eti by the arms, from the right and from the left. A sharp pain burned where Anna had tattooed the green spot.

"Don't touch me! Leave me alone!" Eti screamed as the officers dragged her, away from the public, for his health. The public health officer, and the others standing in line for the first grade graduation ceremony, watched the dangerous woman being taken away, and in the blink of an eye felt a piercing pinch in their heart, but quickly remembered that this was one of the side effects that appeared in the leaflet of the disinfectant.

Finally the drama was over, and now the line could move forward properly. The public health officer came back and took the magnifying glass out of his pocket.

"Sir, ma'am, may you please roll up your sleeves?"

David and Goliath*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

David is the new kid in kindergarten. His parents transferred him after all the children were taken care of in the previous kindergarten. And also in the previous-previous kindergarten. And also in the first-first-first garden.

Why do we always take care of him? David probably never asked himself. After all, he is only three years old. Maybe it's because of his golden curls, which fall over his shoulders like a cloak. Maybe it's because he didn't come over to play with the other kids, and stayed to play in the corner with the toys he brought from home. Maybe it's because he brags that the kindergarten teacher likes him the most, or because he always has candy in his pockets.

Once, in the previous kindergarten, David convinced all the children that he would keep the candy for them, in exchange for one

candy a week. The children were happy that someone was guarding the candy for them, so happy that they didn't notice that they were giving David more candy than they stole from him earlier. Anyway. David earned what he earned honestly, and swore to himself: this time no bully will treat me.

Goliath is not the smartest kid in kindergarten. Not the prettiest either. He is big and clumsy, and his armpit hair has already started. He takes care of many children and beats them. It's just because he wants them to play with him, but the other kids don't know that and just cry. He also beats his younger brothers, and girls. Once the kindergarten teacher even saw him sitting on the side and beating himself. If the kindergarten teacher watches over him, he won't take care of anyone, but what to do, the kindergarten teacher can't be in several places at the same time.

The day David arrived at the garden, Goliath immediately began to bully him. Goliath told the kindergarten teacher that David stole his place in the yard, and David said that he

didn't steal anything because he was already in this kindergarten when he was one year old, and left because he was taken care of, and now he's back after being in all the kindergartens in the city and look what the kindergarten teacher is doing to me. The kindergarten teacher just told them that there was enough room for everyone and that they would learn to get along.

After Goliath left, David pulled the kindergartener by the shirt and asked her, the kindergartener, is it true that you love me the most? The kindergarten teacher didn't know what was going on with the child, feelings of inferiority, something from home, she tried to explain to him, the kindergarten teacher's love is like a mother's love, the more children there is, the more love there is, there is no need to divide, there is enough of that for everyone. But David knew she was just saying and she loves him more than Goliath. He returned to the yard and Goliath beat him, sometimes because he saw him flirting with the kindergarten teacher or because his uncle

teased him or took sweets from him, and sometimes he just felt like hitting someone.

Already after the first day in kindergarten, David came back with a blow on the shoulder, a flashlight in his eye and a lot of sweets. He sat at home thinking what to do. Finally he took two sticks, put them together and stuck a rubber band in the middle. He prepared some stones in his pants pocket and went to sleep.

The next day, when Goliath saw David, he started running towards him, David directly stuck one in his kneecap and Goliath fell flat on the sandbox. Goliath still had time to get up and knock him in the head, at the end of the day they both finished in the emergency room.

In the days after David had already learned, one stone in each pika and one in the eggs and Goliath would not even be enough to reach him. He could have stuck one between his eyes and ended the story, but they both know that if David kills Goliath, the kindergarten teacher will no longer love him. Goliath continued to threaten David that

when he caught him he would smash his skull on a rock.

The kindergarten teacher sat all the children in a circle, and said that now we will learn how to resolve disputes in a democratic kindergarten. Do you know what a democratic garden is, children? Follow me back, D-M-W-K-R-T-Y. Democracy is like magic that solves all the problems between people. In a democracy, I ask a question, and you decide whether to vote for or against, because you are the sovereign. So children, which of you thinks, or thinks, that David and Goliath should make up? Those who think, or think, yes, raise your hand. Three kids raised their hand, three kids didn't, two sucked on a lollipop and four pooped their pants. The kindergarten teacher said that David and Goliath are like brothers who love each other very much. David understood that the kindergarten teacher would not help him this time and that he had to manage on his own.

Fast forward a few weeks, David has an elaborate rocket system. It's enough for

Goliath to move a millimeter from his corner, straight away he gets two to the knee and one to the balls. Goliath tried to throw some sand at David from his corner, but the sophisticated system also knows how to intercept sand. Goliath started to cry, he stayed in kindergarten five times in a row, and this way he will never go up to first grade. David knew that these were crocodile tears.

David began to market the Rogatek system in all the kindergartens in the city, sometimes to children who take care of them, sometimes to bullies, it all depends on who has more candy. The kindergarten teacher started to warn David, maybe he is exaggerating, but David always says that it is Goliath's fault, and that Goliath said that when he catches him, he will make orange pulp out of it and decorate Geflite Fish with it.

Either way, neither David nor Goliath is going anywhere, and neither is the gardener. The whole story may seem very childish to you, but that's how it is when it comes to sweets.

Liciens

God went into quarantine.

He caught the virus during Yuval Noah Harari's lecture on prehistoric lice, in spite of being vaccinated. Did you know that the Homosapiens used to pull the same lice off their descendants as the lice we have today? Anyway, when you are God, you don't need a test to know you are infected. From God's point of view, the nurse, the nose and the stick are one, you are the nose, you are the stick, you are the two stripes.

Fourteen days without God is quite a bit. He could have avoided isolation, he has connections in the Ministry of Health, he and minister Litzman are this close, but precisely in his position, all eyes are on him, and besides, as CEO he should serve as an example. Truth be told, the isolation came in handy. A little vacation will not hurt him.

When he arrived to put his annual note at the Western Wall, the police did not let Tzachi approach. Damn. Tzachi was building on this

note. Since the first note he placed at the bar mitzvah, every wish and wish has come true for him. This was not a coincidence, as for everything, there was a very specific reason for it. Tzachi did not know why the wishes came true for him, only God knew, well, unlike his friends, for whom no wish was ever fulfilled, Tzachi never asked to win the lottery, to be taller or to fuck a lot. He preferred not to burden God with too fundamental changes in the plan, he already has a lot on his mind, so he asked only for small wishes, and never for himself. Ten years ago he asked Maayan to be strong at the time of the divorce, three years ago, that Shira would reduce to a maximum of three cigarettes a day, and last year, that Uncle Reuven would get a mortgage approval from the bank. But the wish in the current note was greater.

There is no passage, the policeman told Tzachi, and explained, the Western Wall is within a hundred meters of the Temple Mount, and with the exception of Walt's delivery guys, no one is allowed to enter, I do not invent the rules. It's a really urgent note, Tzachi told the policeman, but every hour

tens of thousands of people gathered around the Western Wall, and everyone's note was urgent.

A convoy of hundreds of turquoise scooters trailed from the entrance to the Western Wall to French Hill, carrying victims of sashimi, carpaccio sirloin and pad-ka-pao. One of the apostles, the one with the soy hamburger - God is trying to reduce some animal products - told God about the tens of thousands of believers waiting outside the Western Wall. In order not to violate isolation, thank God there is technology, God agreed to give a chance to work from home, he sent a link for zoom wishes, Tzachi was first in line, but as soon as he entered the link, a bright white quantum light filled his smartphone screen, and millions of shards flew all over, as in the big bang.

Outside the Western Wall, a million people have already gathered, carrying notes in their hands and demanding God. We don't care, he could infect us in Corona, they cried, but only that he would return. When they realized that God did not intend to violate isolation, he adhered to the rules he himself had set, the

masses began to read unanimously, if not God, bring us the devil!

Ashmadai, this bastard, was happy to take the opportunity, to immigrate to the surface and carry out his plot, but fortunately, he too was in Yuval Noah Harari's lecture on lice, sitting in a chair next to God, and was stuck in isolation, not far from the Temple Mount, in Guy Ben -Henum. Even if Ashmedai was a breaker of isolation, Tzachi did not intend to ask him for anything, when it comes to deals with the devil it always ends badly, he will find a way to pass the note to God.

Well, cried the mob, now numbering ten million souls, of all religions and of all races, if not God, and not Satan, then bring us Yuval Noah Harari!

After expedited negotiations with the mob over the conditions, Itzik Yahav, Yuval's lover and personal manager, willingly agreed to the request. The conference in Davos has just ended, although Yuval Noah Harari spoke there after Angela Merkel, but replacing God is not an opportunity that comes every day.

Finally, Yuval Noah Harari thought. He took the wallet out of his pocket, pulled out the yellowing, crumbling note that had been

waiting there since the bar mitzvah, and looked at it. Then boarded a private plane and reached the Western Wall. When he stood in the center of the stage, there were already one hundred million people around the old city wall. Yuval Noah Harari grabbed the microphone, raised his hand and read:

"God is dead!"

Tzachi hid in a notch in the wall and held the note close to his heart, while a hundred million people roared, scratching their faces to the point of bloodshed and fucking in groups. You're lying, Tzachi thought, God is not dead, he just takes a short break and comes back. He tried to sneak into the Western Wall through the bushes, but the policeman noticed him and blocked the road, because he did not invent the rules. If only he had a turquoise shirt, Tzachi would slice a Walt scooter and bring God the note along with carbonara.

And Yuval Noah Harari said: 'Monks! The story is over, reality begins! Give me the gold!

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And the millions refused to hand over the gold, and Yuval Noah Harari called out: "Then, monks, give me the plastic!"

And they will collect from the millions the plastic packages of Walt, black or transparent, perishable and of sauces, and will give to Yuval Noah Harari, and Yuval Noah Harari will give the plastic, and make them a monkey, twenty amma wide and eighty ama high.

And Yuval Noah Harari said: "God is dead, but the monkey is alive!"

Zachi looked at the gigantic plastic monkey, standing in the center of the stage behind Yuval Noah Harari, while the hundred-millions approach the monkey and tuck their notes between the bumps on his skin.

It's a very bad idea to replace God with a monkey, Zachi thought, and with Yuval Noah Harari as well, true, God made some mistakes, but no one is perfect, all the laws of sacrifice, also wiping out the entire people of Amalek, and this thing with cutting the newborn's whinner and let the Rebbe suck the blood out, not cool, but why throw the baby away with the Rebbe, and yeah he also erred with the ban on male intercourse, perhaps God is also a bit gay and only he knows how excruciating it is until coming out

of the closet, but Yuval don't take it personally, look here there's a pride parade in Tel-Aviv and even in Texas it's already allowed to get married, there's still a long way to go but all-in-all he's not so bad the Lord, it takes him a while but in the end he learns.

And Yuval Noah Harari said: "Listen, because the monkey has spoken to me!"

And Yuval Noah Harari engraved on the tablets the gospel according to Yuval Noah Harari:

'In the beginning, the particle randomly created time and space. And the particle was infinitally compressed and infinitally hot, and it shall be formed out of nothing, out of the great nothingness. And the plasma shall form and spread in the chaos, and the great nothingness spirit shall hover over the abyss.

Let there be physics.

And the particle shall split randomly and crystallize and there shall be a random light within the great nothingness.

Let there will be chemistry.

And the particle shall randomly come to life, and shall spawn the seas and the earth and the fowl of the air.

Let there be biology.

And the particle shall seek to survive and shall battle against itself randomly and shall make him a monkey. And the random mutation shall come and blow the word in the monkey and make it alive. And the monkey shall create the Homosapiens in its image, male and female it created them.

Let there be history.

And the particle saw all that it had done and said that it was good and said and what slim were the odds. And the particle shall make an iron and plastic machine and sat down from all his work which it had done.'

And Yuval Noah Harari blessed, blessed is the monkey who distinguishes between story and reality.

And the crowds roared: 'Long live reality! Long live reality!'

Yuval Noah Harari pulled the crumbling note out of his pocket. Instantly, the hundred-million monks had vanished, and Yuval was thirteen again. For months and months he practiced the Parsha and the Haftarah, Marcha Tefaha, Marcha Suf Pasuk, he invited the whole class to his Aliyah

La'Torah ceremony but no one showed up, after the tears had stopped and his eyes already hurt, he tore a piece of Book of Numbers and wrote: *I wish I would never suffer ever again.*

The giant plastic monkey was already covered with ninety-nine million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine notes, and Yuval Noah Harari put the one hundred-millionth note on the top of the monkey's head.

Zachi unfolded his own note and read it in his heart. He debated a lot about this note, in such things he doesn't know whether it's good to intervene, but his brother and his husband waited so long for surrogacy, they tried everything but the doctors simply couldn't do anything for the girl, she lies alone in Schneider hospital and even visiting her is forbidden - her too, like God, is in quarantine - eventually he decided to write it and there you go the Western Wall is closed, in any case there is no chance that he's placing this note inside a monkey.

Zachi read it again, this time not in his heart but with a whisper: *I wish they'd take Daria's tumor out.*

And Yuval Noah Harari closed his eyes for forty minutes, and the monkey spoke to him, and Yuval Noah Harari went down to the people and said to them, and the monkey spoke all these things to me to say:

'I am the electron the source of all there is, that has taken you from story to reality; You shall have no other source besides the electron. Make a statue and a picture of the electron, because the electron is invisible. Infer the existence of the electron from the spin, infer the existence of the spin from the electron. You shall not make temples, you shall not bow down to them or worship them. Make universities and offices; You shall not carry a story name in vain; Remember the working day for its holiness, maximize your profits and improve your technologies, for it is for fourteen billion years that the particle made the sky and the earth, the sea and all that is in them, and it shall fight against itself to survive and shall rest peacefully and shall work in front of the screen;

Respect your monkey father and perform
experiments on him to prolong your days;
You shall not imagine;
You shall not pray;
You shall not believe;
You shall not answer your neighbor a witness
story;
You shall not covet the spot after Angela
Merkel at the conference in Davos "

And the people blessed Baruch the monkey
who distinguishes between the story and
reality, and they asked to know how to
distinguish between story and reality, just as
Yuval Noah Harari, the man who raised us
from the illusions of the story, did.

Zachi raised his hand, which was still holding
the note, to ask a question, but Yuval Noah
Harari didn't notice.

And Yuval Noah Harari said:

"In order to distinguish between a story and
reality, you have to sit with your eyes closed
according to the tradition of Siji O-Ba-Kin as
taught by S.N. Guanka also known as Guankji.
This is the meditation taught by the perfect

one, born twenty-five hundred years ago to the king of the Shakya tribe, and after sitting under a tree, gained complete enlightenment and saw all its previous incarnations and expansion and contraction of the universes, discovered that to exist means to suffer, and that there is no purpose for existence besides the ending of the chain of births and deaths and abolishment of suffering. To see this too you must sit with your eyes closed only according to the tradition of Siji O-ba-kin as taught by S.N. Guanka also known as Guankji.' Silence spread among the masses, who did not fully comprehend Yuval Noah Harari, and Zachary took advantage of the opportunity. "Sounds like a story to me!" He shouted.

And Yuval Noah Harari heard his shout and said, "What do you mean, monk?" And sent him some Meta.

"All these things you present as if they were some absolute objective truth, all these abstract concepts of infinite density and infinite heat and suffering and enlightenment and electron that you can't even define, to me they sound just like another story, and in fact a much less interesting story than the previous one!"

And the masses silenced and they pondered on the words of Zachi and thought for themselves and their heads ached and they got confused.

"You're confusing us!" Cried one, who was standing next to Zachi, towards Yuval Noah Harari.

"Yeah, what you're saying is a story or a reality?" Cried another.

"Am I confusing you?" Yuval Noah Harari asked at the microphone, "Well, that's because ..."

Yuval Noah Harari took off his glasses, placed them on the monkey's eyes, put on a colorful suit and started singing:

"Hello dear boys and dearest girls
I am Confused Yuval
All day long I talk nonsense
Not on purpose at all"

The roars in the audience stopped and were replaced by whispering.

"Tell us who you are! Are you Yuval Noah Harari or Confused Yuval?"

Yuval Noah Harari had a difficult time seeing without his glasses. He searched for a chair and couldn't find one, so he sat down in lotus sitting under the monkey, closed his eyes, and whispered into the microphone:

"I am part of that same force, often misunderstood, that forever does only evil, and forever wants only good."

Suddenly, a rustling sound was heard behind him. Yuval Noah Harari turned around but couldn't see much, only a huge block moving from side to side. The one-hundred million people began to flee for their lives as the giant plastic monkey came to life; Thanks to the glasses of Yuval Noah Harari, he went through four billion years of evolution in five minutes. The monkey looked around and began to scratch.

The masses crushed each other as they fled, Zachy hid inside the notch in the wall, Yuval Noah Harari meditated and the giant plastic monkey scratched, that was it for God, as any self-respecting scientist knows the old man doesn't play with dice, everything was written in advance on a note somewhere outside the universe however the authority was still granted, God violated quarantine, all this

nonsense of quarantine can teach you a lot but at some point it begins to lose its taste, He sent His long and transparent hand to Schneider Hospital in Petah Tikva, slipped it, like an X-ray, into the brain of little Daria and pulled out the tumor, Zachi saw all this and thought, how did he know I didn't even place the note, neither in the monkey nor the stone, he didn't know that God had never needed a wall, He had long before installed a wall in the heart of all men, the only thing that's left was to place the tumor somewhere, God, like us, is subject to the law of conservation of mass, or the law of karma, call it whatever you find fit, He put the long and transparent hand into the brain of Confused Yuval, and placed the tumor at the exact spot in which arose the random genetic mutation that turned Homosepiens from animal into animate, within an instant his consciousness became as transparent as the God's hand, Yuval Noah Harari has returned to the initial state of before the expulsion from heaven, he undressed, crouched and ran towards the Ben-Shemen forest, the curse of being human was removed, he no longer suffered.

And we didn't forget the giant plastic monkey, the monkey ran to the forest as well, his only wish was to stop scratching, Yuval Noah Harari saw him and approached, he didn't have to do anything the instincts were doing it all, he rummaged in the monkey's scalp and took out one lice, whose only wish was to escape the giant plastic monkey's head.

That's how it is, it's all synchronized together, the whole system, God doesn't discriminate, when you're God you simply can't even if you want to, you are Zachi, you are the note, you are Yuval Noah Harari, you are the quarantine, you are the suffering, you are the tumor, you are the monkey, you are the lice.

The Red*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

Gad put all the money he has in the world on the red.

He entered the casino about an hour ago, waiting for the right moment. when he feels it. When he felt it, he approached the left roulette, which had just been replaced by the dealer. The cleavage was the same cleavage, but this one was thinner and the previous one was lush. Gad prefers lean.

In his pocket were chips worth one hundred fifty thousand three hundred and four shekels. He collected all the savings he had, withdrew his pension and paid thirty percent tax, took a loan as much as the bank gave, and sold all the equipment of the studio. He even took mom's savings without telling her.

All this, and it only came to one hundred and fifty thousand or something, which at the moment is a total of twenty-seven green and red plastic discs. Pretty lame, isn't it? He is already thirty years old, you would expect him to do something by himself.

Now he is standing next to the roulette, and again waiting, for him to feel it one more time.

The house always wins. In poker it's because of the commission. The house takes a commission from every win. or from any loss. Depends on which side you look at. Anyway, it's a known scam, with the commissions. such as the government and transactions. And the government always wins.

But in the other games there is always some quirk in the rules that tilts the probability in favor of the house. In slot machines this is of course the mechanism they installed in advance, and in Krabs it is so complicated that if I start explaining you will lose interest.

In blackjack it is the fact that the player always draws before the dealer, this is what gives the house the advantage. You can count cards, and then the odds will be in your favor, fifty or so percent. But Gad is not good enough with numbers and has attention deficit disorder. Even if he wasn't afraid of the casino thugs beating him up in the back alley, he wouldn't be able to pull something like this off in life.

In roulette it is the two green zeros. The zero and the zero-zero. Thanks to them the house will always win, because the bet is always made in relation to thirty-six numbers and two colors, when in fact there are thirty-eight numbers and three colors.

And everything is written in the laws in advance, so written in the laws that they are not even written anywhere. No one tries to hide it, everything is accepted by a committee, they tell you, that's how it is, you're the ones who get screwed, and everyone just knows it and still plays the game. Because if they don't play, they will be bored, just looking at trees, say.

None of this means that everyone always loses, it just means that the house always wins. It's like having a big shark and lots of little stingrays. And he eats only some of them. Then the rest have more food for themselves. Plankton or something.

It's like that in the general economy as well, but there this analogy doesn't fit one hundred percent, because there are fish of all kinds, and a lot of sharks, and the sharks sometimes fight among themselves and sometimes work in cooperation. There is also the use of force, as if, for example, one stingray does not pay his debts, an execution will come and in the end he will end up in prison.

But with the sharks it amounts to a one-way force, while with the humans, theoretically they could band together and then be more powerful than the sharks. I'm trying to make a mental picture of some minnows grouping together and attacking a shark and I can't really see how that would work. Maybe bite him in the eye? Either way, grouping so many

stingrays together is harder than running away from sharks and hoping for the best.

The emaciated Puerto Rican dealer with the cleavage doesn't lose either. She somehow earns because she is a single mother, and with the tips she goes back to their shabby studio apartment and has a way to feed Eileen. And she has enough time left to fuck someone who reminds her of her father. not hers hers of her Eileen.

And also for the owner of the casino, who looks like a monster or at least like some villain from a movie, you can find an excuse for him too. For empathy. It started with some deprivation in childhood and ended with the soul that agreed to take on the burden of worshiping Mammon. Because someone has to do the dirty work. These are the most enlightened souls who are willing to live such a wicked life. But it already feels forced to make excuses like this from the secret teachings. chewed.

When Gad's mother was diagnosed with the rare disease, he tried to ask the government and they said it was not in the medicine basket. So he tried to ask the owner of the company he worked for (he built the recording studio just for fun, in a room in his mother's rented apartment, because it is impossible to make a living from it).

But the owner also refused in order not to set a precedent in the company.

So he collected all the money he could, without telling his mother, because she prefers to fall behind, the main thing is that he will have an inheritance. something. a few shekels He collected everything and came really close to half the cost of the treatment.

Black is such a grave color. In red there is happiness. Gad placed all the chips naturally, his hand didn't shake at all. There was a group of guys in suits betting that amount every round for two hours. and laughing.....

The metallic sound of the ball rolling inside the roulette wheel is a very specific sound.

The wheel turned, and the heart started to
beat a little.

Next to Gad stood Mazel.

Her mother has another disease.

Luck loves black. It's festive.

What Are You Barking At*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

When they started with this crazy law, I knew I had to find a solution for Peppa, and as soon as possible. She's all Chihuahua, weighs a maximum of three kilos, has never bitten anyone - barely licked - and even if she did, it wouldn't cause more damage than a mosquito bite.

And now because one Rottweiler, probably already senile, bit an old lady in the Meir garden, all dogs in the country are obliged to put on a leash. It's not enough that we moved to a smaller apartment - how can you have two rooms plus a dog with a teacher's salary - and further away from the park that Peppa loves. Now he should also be gagged with an ugly piece of plastic, as if he was a man-eater, like Hannibal Lecter?

At first I didn't screw up an account. Pepe and I went down to the dog park in Occupim together, as usual, without a leash. After two days we were caught by an inspector who reminded me of a hot dog. He said that Pepe endangers public health and gave us a fine of NIS 500. I wish I had the balls to go on like this, unrestrained, not to pay the fine. Let them be executed, there is nothing to take anyway.

After all, if all the dog owners together say fuck, don't put a leash and don't pay, what will he be able to do, this hot dog?

But for most owners it doesn't bother them at all. What are you barking at, they say, just a leash, and anyway, it's a dog, it's not aware of what's happening to it.

There is one annoying dog in the dog park. With a pink floral halter. pincherite Her owner tells how important a restraint is to keep the adults safe, and in the absence of another example, mentions the old woman from Magen-Meir. When she sees me taking the reins off Peppa, she talks about the old

woman again and asks "What if that was your mother?"

My mother is dying of cancer, I tell her, so maybe before the crackdown we'll close the refineries, and she loses interest and goes back to taking pictures of the pincher for Instagram.

Another one, with a mixed dog, I caught her debating, after seeing Pepe, whether to let her dog off the leash. She caught me picking her up, immediately regretted it and returned it.

I would go over and talk to her, but I'm a little insecure about my appearance. You probably know the cliché about dogs that resemble their owners. Want to know what I look like? Imagine a Chihuahua, only in human form. Once someone even got confused between us; She petted me, and completely ignored him.

In any case, this owner, of the dog in question, in order to let her dog off the leash, had to let go of so many perceptions and beliefs along the way, the ground would have fallen under all her understanding of human nature and the nature of the dog, so a few

more minutes with a leash, the trip was over
It's over and we get home.

I, on the other hand, am not ready to do that to him no matter what. A bond between a person and his dog is more than a family, a stranger will not understand that, if he hurts me it hurts, for better or for worse he chatters when I enter the house, when Moran left us for that path with the husky, he caressed me during the days and howled with me at nights, all the truth of this creature, and now I'm told he's bound to spend his miserable, disposable life with a bridle?

I, back in the days before the bridle, already asked myself, who authorized me, a creature like all creatures, to limit the freedom of movement of this creature with a leash, or to close it in a two-room apartment, now one room. Although I know how to teach geometry and derivatives, I am not at all sure that I understand life better than him. Just because he has a brain the size of an egg doesn't mean he should have a handcuff around his neck or a piece of plastic over his face. And now I also have to determine when

Pepe will bark his embarrassing barks at pigeons, and when he will smell the ass of bitches, or eat some soursop that somehow managed to sprout between all the bricks on the sidewalk.

And sometimes I keep thinking, how come they don't rebel against us? Even we leave them a bowl with dry food once a day and pick up their poop. If I were them, and there was always another being who makes all the decisions for me, because he thinks he is more developed or studied political science or something like that, I would kick, run away,

scream,
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

!!!!!!!?????!!?!?!!!!!!!?!!!!

And anyway, they don't know how to talk, the dogs, we're talking about dogs, at least they will bark, bite, terrorize us until we lock ourselves in our houses, and be afraid to force them to do even one more little thing.

After two weeks with a leash, Pepe no longer babbles when I enter the house. He withers

slowly, lying on the carpet all day with his tail between his legs. He has such sadness in his eyes.

Like he feels he is being punished but doesn't know what he did wrong.

So Pepe and I went to a demonstration in Bima Square, and even made a sophisticated sign with a double meaning that said 'Unleash the reins'. Thirteen more dog owners came to the demonstration. There were four poodles, two labradors, one amstaff and a few other mixed animals. There were also a hundred and fifty policemen there, some of them on big black horses, which destroyed the sides of their mouths.

We handed out flyers and explained to all the other dog owners how dangerous a leash is for a dog's health, both physical and mental, not only problems with the respiratory tract, sense of smell and jaws, but literally the whole buzz of life disappears without the freedom to bark and smell assholes. They mostly laughed at us. It's a dog, they said, and went back to throwing a stick at their dog, which of course couldn't retrieve it.

Week after week we arrived at the demonstration, I got into a really deep matter, so much so that it hurt me to see the reins not only on Pepe. Everywhere in the city I look, I see dogs of all kinds, with brains the size of eggs, on a leash, with a plastic leash, who have not yet realized that they are stuck with this thing on their face for good, and every time they try again to smell each other or catch some Stick.

There were some who literally barked at us.

You don't care about the old woman in Gan-Meir, ah, they said, you are one of those who don't care about the old woman in Gan-Meir. Of course we care, I tried to explain, we visit my grandmother twice a week, even though she lives in Haifa. And even though it's three buses and that the bus is always late. After mother died, and also grandfather, both from cancer, we also got her a dog. So we care in Aboha, that's just how it is in life, sometimes they bite you, that doesn't mean you have to put a curb on them. After all, there is no end to it, put a leash on

the dog, a cat will scratch it, , give a cat gloves, a gerbil will pee on them.

It is very difficult to have a substantive discussion in the context of a demonstration. It's mostly semi-catchy slogans and instinctive shouts.

The policemen's horses pooped on the sidewalk and no one picked up the shit, so I stepped on it.

Some spiritualist who came to the demonstration stood on the sidelines, quietly. When I stood next to him, he whispered to me: There is a reason for restraint.

I know, I said, the old woman in Gan-Meir.

No-no, he replied, it's so they can learn to take it off.

Who, the dogs? I asked.

He just nodded.

I didn't feel like continuing this conversation.

The demonstrators continued to recite slogans and speeches such as "The dog doesn't smell / something stinks here," "Today is restrained, tomorrow is a cage," "I am not restrained." Although the copywriting was

excellent, but at a certain point it was already difficult for me to connect.

The matter seems to me to be much deeper than the bridle itself. Let's go, we'll let go, and then what? Concrete will still be poured on Pepe's parks, and the owners of the Huskies will still work long hours in high-tech and leave them alone at home all day, and the children will still play on the computer instead of with the dog, and the apartments will continue to shrink and all the dogs will pay more rent.

It's not that simple, the change that they shout about with enthusiasm, has to go through dog-by-dog, and something like that requires years of training.

I don't know how long this ridiculous story will go on. Yesterday in the news, for example, they talked about the failure of the Mans-Ziona puppy, who bit his owner in the balls and he lost a testicle. One of the vets on the panel said, maybe it escaped him, that the biting might be a side effect of the bridle, since the puppies born in the last year, don't know what it's like without a bridle and

therefore have trouble controlling their mouths. The other vets said all the studies contradicted this hypothesis, and after the commercials that vet was no longer on the panel.

Meanwhile Pepe and I moved to the village, away from the inspectors, close to the forest. Here we can even afford three rooms. We have other owners here who did not want to put a leash on their dogs. A leash is also not needed here, Pepe runs to the forest and back as he pleases, barking his embarrassing barks and smelling assholes to his heart's content.

And what if an inspector comes here? Let's just say that even though they have brains the size of an egg, there's a thing or two they can be taught to do, and Papa is small, but one bite into the right sausage, and for the inspector it will be the first and last time he comes here to sniff.

The Fellowship of the Ring

Frodo Baggins had finished packing his bag – a journey fraught with hardships lies ahead.

The road to Mordor is a rocky one, concealing many traps, dim nights, and dark creatures. But be it as it may, he shall destroy that damned ring once and for all.

He buckled the sword's sheath, carried the pack on his back, and said goodbye to his little brother Gollum.

“Take me with you in your backpack,” said little Gollum.

Frodo laughed, and promised Gollum that as soon as he returns, they'll play hide-and-seek, just like in the days prior to the ring.

“Why do you want to throw away the ring anyway? Give it to me. I wish I had a ring,” said little Gollum.

Little children are not allowed to wear a ring. Thank God, thought Frodo.

Accompanied by his faithful caddie, Sam Gamgee, Frodo set out to the journey.

The villagers had all gathered to praise him for his courage. They waved goodbye with the rings shining on their fingers, but secretly thought: no one had ever given up on the ring, not in our village nor in the neighboring ones. They wondered whether they'll see Frodo Baggins ever again.

The sun shined at the center of the bright blue sky, and lit the path that's winding between the mighty basalt rocks. The path entailed many crossroads, but Frodo was not concerned. As long as he has the ring, he'll always know where to go. He wore it, and its light dazzled him.

"How do you keep from getting lost without a ring?" asked Frodo, not taking his eyes off the glistening jewel. Caddies, like little children, are not allowed to wear a ring.

Sam pondered upon the question for a moment or two.

“Our village is small, Master Frodo, I do not leave it often. And when I do, well, at times I assist the guidance of other hobbits, at times that of the stars or the wind. And sometimes, well, sometimes I simply like to get lost,” said Sam and shrugged.

They parked at noon in the shade of an apple tree. A red apple rested on the ground, and Frodo grabbed it. He took the sword out of its sheath and halved the apple. He thought to himself: this sword is not good nor bad in itself. It’s just a tool. Using it, one may chop an apple or an arm.

The ring is also just a tool.

A hissing voice snuck into Frodo’s ear. He looked over his shoulder, but only saw green forests and basalt.

There’s no need to destroy it, it can be used for the good.

“Have you heard it?” Frodo asked Sam, who snuggled between the many backpacks he was carrying with his eyes closed, on his way towards a decent nap.

“Heard what?” Sam asked, drowsy, and went back to snoring.

The whispering had stopped. Frodo allowed Sam to rest, placed the ring in his pocket, and sank too in deep sleep.

They awoke at dusk and continued their journey. They must stick to the schedule if they wish to reach Mount Doom by the third day's evening and destroy the ring.

No more crossroads until the overnight parking, the ring told Frodo, so he took it off and let his eyes wash for a bit in the sky's changing hues.

"Master Frodo," Said Sam as they march.

"Yes, Sam."

"Who created the ring?"

Sam had never cared for those rings, and the question regarding their origin had troubled him for many years.

"I'm afraid I do not know, dear Sam. You may ask Gandalf the Wizard, tomorrow evening. Now I must go and relieve oneself."

Frodo found a corner between the bushes and kneed to the earth.

To save precious time, he took the ring out of his pocket and wore it. He closed his eyes, and

sent a super-sensible message to all the villagers, the quest is going as planned, Sam and I are safe and sound.

The carpet of stars was shining above Frodo and the ring, and Frodo felt his loins yearning it. The ring looked deeply into his green eyes, and they made love under the dome of the sky. It was beautiful.

Frodo fell asleep in the ring's arms. He dreamt of Gollum. He was three years old again and they played hide-and-seek, but Frodo couldn't find him. He searched the hidden dent that's in the laundry room, under the pile of sheets in the basement, but little Gollum was nowhere to be found.

You're nothing without the ring.

The sun has risen.

Frodo opened his eyes and squinted. The ring was still on his finger, and he had trouble remembering last night's chain of events.

You're all alone without the ring.

The whispering came as if from within the dream.

You can't make it in this world without the ring.

“Master Frodo! Master Frodo!” Sam came running towards him.

“I’ve been looking all over for you! You went to relieve oneself and haven’t come back, I thought that... I thought...”

“Everything is fine, Sam,” said Frodo and furrowed his brows, “I simply fell asleep with the ring on. I... I must get rid of it.”

They packed their bags and continued on their quest.

After having showed Frodo the path, he took the ring off and placed it in his pocket. He’ll try to remember the way on his own; in any case he must get used to it.

The second day was welcoming as well. The skies remained clear and painted the woods with fifty shades of green. Sam paused and smelled the lavender that grew wild on the side of the trail. Two foxes crossed while a golden-chest eagle was gliding above them. Frodo and Sam bathed in the silky waters of the white lake, diving and tasting the sweet liquid, splashing each other.

Frodo got out of the water, fumbled in his pocket, and watched the lake through the

ring. The water was colored with the eagle's golden hue. He pointed the ring towards the eagle and could see every single feather of the down wrapping its curved neck. Through the ring, the foxes smelled like lavender.

"Come and look through the ring!" Frodo called, but Sam pretended not to hear. He dived into the water and opened his eyes, as a colorful creature he could not identify passed by.

They packed their bags and continued walking, and Sam noticed that every few moments, Frodo is rubbing his eyes.

At twilight the two had arrived at campsite. Gandalf greeted the brave young men, and his long white hair tickled Frodo as he hugged him. It's been long ago since he had met a young person on his way to Mount Doom, determined to destroy the ring. He was beginning to wonder whether he'll meet such a young man ever again.

Night came, and the three had gathered around the fire. Sam took advantage of the opportunity and presented Gandalf with the

troubling question regarding the origin of the ring.

“Oh, my dear boy, this question regarding the ring, is an ancient one, and has many faces,” said the wizard and caressed his beard, “yet it is a crucial one for getting to the bottom of the essence of the ring, and therefore, for destroying it.”

The flame popped and gleamed sparks in all directions. Frodo and Sam gazed at it, hypnotized. The fire poured calmness on Frodo’s eyes.

“Who made the first ring, you ask? Well, it was *The Designer*. The designer was a boney, bald, glass-wearing wizard, who lived in a cabin in the woods. He used to always walk barefoot and only ate fruit that fell off the trees. For many years he had specialized with the mysteries of alchemy, and wished to manufacture an artifact that will give the hobbits both absolute freedom and absolute power. He attempted manufacturing wings made of wax, a sword made of diamond and a clock made of water. The attempts had all failed; some of the objects gave the hobbits

absolute freedom, and some absolute power, but never both.”

“And the ring did give them *both*?” Sam asked impatiently.

“So believed The Designer. Therefore, he wore the ring twenty-four seven. Towards the end, he even used to claim that the ring grants him with *more* than twenty-four seven.”

A pack of jackals howled in the distance.

“Towards the end?” asked Frodo.

“Yes, well,” said Gandalf, “The Designer had suddenly passed away about a year after first wearing the ring. If you ask me, the ring was the one that killed him.”

The bonfire popped and blasted.

Frodo tried to imagine The Designer’s face, but was unable to see a clear image in his mind. Gandalf poured three glasses of herbal infusion.

Absolute freedom.

Frodo stood on his feet.

“Have you heard it?”

The old wizard gazed into the young man’s fearless heart. He hadn’t heard a thing, but knew what was heard by Frodo’s ears.

“Ignore these voices, my boy. They matter not. Tomorrow night it’ll all be behind us,” he said.

Gandalf took a bowl with a yellow paste inside it, and anointed Frodo’s forehead.

“There, that ought to help. Now go to sleep,” said Gandalf.

Concerned Sam observed Frodo while he slept, and shortly after fell asleep next to him. Gandalf stayed and watched over them, while Frodo is mumbling his brother’s name, from within a nightmare, that made its way from another world, through Frodo, into reality.

The sound of thunder woke the two up before dawn.

“A storm is coming,” said Gandalf, “you must hurry.”

He packed Frodo’s backpack with provisions.

The last segment to Mount Doom is the steepest, the most fallacious one of all. Frodo had no choice but to wear the ring, so that it’ll guide them through. The clouds were as if chasing them, and they began running. Mount Doom was seen in the distance, and

the red lava sparking in all directions, like an enormous bonfire.

Precious.

Frodo ignored the voice. His eyes were burning, and he thought, perhaps it's better if the rain comes along and washes them.

Precious. Absolute power.

They kept running, inside narrow ravine caves, through steep rocks, leading to the caldera. The ring had guided them flawlessly.

I do not know where this voice is coming from, thought Frodo, but perhaps it has a point?

The two made it to the caldera.

“Go on, throw it away,” said Sam. Frodo's eyes were nearly shut, and Sam thought, I'll be his eyes.

Tremendous heat waves were burning Frodo's skin, but he couldn't see a thing besides a blurry orange stain. Such will be his life without the ring. A life of blindness.

“I need it,” Frodo mumbled.

“What did you say?” Sam called.

“I'm nothing without the ring!”

“What in heaven’s sake are you talking about???”

“It’s just a tool, I can use it for the good!”

“It’s the ring talking from your throat, Frodo!”

“It gives me both absolute freedom and absolute power!”

“Are you yet to have realized?!” Sam called, with his last bit of energy, beyond the sounds of the lava that’s raging underneath them, “It gives you nothing but absolute weakness and absolute enslavement!”

Miraculously, Sam’s crying made it to a dormant area deep inside Frodo, that belongs to the Frodo of before the ring. He began to take it off.

“No! Precious! Precious!” a wrinkled creature emerged from one of the bags Sam was carrying. His eyes were tired and red, his nails were chewed, and his head was bald.

Frodo only recognized his little brother when it was already too late.

Gollum drew Frodo’s sword from its sheath and jumped towards the ring. The boy swung the sword, chopped Frodo’s arm, and fell together with the iPhone – the ring, I mean

the ring – fell together with the ring into the caldera of Mount Doom.

“Nooooo!” Frodo screamed, and the scream, as well as the jump, the cutting and the fall, were broadcast live and super-sensibly to all of the village residents and those of the neighboring villages.

The horrified hobbits then harnessed their chariots, climbed up to Mount Doom, threw their rings inside it, and they burned in the boiling magma, all of them, until the very last ring. And that sacrifice, the sacrifice of that very same little boy, will forever be remembered as the day in which the hobbits had gained both absolute power and absolute freedom.

Bless You*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaachhhhhhhhhhooooooo.

Damn it. That was at least seven, if not eight. And like that in the middle of the square, there's no way the idiot missed it. No, it doesn't happen to me, why now, why now? I must not let this happen, I promised her that today I will come. I'll run away, I'll just run away, I'll hide in one of the alleys and they won't be able to parent...

no taste. You can hear it coming, in the distance it sounds like a purring cat.

The neighbors go out to the windows, they already know what's going on, yes yes, you don't have to pretend it doesn't make you happy, the show is about to start.

As the helicopter gets closer the noise becomes unbearable. The announcer orders me not to move, for my safety.

I covered my ears and looked up. The glass dome swung above me like a pendulum while they tried to stabilize it. I saw how she closed on me, like a cork on a bottle.

There is a standard diameter for all single domes, four meters. For a nuclear family it is six. Lucky I'm single.

The firing squad dangled down from the helicopter on the rope, the policemen took positions outside the dome and pointed the machine guns at me with the cartridge in the insert. I remained indifferent, this is not my first sealing. I swallowed two ciprofloxacin and sat down on the sidewalk.

Most people think it's a disaster, to be two weeks sealed. They can't avoid the Mokhtomat, they put one if not two in every corner, every Apache of level three and above is a safe maker, so they prefer to stop the sneezing.

I tried it once. The irritation in the nasal passages began, the abdominal muscles began to contract, the eyes closed, during the sneeze almost all body processes stop, including the heartbeat. A thousandth of a second before

the air spewed out at a tremendous speed, the Guinness World Record is one hundred and eighty five kilometers per hour, I sent my thumb and index finger to my nostrils and restrained the power that yearned to burst out. It was awful. Although I didn't suffer from any of the serious side effects, they are still rare, for example a rupture of the esophagus or cornea, a perforation of the eardrum, bursting of capillaries in the lungs or trauma to the jaw, it's real, read about it before you stop Apache next time, so on me All of these were skipped, though my head was spinning for a few minutes, and that's not even it, something about this action just felt wrong to me.

In hindsight I should have stopped him, just this once, just to get to fate. The last voice message she sent me I could barely understand because of the screaming in the background. It's not at all certain that they'll let me see her, but if I don't try then who will. I waited before giving her bad news, I might still find a way to get around it. I know it doesn't look promising - with the firing squad

and all - but something still remains from three years at the Faculty of Law, the right to a fair process and what not, I sent the form in accordance with the Civil Appeal Law, 2004-2004.

The officer handed me the logistics kit through the sanitary hatch. I wonder what cans I got this time. I turned the box three times, for luck, and opened it. Chickpeas and tuna. Can't stand tuna, but as I know them, by the time they replace my seal the seal will be gone.

I took out the wet wipes, the toilet bucket, and the laptop. The same faded sticker peeled off from the scrap: 'Government property, Ministry of Economy; for work needs from the dome only; According to the basic law: freedom of occupation.

What do they think, that we are all either programmers or teachers? After I was released from the hospital I swore that I would rather wipe bottoms for the rest of my life than read one more verdict, so I started treating a Holocaust survivor in the north of the city. I'll try, I have no choice, in the two

previous sealings my boss was still angry, but she can easily tell me this time, Zebashach, start stopping Apaches.

How am I supposed to change to Lydia Titul in Zoom? Lydia, Lydia..Lydia, the diapers in the drawer under the bed... what the heck? Lydia, listen to me for a moment, the pacifier.. What the heck? Kus-am-amek this government computer, come on fire me, anyway the area of my apartment is not much bigger than the dome.

I swallowed another Cipralex.

Twenty eyes stared at me as I opened the envelope, half from the upstairs neighbors and half from the firing squad. Is it really necessary for the cartridge to be inserted? As expected, my special request for early release from sealing was denied. The court has never been reluctant to set precedents.

It's safe because at the end I checked no in that box, is me and destiny first kinship. Set proximity first. In the identity card we have two different last names. If you pricked me with a syringe, took some blood, sent it to a lab and put it under a microscope, the jays

and tiys and isles and siams in my DNA wouldn't be arranged in the same order as hers, but from the moment I saw her curls and that innocent look behind the glasses I felt that I already Know her. I don't know how they put us in the same group at the hospital, I just know that after I heard her sing Let It Be I started to believe in angels, and another thing I know is what it's like to walk around in this world when everyone is looking at you but no one sees you.

That's it, I decided, tonight I'm sneaking through the sanitary hatch.

I sent a message to fate. To my surprise, she answered quite quickly, apparently in the end they didn't take her phone. Sounds like she's calmed down. Yesterday they gave her an injection in Tusik and put her back in the closed ward. She threatened to go up to the third floor and jump, I didn't understand if before or after the shot. This time it's final, she said, her father went to prison. I sent her another message, and asked her to sing me a song, but she no longer answered.

Later in the day I played her voice. I spread the inflatable mattress on the sidewalk. The sun's rays warmed the inside of the dome, a bit like a sauna, so I got down to my underwear. Today the boxer with the sharks and the hole. I even asked them to change my tuna so they wouldn't suspect anything. One elderly neighbor saw me from the balcony, picking chickpeas from a can. Although the sticker outside the dome clearly states that I must not be fed, she left a pot full of vegetable soup near the sanitary opening, and the police turned a blind eye. Towards the evening I updated myself on the news:

Prof. Lydia Boroeva from the MIT Institute of Technology in the USA, studied for years the dynamics of exhalations in coughs and sneezes in her laboratory, and she found that clouds of rock fragments may also move up to a distance of 8.2 meters.

"It is important for us to understand exactly how the tea takes place a process of breaking up and spreading the fluids," said Boroeva,

head of the Laboratory for Fluid Dynamics and Disease Transmission at MIT.

"The physics of the process teaches us the size of the distribution of the liquids, and as a result allows us to predict the extent of the contamination," she explained.

Boroeva and her team experimentally used cameras that record 6,000-8,000 frames per second. The experiment involved 3 people who were photographed sneezing a total of 100 times. Each sneeze lasted on average about one-fifth of a second, and despite the expectation that the sneezes created uniform clouds of spray, the researchers discovered that the spray disperses into the air in different patterns. The fluids that are emitted during the sneeze are released in small segments that disperse into a balloon shape and then shatter and separate into long threads.

"The findings we saw surprised us in many ways," Boroeva said. "We expected to see droplets ejected in their entirety from the respiratory tract. It turns out that this is not the case."

By using different test subjects, the researchers hoped to identify which people are "super-sticky" - those endowed with particularly elastic saliva, which stays longer in the form of threads, before disintegrating into droplets and shards. The last part of the sneeze - which is the one that the human eye usually witnesses - is where the fluids expelled during the sneeze become a spray of droplets.

"There is urgency in changing the guidelines given today by the World Health Organization regarding the needs for protective equipment, especially for health care workers," said Prof. Boroeva, who suggested that a greater distance between people may be needed.

These days, the team of researchers is working on building a new wing in the laboratory, which will have climate control measures and enough rooms to expand the experiment to a larger number of experimenters who will participate in it, at the same time. Their plan is to map all types

of sneezing, coughing and other means of spreading diseases. 1 2

I turned off the computer, and I thought, a dome with a diameter of 16.4 actually suits me, roughly two hundred square meters.

It was dark outside.

I made sure the soup pot was outside the sanitary hatch, and pretended to get ready for bed. The neighbors had already lost interest and went to watch the news. Slowly, without the police noticing, I lay down on the inflatable mattress, and placed the bucket of necessities and the laptop under the blanket. At exactly midnight, the exchange of the firing squad takes place. I crawled out of the mattress and left the computer and the bucket of necessities under the blanket. The shift officers thought I was going to the potty when they heard the sanitary opening creak. No one noticed that I slipped out.

Sami Hashomer was sitting in his booth at the entrance to the hospital. I showed him my

certificate from afar - I knew I should keep it
- he remembered me and waved.

The same ugly green painting hung in the
corridor of the department. How much I
missed this place.

Sanitary mask! He is without a sanitary mask!
These crazy people, when a section gets stuck
in their brain, they repeat it over and over
again every few seconds, it's involuntary, like
a tic in the eye. OK, OK, sanitary mask, just
shhhh. shhh I found a sanitary mask thrown
on the floor. This lunatic was new, he wasn't
here when I was hospitalized, so I didn't know
if he was one of those lunatics who would
keep yelling even after I did what he wanted.
To my delight he clapped his hands and shut
up. Then he went back to wandering the
corridor, giggling and spitting, with the
sanitary mask on his forehead.

I went from room to room, whispering, fate,
fate.

As I passed by my former room the flashback
came. The psychiatrist, mom and I are sitting
in the room, I was quite out because of the
medication but I still felt that mom was

unsure about the whole story, it's hard to blame her, what to do, after three years of contracts and judgments and another year of internship I had to clean up thrash, get on a flight Going to Goa overnight to bring me home must not have been easy for her, especially when all the way back her son was muttering fragments of sentences about Gog and Magog and Christ and agents who follow him, it's amazing what two small drops can do.

One psychiatrist saw me peeking into the rooms, before he could say a word I boxed him down and continued looking for her. I don't know how they slot into wards but I'm glad that fate and I were in the same circle of trust, she saved me simply by reminding me that it could always be worse. She was hospitalized after she stabbed her father in the throat with a kitchen knife, before that she complained to the police several times but there was not enough evidence, it was word for word, the truth is, this is the only way a reformed society can function, with the presumption of innocence as a starting point,

In a democratic country it is appropriate that all scenarios be exhausted before a person is uprooted from his life and locked up in a death cell, it is not perfect, but it is better to have a thousand guilty people walking around freely than one innocent person who was banned for doing no wrong, precisely in the case of fate, who complained for the first time when she was eighteen years old , the court in the end ruled that she did not lie, he raped her from the age of two to the age of twelve and then moved to her sister, this still does not mean that he deserves to die, the right to equality is granted to a person wherever he is, regardless of origin, nationality, religion, gender or view - not a word about Apaches by the way - and there is no reason for pedophiles to be excluded from nudity, they are also human beings as they are human beings, the judge noted, despite it being a non-ambiguous case of self-judgment or taking The law is hands down in the language of speech, the mental element in the accused was absent, in a state of temporary insanity, Section 6 A. 1 of the Treatment of

the Mentally Ill Law, 1991-55, states that involuntary hospitalization is permitted only if the condition is met, the person is sick and as a result of his illness is impaired, To a considerable extent, his ability to judge or his ability to review reality, and here, a little patience, but in the end the system does justice to everyone, even after the behavioral component of the factual basis was proven, it took four years and three courts, nevertheless there are many crimes, everyone needs to be investigated and the police force is poor , what's more, he had a shark lawyer, he chose to follow the line of freedom of movement, which is anchored mainly through Israeli jurisprudence. And not in the freedom of movement within the State of Israel, there is, of course, Article 5 of the Basic Law: Human dignity and freedom, no one takes away or restricts a person's freedom by imprisonment, detention, extradition or in any other way, However, except in section 12, emergency regulations do not have the power to change this Basic Law, to temporarily revoke its validity or to set conditions in it;

However, when a state of emergency exists in the country pursuant to a declaration pursuant to Section 9 of the Government and Judicial Procedures Ordinance, 1948, it is permitted to establish emergency regulations by virtue of the aforementioned section that shall be in order to deny or limit rights according to this Basic Law, provided that the denial or limitation be For a proper purpose and for a period and as long as they do not exceed what is required, if a father who rapes his daughter for a decade is not an emergency, then I don't know what is, fate's father was convicted and received 11 years, minus good behavior it comes out to six and two thirds. The thing with the Apaches , by the way, has been going on for two years.

I finally arrived.

She heard me whisper her name and turned on the light. Although she weighed thirty kilos more, that's how it is with the drugs it happens to everyone, they get fat mainly in the chin and waist area, but the same innocent look shone through behind the glasses.

We faced each other.

"Lucky you're here. I had to talk to someone normal. I already thought I was going crazy,' I said.

'Madhouse outside,' she said, 'I don't think I'll kill myself today, especially now that you've come. We'll see tomorrow,' Gorell laughed.

"Want to sing?" I asked.

"What song?" she asked.

"Awww, baby baby it's a wild war.. wild.. ahhh.. It was a serious one, a level nine by my rough estimation, all in the face of fate from a range of twenty centimeters, if they had photographed it with the MIT camera it probably didn't have time to break up into threads at all and remained in the balloon stage.

Gorell took off her glasses, wiped them with her shirt, put them back on and smiled at me.

"Bless you."

Burningwoman

Gali first transformed into a radio wave in Koh-Phangan, at an Osho ashram, without Ayahuasca nor a guiding eagle.

Mukta-Ananda, the white linen covered, silky haired Indian man, had taught her an Asana that sends Prana directly from the Manipura to the crown chakra. He didn't normally teach this particular Asana to all of his students; when the condensed energy of the pelvic is channeled towards the Sahasrara at the top of the scalp, a connection between upper and lower worlds takes place, which may be proved dangerous for the untrained soul.

Gali was a good student; she focused all of her Chi in the third eye until a spherical lump had crystalized in her forehead, her brain turned into a button that activates her body and she felt how her soul was pressing it – through the pineal gland – she then tossed the ball over the crown chakra and back to the base chakra, the frequency merged with the sacred quartz soil of the island, she continued with the circular motion, faster and faster, from the top down and again, until her body disappeared completely, only two

singular dots at the top of the head and the soles of the feet remained materialized.

Scientifically speaking, all the cells in Gali's body were transformed into energy, according to the fundamental formula of the general theory of relativity, Prana in its essence travels at the speed of light. Quantically speaking, once there was no one witnessing Gali's being, not even her own self, she was able to exist as a wave and as a particle at the same time. Thus, in fact, and without telling, Gali had solved the most complex problem in the history of modern physics, embodied the theory of everything, united between the two theories, and gave birth to the Random Determinism or the Determinist Randomness.

The quantic wave had moved throughout the exotic hut, returned from one wall to another in different angles, until exiting through the window and scattering around the tropical jungle, uniting with a mango tree, diving into its roots, and rising once again through the veins of another tree, all the way to the edge of the leaf. The united frequency of Gali and the tree was twofold or even threefold, from that point she was launched into a waterfall until climbing at a right angle to the sky, the full moon had absorbed the oscillation and

ejaculated it in the direction of Venus, then to Mercury and back to Koh-Phangan.

When Gali had returned to being a body, dawn has already risen.

Mukta-Ananda arrived around noon time – Gali had already changed her name to Waveli. They made tantric love, first focusing on the Svadhishtana, then the twelve petalled lotus flower of the heart chakra. When one resists the release of the clitoris and focuses on the cervix, the Shiva and the Shakti become one, the kundalini rises in an eightfold ecstatic orgasm via the spine to the Ajna and one understands everything.

Once finished, Mukta-Ananda asked Waveli whether she had met The Master during the vibrations.

Embarrassed, Waveli replied that no.

Keep practicing, said Mukta-Ananda, sooner or later they all meet The Master.

They walked barefoot on the beach, all the way to Buddha Bungalow, and ordered a superfood green smoothy with extra chia and linen seeds.

The superfood green smoothy with extra chia and linen seeds came with a plastic straw; Waveli despised plastic straws. It hurt her bones, to see how the unconscious beings treat the Pacha Mama, the sacred source of all that is. She immediately posted an angry post at the 'Phangan Conscious Community' Facebook group, reminding everyone that it's our duty and obligation, as ones who do inner spiritual work, to raise ecological awareness in the minds of the Thai.

Kha-Pun-Ka, said Waveli to the vendor, since it was important for her to learn the local language. She offered to pay five Bhatt extra for the superfood smoothy, in order to fund dish washing instead of plastic, but the Thai kid didn't understand English well enough.

Mukta-Ananda went to a Cacao ceremony, and Waveli returned to her cabin and went to the bookshelf. She was debating between a moderate critique of neoliberal economics, a guide to summoning abundance from the universe in six steps, or guitar for beginners; She has been studying for four years and only knows one chord. In the end she went with Netflix.

Her post has already garnered seventy-six likes, and eight reactions of hearts and clapping hands. The sympathetic feedback

reminded her that she had an important role in this world. She turned off Netflix and sat down to meditate. Mukta-Ananda said that without practice she would never meet the Master.

As more and more Prana crystallizes into a crystal – Waveli hears the sound of an incoming FaceTime call. There's an image of mom on the screen.

Mom didn't quite understand what Gali was rambling about, but was still happy to hear her daughter's voice.

It's like radio waves, Gali said.

The radio has news, songs, and commercials, mom thought, sometimes people talk nonsense there too, but the most important is that her daughter is healthy and intact.

Father still sends you money, yes he sends, how is he, he's with his whore in Tuscany, looking for another investment property, don't talk about your father like that, you're right, Waveli said, and sent him meta and compassion, we are all beings of light and love in this world, so explain to me, mom asked, are you more spiritual there or what, Waveli hastened to reply, mom, there's no such thing as more spiritual and less spiritual, it's just people who chose to be more aware, anyone can do it, we are all beings of light and love in this world.

The call was over. Waveli didn't feel like she could practice now, so she went to a sacred singing circle at the Only Love Bungalow, and then a tantric orgy.

*

Waveli became a radio wave for the second time at Burningman, with no LSD and no nothing.

She only did ecstasy.

For two years she has been trying to meet the Master, in Bali, in Goa, in Rishikesh, in the Caribbeans, in the Canaries, in the Maldives, but no success.

Her camp had put on a supersonic display of hybrid unicorns with tooth fairies, made of crystals that were plucked from the center of the earth, floating in the air, on top of an ancient olive wood Chinese dragon spitting glitter.

The performance represents, Waveli explained to the news reporter, the community, the giving, and of course the absolute freedom that are fundamental core values in the heart of every Burner and Burnerette.

Tell us a few words about Burningman for those who don't know it, asked the reporter.

Well here at Burning Man you can be whoever you want and whatever you want, Waveli replied proudly. Wanna be spiritual?

Be spiritual. Wanna be an eco-activist? Be an eco-activist. Wanna be Mother Fucking Teresa? There in the corner is a camp that ordains for priesthood.

Amazing, amazing, you're blowing my mind, said the reporter, and what do you do for a living, if I may ask?

For a living I just live, Waveli said, and her wit surprised even herself, why do we always have to define everything?

The reporter switched to Tildi, another Burner from the camp.

Do you also just live for a living?

If only Tildi had had a daddy and a whore in Tuscany, or time to help others in her daily life too, the whole world could've benefited from displays of unicorn-tooth-fairies made of crystal floating on top of a wooden dragon spitting glitter, but what can you do, the air-conditioned festival trailer won't air-condition itself, neither will the apartment in the city center, and Tildi is an analyst at a venture capital by day, a sacred crystal by night.

That's how it is in life, the secret lies in the balance.

The reporter went on to interview all the members of the Dragon-Fairy camp: Color Ben-Love, a member of the Society of Messiahs, who told him about the Kabbalistic

trip in which the secrets of the Hebrew Bible were revealed to him, which brought him to found the Other Choir, in which all the Others gazed with wistful eyes at the main Other; Prana-Ananda (former Kimberly MacMacson) told of her channeling the exalted spiritual being Zerubbabel, and of the sacred vaccination she took of absolute free choice, in order to continue spreading light and love throughout the globe; And Mukta-Ananda, the Indian who converted to Judaism and repented, said that a Jew is the one chosen to lead the camp of humanity, and told about the moments when he feels one with the Creator.

Waveli was tired of the troublesome interview and went to a sacred shamanism and tantra ceremony. These reporters don't know what they're talking about, she thought as she sat in meditation and dived deep into her own abyss, knowing that only from the darkest depths does the true light shine.

She rose to a high frequency and transmitted to the entire desert, another Burner's lingam entered into her Yoni's cervix and she trembled all over the earth, in such a state of consciousness there's a direct energetic connection to all nine billion human hearts, it's possible to heal much more on the astral plane than on the physical one, every time Waveli experienced an octagonal ecstatic orgasm, a starving child in Africa received a

hot meal, each time she overcame a childhood guilt, a homeless mother in the Philippines found a safe roof over her head.

She saw the light approaching, and vibrated towards it.

The Master is there.

The wavelength shortened, the frequency increased, there she comes, she'll finally know why, a little more love, a little more compassion, at the last moment they announced that the festival was over.

Disappointed but encouraged, Waveli joined the ecological camp. They held hands, stood in a two miles long long line, and collected all the waste from the sacred desert soil, down to the last tinsel. They then placed the tinsels in a black plastic garbage bag and threw it in the container.

Finally, Peter Pan and Tinkerbelle came with the truck, and took all the trash back to Neverland.

*

A year later, in Maui, Hawaii, Gali met the Master.

It happened in a quiet moment, while walking on the beach at sunset, after she had already returned to being Gali, and was reflecting on the wheel of life, about years in which she has searched and hasn't found her heart's desire.

The waves crashed against the huge cliffs, the hot wind ruffled her hair, and as soon as the red sun kissed the horizon, Gali became a radio wave again, just like that.

She vibrated in the soft sand, moving from one grain to another, until a big wave came and swept her into the ocean. There, with an almost zero amplitude, the Master vibrated at a slow frequency.

What are you looking for, girl, he asked, truth, I'm looking for truth, are you sure, he asked, and Gali said yes, even though she knew the answer was no, because in my opinion you're not looking for truth but for happiness, and those are two very different things, and so what if I'm looking for happiness, so I would tell you that man is born with a strange vessel in his hand, it's only filled when poured from, but I don't think that metaphor will put your mind to rest, you know it's not that simple, right, I know, well what is it, what is it that you're looking for, love, vibrated Gali, and The Master stood still, freedom, vibrated Gali, and The Master stood still, so what, what is it that I'm looking for, pleasure, vibrated the Master, pleasure is the highest truth of life, all else is man's doomed-to-failure attempt to deny his own nature, now come, come sit in my lap, you beautiful vessel, let me show you what real pleasure is.

Gali's wave merged with the wise Master's wave, and vibrated slowly, heavily, long.

When she returned to her body, she felt that apart from her skin she had no organs.

She boarded a plane back home, closed the bank account her father had opened for her, and went to work at a battered women's shelter.

Her vessel slowly began to fill.

Predictably Irrational

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

The last month in Gotham City has been quiet, too quiet.

Batman's senses told him that something was not right. He tried to think; The Penguin, Bane, the Scarecrow, the Riddler, Poison Ivy, even the Joker - they're all behind bars. Commissioner Gordon verifies their presence in the cells every morning, personally. So what disturbs Bruce Wayne's rest?

The bat signal soared in the black night sky. As soon as he sat in the driver's seat, Batman realized how much he missed the Batmobile, and caressed the steering wheel. He raced towards the Blackgate Correctional Facility, where the commissioner was waiting for him. "Look," said Gordon, pointing to the hole in the cell wall.

"But how is that possible," said the bat, "the island is surrounded by water."

"Well," Gordon replied, "the tunnel doesn't lead to Gotham, it leads..." He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes, "it leads to Tel Aviv."

"To Tel Aviv?" Batman repeated, "You mean..."

"Yes," said the commissioner, "in the real world."

"Damn it," the bat pounded his fist on the wall, and only then remembered to ask, "Who's the escaped criminal?"

Ariela always accompanies Amri to the gate of the kindergarten, hand in hand.

Her motherly sense told her something was not right, but tomorrow the presentation and Peleg said the office must get this contract.

"You haven't forgotten anything, American?"
'key,' 'key,' 'phone,' 'phone,' 'mask,' 'mask.'

Ariela kissed Amri on the head, and he ran to play in the garden yard.

Amri always preferred the swing for two. If there was no one to swing with him, he would turn to the hanging swing, and if it was

occupied, he would stand in line for the blue slide.

Two-Face watched them play through the fence, and thought to himself: it seems that about half of the children prefer the swing for two, while the other half prefer the slide.

rational? Or by chance?

He tossed the coin upwards. As the coin spins in the air, Two-Face remembers: when he was a child, he preferred the swing. A tear fell from one eye.

He grabbed the coin and flipped it on the back of his hand.

rational.

"But what does Two-Face have to look for in Tel Aviv?" asked Batman.

"Please Eraf," Gordon said, "what does anyone have to look for in Tel Aviv? Money, power, revenge, maybe he wants to go after breakfast."

"The commissioner, the commissioner!" A young policeman ran into the cell, handing him a pile of blueprints found inside the hole.

"Oh no," said Batman, "is that what I think it is?"

"Exactly," said Gordon, and Batman stated the obvious - "We must get to Tel Aviv."

"Kids!" cried Two-Face, "Kids! I have tropes and computer games for you!"

The children ran towards the fence.

Amri stayed on the swing for two, alone, because he was a disciplined child and Ariela taught him not to talk to strangers. This stranger in particular scared him, because half of his face looked downright evil. On the other hand, in kindergarten he was taught to accept the different, and the different also divided tropics.

Two-Face presented the children with the following experiment: he would give each child one tropical, without preconditions. Children who immediately run to drink water, because the tropic has dried their throats, will not receive another tropic, but will receive a computer game. Children who want to play on the swing first, provided that they swing at least ten swings, and only then

go to drink water, will win two additional trophies and two computer games. According to the prisoner's dilemma, the Nash equilibrium is supposed to be obtained precisely in the slide, which will reward its skiers with three complete tropics.

The results of the study were surprising. Most of the children, about seventy-eight percent of them, drank the tropical drink in its entirety and then started crying that they wanted more.

Damn little ones, thought Two-Face, with their smooth skin and innocent eyes, I'll show them what it is.

He continued to record the findings in his notebook, because in order to understand the behavior of children, one must first investigate them behaviorally.

No child ran to drink water; Only two went back to surfing, three stood in line for a swing, and one went into the garden.

It was Omri.

So he went back outside, holding the kindergarten teacher's hand.

A snotty little brat.

Two-Face tossed the coin into the air.

rational? Or by chance?

The coin landed by chance, and Amri was saved.

Time.

The kindergarten teacher approached the fence.

"Children! Get away from the fence quickly! And put on masks! What is this! How many times do I have to tell you! You are only allowed to take off the mask when eating or drinking!"

Very interestingly, Two-Face noted in his notebook, a hidden incentive was discovered in the experiment, and may have biased Pareto efficiency.

"Can I help you, sir?" asked the kindergarten teacher.

The scarred stranger began to cry from one eye.

"Don't be angry with me, Kindergarten, I'm sorry, I was wrong, I was wrong, Kindergarten, I was wrong, why did it have to happen to me, why not to another child, it

was by chance, it wasn't rational, it was by chance."

The kindergarten teacher took pity on him. When he calmed down, the stranger presented her with a certificate given to him by Education Minister Yoav Galant.

"I should have asked you for permission in advance, I was wrong, I was wrong, but don't worry, madam, I'm on behalf of the Ministry of Education, I've come to give the children story time."

"Oh, sure, come in, come in, Mr.."

"Dan," said Two-Face, "Professor Harvey Dan."

"How are we going to find him?" Jordan yelled, tightening his grip on Batman's waist as they raced on the motorcycle inside the tunnel.

"Batmobile, call Lucius!" the bat ordered.

"Yes, sir," replied the faithful servant.

"Lucius, I need the location of all the cellular devices in Tel Aviv, to identify any mention of the name Harvey Dan."

"But.." said Lucius, "tracking everyone's phones.. it's just.. it's just.. wrong."

"It's for their safety!" Batman yelled, "The kids are in danger!"

Lucious refused, and handed Batman his resignation.

His replacement activated the icon.

"Well, kids," said Two-Face, "let's start story time." Today we read a story from the children's book 'Irrational but Not Terrible', the New York Times bestseller.

Imagine you are a cheerful and chubby lab mouse. One day a glove with a human hand inside it is unexpectedly pushed into your cozy and comfortable cage, your home that you loved, carefully picks you up and places you in another cage, a strange cage with a maze in it. Since you are inquisitive types by nature, you start walking around the cage and checking the area with curiously vibrating whiskers. Very quickly you notice that some areas of the maze are black, and other areas are white. As you wander, your nose leads you into one of the white areas in the maze. nothing Happens. Immediately after that you turn sharply to the left into a black area. At

that moment you feel a painful electric current that hits your front paws.

So every day for a week you are put into a different maze each time. The safe areas in it, as well as the colors of the walls and the strength of the electric current, change on a daily basis. Sometimes areas that carry medium electric current are painted red. Other times, areas that transmit a particularly strong and painful electric current are decorated with dots. Sometimes the safe areas in the maze are painted with black and white squares. Every day you must learn to navigate, so that you take the safest route and avoid the electric current as much as possible. The reward you will get if you learn to navigate the maze safely is that you will not be electrocuted. How successful do you think, children, you would be in such a task?

More than 100 years ago, psychologists Robert Yerkes and John Dodson conducted different versions of this experiment to find out two things about mice: how fast they can learn, and more importantly: what strength of electric current will spur them to learn faster.

It was possible to assume that the stronger the electric current, the greater the mouse's motivation to learn. When the current will be relatively weak, the mouse will wander indifferently in the maze, and the electric shocks will not particularly impress him. But as the strength of the current and the pain get stronger, the scientists thought, the mouse will feel that it is being attacked, and its motivation to learn will increase. By this logic, it can be assumed that mice will want to avoid electric shocks most of all when they are the strongest, so their motivation to learn quickly will be at its peak under these conditions.

When the electric current was very weak, the mice showed low motivation, and consequently learned slowly. A medium current spurred them to learn the rules of the cage faster. So far the results are absolutely consistent with the prevailing intuition about the relationship between motivation and performance. So, kids, what's the catch? The catch is that when the electric current was very high - the performance of the mice was

the worst! I admit, it is not easy to get into the head of a laboratory mouse and try to think like it, but what probably happened is that when the electric current was the strongest, the mice could not concentrate on anything other than the fear of the electric shock. When terrified, they simply couldn't remember which parts of the cage were safe and which weren't, so they couldn't decipher their surroundings and understand how it was arranged.

Well, children, although electric shocks are not part of an accepted incentive system in the real world, such a relationship between incentive and performance may also describe relationships between incentives for performance of various kinds, whether the reward is the possibility of avoiding an electric shock or whether it is the possibility of earning large sums of money. Imagine what the results of Yerkes and Dodson's experiment would have been if they had used money instead of an electric current (assuming laboratory mice have any interest in money at all). Small bonuses would leave

the mice indifferent, and they would not perform well. Moderate bonuses would cause the mice to care more, and their level of functioning would increase. But very high bonuses would have caused the mice to be overly motivated. This will make it difficult for them to concentrate, and as a result their performance will be worse than it might be if they were rewarded with mediocre bonuses.

The end."

"Um.. Umm.." The kindergarten teacher coughed inside the mask, "Well.. it was.. Thank you very much Professor Dan, it was fascinating, children, thank Professor Dan."

"Thank you Professor Dan!"

"You're welcome," said Two-Face, thinking, they are really cute, these little ones, but we must proceed according to the plan.

The kids went to recess, and Two-Face rushed to the basement. Tel Aviv's main faucet was exactly where the blueprints showed. He took out a tiny vial from his pocket, smaller than a tropical.

Before pouring its contents in, he tossed the coin into the air.

rational? Or by chance?

But the coin hit the basement ceiling and fell into the vent. Well, Mila, Two-Face shrugged, and emptied the vial.

He heard the children starting to cough and vomit, and went upstairs. It pained him to see them, the poor, as pure as the snow, their shoulders so fragile, and they carry such a heavy weight on them.

The parents rushed to pick up their children from the kindergarten, Ariela saw Amri vomiting inside his mask, take off the mask, Amriki, it's okay to take it off if you vomit, the presentation was canceled because everyone in the office got a stomach bug, all the parents were on the fence and blamed the kindergarten teacher, and the kindergarten teacher said, I think it's because of him, she pointed at Two-Face, at that moment Batman flew in as if from the sky, it was him! Two-face yelled, it's the bat! You are sick because of the bat! He's like a lab mouse with wings! It's the bat! And the parents pinned the bat to the floor and hit him, while vomiting on him and coughing, take off his mask, let's

see who he is, take off his mask, it's all because
of the bat!

Open

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

When I left through the window the door was already closed.

I haven't been going through doors for a while now unless they're open - I made that decision unanimously after the locked door incident.

Being one to only enter through open doors may raise an angry, torch-bearing mob against you. The ones who spend their whole lives trying to open doors, sometimes locked, sometimes just closed, but very closed - their whole wish is that one day the door will open by itself.

But the same action of pressing a handle for a long time, including everything that accompanies it and takes place there in the mechanism of the cylinder, not to mention the centrifugal force required to turn the key and release the bolt - all these are not for me.

They are nothing more than a closed and distant memory.

I live my life as usual, almost. If the office door isn't wide open when I arrive in the morning, I just go home. There are no valuables in my house, so the breach doesn't necessarily invite a thief. What's more, statistically, thieves are more likely to covet what's behind closed doors. From experience, either they don't really believe that the door is just open and you can just go in and take it, or they like the challenge. Just as there are people who only enter through open doors (like me), there are people who insist on only entering through closed doors.

So about the locked door incident.

To be honest, I don't like to dwell on this incident, as it is itself a heavy iron door, locked, creaking, with a safe code, inside a hidden room in my memory. And when it comes to closed and locked doors, my sub is... well, you get the idea.

Sometimes I cheat a little. If I really need to enter somewhere, for example a train or a supermarket, and the door is not an

automatic door with a sensor (which in my opinion is the greatest invention that humanity has seen since the wheel - a closed door that opens by itself), I wait a few minutes until someone else opens the door, and enter through her hair, like was open from the beginning.

This may sound very selfish, but sociologically, in a world where we all entered only through doors that were open all the time, society would organize itself so that its doors would always be open, or at least open by themselves.

Speaking of doors that open by themselves, it's hard to count how many dates have ended because I refused to open the door for my partner, or simply stood there waiting for her to open the door for me. It's hard for them to understand that sometimes the door will just open by itself. For example, when the locked and safe door in my memory opens by itself, and I again turn the key in that locked door in our old apartment even though it feels too locked to me and go in and see Mirit sucking Idelman from the office and our baby Maury

in the playpen in the corner of the room, and I turn around and want to get out, get out fast As much as possible, but the door doesn't open, and I knock and knock, knock until the skin on the knuckles peels, and the blood drips from them, knock until the wrist is cracked and the bones of the forearm are broken, and this is the peeling skin and blood and broken bones of all those who have knocked on the doors of love, or security , or the joy or the peace, they knocked and knocked and we didn't open to them, when all this happens, I enter the room in my new apartment, close the door behind me, turn off the light and fold under the blanket in a fetal position.

When it's over I go out the window.

Someone*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

Doris has exactly 1,037 days left to live. She didn't know that, of course, and like the rest of us, she thought she would live forever.

She got up every morning and bathed, not an easy task at all considering her extreme age, when the body is more like a faded bath sponge, but is not as flexible as it. Then she went down to Cafe Aroma to meet Matilda, her long-time best friend, since school days in Baghdad. They ordered two cups of tea and one butter croissant, which they shared for about four hours, to the chagrin of the owner, who did not dare to remove the couple of elderly customers.

Doris and Matilda talked about friends who died or were widowed, about children who made money or lost it, about grandchildren who got married or divorced, and recently also about one granddaughter. Matilda, by the

way, only had 452 days left to live. Doris returned home for a lunch break, and in the evening took bus 61 for a walk on the beach. Every Saturday evening, the four children, the nine grandchildren, and recently also one great-granddaughter, would come to her house for a family meal. The pots gave off Baghdadi fragrances, and Doris's eyes shone as if she were eight years old, not eighty.

On the morning of Doris's 81st birthday, the Ministry of Life launched the new campaign: "Living is dangerous." The Ministry's team of experts, numbering 409 scientists, 19 Labournets and 7 members of the Board of Directors, studied the phenomenon of death for three decades and determined here- One at a 95% confidence level: after age 80, there is a statistically significant relationship between life and death. The experts, therefore, recommended Doris' peers to live as little as possible, thereby reducing the risk of death by 53.22 percent squared.

Doris had no intention of becoming afraid of animals. She was born in Baghdad in the thirties. At the age of six, she already saw the

cheering crowd when her brother was hanged in the city square by the authorities, for violating the homeland's constitution. When she was thirteen, her mother was killed in a car accident, and at the age of twenty-four, her late husband, Elisha, raped her. Nine months later, their fourth daughter, Miriam, was born. While Elisha worked four jobs, Doris only worked two, if you don't count the four children. Doris was afraid of strangers, men, cars, scarcity, and other countries, and adding a fear of life to the list was simply out of the question.

Matilda, on the other hand, who had already put on her make-up and even brought out the giant pearls from hiding in honor of Doris's birthday party, heard about the new study on the news, and immediately called to cancel her arrival. The Ministry of Life emphasized the danger of celebrations, especially in honor of birthdays. The studies proved unequivocally - the birthday is the day when life began, and therefore to celebrate it is literally taunting death. The minister of life presented on television red graphs that

supported the findings and said: the less celebrations, the less death. And if Death thought he would stick his tail in Matilda and pull her with him into the unknown, well let him think again.

The hourglass, the one whose grains begin to fall on the day we are born, and their number, even if very large, is predetermined and final, continued to tick. When the Ministry of Life published its new slogan - "Stop life, prevent death", Doris had 822 days left to live, and Matilda, you can use the experts to calculate accurately, 237.

The catchy slogan was chosen in a first television event of its kind, in the finale of the first season of 'The Next Copywriter'. The slogan deeply moved the jury, except for Stav Tamar, the bad boy of Israeli copywriting, who signed hits such as 'Dor Maofer', 'Spotlight' and 'Do you have a close friend'. He has seen better slogans.

Doris continued to live, despite the danger. She took Line 61 to the beach, drank aroma coffee, entertained the fourteen offspring on Friday nights. But every day, it happened the

moment she finished eating half a croissant, and the other half remained on the plate, a wave of sadness washed over her, and she remembered Matilda, who in the meantime tried to live as little as possible.

Matilda rarely left the house, not to mention meetings with her grandchildren, as you know, the Ministry of Life emphasized this in the morning news, children are the main carriers of life. She gave her cat up for adoption, removed all the plants from the house, ate dry food, sat in the corner of the room and took short breaths.

The walks on the beach dwindled; Doris's 82-year-old body allowed her to walk only a short distance, and no more than once a week. Once, she even got confused and took line 52 instead of 61, and had to find her ID in her bag to remember her home address.

One day, Doris woke up and heard on the radio that the Ministry of Life had found a drug that reduces the risk of life by 97.32%. The new Minister of Life explained that the control group of the experiment consisted of 37 experimenters who are a perfect

cross-section of the population over the age of eighty, of medium-high socio-economic status, living in the center of the country, in a non-rural built-up area, with a diet rich in fats and few carbohydrates, who engage in sports for 17 minutes a day on average, she has roots in North Africa and the Middle East, prefers guavas to dolphins and her sleep quality is defined as reasonable according to the official sleep index.

Doris fit the profile almost exactly, or almost exactly, researchers disagreed. For a nominal payment of NIS 159, or NIS 119 for Shufersal credit card holders, she will be able to receive the subsidized medicine and be saved.

The announcement was made when Doris had 585 days to live. The grieving family members of Matilda, who died on the very same day and did not have time to hear about the medicine, announced with great sorrow and heavy grief and astonishment the untimely death of our mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. Matilda's death was a triumphant justification for the Ministry of Life's warnings, and Matilda's descendants

also locked themselves in their homes and gave their pets up for adoption.

For 558 days, Doris refused to accept the medicine. Even before the good news about the medicine was published, Doris began to talk to God, telling him that maybe eighty years is more than enough. The late Elisha visited her frequently in her dreams, not as the same hard-working man who slept in the next room for fifty-two years, but as the same eighteen-year-old boy who picked a basket of peaches for her from the orchard where he worked.

In the meantime, the Ministry of Life launched an encouragement operation to take the medicine, in order to protect the senior citizens - Doris among them - from life. Doris was first forbidden to come to Cafe Aroma, then to the beach, and finally she was even forbidden to entertain her children, since a Shabbat meal with so much life could endanger not only Doris but even the neighbors in the building across the street.

With no other choice, Doris spent most of her day at home. She looked at her slowly

withered body, at the sphincters that had already failed to control defecating, at the bloated stomach. Her body seemed to her like a foreign bone.

When she had 27 days left to live, Doris acquiesced to the encouragement of the Ministry of Life and took the medicine.

Matilda has long since passed away. A week after taking the medicine, Doris fell into bed. Her daughter, Miriam, slept with her every night, fed her formula from a bottle, changed her diapers, and in the few moments when Doris' eyes were open, spoke to her loudly and in simple words, Mom, I love you, Mom, everything will be okay.

In the news, the new Minister of Life announced that according to a study published that day, nineteen elderly people from the control group died because they did not take the medicine, and only eighteen died even though they took it. The medicine, then, is still effective.

He again listed the steps taken by the Ministry of Life to promote the drug, and repeated three times the slogan that won the

final: stop life, prevent death. Stop life, prevent death. Stop life, prevent death. The entire news team sang along with him in chorus.

In the subsequent interview, the Minister of Life was asked many questions by the news team, only one question was not asked, perhaps because there is no answer to it, and a question that has no answer is nothing to ask because it is not a question at all, in any case the question was for what purpose, for what purpose should it be prevented death, and perhaps the only answer that can be given is that there is no reason, there is not and will not be and should not be, the prevention of death is causa sui, the cause itself, it is the highest purpose of life, standing firm and eternal by itself.

Tuesday morning, Doris was lying in her bed, surrounded by her children, grandchildren and one granddaughter. Ofer, the youngest grandson, played the guitar. Everyone sang Ehud Manor's Someone to her together, and Doris said, as if from another world, that's how happy dead people are.

A few hours later, lifting her daughter by her side, Doris breathed her last.

It doesn't hurt when you die. It's even a bit pleasant, like taking off a tight boot at the end of a hard day's work. In a few seconds you completely forget about life, like waking up from a hazy dream. Doris forgot the rape, and the hanging, she sailed away with the ringing of bells, but for some reason she remembered Ehud Manor's song, and the children, and Matilda. The gate opened, and Doris began to pass through it, it felt like one day and at the same time like a thousand years, the tunnel twisted and a white light shone at the end, she continued in its direction, in the background she heard the cry of a baby, and the doctor gathered her to him, and placed her in the mother's lap.

Alien Flu*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

The aliens invaded, and within a day world peace was declared.

The KGB gave the CIA full authorization for the Soviet satellite systems, the Palestinians enlisted in the Israeli army, Israel, in turn, helped Iran enrich uranium, Erdogan transferred ammunition to the Kurds and Assad armed the Syrian citizens with chemical weapons, a continuous axis for the passage of goods stretched from Sierra-Leona to Beirut, China withdrew so the Tibetans could pray, the tanks of the United States Army formed a single line along the border with those of the Mexican cartel and North Korea and South Korea signed an agreement and went back to being just Korea. When the first flying saucer, which looked more like an elevator, landed in New Mexico,

we immediately dropped two tons of napalm on it. There were no survivors, only alien organs charred in the flames and the smell of smoked meat.

How are we supposed to interrogate them like this, the head of the Combined Forces of the Earth got angry, and put his fist on the table. The intelligence units searched the scene and did not find a single piece of valuable information.

So when the second elevator landed in Tanzania, the Sea Lions, in cooperation with the Taliban's special unit, captured the invaders and transferred them to the detention facility at Guantanamo Bay. They hung them by the toes, drowned them in the toilet and cut off their fingers, but the intruders refused to give any information about the sophisticated weapons they possessed, and only made the same strange voice that no one understood.

Pablo Zapzap between the news channels, captivated.

He always knew they existed. When he was six years old, he saw a program on the Discovery Kids channel, and the program explained: although the chance of life forming is very, very small, the universe is very, very large, therefore, from a scientific point of view, the probability of the existence of intelligent life outside the Earth is 0.99909. It's not healthy to be like that all day in front of the TV, thought Mom, but Pablo was already sixteen, old enough to make up his own mind.

To distract him, she made him his favorite meatballs.

Who cares about meatballs - Pablo had to meet the aliens. The next morning he reported to the recruiting office and joined the ranks of the infantry unit of the Combined Forces.

When the efforts to subdue the aliens went to waste, the UN decided on a pre-emptive strike, which, as it is said, raised up your slayer to kill him.

The astronomers of M.I.T. He teamed up with astronomers from the University of Moscow in the Crimea, and tried to trace the orbit of the extraterrestrial elevator. The best of earth engineers could not understand how a seemingly primitive piece of tin traveled so many light years in such a short time. They hypothesized that it was quantum copying and the theory was accepted by the scientific community.

Finally, German radars discovered the source of the spacecraft - a tiny peanut-shaped asteroid that appeared as if out of nowhere, hovering just below the geostationary orbit, about thirty-three thousand kilometers above the equator.

Before the aliens could attack on the third, the Combined Forces Corps of Engineers established a casual launch site in Kashmir, which was consolidated for the mission.

The NASA commando unit set out for the asteroid, with Pablo and the other combined infantry units covering it. The crying mothers kissed the hero boys, for mother the fate of the earth and the fate of her son, they were

you, do what you have to do my son, just go home soon.

The warriors landed safely on the metallic rock. The asteroid was mostly covered in a kind of greenish-brown moss - it seemed that the aliens mainly fed on it. The intelligence officer reported to headquarters in Houston, and at the behest of the biological institute, sent samples of the moss to Earth. He was instructed to send a sample of any additional organic matter found.

The infantry units of the Combined Forces were deployed throughout the asteroid Butan. When they encountered an alien settlement base, the warriors surrounded it with electric fences and placed watchtowers. They harvested the moss, packed it and assigned each alien one portion a day.

Pablo was assigned to the watchtower with Jeremy, a tall, handsome eighteen-year-old warrior from California. They ate the space food from the vacuum bags together, and when the pudding was poured into Pablo, Jeremy shared his with him, half and half. Until two weeks ago, he wouldn't have let

Pablo cross the border from Tijuana to San Diego, but that's how it is, in the moment of truth, we're all one living human tissue.

No sign of advanced weapons was found on the surface of the asteroid. The commander of the commando unit, known as the mole, concluded that the weapons must be hidden underground, and ordered drilling to begin. He instructed the fighters to immediately bomb any unidentified object, especially aircraft, food reserves and munitions, and mentioned: The Geneva Convention does not apply outside the atmosphere.

It was Jeremy's turn to guard, and Pablo fell asleep. As usual, Jeremy scanned the area through the binoculars. Suddenly, he noticed a clear, slimy substance secreted by the females from their reproductive organs; He has always been single-minded. Jeremy ignored the strict prohibition against any contact with the aliens, and went in to collect a sample.

!@%#@# \$%^&@ \$!!^%\$# A huge
explosion was heard.

Pablo woke up and looked outside. He thought Jeremy had stepped on a mine - the charred limbs were strewn under the tower and Pablo was throwing up out the window. In the investigation of the incident, it became clear that Jeremy was hit by an underground explosion from our forces' fire. The casket was flown to Earth and buried in the military plot, and Jeremy's name was engraved on a fancy tombstone; Spacemen, unlike aliens, have a name, from the moment they are born to the end of time.

There was also good news; The sample collected in Oz was saturated with genetic material, which would provide crucial information about the aliens and their copying abilities. The Medal of Valor was awarded to Jeremy's family by the Chief of the Combined Forces.

The sounds of the explosion were heard all over the asteroid, which did not exceed the territory of Texas. The Mole was right - he was nicknamed for good reason - the asteroid's belly was riddled with holes, where the aliens hid curved tin plates, which were

apparently used to assemble the quantum spaceships and some advanced weapons.

Above the surface, one of the aliens approached the electric fence, making that strange sound that no one understood. As he touched the fence, two thousand watts of Korean engineering fried his alien ass and he died on the spot. The smell of charred flesh reached Pablo's nose, standing alone in the watchtower. He's tired of eating out of a bag with a straw, Jeremy is dead and he hasn't even seen one alien up close, Commander Em, What he said about Geneva, he came down from the tower and gave the fried outsider a bite.

The texture was a bit sticky, but with the right seasoning it could be a delicacy, he bit again, this time into the thigh which was softer, the alien's juices melted into his taste buds, it reminded him of his mother's meatballs, a primal feeling of youth in him, he felt how the frontal lobe His is expanded by the same proteins that discovered the fire, the wheel and the napalm, he licked his greasy fingers, his lips and beard were also filled with fat and

the smell of coal, he continued to gnaw until he sucked the bone, and while his tongue hunted for scraps of flesh, he noticed that one of the females, maybe the fried alien's mother or his wife, stares at him and utters the strange voice that no one understands, don't look at me like that it wasn't me who killed him it was the fence.

Pablo reported the incident to the unit commander, who reported down in Houston - we didn't find a sign of a weapon, but hey, the taste wasn't bad at all.

The UN put the asteroid up for auction. Nestlé won, established a packaging station on the asteroid Butan and began marketing canned alien meat. The military service gave Pablo an advantage in interviews, he was accepted for a position as deputy head of the dispatch team at Nestlé and got to work closely with aliens, mother was proud. Elon Musk, the creative super-entrepreneur who is always thinking of how to catapult humanity forward, founded a jet spacecraft company that will provide fresh and premium alien meat. The GDP per capita in the world

jumped by fifty dollars, and the new superfood, rich in protein and low in fat, entered the official pyramid of the World Health Organization's food ancestors. Even the rabbis and imams ruled - both kosher and halal. In light of the potential, Unilever appealed to the Antitrust Commissioner, and after a long legal battle, received a license to market the mucous secretion, which tasted like a combination of coconut and guava, in recycled glass bottles. They attached the females to metal pumps and passed them around in order to produce the coconut mucous secretion. When an alien flu virus was discovered in some of the habitats, and the antibiotics failed to cure, the entire alien crop within a three kilometer radius of the outbreak was destroyed. Nestlé suffered a depreciation of four hundred million dollars and the stock fell by four point three percent. In order to quiet the alien rights organizations, the CEO of Nestlé promised that he would not consume products from the alien on Mondays, and won the sympathy of the public.

So about the weapons.

The asteroid Botan fell into the Earth's gravity completely by accident, after eight billion years of wandering around the Milky Way. The aliens liked to play with the tin plates, remnants of communication satellites that circled the earth. Two of the plates accidentally skidded off the surface of the asteroid and crashed into Earth. The poor people didn't know who they fell for.

Oh, and one more thing, you must have imagined greyish-green humanoid creatures, with two arms and two legs, a bald head and big black eyes. The aliens didn't look like that at all. They come up to about our knees, they have a fat body and a tiny head, claws instead of feet and wings instead of hands, they are covered with feathers, and from the source they make a strange sound that no one understands, buk-buk-buk, buk-buk-buk.

Maskhijab*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

To-doo-doo-doo!!!

Is it a bird? is it a plane? No, it's Wonder Woman!

I mean, it is a plane. Private jet, actually. Wonder Woman is in it. She can fly, but her husband can't.

"Alfreda, down there!" Wonder Woman called. The stewardess, who is both a pilot and a stunning friend, activated the radar, and homed in on her; A ten-year-old girl drifts into the Mediterranean sea and waves her hands, north of Tripoli in Libya.

Wonder Woman, along with her real estate mogul husband Yaron Versano, always jumps at the opportunity to save a girl or a woman in need. She became interested in the field of social activism when she was still a child on the island of Tamiskiri.

When the corona virus started, Wonder Woman, along with her husband Yaron Versano, went out of her way to save lives, simply because she cared. Even when they were already allowed to wear a mask only in closed places, she wore a mask outside as well, and inside she wore two. When told to keep a distance of two meters, Wonder Woman and her husband Yaron Versano kept three, and when everyone did three vaccinations, Wonder Woman also did three, but three on each hand.

"Too-doo-doo-doo!" Come on Alfreda, to the girl!

"Hello, hello, what's wrong with the girl, honey, we have to get home," said Yaron Versano.

"To which house, Mami?"

Wonder Woman lives in both Malibu and Neve-Tzedek. She has become a bit of a screw-up since her simple childhood days in Temiskira, known as Petach-Tikva. You thought that someone like her would date some poet or birder, well think again, a strong woman needs a strong man by her side. Her

husband's name is Yaron Versano, he is the owner of Neve-Tzedek, now what is a strong man in modern terms, hunting an antelope will be difficult for him, he is a bit lazy, but it will also be easy for him to pay someone to hunt it for him.

"Honey, honey, listen, we have to get to Neve-Zedek, otherwise someone else will buy the new lot they thawed out there. Baby, baby, be with me, it's impossible for someone else to buy a lot in Neve-Zedek, are you with me, baby? Ask someone else from the Justice League of Malibu. Penelope will do it. She likes Arabic.'

No time to waste, Wonder Woman thought, and dialed headquarters. One of the members of the Justice League of Malibu will answer in detail - Amal Clooney, a lawyer and human rights activist, who met George Clooney, her husband, due to their common interest in the field of human rights; Ellie Hewson, businesswoman and activist, who built the brand 'African women sew clothes for themselves and for us' in collaboration with her husband, the singer and activist

Bono; and Penelope Cruz, an actress and human rights activist known for her work for the Catalan people, that is, the Palestinian people, both ending in 'Ni'.

They all still remember the publicized crisis in the League, when Penelope said that Israel is committing genocide, and Wonder Woman was just teaching Conan O'Brien to say Sabih, they fought and the universe almost collapsed in on itself.

"Emergency call to all righteous women, emergency call to all righteous women, we have an Arab girl drowning near Libya, who is free to take the call?"

Amal Clooney was the first to take the call, from her estate in California, and Italy, and Cabos, and Oxfordshire, and Manhattan, and Provence.

"Long live justice," said Wonder Woman, "Long live justice," Amal replied.

Wonder Woman's plane approached the airport. Her husband Yaron Versano drank coffee and went over the draft of the contract again.

"The warrior of justice Amal Clooney, the warrior of justice Amal Clooney, we have an Arab girl drowning near Libya. You too were once a drowning Arab girl. Quick, what's your location?"

Justice fighter Amal Clooney clicked on the walkie-talkie.

"I'm in California, and Italy, and Caboose, and Oxfordshire, and Manhattan, and Provence."

"Yes, I know, you invited us to wine and beer tasting, but which one for God's sake, which one??"

"In all of them!" shouted the warrior of justice Amal Clooney, "I am in all of them!"

"Long live justice!" Justice warrior Ellie Hewson called in, "Don't worry, I'm here!"

"Where," asked Wonder Woman, "in Ireland?"

"No," answered the justice warrior Ellie Hewson.

"At Temple Hill?"

"No."

"In Ireland?"

"You already asked."

"But in Ireland you have two estates!"

"Oh, right, right, then no."

"So the French Riviera!"

"Warming, but you only have one more guess."

"I don't know, warrior of justice Ellie Hewson, and our time is running out," Wonder Woman sensed, "Wait a minute, you bought another mansion and didn't tell us?"

"Yes! But I'm not there. I'm drinking coffee on our yacht in the Mediterranean, lol."

She sent the fighters a selfie with a kiss and tagging, #suntanfromsolarenergy.

Sexy under the skin, responded Wonder Woman and warrior of justice Amal Clooney.

"Warrior of justice Ellie Hewson, Alfreda will send you the exact location of the Arab girl drowning near Libya. Wait for me there, I'm flying my husband Yaron Varsano to Neve-Tzedek and joining."

Wonder Woman grabbed her husband Yaron Versano from Beit Shachai, flew to Neve Tzedek, hung a hamsa against the evil eye at the new property, drank mud coffee, and ran towards the little Arab girl.

"I also want to help the Arab girl who is drowning, I also want to help the Arab girl

who is drowning," said the justice fighter Amal Clooney, "Alberta, stop cooking and prepare the plane!"

The three warriors of justice were on their way to help the Arab girl, and suddenly felt that something was missing.

"Where's Penelope?" Wonder Woman asked.

"She said she and Xavier fuck three times a day..." said the warrior of justice Amal Clooney.

"Lying bitch."

The female fighters arrived at the same time to the drowning Arab girl - Ellie Hewson in a yacht, Amal Clooney in a private plane, and Wonder Woman simply floating in the air like a kite.

"Okay, who's taking her?" asked the justice warrior Amal Clooney.

"It seems to me that it would make the most sense for the warrior of justice Ellie Hewson to put her on the yacht," Wonder Woman said.

"Wonderwoman, why didn't you say she was without a mask?" said the warrior of justice Ellie Hewson, "You know it doesn't take a

good photo, a girl without a mask on the yacht."

"No paparazzi here!" exclaimed Wonder Woman.

"Then you take her."

"Justice fighters, justice fighters, nothing to worry about, she has a hijab! The hijab is dismissed as a mask!" said justice fighter Amal Clooney, a lawyer and human rights activist by profession.

"Where did you get that, Soul?" Wonder Woman asked.

"It's common sense, how can she wear both a hijab and a mask?"

"So take off the hijab and put on a mask."

"Wonderwoman, with all due respect, no chauvinistic western pig is going to tell the little girl drowning here that she can't cover her hair, mouth, nose, arms, stomach, knees and ankles if she I choose it."

"Corona denial!"

"Islamophobic!"

"Warriors of justice, warriors of justice," said warrior of justice Ellie Hewson, "don't fight, I have an idea! Little girl, honey, do you want

to sew us all a fashionable organic cotton mask? I can see it right now, we'll call it - Maschijab.'

"Wait a minute, I know!" cried Amal Clooney, "I knew we'd find something to do with them!"

She started throwing small oval pieces of plastic into the sea from the window of the plane.

"What are you doing?" asked the other justice warriors.

"These are the Nespresso capsules from George's commercial, the Arab can use them as floats!"

"Wow, great idea, Justice Warrior Amal Clooney!" exclaimed Justice Warrior Ellie Hewson, and Wonder Woman exclaimed, "How creative, thank you."

But the capsules only hit the little girl in the head and disappeared into the sea.

What now, thought the fighter for justice Amal Clooney, and when she couldn't think of a new idea she decided - "I'll call George! He always has something to say!"

But George was just reading texts in front of a camera with a charming smile while touching his nose, and didn't answer. Amal sent him a message: -E M-C-I-E L-E-S-W-T.

Just when all seemed lost, Wonder Woman heard another noise behind her.

"It could be, yes, yes, it's Jim's plane!"

Jim Carrey came, circled the girl and shouted from the emergency door of the plane, "Little girl, don't worry, it's all an illusion, I wish everyone could be rich and famous like me to see that it's not what's important in life, it's an illusion, I realized that when I played a comedian Other, life is like a movie, we choose the character, want to switch roles, little girl, it's easy, you take the private plane and I'll drown in the sea to the coast of Tripoli, here, take some spirituality, I have a lot, little Arab girl, you don't What to worry about, above water and under water it's the same!"

He demands more, and two more private planes arrived at the scene, yes - these are Mark Zuckerberg and Bill Gates, geniuses, leaders and philanthropists with grace!

"Little Arab girl," Bill called into the megaphone, "what you need is a computer for each child, here, take it."

Bill Gates threw a laptop from the plane, but it only hit the girl in the head, fell into the water and broke down.

"Oh no, she's sick!" shouted Bill.

"Maybe we'll open an Instagram account for her? That way she could report her suffering to the whole world and be saved," suggested Mark.

"No," said Bill.

"Why not," Mark was offended, "you despise Facebook? Do you know that revolutions have started on Facebook?"

"Boy, you still have a lot to learn," said Bill, "what she needs is a vaccine! Here, girl, take shots!"

Bill Gates threw one, two, three, four, twenty vaccines, but even the syringes only hit the girl in the head, fell into the water and drowned.

At this very moment, a jet spaceship that runs on hydrogen landed from the sky.

"Arab girl, I'll take you to Mars!" shouted the super entrepreneur Elon Musk, "There's no water there, you'll be safe!" Just put a mask on me!

He threw her masks from the spaceship, but they fell into the water, and the sea turtles ate them and suffocated.

"Men," said the warrior for justice Amal Clooney, "besides competing to see who has the bigger one, they don't know how to do anything."

"Get out of here, men!" cried Wonder Woman, "leave it to us!" The world would be a perfect place if women ran it together with my husband Yaron Varsano! Imagine all the people, ring all the world, woohoowoo. If we only manage to save her, the Arab girl here will grow up to be a feminist like us, and.."

"Khalas!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" shouted the little Arab girl with the hijab.

"Feminist girl, what happened?" Wonder Woman asked.

"I'm not a feminist girl!"

"you're not?"

"No! In this world there are women who only care about themselves, and women who care about others, just like there are men who only care about themselves, and men who care about others.'

"Phew," the justice warriors were relieved, "lucky we are women who care about others."

"No! To say that you care about others is not the same as to care about others! Look at yourselves! You call yourselves fighters for justice, but you are three women, and together you own the territory of an entire city in Libya!"

"Ya Vardy, what an eye she makes for us..." said Wonder Woman.

"I'm not paying attention to you! You don't understand that it comes at my expense in the end, that it's a zero sum game with the economy, as long as there are pigs like you there will always be someone who needs to feed them, it's a structural problem, in other words if you take more than you need there will always be someone who will get less than they need. .."

"The drowning feminist girl is right!" said the justice warrior Amal Clooney, "Inequality is a growing problem that worsens over the years, and we, in Hollywood, are obliged to fight the phenomenon with the help of philanthropy and increasing awareness, in order to repair the damage caused by the white man, but despite everything that we do..'

"No, it's not despite everything you do, it's because of everything you do, and it's not the white man, and it's not the politicians, it's you, it's the culture you're passing on, you're supposed to be a role model, but you criticize the whole world and then take advantage of All his resources, and if that's not enough, even helping others you turn into commercialism, you're just criminals!"

"Excuse me?!" said Wonderwoman, "My husband Yaron Versano made his fortune legally, and he has a shark lawyer, so be careful with your tongue."

"If you play by the rules of a criminal system, you are still criminals!!! Wealth in itself is a crime, and the proper place for you is behind bars!"

"What's this Arab girl falling for us now, she has a wahad attitude, iffff," said Wonder Woman.

"Very good!" said warrior of justice Amal Clooney, "she will grow up to be a strong woman like us, and maybe even a warrior of justice."

"I can't hear you anymore!!" screamed the girl with the rest of her strength, "I don't watch your movies anymore, I don't listen to your music, nor do I want you to save me, I'll swim back to Libya, a civil war is better than your stupidity, leave me alone!" "

"I know," shouted the justice fighter Amal Clooney, "she has no education, she needs to be given an education!"

"I don't need your education, nor Meschijab, nor vaccines, nor a computer, nor a spacecraft to Mars, I just need you to stop taking oil from the country mine to produce children's movies, video games and vintage music!"

The girl began to swim towards the shore, and a shark came and devoured her.

Ellie Hewson started to cry.

To-to-to, to-to-to.

Justice fighter Amal Clooney's phone rang. It was George.

- Hi Georgie Honey.
- That the girl will go to fuck.
- Um.. wait, Georgie, I..
- Yes, put on her fucking mask and go fuck yourself.

- No, honey, you don't understand..
- And she also needs a vaccine, because it's stupid not to do it, every generation in our country for more than a lifetime has been asked to sacrifice something for the safety of their fellow human beings, to get a shot, to fight the Nazis, here all they want is to get a shot in the arm and put on a mask, grow up , do something with yourself.

- Okay, honey, I'll give her..
- Yeah, they're all, like, like, this is my freedom, like, that's not how this boat works, dumbass.
- Thank you honey.

George hung up, and Wonder Woman and Amal Clooney went over to comfort a crying Ellie Hewson.

Whining and pulling her nose, the warrior of justice Ellie Hewson clung to Hiken.

"You don't think the maskjab is a good idea?" she asked.

"We think it's a great idea," Wonder Woman said, patting her head, "We think it's a great idea."

Party's Over*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

This story will not be included in the curriculum of the Ministry of Education. And really, it is not suitable for children. When Dan-Dan first saw a Korean girl receiving eight cocks at once, he was eleven years old.

Jarby, the boy from the layer above who smokes cigarettes and gets beaten up, showed them the video from behind the hall on his iPhone. Look, it's like the butterfly flew, Jerbi laughed and pointed to the tattoo the girl had on her stomach. Dan-Dan felt that he was doing something forbidden, mainly because of the angry expression on the girl's face, in any case he wanted to do more of it. They still didn't let him have an iPhone, so all the way home he memorized, porn like popcorn, porn like popcorn, porn like popcorn. When he got to his room he locked the door, typed PN into Google, and the world changed.

He didn't know exactly what they were doing, until he saw a muscular man in one of the videos, pulling on his bulb until little balls of white jelly came out of it, into the mouth of a brown woman who also had a tattoo, and some for her eyes. He did as he did, it was pleasant, especially at a certain point on the inside of the bulb, below the tip.

He moved to pull only at this point, the woman in the video moved her legs to the sides and played with her vulva, and then, in one moment, his brain disconnected, a tremor went through his body and everything went black but also white, when he opened his eyes there was white jelly on the thigh, on the palms and a little on the keyboard.

The next day, Hades said hi to him in sports class. She was wearing a light blue cotton tank top. She still didn't have a bra like the girls in the layer above, her tits were just starting to come out, they looked like big nipples, and Dan-Dan knew that inside the tights she had the same vulva as the brown woman with the tattoo. He ran to the bathroom and pulled in a blur until he ejaculated (he googled and

already knew what it was called) splashed into the water in the toilet.

From the time until that doorbell rang, Dan-Dan masturbated 8,712 times. He masturbated on the bus when a woman took out a breast to breastfeed, masturbated for Shs on the annual trip after the teacher's shoulder strap got pinched during the route, masturbated at his grandmother's house after his cousin Keren hugged him on Seder night. But most of all he masturbates in his room, with the girls in the videos.

At first, most of the videos were of an older woman, in her twenties or early twenties. with black hair, or blonde, ginger or devilish, curly, straight or with braids, tall or short, thin or chubby, with tattoos or without, but they all did more or less the same thing, they first licked the bulbul Like a creative lemon, then roll over on their back like a beetle, open their legs and touch their vulva a little, scream while the bulbul goes in and out of their vulva, then go over to bend over like a crawling baby, scream again as the bulbul goes in and out of their vulva, and finally

open their mouth next to the bulbul and waited patiently to drink the ejaculate that came out.

After a week, Dan-Dan got tired of bigots, and he wanted to see girls his own age, like Hades. After some searches he realized that what he should write is naked girls one by one wow oh. One girl with black hair looked like Hadas, and she also had a bridge in her teeth. She was photographed sunbathing in a rubber pool, and in the corner of the video was a pink logo that said Tiffany Tin. Dan-Dan fell in love with her and wanted to save her from the pool, but he knew there was no point in sending her a message, because it must be full of senders.

Until the division it was divided into periods, like with Picasso. Dan-Dan is back to being big, eighteen girls with small tits. After measuring his bulbul with a ruler, comparing it with the palm of his hand to the man's bulbul in the video, and not liking the results, for a few months he watched only lesbian videos, or girl on girl (during this time his English improved miraculously). At some

point he switched to cartoon characters, mainly those from the computer games, who were already ready half-naked on the screen anyway. The periods that followed were the Bush period, the Southeast Asian period, the college period and the anal period. And when the division started - whatever came is welcome.

When he was sixteen, Dan-Dan met his first love. Dan-Dan liked real girls in the past; Besides Hadas, there was also Lior, who wore tight sweaters, and had a shy smile and a simple twinkle in her eyes. She was his second kiss. The first kiss was a figment of his imagination, he had faked it a few weeks before, when a classmate asked him how many girls he had already kissed, and zero was too round a number and too awkward. The lie felt terrible inside the body, like poison. And there were also Mayas and Danas.. but all of them were nothing compared to Venus in her dignity and self. Dan-Dan's love for Adi was absolute, devoted, almost obsessive, of a child feeling for the

first time in the presence of something great. One of several lonely loves for a lifetime, which may even have its roots in some previous incarnation. Adi was the most beautiful in the class, in the class, in the school, and in the universe. Her skin is as brown as a pecan and a mischievous look hidden between her brown eyes, her cheeks are smooth and soft, her lips are thin, her shapely butt is carried over long and tanned legs, her breasts are small and perky and fit exactly in the palm of his hand.

When Dan-Dan sat next to her, the blue plastic chair, on which was scribbled in black marker Liora the prostitute teacher, became a throne. When he helped her solve them, the exercises Liora wrote on the board turned into notes. That's how he would be good, one word from her and he would carry it to his wife at the 10th grade graduation ceremony.

First they would solve math exercises together, Dan-Dan would make Adi laugh, and her laughter was to his ears like the singing of the servant angels.

Everyone in the class knew who had already fucked and who hadn't yet, and Dan-Dan was among those who knew that everyone knew he hadn't yet. He also hated this nickname, which stuck to him from the very beginning, but no matter how much he asked, no one remembered to call him Dan.

Dan-Dan and Adi would make out in his cursed room, adjacent to his parents' room; He never understood how he could possibly be allowed, nay, required by law, to share his bedroom wall with this bickering couple. What kind of causal relationship exists between the ability to fertilize an egg with sperm and that of raising children.

When I was finally allowed to touch her nipples, Dan-Dan thought, I might never wash my hands, and the memory of the hard, wrinkled, responsive skin would forever burn into the pads of my fingers. When Lured his member for the first time, almost burst into tears.

If this is not love, what is love?

Adi, as befits a sixteen-year-old girl, used all kinds of preparations to perfume her pubes.

She didn't know that as much as it depended on him, Dan-Dan would suck the sweat and the juices and the secretions, bring the moist, viscous and fleshy hair of her womanhood, not only his finger, not only his tongue, but he would crawl all the way up her canals and make him a place of residence.

It was six months before they tried to have sex. From the moment when Adi was suitable for his courtship until that longed-for moment, Dan-Dan did not watch a single porn video. He tore off the jagged wrapper of the condom, put on the piece of rubber, it clicked, maybe it's not as small as he thought, his heart once hard, Dan-Dan leaned over his eyes, which was at least as lost and frightened as he was, even though he had already masturbated 2,893 times, It turns out that the motor skills of the act in reality are very different from the touch of the keyboard and the mouse, it's not the Ministry of Education's fault, Liora gave them two sex education lessons this year, there are simply things that have to be learned the hard way, something got complicated there and it hurt her, and

Dan-Dan was also in a lot of pain, only he had the pain. It wasn't physical, this night will be remembered forever, they didn't try to sleep anymore.

Then there was Abigail. Dan-Dan loved her too, but the fate of a second love is to forever live in the shadow of the first love. Isn't there something about first love that transforms in our dreams to the point of exhaustion... and sometimes it seems to Dan-Dan that every person has one, and only one, chance for innocent and pure happiness, and that chance is first love. From the moment he was left, man was forced to start and toil for happiness by the sweat of his brow.

Dan-Dan loved without being loved and was loved without loving - both hurt to the same extent. He and Abigail broke up and Dan-Dan returned to the arms of the computer.

When the doorbell rang, Dan-Dan was twenty-four years old, living in a rented two-room apartment in Ramat Gan, Walt's messenger.

Recently, he has shown an interest in videos from the public pick-ups genre, and has developed a keen eye for identifying staged videos with an actress, as opposed to videos in which the Czech with the camera and the cock the size of a cat actually found the girl on the street and convinced her to fuck him. What turns him on the most is to recognize sparks of sincerity during the video, this real and precious moment in which the actress forgets for a split second about the camera and the money, and gives herself completely to the pleasure that penetrates her, that fills her, and for her that it will continue forever, she wants him, she wants Dan-Dan as she wants the the happiness

Every time he ends up with the mouse in his hand and a streak of sweat on the computer chair, and sits there basking in the seed of his own idleness, he swears that he will never do it again, and that tomorrow he will find a girlfriend. He enters Tinder, and sends messages to all matches who ignored his message less than three times. He has a lot to offer, Dan, he plays the guitar and writes

songs, in bed he always puts the girl first, but he learned the hard way that writing it in his bio is not the same as serenading her or going down on her until she disconnects from the universe. What's more, while he scrolls through pictures of women in bikinis smiling and begging for love, and his finger slides across the iPhone screen and actually touches their breasts, it triggers some kind of Pavlovian conditioning in his brain, one hand is already free anyway. .

As of today, Dan-Dan has slept with six different women in his life, if you count Adi, and a total of 88 times. This is not a high number but not very low either, relative to Israel. However, it is not unusual for him to answer the doorbell and discover a curvaceous and smiling girl in a mini skirt.

May I come in? asked the girl, and entered without waiting for an answer, while placing her hand on Dan-Dan's chest.

A bull, Dan said.

The smiling girl took off her boots, then took off her shirt, reached back to unfasten her bra, turned to him, smiled and waved, then

rolled up her skirt, stuck out the tusk with the thong, and before the shocked Dan-Dan realized that she was really undressing for him in the living room, the bell Ring again.

He opened the door, and in front of him were two smiling girls, one curly with black hair and one dark-skinned with leather pants.

Olhaha! they said together and waved. Then they kissed Dan-Dan on the cheek, one on each side, entered the apartment and began to undress.

Dan-Dan's heart had already collapsed to his feet and his brain had turned to pulp. Looking at the three naked girls giggling on his chaise longue, he couldn't even believe his eyes, and tock-tock-tock-tock. A group of Asian women enter the apartment, jumping and clapping.

Dan-Dan doesn't understand what the hell is going on here, and while he's trying to decipher the mystery, another one enters, another group, another couple. He no longer closes the door in between because, frankly, there's no point, it's getting really crowded in the apartment, the pubes are rubbing against

each other and the place smells like a brothel (Dan-Dan was only once and left after five minutes, but smells always burn in his memory).

The girls start making out with each other on the bed, in the shower, on the counter. They give each other massages with olive oil they took from the kitchen, lick each other's asses, insert fingers, squirt cocaine from the nipples. Dan-Dan approaches a redhead with freckles and a protruding clit, he doesn't like it, he taps his finger on her shoulder, ahem.. um.. Excuse me, what are you doing here?

What the hell, Dan-Dan, the redhead replies laughing, Don't you recognize who?

Wow, cheering about three hundred girls in a forty square meter apartment, and the hand is still tilted. There are naked women on the tables, naked women on the pots, naked women in the sink. One Asian girl almost breaks the guitar.

Noo! Noo! Dan-Dan shouts and leaps towards her, and when he sees the butterfly flapping its wings on her stomach and the devastated

expression on her face he freezes. No, it can't be.

He looks around, and recognizes the American girl who fucked her husband's best friend when he wasn't home, the three Spanish girls who sucked One Lucky Guy's cock, the barely eighteen year old who had her first anal. There are Czech girls sucking on two men in a train station, Colombian lesbians fucking each other with strap-ons, and hey, what's he doing here, it was just One time, Dan-Dan just wanted to see how it felt, to fly out of my house quickly, he's a bit of a homophobe, Dan-Dan, compared to someone who ninety-nine out of every hundred times he's ended his life had a cock in his hand.

The doorbell rings again, Dan-Dan makes his way through the sea of pubes and nipples, he opens it, and in the doorway stands an eleven-year-old girl with a bridge in her teeth.

Puck.

Before he can say anything she enters and starts undressing.

Get up, Dan-Dan, get up! Yes, get up!

The girls grab him by the hands and throw him on the bed, they begin to undress him, but white, he says, what about the girl, they begin to suck him, ten, twenty, fifty tongues together, the rest caress him, cup the balls, lick the nipples, but He's not standing, if a physical form was worn it would be that of Finn who can't get an erection, a scream is heard, an Australian woman died of an overdose and two Brazilian women started wrapping the body in the plastic bags that Dan-Dan keeps under the sink, it's not their first time, Dan - Dan glances at the door and thinks, I wish Adi was here, and suddenly it seems to him that all the songs he played in his life he played for her, and all the tickles he licked in his life were hers, and he did everything just to be worthy in her eyes, just not to hurt her.

At exactly that second there is another knock on the door, for a moment Dan-Dan believed that dreams come true, police!

He hears the call and almost faints.

The police is hot, the police is hot!!! Dan-Dan screams in panic.

Don't Worry, Seeley, It's Only The Striper.

The girl closest to the door, a German with a piercing in her back, opens it. Some one cold de police? asks the policeman.

Yayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy All the girls shout in unison.

Ai hir yo wor ry ry ry notty girls, the policeman says, and they all turn around and stick out their butts, aim going to punish yo naw bikoz you ware ry ry ry notty, says the policeman, yyyysssssss, the girls cheer.

In the end it was a real cop. He fined each of them NIS 500 for gathering and continued to the next reading.

The Beggar*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

Not many beggars go around the world looking for revenge - ordinary beggars look for drugs. But Oscar is no ordinary beggar.

When Oskar asks you for a few shekels, he will look at you and add, for the next dish. You will be surprised, it works. The high-tech Rothschilds especially value originality. Any beggar can say the trite things, there is nothing to eat, save a sick little girl at home. it is not fair. But not Oscar, Oscar has.. courage. The man talks like hell. He's young, he's handsome, he's got a leather jacket, and if you try to pick him up, a dose of what, you ask, he'll say heroin without blinking, as easily as you say Ibiza.

Oscar came up with this trick by accident, the week he was exempted from the draft. He tried to collect a few shekels from a young man in a casket hat, and this smart guy offered to buy him a meal. He has been constipated for two weeks, vomit is stuck in his throat, and the dealer is going north in an hour, without planning Oskar started crying

hysterically, it's for the drugs, he whined, I shouldn't have lied, it's for the drugs. The guy with the hat gave him fifty shekels and ran away - Oscar immediately realized that he was onto something.

A successful beggar like Oscar rarely reaches a state of muscle pain. At worst he just measured to the square below the Rothschild offices, where all the guys call him by his first name. He always finds everything he needs with them. They talk to him at eye level, and each of them tries to be the one who is the least disgusted by the cuts and abscesses on Oscar's arms.

He will swear to you that it was not his fault, it all started because of a toothache. Sounds silly, but he has already bought your trust, and besides, why does he have to lie? Even so, he almost didn't have any left. Teeth, I mean. Once he finds the son of a bitch who did this to him, he'll inject him with the stuff himself. Meanwhile, it's time for the third portion of the day.

The needle seems to have gone in twice. Once when it stubbornly penetrates the skin

tissue, a second time when the substance is injected inside. At the microscopic level it is hollow, the needle, however, the liquid has to somehow ooze out. You can never really know what was put in your dish, and how it was produced, only the relief that comes after.

The body reacts immediately.

Everyone knows the boring story about the receptors and dopamine, but on the inside it's much more interesting, Oscar raced with the wild horses and buffalo running in the savannah, dived with the goddess up the river she was swimming in, got caught in spider mines, exploded like a supernova at the edge of the universe. And all without getting up from the sidewalk.

It's getting cold outside.

Even though the heroin alone wraps him around like a warm blanket, Mariana has washed his blanket away again, and here she is going downstairs to cover him. how beautiful she is I have never seen an angel with such a naughty ass. Before the closure, she studied fashion design and worked in a

small boutique in Dizengoff. He hated the Ashkenazi millionaires and the Mizrahi Novorishites equally. The lockdown completely messed up her life, she donated all her clothes, and is even thinking of moving from here to some island. I want to live naked and never see another piece of cloth. She can't visit her parents in Buenos Aires, they only let in three hundred people a day, including citizens. Meanwhile Oscar provides her with another essential exit from the house.

Oscar also once had a house. Quite big even, in the north of the city. Until recently he would still go to visit there, by bus.

No one likes to see a drug addict injecting on public transport, luckily there were only nine people on the bus, and all nine were on the phone. Not like the junkies in Allenby, but similar enough for Oscar to feel in good company. Oscar sat in the back seat, took out a spoon, ignited a thash, rolled up a sleeve, loaded a syringe, put it in his mouth, blocked the blood, pumped with his fist, found a thoride, inserted a needle, released a th A

rubber band, draw some blood, and press. The eyelids fluttered, mom started sobbing when she saw him, and dad said that until he goes to rehab he won't come back here.

Every coin has two sides, heroin also connects people. Look, for example, at Mariana and Oscar, or the group of drug addicts on the corner in Allenby. Especially on days like this, they function as one unit. Distribute alms equally. When the fat woman urinates on the steps of the gleaming conservation building, the bald man with the closed eye hides from her. Not that there are people on the street, what's more, the open wounds on her face are much more embarrassing than the peeing, and all she cares about is the next dish, but it's more for the gesture. And when the bald guy cuts the vein and turns into a sidewalk, the fat man puts a few cartons under the bald head.

Before the quarantine Oscar tried not to socialize with them too much. They are adults, and there is no way he ends up like them. In a year or two he gets out of it, he just needs closure before that. That's how he calls for revenge when he's not in the crease.

And here, now he laughs at all the people with the neat jobs and the company and the dog. Freer than all of you. You are stuck in your four walls and he, the world is his home, and finally everyone has overlapped from him. It's not that he went to concerts before, or that anyone paid attention to him, except for the hi-techists, but they also just shouted Oscar, man, laughed a forced laugh, gave him a hundred shekels and went up to the office.

The only problem is that now the hi-techists work from home, and he is stuck without the portion. He has no choice but to join hands with the gang in Allenby. Mariana doesn't like to see him with them. Once the gang convinced him to ask her for some money, the drug completely disrupts the moral compass but it really pinched him, for ten minutes she scolded him.

She believes he's out of it, what to do, she's like that, the type who decides to become a vegetarian at the age of seven because she held a chick. Maybe with this lockdown his screwed up parents will do some soul searching, get over themselves and come take

him home. Who gives his child a painkiller at the age of twelve, then his tooth hurts a little so what, let him deal with it. The truth is, who is she to judge, as someone who doesn't want children, you don't know what it's like to raise them, and what it's like to tell them no when they want something. They tried their best, for hours they watched videos together about receptors and dopamine, she's a neurophysiologist and he's a senior psychiatrist, they explained to him everything about the hormonal balance in the brain that was violated, but it just didn't help, he kept repeating the same sentence, I need closing the circle and then right I stop, and his mother said to Albert, it's the drug talking from his throat.

I went down to IPM to buy some fruit, just as Oscar rolled up his sleeve and shook the syringe. I never approached him or spoke to him. I'm just a programmer in a company that advises consulting companies that advise digital marketing companies. I wish I was a better person, but I'm afraid of catching some disease. I prefer to look at Oscar from the

balcony, and hope in my heart that he will get better.

There was a line, and everyone was standing on the yellow stickers that AMPM stuck on the sidewalk. At the entrance they reached for alcohol gel, like beggars. I understand them for God's sake, until they give something here for free. are taking On the way back Oscar was smeared on the pavement like dog poo. When he's like that I always check from afar if he's breathing, while I was watching foam started coming out of his mouth.

Opium is the immature pod liquid of the cultivated poppy. For its production, the Afghan or Burmese farmer carefully pierces two or three small slits along the length of the flower cluster. The notches must be precise; Grooves are too deep, and the white sap will flow to the ground, grooves are too thin, and the sap will harden inside the collection. Until the beginning of the century, most of the opium was produced in the Golden Triangle - the border region between Myanmar, Laos and Thailand. Today there is also the Mexican cartel, but most of the production takes place

in Afghanistan. About twenty percent of the Afghan GDP originates from opium, and in total, millions of dunams around the world are devoted to growing it. To ensure maximum profit, the traders force the poppy farmers to lower the price of the raw material, to the point that the farmers find it difficult to afford to purchase sacks of rice in exchange for the crop. Sometimes, in order to cover the debts to the merchants, the farmer sells a boy or a girl. There are more than a hundred ways to cross the desert, through which the sons of the farmers (those who were not sold) smuggle the refined substance. Opium is also produced in other places, such as China, India, Korea and Japan, legally. About a third of the opium worldwide is used for illegal consumption, for example in the form of heroin, about a third for legal consumption, for example in the form of painkillers and cough syrup, and about a third for illegal consumption that began as legal consumption.

I have to admit that I panicked a bit, maybe even screamed, I didn't know if it was allowed

to bring him into my apartment, it's not allowed to stay in other people's houses, but what are the instructions for those who don't have a home, Mariana quickly went downstairs, she asked me how long he's been like this and I started stuttering , luckily she took command of the event.

Stay with us, Oscar! she shouted.

It doesn't matter.. he muttered.

Everything will get better, Oscar! there is always hope!

It does not matter..

The world needs you, Oscar!

A few more years.. less than a few years..

Stay with me!

It's just dopamine.. just dopamine.. it doesn't matter..

It is not! Mariana shouted, it's not just dopamine! There are also wild horses and savannahs and rivers and supernovae in the sky!

But everything that came after Wild Horses Oscar didn't hear anymore. His soul was separated from his body. The skin did not

itch, the receptors were no longer sensitive to opioids. He was clean.

At first it was difficult to navigate, like crossing a road at night while on a trip, only clear. After that he studied. He wasn't really anywhere, but he still felt like he was traveling. Like trying to remember something. Oscar remembers the moment when the doctor writes him the prescription for Truxica. She noticed him, the doctor's soul, and immediately defended herself, don't look at me, it's the propagandist's fault. Souls don't have arms, but they had holes and scars, and the doctor's soul said, don't worry, it will take time but I will heal. He visited the shapely campaigner just before she entered the posh restaurant to meet the doctor, don't look at me, she said, those are the pharmacists. So he visited the pharmacists of the drug just before they sent the form for approval, we're just doing our job, then the CEO of the company and the head of the pharmaceutical director just before they signed the document, everyone's souls had holes and scars in the arms they didn't have,

but the circle not closed He recalled an ad that popped up for painkillers on Facebook, and the young programmer in Palo Alto said, it's not me, I just work for the head of the digital marketing team, and the head of the digital marketing team said, I just work for the VP of Marketing, and the VP of Marketing said , I just work for Mark Zuckerberg, and Mark Zuckerberg's soul appeared before his eyes, like a ghost, it had more holes and scars than all of them, and she said to him, thanks to me everyone is connected in this world, but it's not me, I just work for the devil, and the devil working for God

The memory was almost complete, but there was something else unresolved, he tried to remember what it was, until she found him, the ghost of Charles Darwin that was as tall as a building. The giant soul was almost completely healed of the scars, and she said to him, live your life, boy, it's cold here, as cold as an ice age, and no one gives you a blanket.

Oscar knew the circle was closed.

He whirled up and down, on the way he saw Mariana, she was a shining ball of light, then his parents, they both cried, and prayed, their tears were pure love, how she looks, like an infinite number of snowflakes, and no one is the same as his friend, and me too He saw, my soul, and I his, and mine said to his, thank you, thank you for enduring what you endured to give me a chance to be a better person, thank you for giving me a reason to live.

Oscar usually injects first thing he opens his eyes. Now he just said, I saw it, I saw what happens next.

The paramedics explained to him that his brain continued to send electrical signals even when he was unconscious, that heroin has psychoactive properties, and that if it helps him believe in something that's fine, the most important thing is that he quit, but everything that happens, happens inside the box. Oscar replied that he wanted to go home.

Anyway, I was glad he woke up, I turned around and looked for Mariana, but she was

gone. I never saw her again. Probably got a ticket to Buenos Aires.

It's All In Your Head!*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

"There is no choice," said the doctor, shaking his head, looking at the body lying on the table, "we must operate."

He put on blue latex gloves, put his hands close to his nose, and sniffed. He loved the smell.

The interns were silent, embarrassed.

"A liver transplant?" asked the bravest of them, based on the dysfunction of the adrenal gland and the waste accumulated in it.

The doctor shook his head, and the intern, who took psychometric tests four times to be admitted to medicine, barely held back the tears that accumulated in his throat. Nineteen years later, he orders a transplant in a patient whose liver is completely healthy.

"Gall bladder?" asked another specialist, and pulled out the x-rays, which indicate stones three to four times larger than average.

"No," said the doctor.

It was unclear whether he was smiling or frowning at the intern, who would become New Hampshire's chief epidemiologist. That night in front of the mirror, she slapped

herself seven hundred and forty-seven times, one for each point she got on the psychometrics, and swore in the name of Hippocrates never to express a controversial opinion on a medical issue.

To be honest, the interns couldn't be blamed. The body was afflicted with so many diseases; Metastases of cancer from the lungs to the spleen, muscle atrophy and edema from the feet to the tips of the fingers, blood clots, black lungs, injured intestine, blurred cornea, saturated fat on the walls of the heart valves, inflamed testicles.

The specialists pointed out the symptoms and the evidence to the doctor like carp swarming over a piece of bread, two of them even really wanted to help the patient, but the doctor stood his ground:

"We're performing head replacement surgery."

When the interns asked for a more detailed explanation, the doctor said:

"What you don't know is that the center of the nervous system is in the brain."

"Known," replied the interns.

"You also know that the brain is inside the head."

"Known," replied the interns.

"If so, the only obvious conclusion is that an operation must be performed to replace the head. The debris, the smoke, and the grease, can be deceiving. It is easy to think that the problem is in the body. But it's all in the head. So let's change the head. This will cure the body at once.'

Some of the interns hesitated, but no one dared to criticize the doctor's diligence.

They drew the scalpel, cut under the chin, into the soft skin at the top of the throat, careful of the main artery, back toward the nape of the neck, until they completed the round. Then they tied up the bleeding head with hair, placed it on a silver plate at the side of the operating table, collected the replacement head, and sewed it, following the thumb, to the sick body.

After recovery, the patient woke up.

"The operation was crowned a success," said the doctor, "replacing the head healed the

whole body." Before the surgery, we talked about changing dietary habits, sports on a daily basis, time in nature, quitting smoking, a supportive human community, eradicating screen time, reducing mental stress and volunteering in society. You can forget about all of these. The operation bypassed everything - maybe it should be called a bypass operation." The doctor burst out laughing and couldn't stop for several minutes.

The patient was overjoyed. He had already begun to imagine the weekend, the lobster and the tiramisu and the cigarette after...

"Sir, sir!" cried the specialist as he led the bed towards the intensive care unit.

"We're losing him!" cried another intern.

"Losing him?" asked the patient.

"He's saying something!" said the intern.

"But, but you said I revived. that the operation was crowned a success.'

'No, sir,' said the intern, 'you imagined it. Because of the medicine.'

"I remember you saying I brought you back!"

"It was all in the head."

"Everything what?"

"All in your head!"

"So the operation didn't work?"

'No, sir. You will have to stop smoking, to heal your lungs.'

"to stop smoking?"

"Yes, and off the fats to heal your arteries."

"Stop branching out?!"

"Yes sir. You will have to change your way of life from end to end, if you wish to continue living long enough to see your children grow up.'

"So what about the surgery?"

"We tried," said the intern, "but we discovered that to heal a sick body, it is not enough to replace the head."

(Dedicated to Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, on the occasion of the end of his term)

Fears, Inc.*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

The citizens of Amicia State are not afraid of anything. They enter the water without asking someone to be watch their things, approach the girl in the purple dress who is reading a book in the park, wrestle with tigers and choose to study an impractical profession.

Che Ching, ranked 1258th in Forbes' list of the world's richest people, recognized a business opportunity. In a business with less than twenty percent aggregate return, it doesn't touch, and even then it very much depends on the margin, on the face of it, the numbers worked out nicely. His golf buddies, Rich No. 622 and Rich No. 235, don't stop picking on him. 1258 Bring the ball, 1258 Hit the wrong hole again. Ching will show them what it is. A successful penetration of the Amiciani market will put him, after all, on the list of the world's 100 richest people.

In one phone call to his customs agent, Ching opened an import line, in a second call, he rented a hangar in the port with a differential contract, in the third he hired a shapely saleswoman. Her name is Sofia, she came

from a small village near Cali in Colombia, she has smooth caramel colored skin and her mother always taught her that cleavage is recognized faster than a smile.

Sophia worked closely with Qing around the clock. In his presence, a fine, pleasant shiver ran down her spine, like Jesus sitting at God's side. The hangar was painted pearl white, the goods were packed in colorful packaging made of recycled plastic, smart screens were hung and signs with arrows were placed in each department. Everything was ready for the grand opening of the Phadhim Ltd. flagship store.

Many aficionados passed the store in the port, indifferent, on their way to sailing around the world in a catamaran or diving with water snakes. Patience, Ching reassured Sophia and caressed her cheek, the customers will come, that's the beauty of the market economy, demand creates supply and supply creates demand.

Sofia doesn't blink, in Colombia to get clients she did worse things; Of course the customers didn't come in, today everything happens

digitally. She went to Google and purchased a sponsored link with a smart algorithm and personalized targeting. You scrolled 'The best bungee bridge', you got a sponsored ad for fear of heights. Giglat 'ice cream is open now', it depends, an Amiciani over the age of fifty received a fear of diabetes in the sale, an Amiciani approaching thirty a 1+1 package of fear of cellulite and fear of ending up alone. Amicia citizens, by the way, always approve cookies.

The marketing campaign turned out to be a resounding success. Instead of climbing a mountain, joining the ranks of the rebel army in Kurdistan or sleeping with your roommate without a condom while your friend is abroad, thousands of fans lined up for the flagship store of Fears Inc. Sofia received a fat bonus already at the end of the first quarter, and Ching advanced to the 942nd place in the list of the world's richest.

Ido, a young amateur who was about to open a hipster cafe, with vegan muffins, fair-trade coffee, live indie music and a vegetable garden, giggled a second-hand commercial

coffee machine, and immediately received an ad for fear of going bankrupt. He rushed to the store, and entered at the same time as a whole family came out of the relationship department, with a cart full of fear of what they would say (at dinner, all the family members will pretend they don't need to fart. The food will taste better).

"Welcome to Fears Ltd," said the smart screen standing at the entrance, "I hope you have a pleasant day. How can I help today?"

- Buy fear
- Update version
- Leave fear for correction
- Other

Big stores always confused Ido, and all this white in general dazzled him, so he approached Sofia. His eyes were caught by her breasts, lying inside the tight shirt like hot cinnamon buns, and Sophia thought, if only there was a smarter algorithm, that bounces awareness in real life as well, I'd jump on the spot fear of sexual harassment and fear of rejection in twenty-nine ninety-nine.

Finance is our largest department, Sophia and the buns told Ido, bigger than the disease department and the artillery department combined. We have full fear of fitting into the tech job market because that's where the world is going, fear of chasing your dreams and failing, and this week came the new version of full fear of allowing yourself to buy the kids what everyone else in the class has.

Ido hesitated, he's been planning the hipster coffee for three years, he's been planning it until the last of the colorful paper straws that will save the sea turtles, after all the hot cinnamon buns have said their word. Ido acquired a fear of the bursting of the real estate bubble and its consequences for small businesses, and went to work for an insurance company. Like selling a pacifier to a baby.

Fears Ltd. has done wonders for entertainment. Within a year, life expectancy in Amicia increased by seven and a half years. The crime rate dropped by almost half thanks to the sales data of Fear of pickpockets in the Barcelona metro and Fear of them entering through the balcony, drug

consumption stopped altogether at the same time as the Fear of Going Crazy campaign, and the nature reserves were restored thanks to the updated version of Fear of Ticks and the end-of-season sale of Fear of Ecological Beacon. Athletes ate healthier, exercised more, and produced more.

Ching, who was already ranked 789th on the list, sold franchises to branches and appointed Sofia as CEO. Sofia had already managed to buy three houses in the village she came from; One for her uncle, one for her aunt, and one for her mother and her daughter. Not her mother's daughter, her mother's daughter is Sophia, her daughter, Sophia's. She gave birth to her at the age of sixteen by caesarean section, so as not to damage the clitoris. This is the custom in Kali. ZIM containers full of fears invaded the port new mornings. The stock of fears was renewed frequently, with the exception of one fear, which Sofia and the buns failed to sell even one unit of in any branch. It didn't bother Ching, he could absorb the depreciation, but Sophia wouldn't let some

slut from the shame and sexuality department take her place. She will sell this fear no matter what.

Ido signed a card with the insurance company. He has already progressed well, and has been appointed in charge of business clients. He even got an extra two days off a year, and was really okay with the job. He didn't get up in the morning rejoicing but he didn't grumble either, the guys in the office were really fine, and the boss was also really fine with him. If, for example, Ido was late in the morning, and arrived at ten instead of eight, he simply stayed until eight in the evening. Everyone was really fine with it. And if the supreme purpose of life is the one that creation had in mind when it created all the galaxies and jungles and oceans and skies and the country and all their army, was that they would be fine - Ido was completely there.

However, for some reason, somewhere in the back-of-the-mind, he had (like a woodpecker) some kind of anxiety, so subtle, almost invisible, really anxious. He had a feeling that it was related to the fear of the bursting of the

real estate bubble that he had purchased two years before.

It appeared in a consumer brochure.

The side effects: a regular income, a pension fund, a retirement basket, a benefits club, responsible filing of consumer brochures... Then, in small letters at the bottom of the page, he saw for the first time a section called 'Anxieties associated'. Below it appeared only one line: fear that life will pass before my eyes.

Fahadim Ltd. expanded to the international market, and after a brilliant move of rebranding was simply called 'Fahadim'. Rich number 2722, this loser, tried to start a competing company - Fears Co. - but Ching bought the start-up in its infancy. The Antitrust Commissioner at the Companies Authority approved the merger. With an average monthly revenue of two million fears and a marginal profit percentage of 15.23, Fears Ltd. had a virtual monopoly on the global fear market. Although the belly of the Lorenz curve sank and sank, the citizens of Amiacia all benefited from it, especially the

investors. Qing gifted Sophia an ancient crown of pure gold, which had belonged to the Emperor of China, a symbol of her being his princess.

Fahadim was issued on Nasdaq and traded at a representative price of \$56.84 per share. Raising the glass for the offering, Ching and Sophia removed the cork of a bottle of Chateau-Cheval-Blanc, from the list of the fifty most expensive wines in the world. Ching threw the bottle into the recycling bin, and this action put Fakhim on the list of the 100 most environmentally friendly companies. When one beggar came to the event and asked for alms, Ching, like any self-respecting rich man, threw him a twenty-euro bill. This donation secured him a place on the list of the thousand most generous philanthropists in the world. Although he has not yet entered the list of the 100 richest people, his entry into the list of philanthropists has put him on the list of the 100 people who appear the most on the lists. After having a slight nervous breakdown, the angry Ido arrived at the Fears flagship store

and demanded to speak to Sofia. But Sophia ran Fakhim from the twenty-first floor of the Fakhim building in Manhattan, and she didn't have time to deal with one angry customer. She was busy trying to get rid of that fear that not a single unit of it sold.

It was no longer a fear of being replaced; Her position was guaranteed.

It was an ego thing.

Customers just aren't willing to buy into that fear, she explained to Ching. They get sick for a week or two, they have a runny nose, a fever, they lose a bit of taste and smell, sometimes it also develops into pneumonia, but then it passes, and they feel reassured. stronger. They know it so well that no campaign succeeds in settling in their minds. It's like trying to sell them a fear of hugging, or a fear of breathing.

What's the number one rule in selling things people don't need, Qing asked, and Sofia answered without a second thought: branding.

Well, to rebrand the flu she needed an explosive name. Sophia looked around the

office. Words in Spanish ran through her mind, *masa*, *pluma*, *hombre*... until her eyes landed on the crown that Qing had given her. Bingo.

Many fans flocked to fear branches, eager to acquire a fear of the new disease. If you didn't have a fear of Corona you wouldn't exist. Children who did not have the new fear risked boycott. Adults without fear of Corona were ostracized from workplaces and social circles. Only when the side effects that appeared in the consumer brochure began - curfew, social distancing, police violence, discrimination, sticks in the nose, plastic on the face - angry Amicinians came knocking on the doors of the flagship store of fears, demanding their money back.

It was no longer just one customer. Sofia could not ignore.

She would have given anything to consult with Ching, but he had just suffered a heart attack and died unexpectedly. He had no children, one died of an overdose and the other he had a falling out with years before, so Sophia inherited the empire.

The insurance agent at the company that insured Ching's assets, a dejected middle-aged amici named Ido, calculated the nominal value of Ching's fortune, for the needs of the estate. He found that he had exactly twenty euros less than the hundredth richest person on the list of the world's richest. On Ching's tombstone it is thus written in ornate letters:

Here rests eternally the richest man in the world.

Sophia locked herself in her office on the twenty-first floor of the Fears building in Manhattan, while the angry emcees raided Fears branches.

With no choice, she turned to consult with the hundredth richest man on the list - Qing's cousin, Albert.

In a flash, Albert produced an anti-coronavirus, and sold it at a subsidized price.

The anti-fear must be consumed once every four months.

It has no side effects.

Her Right Foot*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

Her foot touched mine as I danced. Could it be...?

I inhaled to smell her, a synthetic but expensive cream, first, as she passed next to

me, holding her boyfriend's hand. Maybe it was actually her husband, sometimes I forget.

the age

I kept dancing while the band played cumbia. The Spanish guitarist, the Brazilian saxophonist, the French trumpeter and the German bassist. I'm a little dizzy, I don't know anyone in Lisbon so I dance like the saxophone.

second time.

It wasn't really a bump, more of a pat. with her sole on the top of my shoe.

I looked at her black boot, similar to Doctor Martinez but more elegant. Feminine, somehow.

She put her coat on the chair behind us, my chair, without knowing. So I clung to her boyfriend, who wasn't really dancing, just moving a little when she moved him. He went to buy beers, and came back to ask her for the two euros he was missing. She took out her wallet.

Honestly, the way she came in I felt it, like a magnet. But I feel it so often that I've learned to ignore it, to dance like it's not happening.

The third time she tapped, as if sending a message in Morse, she asked for forgiveness, and put a hand on my arm.

This is the narcissistic disorder, the category of excessive self-importance. The one who thinks every woman in the room is interested in him. There are people like that.

For the fourth time, a night of emotion hit me, and I could no longer dance. The human rift, the distance, the passion. She betrays him and at the same time betrays me too, I am him, and I want to. Blending into being the cream on her skin being her, it's the most attractive thing a woman has ever done this pat. There is mystery and resourcefulness and danger there. But it must not be allowed. Maybe she's asking for help, maybe he's hitting her? Maybe worse than that maybe it bores her maybe? Who can know, what really happens there, between two?

The steamy little club fills up, and she clings to me. Rubbing, almost not touching. I don't move, two, three, four... neither does she. You can feel her lycra pants through my jeans. I'm getting an erection. I look for a moment, she has smooth brown skin and two wrinkles on the side of her eye. She gives me a sneaky look, and goes back to dancing with her boyfriend. He looks at me for a moment over her shoulder. I'm in love with her. I hate him.

And why not, why not, damn it, grab life by the waist, and kiss it, this is life, now it's happening, maybe she was meant for me, the representative of the female sex, Aphrodite Cleopatra the priestess of the sex, just to touch her like this in a crazy way, untangle her hair and suck her , it doesn't matter how many seconds until she slaps me, or until the boyfriend throws a box at me, or I don't know what will happen, with so much life force bursting out, maybe the ceiling will collapse on us, and bury us in each other's arms, maybe it Like Nicole Kidman sees that sailor and can't breathe, here and now I want to

make love to her but unfortunately I'm so naive that I don't even imagine that she starts with me.

No, I will only understand all this in hindsight, when the band goes on hiatus and they leave. And I will remain with the sole of my left foot stretched forward, waiting for the fifth pat, as the religious wait for redemption. She left, and I'm the idiot, I'm the innocent, I'm the moral one, an empty hole has opened up inside me and it's much bigger than my body, as if I've lost the one dearest to me, the seductress who would have left her husband for me or not, who would have made love to me here and now and screamed until the sky would burst, Either she just liked to play, to have fun, or she accidentally touched me.

I'm lonelier than I thought.

And not in another layer of reality, we already made love, as soon as she entered the club.

You have heard that it was said 'you shall not fly'. And I tell you that everyone who looks at

a woman with lust for her has already driven her away in his heart. If your right eye fails you, pluck it out and throw it away from you, because it is better for you to lose one of your limbs than to cast your whole body into hell. And when there is no longer any reward or punishment, you can be an armed rascal who brokers apartments and uploads a picture from the desert and writes never-ending land, or wash the old men's ass and no one will care. There is no selfish reason to be moral.

Is any of these social code laws worth more than one moment of pure animality, of taking what you want the moment you want it and everything else will die, won't all the chariots of the ministering angels stand in front of the one who lives his will, does it even matter what that desire is ?.. That's what Nietzsche said, and he went crazy.

It's the bipolar disorder, with Jesus on one side and the rape in the middle of the club on the other. Or schizophrenia, it's more schizophrenia. Need to check with DSM. Not

in BDSM, in DSM. And maybe she will try me with her foot, who knows.

I glance up the spiral stairs, maybe I'll see the black boots coming back down. Every ten second glance, that's the OCD. Come back, maybe she forgot something. bring her nostrils closer to mine and inhale the air I breathe and then exhale so that I inhale the air she breathes, for example.

Two Korean women take a picture with the guitarist. They sat quietly the entire performance, but on the other side of the iPhone someone will click like and think that they vibrated the pads of his fingers that glided on the strings like butter, and got married and divorced in ten minutes, and that will be enough for them, it doesn't matter at all where it comes from, ecstatic dancing or making love under the ceiling Or digital positive social feedback, it's the same dopamine.

This story ends with her boyfriend inside her and maybe their sex tonight is a little more.

Not intimate but exciting. Bet they don't make eye contact. Reality rarely wears the dress of fantasy, I look on Instagram for someone who made a story from some bar in Lisbon and find nothing. And in my heart burns some sadness of the separation between me and her and him and the guitar.

The Sound of Silence*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

Can you hear silence?

The screeching of the garbage truck didn't wake me up at four in the morning, so already from a dream I noticed that something was suspicious. Usually, after the pistons crush all the milk cartons, tampons, and bones, it takes me between one and two hours to go back to sleep.

In the first half hour, I am haunted by bitter thoughts, about humans and all the garbage they produce, about the poor planning of the sanitation department. The rest of the time I try to find, in my mind's eye, a job that won't make me miserable.

Eight months since I resigned, and not even the tip of a finger. It made a good impression, a college lecturer, and such a young man. The money was also good, here I live in an apartment hotel in Allenby, without roommates, three minutes from the sea, maximum four. Even that name sounds good, apartment hotel, never mind that it looks like a brothel. And sounds like a brothel, and smells like a brothel.

Yes, I could go on teaching them to be engineers forever. Being the cool young

lecturer who says success is one percent talent and ninety nine percent hard work, the one who inspires, pushes them forward until they reach the long-awaited 83, on their promising path to an integral screw job in another skyscraper.

But when I saw how they looked at me while I was standing on the stage, with that calf look of theirs, through tired eyes that had spent another night trying to crack a video of triple integrals, when I watched how they flattered the lecturers, and how they yearned for some piece of truth that would rise from among all the numbers and signs like a rose from the ashes , only one thought remained in my head - it can't be.

This can't be life.

So I didn't think exactly all these thoughts tonight. I had a continuous and sweet sleep, I don't remember the last time this happened. I opened my eyes like a baby out of the womb. When I got out of bed it was already eleven.

Eleven? Unemployed or not, I have to start getting up earlier.

I opened the fridge. Good morning, said the jar of Glamuda mustard on the other shelf. A special bond is really starting to form between us. Good morning, I said to the jar, and let it return to its cool, dry existence.

I turned on the 'classic' playlist and went to wash the dishes from yesterday's vault.

Don't believe me when I say I like washing dishes. It's been several years since that time, when I experienced a fraction of a second, a singular moment that cannot be quantified in clock time, which is now, now it's happening, this moment of the soap slipping between the hands, the cello in the background and the sound of the tap, the breath rising and falling, the texture of the Scotch And the china, the flow of the warm water, that's all there is, that's life in its fullest, it's an unbelievable miracle, this moment is a supreme purpose, it doesn't serve any other moment that's more important than it, not the moment when we ate, not the moment when the dishes will be clean , it simply is, like any other moment, and if I don't live it fully, it's as if I haven't lived a whole life.

Do-sol-la-sol-la-sol-la-sol,
do-sol-la-sol-la-sol-la-sol...

I finished with the dishes and went to brush my teeth on the balcony. As I was removing dry leaves from the pots, it took me a few seconds to realize that something was different. Not a single car drove on the road, and not a single person walked on the sidewalk. odd. Could it be that you sat today?

I'm already losing the days.

When the cello stopped, there was complete silence. I spat the foam into the sink and went out into the hallway in my underwear. Svetlana, the Russian cleaner who only knows how to say hello and thank you, was not there with her vacuum cleaner, nevertheless the blue velvet carpet was clean. I went downstairs, still barefoot. Neither is a loved one at the reception desk with his sad smile.

I went outside.

The black and white cat huddled next to the motor of the air conditioner, as always, and the pigeons also lined up on the electric wire,

like a crowd. But no matter which way I looked, I saw no humans.

The smell coming from the bakery in the corner called me to follow him, like every morning, and I thought, Yaron must be there, with his Sambosque face, he will make me coffee. The door was open, and all the bureks and croissants and rogelach were on the tray, hot and fresh, but Yaron wasn't there, and no one else was in his place.

I reached for a potato borax, but then I remembered, I have no money, and I'm still in my underwear.

I returned home and knocked on Gilad's door, who still hadn't fixed the hole he drilled into my wall. monument? monument?

No answer. Well, he must be at work. He is always at work.

I put on pants, took my wallet and went back to the street.

All the records in the store across the street were arranged alphabetically, but there was no sign behind the counter of the hipster who buttons his shirt up to the collar, nor of the homeless woman who collects alms at the bus

stop and pees on herself, nor of the girl in the corner handing out flyers to save the planet.

I ran three blocks north, then three blocks south. The shops were all open, the food was ready, the clothes were folded, and there were no people.

The park, I thought, there are always people in the park.

I started running towards the park, while entering the shops, knocking on the doors of buildings, peeking inside the parked cars.

On good days, jogging to the park is like running through a minefield of cigarette butts, chewing gum and dog shit.

I have never seen the street cleaner.

Out of the corner of my eye, while running, I noticed a tall woman standing inside one of the stores, my heart skipped a beat, I stopped at one only to discover the blank expression of a doll in a shop window. I kept running, sweating and panting, and I think at some point I shouted, maybe too loudly, because my throat really hurt after, "Is there anyone here???"

But only the street answered: Sheho, sheho, sheho...

I entered one of the buildings; The door of the apartment on the first floor was open. The soil in the planters is damp, the dog's bowl is full, and not a single grain of dust, neither on the Persian carpet nor on the porcelain figurines in the glass cabinet. I opened the fridge - all the shelves were full of food.

My stomach made the sound of a frog, I remembered that in the end I didn't eat, neither borax nor mustard, but I didn't know if I could have some, say, carrot cake, or bean stew.

I moved to the living room. There was an open book on the table, and the dog also came from the room and started licking me, you are sweet, yes, yes you are sweet, but no one was there. Where are all the humans?

I ran on the road next to the park, passing a vegetable store, a toy store, a phone store. Phone shop, how did I not think of that First, there are always people on the phone, there are always people on the phone!

I forgot my phone at home, weird, it never happens. I entered the store.

All the devices were placed on the display stand, and colorful ads flashed on the screens. I picked one and dialed mom's number. We haven't spoken in almost three months, since the fight. Nice, it's dialing.

The subscription is currently unavailable, please try again later, thanks. I called again, the subscription is currently unavailable, please try again later, thanks. I tried dad, then you're full. The subscription is currently unavailable, please try again later, thanks. There is no one on the phone either. Before leaving the store, I dialed a random number, only to hear the woman's voice on the answering machine again.

Just before entering the park, I heard music coming from one of the balconies. I couldn't recognize exactly which, that is, which balcony, the music I actually recognized, it was Bach. I followed the sounds of the piano, I felt my movements become more delicate, it was no longer a run but still not a dance. I didn't have a watch, so I didn't know how long

I had been looking for the source of the sound, but every time I got closer to it, it seemed to change location.

I sat down on a bench.

Okay, I said to myself, maybe even out loud, let's see.

There is food, but no one has cooked. Clean, but no one has cleaned, and there is music, but no one is playing. Until yesterday there were people everywhere, even too many if you ask me, they bought things, they had opinions about things and they complained about things, and suddenly there is no one, not in stores, not in homes, not on the phone. And if there are no humans anywhere, and I, I'm still here, that only means one thing, well, that means I'm alone.

And when that word, alone, hit some delicate, almost invisible thread, a rooted and transparent thread in my consciousness, I would say a neuron or a synapse, but that thread was located too deep, a three-pound brain, the one thanks to which I am allowed from the beast, is not big enough to To contain it, that thread, which is responsible

for all the dances I didn't dance, all the burqas I didn't eat, all the pants I reluctantly wore, for everything I ever did or didn't do just because there were people around me, anyway this thread broke. I felt dizzy and heavy, leaned sideways on the bench, and fell into a deep sleep.

*

The chirping of the sparrows woke me up, accompanied by the calls of the crows.

Not sure how long I slept, maybe an hour, maybe two hours. A gentle ray of sunlight penetrated through the top of the coniferous pine. The music stopped. All I heard was the song of the birds, from time to time the rustling of the leaves that created the dance of the wind, and silence.

You can hear silence.

I walked, slowly, into the park, until I reached the bank of the Yarkon. The stream was so clear that you could see the bottom. I leaned down. A school of minnows floated under the surface of the water. Beads of sweat running

down my armpits, I threw my pants and underwear on the grass and jumped inside.

In the first moment a shiver of cold hit me, in the second it was already pleasant. I swam from one bank of the stream to the other and back, splashing everywhere, diving and opening my eyes in the water. The water enveloped my body, smooth as silk, I opened my mouth and gulped, then some more, and more. A rustle was heard inside the bamboo reeds; A group of jackals emerged and approached the stream to drink.

Aaa
aa
aa

The jackals only turned their heads towards me for a moment, then went back to licking the water.

I got out of the stream and looked at my naked body. The drops of water on it glistened in the sunlight, and my stomach took on a reddish mocha hue. I massaged my thighs, my feet, the bulbul, which had shrunk due to the water and now began to return to itself, my arms, my scalp. I felt like running

again, and while I was circling the park, naked as on my birthday, running and hugging trees, I shouted, I don't remember exactly what I said, but it was something along the lines of I'm alive!!!!!!!!!!!! I'm alive!!!!!!!!!!!! Thanks!!!!!!!!!!!! I'm alive!!!!!!!!!!!!

I stopped in front of the cage. Vertical and horizontal iron wires surrounded an area no larger than my apartment. I approached them. The ground was covered with weeds, the little water that was there - murky and swampy. They moved here and there idly, stags, ostriches, peacocks, ducks, shedding feathers and shitting on themselves. One ram noticed me and approached, naked just like me. His big black eyes looked at me. He is trying to tell me something. I wanted to pet him but I couldn't thread my hand through the fence.

I will free you, I told him, I will free you!

I ran back towards the street, singing songs in a language only I understood. I remembered that next to falafel balls there is Tamboria. The seller, like everyone else, was absent, but all the dishes were beautifully organized;

Within a minute I found a cutter. I ran back towards the animals, cut the fence, it took them some time, they get used to the cage too quickly, but slowly they started walking out, pairs by pairs. Except for one stubborn duck, they all got out in the end.

A brown toad jumped out from under me. I approached her and she froze, that's how they are, you shouldn't take it personally, so it wasn't her who made the noise, it's my stomach again.

I left the park, still naked, towards the street.

I looked to my right and to my left.

Humans are nowhere; Pizza yes.

And not just pizza. Sushi, falafel, Pad Thai, hummus, crepes, ice cream, shakes, hamburgers, shakes, fish and chips, burritos, bureks, pasta, curry, knapa, kubats, jehanon, quiche, sweet and sour chicken, baklava, And ugh, poka-ball. I went into the Mexicana and had a burrito, and then another one, after all the running my stomach was grumbling, that's how she says thank you, across the street was an ice cream parlor, I went for a hot crepe with Nutella, the chocolate spread

all over my beard, I didn't have much room left so I passed To the pizzeria, after two triangles of mushrooms, I folded two more of artichokes and put them in, I went back to the ice cream parlor for dessert, I opened the display case of the refrigerator, I grabbed the special spoon, I always wanted to do this, I put in a cup one ball of mascarpone and one half-and-half, pistachios and Oreos, the stomach is already I was in pain but it was so worth it, some Faisal suits me now, I wonder if Gilad is back from the thick of it.. Ah.

I took another pistachio ball and returned to the street. As I licked, I heard the sound of an engine approaching. I looked towards the curve, it seems to me that.. yes, it.. is a bus. It's a tube And s! The bus is coming!

He continued moving in my direction, I was so happy that I forgot I was naked, I tried to see where he was going, but nothing was written on the windshield, I signaled him to stop, the bus slowed down with a screeching sound, until it stopped in front of me and opened the door.

I went inside and froze.

There was no one there. The bus arrives, also stops when signaled, but no one drives it, and no one rides it. Where are all the armed humans?

I thought about letting him take me, let him go wherever he goes, as long as there is another person there, one person is enough, be it a bus driver or a homeless woman, with a sad face or a sad smile. I felt that we were starting to move, at the last minute I left, I don't trust buses, the person who drives them is not human. The bus let out a piston-like sigh of disappointment, closed the door and drove away.

The sun began to set in the edges of a pinkish-oval sky. Two stars have already lit up in the sky, and a crescent moon between them.

I decided to watch the sunset at the beach. I went up to the penthouse in the pompous building next door (it wasn't a brothel), I took the Audi keys and went down to the parking lot, I pressed the remote until I saw an A-Five Cabriolet beckoning to me. I started and drove towards the boardwalk. I had to stop at

three red lights before I remembered that I could just drive, and even after I did, it was still hard to rewire my mind. I left the car in front of the front door of the Hilton, jumped over the reception desk and took the ticket.

I opened the balcony doors of the presidential suite as three-quarters of an orange sun made its way into the water, to the sounds of seagulls, crows, and palm trees dancing to them in the summer evening breeze. I'm ready, I thought.

IM ready! I shouted to the water, I'm ready to wake up! Garbage Truck! Where are you, garbage truck! Pistons! Tampons! Come on, it's time to pick up the blender I've never used! It's four in the morning! Good Morning! Good Morning!

But the garbage truck didn't come, and I no longer knew if it was a wet dream or a nightmare.

*

I woke up to the sound of the thick curtains flying in and out of the presidential suite.

I looked at the clock. Eleven. Must start getting up earlier.

As every morning since I arrived at the suite, the morning erection wouldn't let me get out of the huge bed. I picked up the phone and dialed a random number. The subscription is not available now, ah, try again later, yes, more, mm, not available now, but you are available, thanks, tell me thanks again, you like it, try again, open your mouth, later, now, More, now, thanks.

Three days have passed, and I still haven't found a single person in the whole city.

I've already managed to play the piano on the stage at the Culture Hall, shout Allah Ho Akbar from the announcer in the Hasan Bek Mosque, and shit on the mayor's chair. I wanted to see a movie, I always liked going to the cinema alone, but all movies are very boring without people. Pointless photos on top of pointless photos of cheap decor.

Except for the search tours, for most of the day I lie here in bed and stare at the horizon.

I got up, put my feet in white slippers with the letter H embroidered on them, and went

out to the balcony. The boats were moored in the harbor, like every morning, and the seagulls were hovering above them. It's easy, so easy, if I just put one foot over the presidential suite railing, followed by the other foot, I can finally tell if it was all reality or a dream.

I went down to the dining room. I filled the plate with pancakes, a scrambled omelet, a butter croissant, a bowl of cornflakes with dried fruit, Camembert, honey, a baguette, and cucumbers with dill in yogurt, I poured maple syrup over everything and poured myself squeezed orange juice.

I finished, left the plate on the table and went to the car.

What will happen, I asked out loud, how long will you last like this, and I looked into my own eyes, through the mirror. I drove with the roof open around the desolate city, trying to think of a place I hadn't yet looked for, an underground cave, where the remnant of an occult exodus of humans hides, patiently waiting for everyone to return.

It's your fault, I said out loud, it's all your fault, because of what you said about the garbage, and the sanitation department, and Yaron's face and the hipster's shirt, it's you, you made them disappear, I hit myself on the forehead with my fist, but really now I've learned, now I already I understand, you can come back, the homeless woman whose eyes light up when someone smiles at her, and Gilad, for my part, you will break the whole wall, please come back, I am here waiting for you, mother, who, after giving birth to me in sadness, continued to breastfeed me, I will never fight with you again, and father, who did everything so that I could live in any brothel I wanted, and Svetlana, I love you, please come back, I love you, I don't need you but I want you, I miss you!!!!!!

I honked loudly, and more, passing from street to street, and only one question I did not agree to ask out loud, what if they left and never come back, what if it will be like this forever.

When I saw the bus the thoughts stopped. I increased my speed until I was driving

parallel to him. While being careful not to crash into some sign, I stole glances out the window. There was no one in the driver's seat, and from the back, it looked like, yes, yes, there are people there!

I pressed the horn until my hand hurt, but none of the passengers looked away. I positioned myself behind the bus, it continued straight and got on the bridge. The speedometer indicated a hundred km/h, bordering on a city road, but I wasn't going to lose it, the bus continued towards the highway and I followed. I was already on a hundred and thirty, catching him with difficulty, he went down to highway 1 and raised to a hundred and fifty.

We drove like this for an hour, ups and downs the speed remained the same, we crossed Jerusalem without stopping at any traffic lights, while the hills around us dried up and turned red, the bus continued to accelerate, if there was a person driving there I would have suspected that he was trying to avoid me, he cut the turn towards the Dead Sea and only barely It didn't turn over, then it continued to

accelerate between the big red rocks, I tried to keep a reasonable distance, from it and the water of death that floated to our left, we passed Ein-Gadi, about five minutes later the bus turned right into the desert, at such a speed it is impossible to get off the asphalt into The stones with Privat, I braked and the bus disappeared between the holes.

He couldn't get too far away. If I get high enough, I can track him down. I drove for a few more minutes, Han I went to the foot of the fortress and started running up the snake path.

The sun was in the middle of the sky beating down on my head, if I had to guess, I'd bet on forty degrees. When I got to the ruins at the top, it didn't take long to find them.

All the people huddled together in the middle of the desert, silent, their heads looking down at the arid loess land. Everyone was there - Svetlana, Yakir, Yaron, Gilad, the hipster, the homeless woman, the girl, mother, father, Ravita, my students, the sanitation workers, the mayor - and with them more and more people. all human beings.

The desert came to everyone; The villagers in India, the actors in Hollywood, the monks in Japan, are all silent and looking down at the desert. It is amazing how little space they take up when they are all crowded together, at most like one big city.

"Hooooooooo!!!!!" I exclaimed.

Lo.. lo.. lo.. replied the deserter.

All the people kept looking down into the desert.

"Hey!!!! I'm here, up here!!!!!" I shouted and waved, but the people didn't respond, mesmerized by the red earth, "Look up, please, look up! Why do you keep looking down, stop looking there, there's nothing there, you don't understand, there's nothing there!"

No one raised their head.

"mother!! I'm sorry, mom! father! monument!! Yarovon! Say something, I beg you, the silence, like a virus it spreads!"

Shit.. Shit.. Shit..

Gilad raised his head, and then mother, and the homeless woman, and father, they tried to

speaking, tried to answer me, but something blocked their mouths.

From a bandage, like a mummy's.

I didn't see if they were smiling, I didn't see if they were breathing, I kept shouting, but they just looked at me, all the people all.

"Please," I whined, "please, why don't you say anything?"

"We died from the virus!" I recognized Yaron's voice echoing among the rocks.

"what? What are you talking about?" I shouted at him.

"We died from the virus, we die, always when there is a movie or series where someone is left alone in the world, it's because everyone died from a virus!" he answered. His voice was muffled, due to the unidentified object blocking his mouth.

"Yes!" shouted the homeless woman, "we died from the virus!" shouted Gilad, "we died from the virus!" shouted one of my former students.

"What virus? What the hell are you talking about? You didn't die for nothing, here you are!" Poo.. poo.. poo..

Hanging between heaven and earth, I heard the noise of the bus engine approaching.

"I'm scared!" shouted the little girl who was handing out flyers. She was the only one without a mouth cover. I'm scared too, I tried to shout, I'm terrified, but only a whisper came out, I'm scared too, the noise of the engine got louder, but look, we managed to reach the desert together, maybe we can reach the sky too, I don't think she heard me, I crouched a little over the cliff, while Falling into the desert, I heard the girl, her voice was louder than the engine, she told everyone to tie the bandages together and catch me, thank you, I heard Svetlana say, thank you, the piston released air and the bus door opened, I landed in a big bed, and the garbage truck continued to the next street .

Sudhudana, King of Shakya*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

In the shadow of the house, in the shadow of the river bank with the boats, in the shadow of the forest of willow leaves, in the shadow of the fig tree - that's where Siddhartha was born.

The crown prince's proud parents, King Suddhodana and his queen Maya (draped in a crimson sari), laid him to rest in a cradle embroidered with silk and gold. The father looked at this little one, who will grow up.

A great commander like him, and like his father before him, and his father before him. But alas, before the birth, the queen was attacked by plague. In a dream we will discover a white elephant and he refuses to subdue his captors. The dream-solvers interpreted: not a great commander but a great spiritual teacher carries you in your heart.

The king's nose was pierced, and he summoned the advisers.

The counselors advised to increase pleasure in the newborn and minimize pain, according to the same indisputable principle; In the performance of the lack, and only in it, the youth of the spiritual search, never in the shadow of satiety.

A freckle from the womb and he is already crying, already suffering. King Suddhodana poured one drop of wine on his thumb and anointed the tongue of the sick. He fell into a slumber, a dreamy smile on his face.

For a week, Siddhartha almost burst into tears, with chalky wine on his lips.

Maya the Queen, Maya the Mother, protested the advice of the advisors and the ways of the King, although she lacked the words to express her displeasure.

They argued for a week.

Deported! The king commanded, and Maya disappeared as if she had not been, as if he did not create the heir apparent for nine moons which are eternity, as if she never existed on her own, and was an illusion.

Under her, Suddhodana carried her sister, Pajapati, and she nursed Siddhartha with milk and honey.

Siddhartha grew into a handsome man and walked around the palace as a future king.

His father made sure that he was not afflicted by the tiniest of tiniest dissatisfactions; A hundred subjects were appointed the child's servants; Bathed in the waterfalls and tasted the fruits of the mango tree; massage his scalp; They watered him with the milk of a lioness; they sang hymns to him; Heat and cool. When he reached Furkano, his first erection, magnificent as a peacock, was just

raised, two sex-priestesses draped over it and cleaned it to the last drop of semen.

He is twenty-nine years old, and he is lying on the bank of the river, sheltered in the shade of the fig tree. The sun's rays make his skin bruise, the pleasantness of the sitar echoes in his ear as in Eden, and the slave girl washes his feet. The eyelids twitched again, and a strange feeling was discovered in the center of Siddhartha's forehead, between the eyes; Later it is a tingling feature.

The Burmese prince opened his eyes, tried to look up at the forehead but could not. So he waved his hand, and lo and behold, in front of him flies a creature with hairy legs and sickly red eyes, hums a disturbing sound, and again lands on Siddhartha, and like a knife blade, causes indescribable suffering to the pores of his skin.

The prince rose to his feet; When he got up he kicked the bucket, and the water covered the frightened slave. The slave wanted to ask, my lord, about what and why, but she was forbidden to speak to the prince.

What is this abominable feeling, asked the prince, what is this agony that befell my forehead, why was this dukkha decreed upon me, and what is this wretched existence, in which suffering is involved just as air is involved in breathing, the fly always sleeps, the fly always sleeps!

The slave girl was afraid at the sight of the prince, who seemed to be obsessed with him. Shocked, Siddhartha rushed to the waterfall, bathed and scrubbed, so that all the impurity would be washed away. He scrubbed until his skin softened and peeled off, scrubbed to the bones, until he disappeared and was clean and pure again, but no matter how much he scrubbed, he remained dirty.

Siddhartha broke through the palace gates and went to wander the markets.

And the subjects joke and exchange, smoke and grow old, one is born and the other dies, trees and sky and shade, and the flies in everything, the flies fly their fly.

As possessed, Siddhartha exclaimed: If Brahma is the lord of the worlds and the creator of the multiplicity of beings, why then

did he order trouble in the world without making the whole world happy; And for what purpose did he make the world full of injustice, lies and arrogance; Or is the Lord of creatures evil, by ordering injustice, when there could have been justice?

The peddlers and the housewives stumbled upon hearing the handsome prince, his noble tongue swimming these heretical words about Brahma the creator. They wanted to approach their revered Lord and look at him calmly, to say, isn't that how life is, a time to laugh and a time to cry, happiness and pain are intertwined like a machine gun, they wanted but they didn't dare to come closer.

Noticing the prince, one woman, bent over, by chance, came to the market to buy milk and honey. A crimson sari around her body, Maya approached the prince, asked to wrap him in her arms, press him against her chest and rock him, until his rage passes and the crying stops, and her baby son will come back and laugh, until he cries again.

The prince waved his arm, get over me, woman, he commanded, you and your

likenesses, sons of change, sons of illusions, get over me and leave me to my own devices. The tearful mother remained in the city square, in her arms, with milk and honey in her hands, and there he made his way to the woods.

Fasted for six years. Sleeping on nails. stood on one leg. He kept the suffering very close, not because he made it a friend, but because it was an enemy and an enemy.

Finally he sat down in the shade of the fig tree, and Gemar says to stay under it until the end. And in Zilla he rolled reincarnations, and saw and burned in Sankharas, and saw all of them expressing the impure longing to exist, and saw the reincarnations and existences, saw the expansions and contractions of the universes, saw them all immersed in suffering, saw the pitfalls of suffering, only the fig he did not see.

After forty-nine days, the earth stopped, and Siddhartha was allowed to enter the forest, the forest that is Brahma. The layer of leaves covered the entire forest, leaves big and small, green and yellow, round and jagged, and if

the forest had a beginning, it is too far to contemplate it, and if the forest has an end, it is too far to contemplate it.

And Siddhartha called out to the forest: If Brahma is the lord of the world and the creator of the multitude of beings, why then did he order trouble in the world without making the whole world happy; And for what purpose did he make the world full of injustice, lies and arrogance; Or is the Lord of creatures evil, by ordering injustice, when there could have been justice?

The forest fell silent. Leaves whistled in the wind, softly.

So, said Siddhartha, this is the noble truth about suffering!

Um... ahem.. the forest coughed, listen, Siddhartha,

The Buddha! From now on the name of the Buddha will be called! Or: the perfect!

Okay, Buddha, listen, I appreciate that you sat under the tree and the nails and all, I really do, I'm not saying, it's important to get perspective and not worry about every little thing, but it still took me forever and ever to

get this whole story going here, with every
The honor is a little Childish to put the focus
on only one thing - I don't know, demagogic,
maybe even superficial - like a child who
doesn't get a toy, I know you were spoiled as a
child, okay, my responsibility, I didn't know
you would take it so hard, trauma, a few
thousand more Years will call it trauma, but
understand, things are more complex, the
suffering, the evil, they have a place, they
have a role, without them you wouldn't have a
life..

Hess! Look at the forest, now I will go to
nirvana, even the Lord of the worlds bows
down to nothingness! Siddhartha took some
leaves in his palm, the leaves of suffering.

And these are the noble leaves of suffering,
said the prince, they will come down to
mankind like you fell, and all will be freed
from the shackles of karma, and when the
time comes, they will be tortured, like me!

But wait, Siddhartha, meaning the Buddha,
why, why only a few leaves, your mission was
to show them the beauty of life, there is a
whole chariot act here, a work of thought, fig

leaves and banana and papaya and these little ones with the bungalech, the suffering leaves can only be understood in context of all the... But the Buddha was already on his way to nothingness.

From India to Kush, the Buddha spoke about the noble truth about suffering, in the ears of monks and brahmins and widows, and the Buddha loved them, so loved that he preached to them to pray.

When he turned eighty springs, Siddhartha ceased to exist, broke the cycle of births and deaths, and returned to nothingness.

The monks wrote down his sermons, and for thousands of years to come the noble truth about suffering was taught, until no soul longed to exist anymore. All souls have reached nirvana, complete liberation, complete ionization. Births and deaths are over, the contraction and expansion of the universes are over, only nothingness remains.

And it all started from the beginning.

*

In one of the meta-expansions, at some point in eternity, a pair of parent programmers in Palo Alto, California, came to a meditation evening organized by the company they worked for. While they practiced observing the sensations of the body on their way to nirvana, their only daughter, Maya, stayed with the babysitter. The babysitter was on Instagram while the girl was wearing the VR glasses, which dad bought her because everyone in the class had them. He didn't want to scar her, and that was cool in his eyes, too. Maya chose to go back to some ancient time, to a small village in Burma, and explain to the ruler of some one tribe, that it is not so bad if it hurts sometimes.

9/11/21*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

It was clear to all of us that this was a bad idea.

That's right, Shahar fell out of a flight course right before he got his wings, and me, my grandfather was a pilot. Twice a year he used to take me with him to Eilat, in the cockpit. When I was still little, I loved to sit on his lap, hold the steering wheel that moved from side to side by itself, and play the pilot as if. But when I was already in high school, my grandfather would explain to me how to hold

the steering wheel to avoid tilting, what each of the million buttons does, and how to talk to the control tower. And when there was suddenly silence, between the explanations, I knew that now it was forbidden to talk to him, only to look at him from the side, looking forward towards the endless blue.

I'm almost certain that once I even saw a tear. The plan was this: enter the airport in the dead of night through the fields of Lod, straight to the airstrip, without duty-free. Hijacking a plane is not as complicated as you think. It has no alarm, no one bothers to lock it, and the keys are usually left inside. In the two weeks before, we will prepare a mapping of the refueling times and the maintenance protocol (Nir is well versed in cross-referencing data and all these things). Hoping that the runway doesn't change at the last minute, we can climb up the yellow stairs at the right moment, lock the emergency exits, and before the flight controller realizes what's happening we're already in the air.

The truth is, we had no choice. Amir was stuck on the eighty-fourth floor in

Manhattan, alone, and the plague was raging outside. And if there is something that David HMP taught us, a year before he was shot in Gaza by fire from our forces, it is to never leave our brothers alone on the battlefield.

Everything would be easier if you could just buy a plane ticket and go get it. But to do that I have to shove that stick into my body again, and seriously, I don't know if I'll be able to stand it.

You have to push it before you go to work, before entering the supermarket, if you want to visit a museum, and sometimes just if you were in the wrong place at the wrong time. And they always push it so deep, what do they hope to find there. Both me and Shahar got a severe chronic fissure from it, and Nir has hemorrhoids. The government has shoved this stick up our ass so many times, that one more time is simply out of the question.

Yes, I don't know how it is with you, but here we check the plague through the anus. I heard that in New York they test through the ear, in China through the urethral canal, and in Europe through the nose, and even there they

push it deep, all the way to the brain, people are already losing their sense of smell. I wish I could lose my sense of smell. They shove the stick up our ass so often, the whole country already stinks like shit. One more test and I'll start bleeding in the intestines.

We arrived at the fence at three-zero-zero, and Nir, who was an officer in the Israel Defense Forces, neutralized the sensors, as one neutralizes a terrorist; like Switzerland he sawed as small an opening as possible while I took the glowing uniform out of the bag, and we moved towards the runway.

The American Airlines Boeing 747 had just finished settling down after refueling, and after it stopped, the utility vehicle with the yellow steps parked next to it. We waited until the flight controller came up to scan, and opened a stopwatch. It takes him four minutes to get to the other side of the plane, and at that moment we climbed up and hid in the storage compartments. We waited for the door to slam, and rushed towards the cockpit. Shahar sat in the captain's seat, I next to him, Nir behind. We warmed up the engines,

ignored the confused calls of the control tower, and took off at a dashing speed.

After the autopilot went into action, and we were flying in the clear black sky, there was no point in continuing to ignore the control tower. Shahar explained to them how we would pick up Amir from the building and return, insisting that we had no choice, and that was it. It's better to ask for forgiveness than permission, he said, mentioning how we faked gimmicks on the Apprenticeships so that Amir could go out with Raz on New Year's Eve.

After about three hours my eyes started to close. I made coffee in the stern and it immediately made me go to the bathroom. How I hate going to the bathroom since those sticks. I have a regular Harbon PKL, with my left hand I hold the handle, so I place my feet on the toilet and kneel, and with my right hand I stretch the butt cheek to widen the hole. What used to be one of my favorite hobbies, the root, the most basic, the most earthly action, followed by the blessings that created man in wisdom, and created in him

holes holes, hollow hollows, has become a pain not created by the devil, but still not terrible enough, it turns out, to start a rebellion.

And every time I remember this cursed stick, and the nurse wrapped in a napkin, how I bend down, how she puts it in the opening, with an instinctive movement I shrink and try to reject the foreign bone that was forced on my body, it goes up the canal and scratches the sides, as a man it is the closest to rape that I can describe.

Before I drain the water, I check what came out with a stick or a toothpick, how soft or hard, whether the bran helped, and then write in the tracking book. I filled the sink with water and sat down inside. Ten seconds later we entered the air pocket, and while the makeshift bidet water was splashing everywhere, I heard the air, who had planned all of this purely for personal entertainment needs, laugh.

The morning rose with a crimson sunrise that colored the interior of the plane.

Where is it easier to apply the ointment, I thought, in business or in tourists, in the end I decided that tourists are better, because you have to lie in the fetal position and there I can spread out over a whole row. How vulnerable is this position, not to mention humiliation. They say it's one of the side effects of the plague, fissure, and everyone just bends over. Everyone just bends over! I even suspect that the nurses pushing the cane enjoy it. The proctology industry is celebrating, and Bill Gates has started investing in plum orchards. I reached back and carefully applied the ointment to the soft skin, without scratching it with my fingernail, that's what I was missing.

I went back to the cockpit, and Grandpa was sitting there, in the captain's seat. Since grandma died, his condition deteriorated, the doctors couldn't find anything, but I knew very well what he had, you don't need to study for seven years to know that it's loneliness, loneliness kills. It's been two years since I saw him, and I wanted to run and sit on his lap, but I knew I wasn't allowed, and

that I was only allowed to look at him from the side, looking ahead towards the endless blue. When the tears started to fall, I went outside, because I didn't want him to see me cry.

Mr. PSora to the cockpit brass, Mister Fissure to the cockpit brass. Shahar's voice filled the plane, followed by Nir's laughter. When I came in they were there again, playing backgammon, and Nir led 3-1.

In thirty minutes we will arrive in New York; We cruised at an altitude of 35 thousand feet, the pressure under the wings is stable, the fuel gauge is good. Although we float in empty space, and the wheel is not in our hands at all, but here, everything is governed by the same laws, they work in the sky as in the earth, or in other words, as above, so below.

I called Amir on the satellite phone, he will have to jump in time, not a second before, not a second after, Shahar will tilt the plane, I will open the door and he will go in, like a ball into a basket with the buzzer, a little scary, but we have already seen worse things in Rafah,

and when we tell him We told you, it's bad karma to sell salt for a hundred dollars, and more salt from Idan Ofer, I hope for his sake that he doesn't start with his arguments about the free market and all that.

We took positions, fastened our seat belts, the plane approached the building and tilted to the side, I opened the emergency exit and the air was pushed in strongly, as if it was really waiting outside to enter, the wing brushed the building a little but Amir dived right into the opening and we closed the door. Now there was no time for celebrations, we had to get to Switzerland, after all a neutral country, the media must already be waiting there and also the ambulances, we increased to the maximum speed, in fifteen minutes we skipped over the Atlantic Ocean and after two more minutes we were already over Paris, apparently the engine was damaged while we landed in Manhattan , one way or another something stopped working, all that was left was to decide where to crash, a mask hung from the ceiling, a mask and a yellow float weighing two hundred grams, and this plane

weighs two hundred thousand kilos, so that you know that these moments concerning death, those suffocating, eternal, realistic seconds, are the moments The animal stock of all, more was known there than in Edna's entire life, I can only say that I felt that something was holding me, probably the air, and always held and will always hold, more than that I can't tell you, you'll have to be patient, suddenly I noticed that Shahar was diverting the plane Towards some building, it was familiar to me, yes, it was photographed in the news, it's the headquarters of the World Health Organization in Geneva, I looked out the window for the last time, the sun enveloped me and I thought, what a beautiful world.

How do I tell you all this? Well, in heaven we were given the status of martyrs, in Arabic it is called shahid. The status confers the right to convey one message to Israel, and seventy-two virgins (four of my proverbs are no longer virgins). I have to go, I have an appointment with the fifth virgin, just one more thing, the post-mortem, we came back

positive, it turns out we all infected each other, apparently on the flight, flying is really a dangerous thing these days, it's a shame we didn't put on the masks that were hanging from the sky, at all The way this damn epidemic claimed the lives of four more victims, and so young with no underlying illnesses, you'll be damned.

After the Flood*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

The rain comes and shares the city.

No one knew then, when the voice of this story began, that it would be so humid. Their voices thought, a little broom, a little sponge, and the voice will return to normal. But the dirt that was washed off the roads, the mud that was stuck in the gutters, the dirt that accumulated in the grooves of the car wheels, there are things that only rain can disable, and not just any rain, you need a flood.

We wrapped ourselves in coats and boots and left, mom and dad to the office, me to school. The other children come by car, but we always go by bus, even when it rains. That day the bus was so full that it was impossible to stand without touching some escape. When my mill arrived, father tore through all the people, put the hood on my head, rubbed the laces, and asked me if I was afraid. I told him that a little. me too! He said, then climbed me with one hand, drug me on the shoulder, climbed mother with the other hand, and they ran with me to the school gate.

I'm in the 5th grade, but the teacher says I'm as dreamy as a 2nd grader. I watched the rain making shapes on the window pane, a voice once about another bubble, which flows alone around the glass, Caillou is looking for something, until she finds a small channel made by another bubble and joins it. When lightning flashed, I counted how many seconds there were between it and the thunder. Suddenly the children started to leave the classroom, and only in retrospect did I realize that several trees and power

poles had fallen in the city, so they decided to silence their voices at home.

In the street there were people with strings, which for a second were flying in the wind, and those wearing garbage bags. But there weren't many. The majority preferred to return home quickly, sip hot chocolate and watch the news. The announcer said that such a storm has not been seen for years, and that the Ministry of Education is considering canceling school tomorrow as well. I prayed that the rain would not stop. I only have one friend at school that I really admire, Nellie. In the lesson's audio lesson, we pass notes, I copy sentences from my favorite book, Don Kisho, and she corrects my spelling mistakes. But I can meet with Nelly even without going to school.

The municipal sewage infrastructures are not prepared for such showers, that's what they said on TV. Within a week, all the pipes were completely clogged, and the water began to rise from the drains on the sides of the road, as if coming from a spring. The mayor was blamed on television, and he said that the

water company was to blame. Every night everyone waited to hear, what Danny Rupp would say, what Danny Rupp would say, and every night he said the same thing.

Today it rained heavily in all parts of the country, tomorrow it will be clear.

Right before the power went out, the police instructed everyone not to leave the houses. At this point, that directive was pretty redundant, if you ask me. We were lucky, our building is on a sloping street in Jaffa that goes down to the sea, but even it turned into a small river. All that was left of the parked cars were the roofs, which were sticking out like alligators.

Our second good fortune was that father founded a company that develops ecological solutions, and he knew how to make candles from olive oil and toilet paper, and also an odor-proof container, in which we defecated. He became the hero of the building, because he taught all the neighbors how to make them themselves.

We have a lot of neighbors - our building has six floors, and four apartments per floor,

most of them I recognize inside but I don't really know them. I only know Hillel and his friend, because he is my literature teacher and also because they live next to us, and Ada from the floor above, because her son, Amri, was with me in kindergarten. But Dad knows everyone, and always says hello and talks to them as if they were old friends: Mr. Naor, how is the article progressing, Mrs. Ziperman, does your back still hurt?

For those who used them sparingly, the batteries in computers and phones lasted for another week, roughly. The rain fell all over the world, and the social networks sent a lot of videos. In one video, of a street that was internal, and not sloping down to the sea, a small lake was formed between the buildings, and the camera captured some fish swimming there. In such streets, the water sometimes reached the second and third floors, and the people went up to the upper floors and slept with the neighbors. With us, thanks to the slope, the water blocked only the ground floor, where no one lives. Many people gathered in skyscrapers in the center

of the city, without electricity, and without water, ironically.

I loved the flood. In the evenings, mom, dad and I would cuddle up in blankets in the living room, by candlelight, and outside the rain sounded as if it was saying to everyone, shhh... shhh... sometimes other neighbors would join us, and dad would read Don Quixote.

"Take it, you evil giant!" I jumped on the sofa and aimed the mop at the ceiling fan, "This is for you, Dulcinea!", the fan turned after I hit it, and its shadow danced on the ceiling in the candlelight.

The army tried to fight the flood. The seniors arrived at Kriya with the helicopters, and formulated a tactical plan to drain the water with the help of pumps. After that, the plan was shelved and replaced with a plan to remove the clouds using giant fans, which resemble windmills. The helicopters circled in the rain like sharks, but they couldn't flood. The senior officials changed their strategy, and the Prime Minister announced on the news: You have to learn to live with the flood.

The economy will be based mostly on fishing, bridges will be built from building to building for pedestrian crossing, and the engineering team is already working on a sketch for the infrastructure of a gondola system. The Minister of Education announced on his Tik-Tok that the children will learn exactly the same material as before, only in a bombastic format, and added, the show must go on. The last thing I wanted was to learn again with Hillel how to analyze a short story. Nellie and I corresponded every day in messages, but in moderation, so as not to waste the battery. She and her mother lived on the eighth floor, so they were safe. Father explained to her mother in messages how to do all kinds of things, and told her to talk to him about any problem.

While the officials were working on the plans, the citizens had already begun to find solutions themselves, at least those who did not cry over their bad fate and their tears but were added to the flood. They did their needs in the corner of the house. When the tank was full, throw into the river from the

balcony. No one starved. There was quite a lot of food in the pantries, but since we didn't know when the flood would stop, many were out of their minds. There were those who uploaded videos to social networks, shouting that the end of the world has come, the flood will not end, it is a punishment for all our sins. They jumped into the water and let it sweep them away. Others were convinced that it was over, as Danny Rupp said, the day was gone Heavy rain in all parts of the country, tomorrow will be clear. They ran out of food in two weeks, and had to ask the neighbors. And they were also adaptable... extremely adaptable, they pulled out a fishing rod and started fishing from the balcony, or built a raft and went to visit family and friends.

Your father will adapt, mother kept saying, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't worry, Sancho my friend, the evil giant won't bother us anymore! Harness the saddle, and we will ride far away!" I jumped on the table in the kitchen, sword in hand, "Yes, your majesty, you have defeated him!" cried

Sancho, and Dulcinea clapped her hands, "my hero!"

"Are you sure this is what you want to teach the child?" Hillel asked.

Mom and Dad invited him and his girlfriend to dinner, even though I objected. "What do you mean?" Father asked him back. He does this often.

"Don Quixote is a grotesque character, a satirical critique of illogical warriors of justice, knights in their own right, who see a princess in every corner, imagine adventures and chase dreams, fight giant machines and refuse to accept reality as it is."

"Really?" asked father, "and I actually thought that Don Quixote was generally a criticism of society."

"Criticism of what?" asked Hillel, and father answered:

"For her not being all these things."

Hillel took a sip from the glass of wine, and finished it.

"Well, that's exactly why it's important to study literature."

I understood what they were talking about, roughly, not everything, nevertheless I wanted for some reason that father would download to Hillel Box.

But Dad just said, 'Point for thought. Want more wine, friend?' And mother touched his shoulder again.

Two days before the batteries were completely exhausted, it was announced in the news that all the servers of Facebook and Google were drowned in water. Everything is erased; The pictures, the messages, the algorithms, the documents, the apps, the contacts, they're all back to being just silicon and aluminum.

Dad was happy. We're going back to the Seventies, Martha, he grabbed Mom by the waist, and they started dancing in the living room. This is reason for a party, he said and took out the guitar, and mom went to call all the neighbors. Almost everyone came, except for Hillel and his girlfriend.

None of the neighbors understood why father was so happy. Everyone respects him so no

one said anything; But I knew why. In the secret of his heart, father hates life.

Not his little life. He really loves mom, and me, and our house with the painting of the sea and Jaffa and his work. He also doesn't hate the big-big life, on the contrary, he keeps saying that it's the greatest gift you can give someone, to see a candle lit, to smell the rain, to kiss a woman you love, to drink water. What Dad hates is the life we had, he calls it, the mediocre life of the generation, the cars, the roads, the screens, the money, and the threshold, the ego, and the Lego, the plastic and the gum, he says that this is not life but anti-life , and he hates them.

I didn't feel like a party either, so I went to the room. I missed Nelly, and I'm also tired of hearing Hillel and his girlfriend fight all the time through the wall. Mom suggested that he give me private lessons in literature until we go back to school, and I said, I'd rather go outside in the flood.

No one knows who started the whole bottle thing. At first we saw two or three a day, sailing down the river. But in the days that

followed, there were already hundreds, thousands of bottles floating on the water, made of plastic and glass, in all kinds of colors, and suddenly everyone knew how it worked - put a bottle in, read the note, and put it back in the water.

I want to drink one bottle, I told father. We connected two mops and a broom with ropes, and at the end we tied a small pot - that's how we invented the collection.

The first bottle I pulled out was Nasty Peach, and the note that was rolled up inside was torn from a yearbook. Adults always check notes before children read them, so Dad checked it before giving it to me. It was written on it: I want a pizza hahaha. I threw the bottle with the note back into the water, and pulled out a blue one from the glass. The note contained all the words to a song by Leonard Cohen. I took out notes with scribbles, and many notes where people told a little about themselves, wrote what their hobbies were, or a quote they liked, and left their address after the flood. Dad said they were looking for love.

About the thirty-something bottle we changed with the collection, I read the note and immediately recognized the handwriting. It was written there: "Stuck on the eighth floor, waiting for a knight to come rescue me." Signed, Dulcinea.'

When I showed the note to Dad he played with his hair, and asked if I could show him Nellie's handwriting, to compare. I didn't understand why he was so surprised, he always says that the world is so magical that we can't even see the magic.

Even though we saved, and even though we shared with all the neighbors, the amount of food dwindled significantly. For the first time since the beginning of the flood I saw father worried. He, mother, Mr. Naor (I've already learned to recognize him by name), and a few other neighbors tried to think of a plan. Dad said that usually, every problem has a solution; But it seemed that they would not be able to solve this problem.

Forty days have passed since the flood began. Father said that all the money in the banks was wiped out, and they no longer knew how

much was to whom. That titles, opinions, and books were deleted, a flood of confusion, he said. That the twenty-first century will not be remembered as an era of creativity, and innovation, and progress, but as dark intervening times, ones that will plunge, for all their songs, networks, and services, deep into the abyss of femininity. That evening, he told us a story.

Once upon a time, in a distant land, one bright morning, a flood began. The water rose and covered the mountains. The people were afraid, prayed, and said it was because they were bad, that God punished them (Pep, God, said Hallel, and snorted in contempt). So they did everything to keep the water out - they built a box and locked themselves in it, each man in his box. From morning to evening they grabbed buckets to get the water out of the box. Fill the bucket, and pour it. Fill the bucket, and pour it. While their arms are strained, their muscles tense and sore, they are angry with God, who created them and then punished them for being the way they are. They stopped believing in him, and

started believing in themselves. The flood increased, and the arms were not swift enough, and the buckets were not large enough, and the water burst and swelled and burned. The boxes began to fill with water, and the people stopped believing even in themselves. But even in this great despair, there were moments, When the people stopped for a moment from the logistics of the flood, from the necessary and never-ending concern to repel the water, small moments of grace in the midst of all this transparent watery chaos that descended upon them without any prior warning, in which the people went out to the ark window, all together and each separately, in pairs, They raised their hands up and looked at the heavenly liquid, washed their hair and their faces and their loins, naked as on the day they were born, they shouted to the sky in a prayer of thanksgiving, and in these moments, it seemed that some of them were praying that it would continue to fall and that it would never stop.

I really liked the story, but Hillel said it has no plot and no characters so it's not really a story.

On the morning of the forty-first, the first rat was recorded in a building in the center of the city, and father said: the water is light. More and more rats heralded the end of the flood, and we all went down to the algal asphalt, the rusting cars, and the ruined shops. The sun peeked through the clouds, and I saw a rainbow.

I asked father if he believed in God or himself. He told me both. Then I asked him if God was punishing us. He said that God does not know how to punish; When everything is dirty, God delivers. And when they all began to restore everything they had built, when they returned, all together and each one separately, to the necessary and never-ending work of draining the water, I asked in my heart only one wish as a veil, only that it would not be the same as before.

Barcelona*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

Forty is a good age to accept the fact that you probably won't find love. On the other hand, you never know how certain vegetables may affect the course of fate.

About an hour ago, Angela was stuck without parsley. The second her platform shoe crosses the threshold of the entrance to the supermarket, a cashier superintendent pounces on her.

'Mascaria, mascaria!' shouts a superintendent and points to her own chin.

"Tango premissis medico," Angela answers with difficulty, and the commander gestures with his hand, come and see.

She examines the document like Nakhlawi at the Nablus checkpoint, and apart from the document she also has control over her hands. She has no control over her husband who broke up with his lover, or over the teenage girl who stinks up the whole apartment from cigarettes, or over the increase in electricity prices. But she has control over Angela's nose.

'It's not written in closed places,' she says.

Angela argues with her, so she summons Colonel Kupa-Rashit.

The colonel takes out a magnifying glass, looks at the small letters, and concludes, 'There is no stamp here.'

The three continue to bicker, until the chief of staff notices the honorable judge, a policeman-who-didn't-finish-compulsory-kindergarten, who had just bought a package of Kabanos.

The honorable judge grabs the document, 'There is no date here.'

'But sir,' Angela tries to say, 'Uh-uh-uh-uh,' he says, 'Your honor, for you.'

She could just go to the market and let this supermarket burn, that's what she usually does, but she's already in the middle of cooking, involuntarily she mobilizes all her facial muscles and smiles, and when Angela smiles the universe stops and salutes, even the colonel softens, half a year He didn't see a smiling human being, there used to be the customers but now it's just the bitter face of his wife, the fork fell, the Honorable Judge gave her the document back, gestured for her to enter with his head, pushed Cabanos into the mouth and went back to doing patrols in the car.

You thought that would be the end of the story, well think again, because on the way to the organic department, an undercover butcher's agent notices her.

'Mascaria, mascaria,' he shouts, 'it is mandatory to wear a mask,' he points to some piece of paper with gibberish hanging on the wall behind him, as if these were the covenant tablets.

Angela shouts back the magic words, 'Premisso Medico.'

Undercover agent Butcher raises two hands for confirmation, in one he has food and in the other he is nursing, he wipes the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand and returns to the slice.

Barcelona used to be a good place to find love.

There were always strings in the gothic alleys, always a guitar or a harp, the sounds of these and those mingled with the smell of chestnuts and the sea, rolled in the air like a reed and exposed girls and women alike. Even if you weren't looking for love at all, all too often you found it, in the form of a chance meeting on the beach at sunset, or on the church steps late at night. And even if you tried with all your might to run away from love, missed a turn on the way and wandered through the alleys, the city took care, gently, to move its buildings a little, just so that it, love, could find you.

When her gypsy mother left her on the church steps at the age of five, sometime in the mid-1980s, no one thought anyone would ever love Angela. The orphanage chooses children up to the age of one, two years at most, and with all due respect to Angela's bright green eyes, and the smile that lit up dark rooms, the odds were not in her favor.

For three years she ran around the orphanage like a princess in a palace. Her pet, a white plastic bag named Pita, comes with her everywhere. Angela would toss Peeta in the air, and watch her fall slowly, mesmerized.

The girl suffers from repression, the social worker determined, and really, in most cases she was right. Abandonment plus joy equals repression, this is the fundamental formula of DSM. Nothing is written there about souls who know, even before they are born, that we are all one big family.

The boy with the mark on his forehead visited Angela for the first time when she was eight years old. The orphanage went on a tour of the square of the Sagrada Familia, and the boy looked among the bricks piled under

the crane. Angela waved at him, and he panicked and jumped to the top of the tower. She felt that she missed him even before they met, but she didn't know how to get to the top of the tower.

The next day, Nino and Paki arrived at the orphanage. The worker with rough hands and a soft heart, who came from a small village in Andalusia, together with his barren wife, whom he met on the beach in Badalona when he was trying to start with her sister, they intended to choose a child up to the age of one, two years at most. But then Nino saw Angela playing with the bag.

They enrolled the girl in the private Catholic school for girls, close to the housing estate where they lived. The regular passengers on the bus had already gotten used to talking to Angela about floating pets and boys with a mark on their foreheads, and Nino patted her head and repeated the same sentence: My daughter lives in the clouds. Angela didn't really get along with the girls at school, so on the way home she stuck her face to the bus

window, looking for the boy with the mark on his forehead.

The nuns advised Angela to go the artistic route, because the scientific route did not suit her. She did not tolerate the nuns; She actually enrolled in the sciences, and actually graduated with honors, also at the university. She even got a part-time job as a research assistant for a statistics professor. When the data didn't line up as it should, the professor taught her how to add or subtract variables and correct Pearson's correlation coefficient.

Angela asked, but if we can just interpret the data according to what suits us, what is the difference between us and the nuns, and the professor replied, oh, Angelica, there is a big difference, the nuns are trying to stick somehow to the biblical text, with the numbers, vs. - Yes, you can do anything you can think of.

When she couldn't find any guy with a mark on his forehead, Angela started dating a handsome guy from the runway; He was the first and the last one who knew how to find her G-spot. They broke up towards the end of

school, something about Angela being too opinionated for him.

Nino and Paki framed the picture with the hat and cloak and placed it above the television in the living room, among the porcelain. Angela told them that she wanted to fly and travel in Australia, and Nino told her, my daughter, you can do whatever you want, after you buy an apartment, and Levo added, and that you be here in the neighborhood.

A talented medical campaigner closes the month with six thousand euros. net. In the gross there are the restaurants, the hotels, the expense account for clothing and travel, Both for her and for the doctor. Not every graduate in natural sciences is accepted, you need the right combination of smooth skin and a smooth tongue. Once in a while one appears as innocent as a child in a drop of milk, talking about buses and Sagradas and plastic bags, and even though her tongue is not slippery at all you are ready to buy air from her.

When Manel, the squat Catalan, whose stomach always threatened to send buttons to the next world, saw her green eyes at the beginning of the interview, he knew that Angela could market Tic-Tac as a cure for cancer.

But more than the eyes, it was the smile.

If the eyes could sell doctors tic-tac-toe, then this smile could sell them rat poison.

Feasts of kings, vacations in ancient Catalan castles, an apartment with a balcony in Sitges. Not only does Angela live like a queen, two more years like this and she gets a mortgage and flies away like a heron. Manal made sure to direct as many customers as possible to his preferred agent, and Angela patted him on the stomach, 'Gracias guapo.' 'Girl, that smile doesn't work on me, no Gracias, twenty euros.'

On this occasion we will just note that, unlike Manal, Angela did not even for a moment imagine that there might be anything wrong with marketing medicine to doctors, just as she did not imagine that a plastic bag was not a pet.

These days there were less people on the bus, which reduced the chances of running into a guy with a mark on his forehead. There were more traffic jams and more cars, but Angela didn't like driving. She loved the bus, and always had a lot of respect for the driver, who in her eyes was a martyr.

We are approaching the end of the first decade of the millennium, the Sagrada Familia is about to open to visitors, Nino is retiring even though he still has a foal's mane, and Angela is throwing up for the first time. The feeling that followed was so pleasant and rewarding, from a noble inner purity, which accompanies an autonomous body that no longer relies on the mercy of the world for its economy. She threw up all the lobsters, the ibrico, and the sashimi, and only her, only Angela, remained.

Her hair fell out and thinned, her ribs stood out, at a certain moment she looked in the mirror and said to herself, Angela, it's either you stop doing this or you die, and she stopped, probably something in her personality structure (or divine grace). A year

of intensive treatment and five times a week meditative breathing practice completed the process, something during the circular breathing, in, out, in, out, just like with the food, touched her at a deep point.

The mortgage was already approved, and Angela decided to dedicate her life to teaching people to breathe. She told her parents before she told Manal, and Nino said, well, only my daughter can give up six thousand euros a month to teach people the only thing they know how to do themselves.

Manal hasn't cried since Mark stole his sandwich in compulsory kindergarten and he didn't intend to break the streak, so he contented himself with saying: 'It's good that you're leaving, girl. This job is not good. She makes us sick.'

He didn't like hugs, certainly not goodbye hugs, so Angela just patted him on the stomach, and Nino and Paki drove her to the airport.

She searched for herself for two years and twenty countries and found quite a bit, in yoga, in nature, in breathing, in tantra, but

she did not find a single man with a mark on his forehead. The truth is, she has already stopped looking. When she returned to Barcelona, the bus was full of people again, only everyone was looking down. You couldn't tell if they had a mark on their foreheads, and no one wanted to talk to her about floating pets, not even the kids.

On the way home she remembered that she hadn't seen a tree in three days. I mean, she saw, but she didn't really see. Miraculously, there is a tree right next to her. Angela stopped and looked at him for a while.

The business prospered. It turns out that both of us underestimated the demand for breathing training in today's world, and his daughter found herself turning away clients. Like any person living his vocation, Angela never worked and worked all the time.

When the government forced everyone to lock themselves in their homes and wear masks, Angela printed out a medical certificate for herself to go without a mask;

Who like her knows that her signature is no less reliable than the doctor's. She watched from the side how the residents of Barcelona, from big to small, block their airways, either by force or voluntarily, in restaurants, on the bus, on the street, everyone including everyone, and she couldn't help but attribute symbolic meaning to the whole thing.

She celebrated her fortieth birthday in vain, with the exception of two healthy and frightened parents.

Most of all, obedience chilled her.

She arrived at the cash register with the parsley, and had already torn a plastic bag from the wheel when the first cash register colonel ran towards her, 'Señora, señora,' he gasped (at his age, it's difficult to run with a mask), 'I spoke to the manager of the chain, without a stamp we can't get the approval,' And at that moment Angela broke down, she threw the parsley on the robot's head and stormed off into the cool evening.

The bus to the market had just stopped by the station and Angela interpreted it as a sign. In his youth, the holy bus driver, Carlos, had

magic in his feet. To stop him, the brakes had to kick his knee, and that didn't help either, mom called him my little Messi, dad bought him Barcelona shirts, when the ball was at his feet the world made sense, he would score in the 90th minute at the Camp Nou and hand out autographs to whoever asked, He ran towards the goal and the whole neighborhood called him Messi, Messi, Messi, Messi, Messi.

But he is not Messi.

He was a bus driver.

And now Angela is in tears in his kingdom, without a mask, and if that's not enough, at that very moment, she swallowed the saliva that had accumulated from the tears, put forward a feeding tube and began to cough.

The bus conductor put a finger to her chin and said the word that Angela had heard the most times in her life, 'Masqueria, masqueria.' Realizing that she was still holding a plastic bag in her hand, his bus master would not allow him to be spoken to like that within the borders of his kingdom, he folded his hands and said that he would not drive until she got off, Angela sobbed, she felt that an old

acquaintance had turned against her, in fact she felt that way with all people, And it hurt like childbirth, 'You too, the saints too,' the driver didn't understand what this lokita wanted from him, the court jesters shouted at her from the other past of the kingdom, Mascaria, Mascaria, she felt herself falling, but didn't give in, Mascaria, MascarYes, masquerade, masquerade, masquerade, masquerade, masquerade, masquerade, masquerade, masquerade, masquerade, masquerade, she heard one of the passengers approach her and say, 'Disculpa, is there a problem here?', she had no more strength to argue, and when she She turned around and saw him.

He had no mark on his forehead.

He wasn't wearing a mask.

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*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

As I enter the bank, he puts the gun to my temple. Desperate, wrinkled, as wide as the refrigerators his son carries on his back instead of studying for high school, in Russia he was a rocket scientist, and look what this country urges him to do.

It already happened to me once, eight years ago, in Rio de Janeiro. The guy, I mean the boy, a boy, he was a boy, yells at you in Portuguese, all you see is the black hole at the end of the gun, he waves it like a rattle, you no longer have blood in your body but his

adrenaline is raging, and you know it's enough that some protein jumps on his finger , and that's it, there's no bus to Moro-de-São Paulo, no flight to Colombia - too bad, I heard that in Cartagena for one line of coke they suck all night - and on the way you can also forget about all the dreams that were supposed to be dreamed later, and they're still just a dim picture , studies, career, wife, children, they all disappear like a wave that washes away sand castles in Copacabana, all the calculations that are the lot of the few among us who plan today what will happen tomorrow, this child, on the other hand, always lives in the present, and if we understand eternity not as an infinite duration of time but As non-temporality, the child here, in fact, lives in eternity.

"Now looking at how much you have," says Vladimir in a heavy Russian accent, or Boris, although not exactly in Hebrew, but at least not in Portuguese. "Seeing, not looking," I tell him, "Why? He asks firmly, Misha or Grisha, and I understand that I touched a sensitive point, "With eyes, with eyes, yes, but the

meaning is a little different, how to explain..." "Meaning? What does that mean?" Igor asks. Why does he have to aim at the temple, why not the arm, even without this gun I would do anything you tell me, you fridge. How can I explain to you now what this means, do me a favor, let's get this over with already, the man is waiting for me downstairs, a cup of tea, both seven hundred and fifty shekels and the tsar here is pointing a gun at me, if it wasn't for that bullet in the shoulder I would have done the It's on my own and none of this would have happened.

He points towards the ATM, everyone understands the language of the gun, it says to enter the secret code, although in Portuguese, but everyone also understands the language of the ATM. This shale fits my navel, without that piece of iron in his hand I would make an asai out of him. His other finger, the one not on the trigger, presses ten thousand riyals. The machine refuses to give such a high amount, he gets angry and hits her with the weapon.

You would expect this boy who is holding a gun, while all you have to hold on to is a wordless prayer, to feel tough because of the tool in his possession, like Golanchik with a tabor. But specifically this boy, not only does he know that the crucified Christ is always looking at him from the top of the mountain, this is also his first time, he is at least as scared as you, unlike the Russian refrigerator, who is pointing the gun at me now, in the present tense, as cold-hearted as Putin invading the peninsula Cold.

In the favela this would not happen. Fernando explained to us on the tour yesterday - he speaks fluent Hebrew, and says sentences like "look how beautiful, brother, the favela is similar to Gaza" - the danger faced by the tourist wandering in Copacabana or Ipanema, here in the favelas there is a code of honor. Altman and the rest didn't want to join the tour, so I came alone, and they went to a brothel. Really similar to Jabaliya, I thought, you can see the sea there too, only in Jabaliya it is forbidden to take pictures and here it is allowed. I photographed two

pigeons nesting in the tangle of electrical wires that hides the sky, a dead pigeon swimming in the river of plastic and sewage flowing between the dilapidated tins, children playing football and laughing, and a woman hanging out the laundry according to the colors of the rainbow.

Heaven, in hell, in heaven.

Not all of the favelas allow photography, Fernando warned, in the free trade zones, for example, it's not allowed, where Genvino was born, who now has eight-thousand reals in his pocket, and motions for me to undress, even though my pants are soaked in urine. He lowers the gun a little, and for the first time I manage to focus on his black face. The majority is covered in a white bandana embroidered with a rose, and above it a pair of bright green eyes.

"Can you aim at the hand and not the temple?" I ask, and the fridge lowers the gun.

"what is your name?"

All these years, I wondered what would have happened if I had been able to ask Giovannino what his name was.

"Noam," he answers while he waits for the screen to display the number, "Noam?" "Yes, Noam, Noam, what don't you understand?" I would like to change my name, like the great linguist Noam Chomsky, professor emeritus of M.I.T., one of the great minds of our time and a human rights activist whose parents left the Soviet Union.'

My phone is ringing, can I, I signal to him, he nods, "Hello, yes, I was delayed because.. I'm in the middle of something.. It's coming soon," the guy hangs up on me nervously, just don't let him run away.

"Forty-eight," Noam says, pointing to the screen.

I didn't want to worry them, so I told my mother that I was pickpocketed, within two hours I had another thirty thousand riyals in my account. My father is a senior accountant at Bank-Hapoalim, these thirty thousand riyals move his marginal profit percentage, nevertheless, I was instructed to file a complaint with the police, so that it would be possible to claim the insurance, it's not the money, it's an educational matter.

Before I send them pictures from the favela I went through them to filter. I left the pigeons on the electricity, the dead pigeon no, neither the prostitutes, Fernando explained to us about prostitution with the permission of the owner, this is also like in Gaza, the colored laundry yes, and among the pictures of the children playing football, one of them jumped and jumped just as he scored a goal, he caught My attention, although I still didn't know his name then, but those green eyes are impossible to miss, it was Genvino.

"How about forty-eight?" I get annoyed, and momentarily forget the gun pointed at my arm. After all, we are not in Brazil, but in Israel, and we are all brothers here, "Do you think I would be standing here talking to you if I were forty-eight?"

My phone rings again, this time I don't dare answer Noam, not the one pointing a gun at me, Noam calling me, Noam Hovel, the one who has been waiting with the refrigerator under my house for forty minutes. He has more refrigerators to carry, and not only refrigerators, but also washing machines,

dressers, and some strange Indian statue. He decides to pick up the refrigerator by himself and calculate a I will later.

"A machine says you're forty-eight," Noam insists, "Don't you understand that's impossible?" I ask him, "You're not telling me what's possible. Noam Chomsky says that a smart way to keep people obedient is to limit the spectrum of permissible opinion, but to agree to have a fluid discussion within the spectrum," he says, and points the gun at my head again.

If my father had known what I did the next day, he would have made me a Kuba Hamusta, because we have enough problems of our own and we don't need to look any further to the Gentiles. Back then I still believed in coincidences, today I no longer believe in superstitions, in any case I felt that it was stronger than me, that it was not a coincidence with the robbery and the picture, that is, that it was indeed a coincidence, in the sense that it was a combination of one case, a robbery , and another case, a picture, but that it wasn't random, that's what I tried to say,

that is, to write, anyway I went back to the favela.

With Fernando no one will point a gun at me, when I explained to him why I wanted to come again he didn't charge me for the tour either. After taking one look at the picture he recognized Giovannino. Sending a child to study in Brasilia costs twenty thousand riyals. Not everyone was willing to leave the favela, but Maria, Giovannino's mother, would not give up such an opportunity. While he is talking the shooting started.

Wittgenstein said that the name has meaning only in the context of a claim. Indeed, without an appropriate context, it is very difficult to determine the meaning of the eighth conjunction. For example, does every rigid object in the shape of a R, made of metal and plastic, which has a trigger, which is held by one person, by virtue of the authority granted to him by one or another legal entity, such as a state, a limited company, or for that matter, even himself, and points it at the temple of a second person, who may suffer fatal consequences

should the first decide or be ordered to pull the trigger, does any object that meets such a description deserve to be called a gun? And I'm not just talking about common exceptions like a water gun, a toy gun, or a staple gun.

"Forty-eight," Noam says again, showing me the display on the thermometer-gun. Words are really a confusing thing, and you must have already forgotten about this thermometer, but you didn't really think that the security guard at the bank would point his real gun at me, the one still strapped to his waist, our Noam, who until recently was called Ilya, unlike Giovannino and his friends, he A decent person who is not a member of a criminal organization, he owns his two weapons, the one on his hip and the one in his hand, legally, and this is the root of the difference between some gangsters in the favela and the bank, the bank has a license.

"But what about forty-eight, don't you understand that it doesn't make sense?"

"Noam Chomsky says that..." "I'm not interested in Noam Chomsky!" He frowns, "But, a machine says forty-eight, you don't go

"Don't worry brother," Fernando explains to me while the bullets whistle above us and pierce the bins of the favela. A tourist went to complain about some robbery.'

Similar to the American alligator or the common lobster, the life expectancy in the favela is forty-eight years. The lifespan of snails, by comparison, is between two and three years, assuming they are not stepped on. Contrary to popular belief, most species of butterflies, for example the Horshef nymph, may live up to a whole year; The shortest life expectancy in the world is that of the Beriomai, which lives less than twenty-four hours, hence its name. The grayling shark, one of the only species of shark living in the Arctic region, has lived for over two hundred and seventy years.

Smokers live an average of ten years less than full-smokers. The life expectancy of vegetarians is about twelve percent higher than that of meat-eaters, and in Russia, a quarter of men die before the age of 55, apparently due to excessive consumption of vodka. In Gaza, they live until they are about

sixty, like flamingos in captivity, unlike flamingos in the wild, whose lifespan ranges from only thirty to forty years. The average life expectancy in Israel, as of 2021, is eighty-two point eight. There is a significant difference between men and women, but among corona patients, the average is the same as that of healthy people. Regarding the Russian immigration, the whole story is still fresh to determine unequivocally whether the matter with the vodka has improved or worsened, but it is important to note that in Ramat Gan, the stronghold of the Iraqi immigration, the life expectancy is eighty-four, and in Bat Yam only eighty-one. In both the buildings are more stable than in Gaza, but also more expensive, and only in Bat Yam you can see the sea.

You must want to know if I died at the end or not. The discussed question is always who died, when he died, how he died, how much he died, where he died, no one asks why he lived. A question is not a claim, since it has no truth-value, it is simply there, like gravel. Therefore, to answer this question you need

to know what the word death means, and to know that you need to know what the word life means, and to know that you need to know what the word meaning means. And if you thought that words are a complex matter, with sentences it is even more complicated. Take, for example, the statement from last September by Noam Chomsky, MIT professor emeritus, anarchist and human rights activist: "People who are not vaccinated should be isolated from society." This is a first-order predicate, belonging to TPosition 1 in Chomsky's hierarchy, and can be summarized as follows:

Noam is unvaccinated

Anyone who is not vaccinated is dangerous to society

Anyone who is dangerous to society should be isolated from it

The simplest logical deduction, from the generic template:

A is B

every B is also a C

every third is also a fourth

The only logical conclusion that is required, if we place values in a truth table, is that A is D, and therefore Noam must be isolated from society, assuming that there is no flaw in one of the assumptions or definitions. For example, if Noam is indeed immune, this throws the ground under the conclusion, or alternatively, if the word immune, from the root HSN, is not well defined, in the sense that it does not make its subject immune.

Now, if we define the word "gun" as an object from which a shot is fired, something capable of killing another person, then the mouth is also a gun, and the words are bullets, such as, for example, the words of a news announcer, or the words of Noam Chomsky condemning the state The Jewish one, shot into the ear of a Palestinian boy, "States are violent institutions, the government of each country represents a certain type of internal power structure, and it is usually violent, states are violent to the extent that they have power,

excluding the Palestinian state of course," are words Those of Noam Chomsky, who was never forced to conquer anyone, he lives in Arizona, were they the ones who pulled the trigger that pierced my shoulder, made the parents of Esi the medic bereaved and sent a Palestinian child to grow up in Ofer prison, or how do you define a Jew, for example, this is also A question, one who complains about the whole world and at the same time opens an investment account to pay as few taxes as possible, then there is no more Jew than Chomsky, even though he does not understand the meaning of the word God.

And maybe, as Wittgenstein said, it's Wittgenstein, it's all Wittgenstein, believing in God means seeing that life has meaning, maybe it's that simple, in a way it's a contradiction and in another way a tautology, ironically, language itself is the proof of that existence, no of God, of meaning, just as we are all born with a universal grammar, as Noam pointed out in his youth, today he is already ninety-two years old but even then he had a low face. An attempt to define a word

using other words will result in it ending either in a circular definition, or in pointing towards some object accompanied by growls, like a chimpanzee, so the meaning must be there a priori within the language, in Kabbalah they wrote it already three-thousand years ago, the degree of speaking is called, But prophets, as Noam Chomsky says, were merely intellectuals, which leads to one of two logical conclusions, either that Noam Chomsky is a prophet, or that Isaiah, who never distinguished between a wolf and a lamb, was an honorary doctorate from Harvard University, Cambridge, Columbia, Toronto , McGill, Mexico, Chicago, Madrid, Athens, Chile, Brussels, Florence, Bologna, Buenos Aires, Calcutta, Uppsala and St. Andrews.

When we found Jovanino he was lying on the dirt outside his mother's cabin. He was eleven, which meant Maria was twenty-seven, which meant she got pregnant at fifteen, from the seed of the rich tourist from Moscow, who had left her a nice tip, but the only thing Giovannino had left was a pair of bright green

eyes. The bullet entered Jovanino right through the right temple, and Maria covered his face with the white handkerchief she had knitted for him. According to the calculation of half a million residents, he shortened the life expectancy in the favela by thirty-eight minutes and fifty-three seconds.

When I called to ask Fernando how Maria was doing, he was under curfew imposed by the gangs in the favela, to prevent the spread of the corona virus. Instead of bandanas they wore masks.

Maria has been working as a midwife in Brasilia for four years, she found a job the day she finished nursing studies. One day, when I will not be isolated from society, I will go to visit her. These days I can't work, for obvious reasons, so I devoted time to independent linguistic research on the subject of a good return.

It is very difficult to define this concept, it depends on the context and belongs to type 3 in Chomsky's hierarchy, and therefore, due to the ambiguity of the concept, the good doctors are forced to decide every day,

whether the cause of death was cancer, or a good return, or corona, or diabetes, or a stroke , or a bullet to the head, or pulmonary failure, or f-16, or liver failure, or malnutrition, or cardiac arrest, or other.

Nevertheless, there are cases that are not ambiguous, for example, Noam Chomsky, although he has four years left to reach a life expectancy twice that of the average Fabledo, if he dies at the age of ninety-two, either from a virus or from a vaccine, no one will dare To say that he did not die with a good return, and it was beautiful one hour before, although the language is innate, but near death they start talking nonsense, and what cannot be talked about, should be kept silent.

Penthouse in Heaven

They say you don't take your money to the grave; that's bullshit.

Imagine Sonny's relief, after seeing the grinning bank teller at the entrance to heaven, making him sign a form and handing him a credit card.

Sonny has never in his life seen a smile so wide. A tad more and PLUCK, the teller's cheeks will tare.

Outside the terminal, surrounded by evergreen hills and clouds made of cotton candy, awaited camels who went through the eye of the needle, magical buses, and one limousine. Sonny approached the limousine, instinctively. The driver, smiling the same smile as the teller's, explained to Sonny: new residents are taken for a tour around heaven, until they find a property they can afford. He swiped the card, and they went on their way.

Sonny made his first money at eleven. When all the other kids had started lemonade stands on the front yard, Sonny realized very quickly how this world works, he leased a forest plot from the government, deforested it and planted a lemon orchard. The neighbors from across the street, Lil' Morey and Buddy, had manned the pick, squeeze and sales positions, Sonny paid well and took care of their pensions.

Father had taught Sonny since the moment he started to walk – all men are standing in the very same queue; you either lag behind or sell the tickets. As a child, Sonny used to stay up in bed, waiting for the rustling of the keys. Once heard the rustling, he went downstairs, hugged father and said he can't sleep. The man who runs the world made himself some coffee, petted the boy's head and taught him how to balance cheques, until falling asleep.

The climate in Heaven is convenient and the architecture – varied. Sunny looked outside the limo's window, and saw Barouche castles

and Esquimalt Igloos, Islamic domes and Thai temples, some buildings designed by Gaudi after being run over by the tram, besides modern structures it had it all.

“What’s the horsepower on that thing?” asked sunny, caressing the sit.

The smiling driver did not reply. At that moment, a pack of wild horses appeared galloping outside the limo’s window, as if from nowhere.

The houses were scattered between the green hills, surrounded by gardens of Palm, Avocado, Blueberries and what not. On the top of the highest hill, a mighty structure was erected, looking like a fortress.

“So, anything you fancy?” the driver didn’t turn around when he spoke, but his smile – Sunny could hear it.

“What’s that?” Sunny asked, pointing at the top of the hill.

“That,” said the driver without moving, “That is the Royal Penthouse. It has a view of the Tree of Life on the east side, view of the Tree of Knowledge on the west, central heating, a golden toilet and four directions.”

“Take me there,” Sunny ordered. After seventy-seven years of business making upon the earth, the man knows what he wants.

“I’m afraid that won’t be possible,” said the driver, still smiling, “you don’t have sufficient funds in your account.”

It was a hard day at the office. The factory took heavy loses, and the last thing that father wanted to hear was Sunny blabbering about lemons.

Sunny was thirteen, he couldn’t decipher whether father is screaming at him or at someone else, in order to get a smile out of him he told him about the new stand again, father, despite being a man of faith, donating to charity and all, never felt much for the spare the rod thing, in any case on slap slipped, it wasn’t his own hand, it was his late father’s hand, whom all his life lagged way back in the queue.

Sunny had called Buddy, he didn’t plan to tell him what happened but the slap disrupted something in the tear mechanism, they started pouring on their own, it was on that

day that Sunny decided to switch from lemons to buildings, with lemons one must grow and squeeze but the building simply exists there, you sign a document and every first of the month HOPS the money comes in the account.

“How do you know how much money is in my account?” asked Sunny, concerned for his privacy.

“Ha-Ha,” said the smiling driver, and Sunny realized he is in fact laughing, “there are no secrets in Heaven. Everything appears right here on the SmartScreen. On the day when you died, there were three-hundred fifty-eight million, four-hundred ninety-three thousand, one hundred and twenty-two dollars and six cents in your account. Unfortunately, the Royal Penthouse costs five-hundred million round. Perhaps you should consider on of the replicas of the Taj-Mahal?”

You live in a replica, Sunny thought. The Royal Penthouse shall be his, you just wait

and see he'll find a way to make money in Heaven.

The real-estate business had blossomed. The bank leveraged Sunny, prime interest minus half percent mortgage, Lil' Morey and Buddy – they graduated from Law and Accountancy school respectively - took care of all the contracts and tax benefits. One investment condo became two, two condos became a building, a building became ten buildings, and the renters stood in line like ants on the entrance to the nest.

They say money doesn't make you happy; that's bullshit.

You should have seen Sunny in the Sweet in Haiti, sniffing the new sheets. Another person instead of him, one of the renters for example, might have felt uncomfortable there, doesn't matter how fluffy the mattress is. Alternatively, while Julietta is renewing the tiny soaps on the sink's corner, brushing the toilet, or changing to newly dried sheets every single morning, the hypothetical renter might have felt, for some reason, dirty.

This guilt was estranged for Senior Sunny, who always rewarded Julietta with a generous tip, six percent of the price per night, as long as she doesn't steal the watch. That's that, there's order in the world, there's a Sweet, there's Comfort and there's Junior, there are the ones who change the sheets and there are those who snuggle in them. Moreover, once cannot blame a happy person. When Sunny smelled the new sheets in Haiti, when he sucked on that Tiramisu on a picturesque alley in Tuscany, when he photographed that whale tail tapping the pacific ocean with a high-end camera off his yacht, he was happy. Not happiness of fucking with a Mariana in the toilet of some stinky hostel in Buenos-Aires, or of crying from gratitude in face of a rainbow at the city park. Happiness that's restrained, mild, but real. If true happiness is no more than the total moments in which you are truly present in your being, let me tell you something about the smell of new sheets at a Sweet in Haiti it helps a lot with being present.

Sonny married Linda; he loved her more than his apartments. They signed a prenuptial agreement and she was satisfied (with Sonny, not the agreement). Linda and Sonny had children, Morey and Buddy started families as well, we won't tell how much Sonny gave them for their wedding, only say that there are families in India who can live a whole life off that cheque (Well, I mean, only if someone cashes it, obviously).

The first dream had arrived when Sonny was thirty-five. He wandered around his forest land, before it became an orchard. The pine trees stood strong and green, but instead of leaves, they were covered with 100\$ bills. Sonny approached to pick, he stood on the tip of his toes and detached one note, but the minute it disconnected from the tree, the note turned into a lemon. Sonny felt his throat was dry, he tried to squeeze the lemon so to quench his thirst, he pressed and pressed until the fingers had become soar, but not one drop of juice came out. Then he looked to his right, and saw an infinite queue winding, men, women, and children, their

hands are holding their dry throats, and they are waiting to pick leaves off the tree, and there you go Lil' Morey and Buddy are standing in the front of the line, trying to squeeze the juiceless lemons and nothing.

Sonny woke-up sweating, and his throat was dry.

“What are the investment channels here?” Sonny asked the smiling driver.

“Investment channels?”

“Yes, in which stock market do you trade?”

“Ha-Ha,” the driver laughed, “No, no, here in heaven, with what you have, with that you get by.”

But if you can't make money in heaven, Sonny connected one dot to another, I mean it is an eternity after all, no matter how much you got eventually you'll run out.

“Don't worry, silly,” the driver continued gazing forward towards the road, and Sonny wandered if it's even possible for him to scratch that smile, “except for the real estate, everything is free. Here, look.”

He pulled over. Sonny stepped out to the jungle, and saw banana leaves filled with lentil, bean and rice stews, salads as colorful as the rainbow, grapes, figs, mango slices dipped in chocolate syrup, and a sweet-water waterfall streaming in the corner. He tasted one fig, with a velvety texture it melted between the tongue and the top of his mouth, it might have been the sweetest fig Sonny has tasted in his whole life, except that he was already dead.

Suddenly, a rustle came from between the bushes. Sonny saw something moves.

“I think I saw a snake,” Sonny said once back in the limo.

“Ha-Ha, no, silly,” the driver laughed, “there are no snakes in heaven. We got rid of them a long time ago.”

“Doesn’t matter, anyway, stock market or not, there must be a way to make money here.”

“Well,” said the smiling driver, “if it means that much to you, and something tells me that it means that much to you, perhaps I know someone who can help.”

Between the whining children, the fights with Linda and the reoccurring lemon nightmare, Sonny couldn't remember when was the last time he has had an honest good night sleep. Some nights he was able to identify some of the faces who stood in line. They belonged to his renters, who actually always paid on time and took good care of the property, Sonny was never forced to deposit a security cheque or a trustee's note, even if some small matter came up Lil' Morey and Buddy took good care of it.

For instance, there was this one time with the IRS, Lil' Morey had to get Sonny involved, but a little envelope to the head of the wing solved everything. And when Buddy was discovered to be a two-timing greedy snake, Lil' Morey found the appropriate section and dislodged him like a snake dislodges its skin. That's the beauty of money, thanks to it people don't need each other; it neutralizes the neediness. Either way, the time has come to play at the big boys' field. Sonny made money off of lemons, then buildings, but like father always says you either work for the

money or it's working for you, now's the time to make money off of money.

Sonny hired a team of first-class biologists and chemists – nowadays in order to truly make the big bucks science has to be involved – after three months of intensive research the scientists had succeeded in genetically modifying a Quarter. Lil' Morey and Buddy's replacement had uprooted the old lemon trees, sowed the Quarters with spring, the trees grew and blossomed, upon summer the first Quarters had already ripened, and the patent that Sonny registered was approved for a twenty years time.

The limousine slowed down in the middle of the jungle.

For the first time since the beginning of the trip, the driver turned his head, and Sunny again saw his wide smile.

"The gentleman in the top hat will be here soon," he said.

The limousine window slowly opened with a buzzing sound, revealing a black hat, then a forehead, and eyebrows, round sunglasses, a

nose, a wide ear to ear smile, and a goatee. The gentleman in the top hat reached into the limo and shook Sunny's hand.

"Sweet Sunny!" called the gentleman in the top hat, "a little bird told me that you're a little short of greens, if you know what I mean, Ha-Ha."

"Yes," said Sunny, "I want to buy the Royal Penthouse."

"The Royal Penthouse Of course!" said the gentleman in the top hat, "it goes like this. You deposit three hundred and fifty million with me, come back in a month, don't forget to come back right, and get five hundred back."

"Just like that?" Sunny asked.

The gentleman in the top hat widened his smile one millimeter more.

"What happened, Sonny sweetie, have you never heard of interest?" said the gentleman in the top hat, stroking his beard.

"Why should I trust you?" Sonny asked.

"Ha-Ha," laughed the driver from the front seat, "silly, in heaven one cannot lie."

Sonny was convinced, handed the gentleman in the top hat his credit card and the limo drove away.

When the real estate bubble burst, the dreams were coming almost every night. Most of the tenants did not meet their payments, those who didn't jump off the rooftop left the apartments and went back to living with their parents.

Until the market stabilized, Sunny used the buildings to store his Quarters. The harvest was abundant – it's incredible to see nature in action. Despite the success, Sunny felt sorry for the tenants, who were not as fortunate as he was. Sunny always knew that after he'll make money he'll use it to help people.

How to help them, how to help them, he couldn't think of any idea, until one day, when he woke up sweating in the basement, a brilliant idea popped into his mind, as if out of nowhere, wait one moment, why not distribute the Quarters to everyone, that way everyone can sow in spring and reap upon

summer, no one will have to work, the money will be working for all of us.

The limo went out of the jungle, turned back, and started to backtrack.

“Are we heading back?” Sonny asked.

“Yep, going back to fetch your money, forgot already, Ha-Ha?” the driver giggled.

“But the gentleman in the top hat said one month. It’s only been ten minutes.”

“Ha-Ha, yes, silly, in Heaven the time works differently,” said the driver.

The gentleman in the top hat gave Sonny his credit card back, shook his hand pleasure doing business with you, and the limo drive away.

“Well,” Sonny said, “take me to the Royal Penthouse.”

“I’m afraid that won’t be possible,” said the driver, still smiling, “you don’t have sufficient funds in your account.”

Sonny new since the first moment there was something suspicious about that gentleman in the top hat, with his dubious goatee, no

one gives money away just like that, not on earth and not in the heavens.

“But he said he’ll give me five-hundred million back! And you said that in Heaven one cannot lie!”

“That’s right, silly,” said the driver, “currently, your bank account has five-hundred and eight million, four-hundred ninety three thousand, one hundred and twenty two dollars and six cents. Unfortunately, the Royal Penthouse costs six-hundred million round. Perhaps you should consider one of the replicas of Buckingham palace?”

Sonny could have sworn that the penthouse was five-hundred.

“Yes, Ha-Ha, prices went up the last month, it’s because of the inflation,” said the smiling driver, “but if you wish, we can return to the gentleman in the top hat, deposit the money, come back in a month and get six-hundred million.”

“Let’s go,” said Sonny, “just make it quick.”

Sonny gave the Quarters that were stored in the buildings to his renters and thanks to

them they were able to rent apartments from him. Quickly enough rumor had spread throughout the country. The newspapers praised the generous landlord who, in the midst of a fatal economic disaster, reminded us all that good people still exist in the world. To the tribute ceremony came Sonny's father, Linda and the kids, Lil' Morey and Buddy's replacement, the tenants, secretary of treasure, the newspaper's publisher and the head of the central bank.

For the toast, Lil' Morey and Buddy's replacement arranged it they love inside jokes, instead of wine everyone raised a glass of lemonade. Sonny looked at all the people who came to thank and honor him, holding the lemonade, and felt that particular feeling we feel when we get that exact thing we've been after for such a long time, you can call that thing serenity and you can call it emptiness, in any case Sonny had many years left to live, so he continued doing the only thing he knew how to make. Money.

A month had passed.

“Now,” said Sonny, after having received his card back from the gentleman in the top hat, “Now can you take me to the Royal Penthouse?”

He had a feeling he knew what the answer is going to be.

“I’m afraid that won’t be possible,” said the driver, still smiling, “you don’t have sufficient funds in your acco...”

“Yeah yeah I don’t have sufficient funds in my account. But how could it be, God damn it? How much is it now?”

“Seven-hundred and fifty million,” said the driver, driving forward, “But if you wish, we may return to the gentleman in the top hat..”

“I don’t want to go back to the gentleman in the top hat,” said Sonny, “Something is fucked-up in your economic system. I want to talk to the manager.”

“The manager? You mean you want to talk to..”

“Yes,” said Sonny, “To Him.”

The limousine pulled over at the forest clearing. In its center there was a small,

rickety shack. A three-legged puppy was brooding on the grass outside the shack, collecting the warm rays of sunshine. On the entrance door a sign was hung: Open, please take off your shoes.

Sonny entered.

“Hello, Ehh.. Sir.. Your highne..”

“Father,” a bass voice echoed around the shack, “You can call me Father.”

“Ehh.. Okay.. Father,” said Sonny, “I just wanted to say, I think there’s something wrong with your system.”

“System? What system?”

“The economy, there’s something wrong with your economic system,” said Sonny.

“Is that so? And what is it, if I may?”

“Well, you see, I tried to purchase the Royal Penthouse, I deposited the money and made my interest fair and square, the problem is the inflation is faster than the interest. The money’s wears faster than it grows, you can’t do business like this, it’ll always create a bubb..”

“There’s nothing wrong with the system. Every system is perfectly designed in order to get the results it is getting.”

Sonny did not understand that sentence.

“Listen, Sport, I don’t have all day for this, there’s enough on my hands already. For six-hundred million you can buy Machu-Picchu, and it’s not even a replica it’s the original one.”

“No!” Sonny burst, “I worked hard my whole life, gave to charity, suffered from nightmares, I rightfully earned the right to enjoy the Royal Penthouse! The least you can do is explain why can’t I have it!”

“I can always explain, Sonny, whether you understand that’s a different question, but now listen carefully because I’m not going to say it twice.”

And then he started.

He explained to Sonny that money is but a representation to what humans do for each other (for example squeeze lemons).

That paying a person in return to a good or a service, means an acknowledgment of that person having done something for you, and an evidence for you having done something for someone else in the past.

That it's giving, that money is a measurement of giving.

That as far as the original plan goes, there was no need to measure this giving.

That human beings were supposed to do things for each other out of free will, not of necessity.

That somewhere along the way, about during the banishment of the Garden of Eden, human beings began calculating what they do for each other, instead of just doing it.

That money was an agreement through which it was made sure, supposedly, that whoever gives more – gets more.

That whoever had more money, was a person who more people declared, by payment, that he did something for them.

That somewhere down the line, humans began convincing other humans, as well as

themselves, that they need goods and services that weren't truly benefiting them.

That as a result, whenever humans declared, by payment, that a certain person did something for them, in most cases he didn't really do something that benefits them (for example put too much sugar in their lemonade).

That in that case, whoever receives more isn't the one who gives more, but the one who gives less. Not the one who contributed, but the one who sabotaged.

That whoever has a lot of money is someone who is allowed to decide what many people will do, and for who. That for some reason, many humans agree to that arrangement.

That as long as many people will be doing many things for only one person (for example build him a yacht), there won't be enough people who will do things for others (for example make them lemon jam).

That this means that philanthropy is a lie.

That somewhere down the line, human beings began treating money as a thing that

exists in itself (much like gentlemen in top hats).

That they started to handle money directly, and not the human deeds which money represents.

That money went through a process of abstraction.

That nevertheless, money has always remained but a representation of human deeds, for that is its nature.

That if, for example, tomorrow morning everyone wakes up to a world without money, and do exactly the same thing they did the day before – squeeze the same lemons, type on the same keyboards – the economy will continue to function as usual.

He explained to Sonny that all of this still isn't the root of the economic problem.

That the most expensive component in the modern economy is housing, or in other words, ownership of land.

That the price of land is indirectly embodied in every single product or service that human beings make for each other.

That nevertheless, ownership of land is not an economic commodity, but a legal right.

That in its essence, ownership of land isn't something one human being does for another human being, but an appropriation of something that's simply there.

That ownership of land is arbitrary, always originating in some war or occupation, followed by some banking manipulation of the abstract money (much like Buddy and the mortgages).

That a person who owns a lot of land (for example Sonny) is a person that through a banking-legal manipulation, had created a situation in which many people (for example the tenants) are doing many things for him, while he's doing nothing for anyone.

That as long as the phenomena of mortgage and rent exists, there will necessarily be many humans who are forced to provide for both themselves and their landlord (or the gentleman in the top hat).

That the enslaver (for example Sonny) and the enslaved (for example the tenant) are both enslaved.

That no human shall be free until all humans are free.

That the root of the economic problem is the fact that human beings trade the ownership of land in the same manner they trade goods and services.

That ownership of land is inherently a violent and forceful act, that it is theft.

That the land doesn't belong to human beings, they belong to it.

By the way, he added, that debt is a fictional mechanism of enslavement that is encrypted into the economic system since its very beginning. That interest (or planting Quarter trees) is the same.

He explained Sonny there is still so much to explain about that topic, but that on top of the practical aspect, there is the mental aspect of the relation towards money.

That human beings teach their children to value money, instead of valuing themselves, others, and Heaven.

That human beings teach their children that money is a means to an end, when actually

money isn't a means nor an end. Only a representation.

That human beings teach their children that money doesn't grow on trees, when in fact it is a representation to the thing that grows on trees (or crystalizes in mines).

That human beings teach their children that money is a sign for success and independence, when in fact it is a sign of failure and enslavement.

That human beings are like alchemists who turn money (which is like lead) to a moral value (that is like gold).

He also explained Sonny that on top of the practical and mental aspect, there is also the spiritual aspect of money.

That money that went through abstraction, money as a thing in itself, is a diabolic entity.

That like every diabolic entity, its purpose is to awaken the divine part of the human being.

That when Jesus christ said one cannot serve both God and Mammon, or that it's easier for a camel to walk through the eye of the needle than for a rich person to enter the kingdom

of heaven, he meant that a connection to the divine reality of existence inherently incorporates aversion of the separation that the abstract money expresses.

That Jesus's words weren't a moral statement, but an ontological one.

Last but not least, he told Sonny that the industrial revolution has already manufactured more than enough.

That humans have enough of everything for everybody.

That it's possible to annul money altogether first thing tomorrow, cancel all measuring, erase all debts, give up ownership of land.

That the pure will of humans never contradicts the welfare of others.

That there's no contradiction between a person's personal gain and the greater good, same as there's no contradiction between the personal gain of a cell and the benefit of the whole body.

That doing things for others is not a burden, it's a privilege. It's who we are.

That if everyone would only do what they want, human beings would live in an unprecedented abundance.

That Heaven is the place in which every person only does what they wish.

That good and evil were put before the human being, but no one had taught them how to choose between them.

That it's because they have to learn on their own.

And that they will choose life.

That a good starting point would be to ask yourself,

Sonny,

what do you want?

“I want the Royal Penthouse,” Sonny said and clasped his hands.

“Well,” the echoing voice sighed, “you can't have it.”

“But you said that Heaven is the place in which every person does only what they wish.”

“indeed,” the voice replied, “and Hell is the place in which no person is satisfied with what they have.”

“Yeah!” Sonny angered, “so what kind of a Heaven is this if I cannot have what I want?!”

“I’m not sure I’m following,” said the voice.

“The minute I got here, the smiling driver explained me, everyone who gets to Heaven...”

“The smiling driver? Oh, don’t mind him, he’s a liar.”

“A liar? But.. how can one lie in Heaven?”

Sonny asked, confused.

“Heaven?” asked the voice and laughed, “Oh, now I understand! Sweet Sonny, don’t make me laugh..”

A great green snake crawled into the center of the room from under the sofa.

The shack’s walls broke down, and the whole forest burst into red flames.

“What did you think, Sport,” said the snake, with blazing eyes, “not only you spent your whole life turning Heaven into a Hell look at that now you wish to spend your whole death turning Hell into a Heaven?”

The Theory of Everything*

* Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human

Dor placed the dome on the table in his room. By the time he got to the living room, he had already checked twice if she was on her head. It was like he was missing a limb.

The parents looked at him as if he had horns. So that's it, it's final, Dad said, and Dor wasn't sure if it was a question or an announcement. He simply nodded. The rabbis stared at him, through the pictures hanging on the walls of the living room. They have been staring at him for twenty years.

We will always love you, Mother said, but did not rise to embrace him; She was afraid of impurity.

They had already forgotten, once, in a previous incarnation, they too asked

questions, they too went away from their father's house, wanted to escape from the alienation, from the screens, from the loss of meaning, wanted to build a community life and sanctity and days of rest, and if the foundations of this building must be Mitzvah and Shavis and the laying on of hands, fulfilled.

How ugly this apartment is, how neglected, Dor said, but only to himself. He had shouted it at them often enough; It leads to nothing.

He didn't tell them that he had already found a room in a shared flat in Florentine. who had already filled it with furniture he had picked up on the street. They didn't ask.

Goodbye, he said, and put the apartment key on the table in the living room.

Take the key, said mother, in case of emergency.

Dor closed the door, went down the stairs and went out into the world. He looked at the crumbling buildings, the solar boilers, and above them, the clear blue sky.

What now?

It is a great honor to head the Israeli delegation to the particle accelerator in Geneva. Today was the festive day, when the divine particle would be revealed and the riddle of the universe would be solved. Indeed, the scientists found him, he was inside a huge machine that looks like a transformer; so small you can't see it.

The excitement was at its peak, and the divine particle was named the Higgs boson, after the scientist who predicted its existence. Cheese, chocolate, existence, these Swiss, is there anything they don't know how to produce?

At the lunch after the discovery, at the Royal Academy, they served roast beef and peas. The members of the Israeli delegation were overcome with excitement, so much so that some of them forgot to wear a napkin. Only the head of the expedition, who was recognized for his part in the discovery and who knows, there were also hints of a Nobel Prize, it was he, Professor Yechiel Fergman, who was supposed to be the most excited of all, who felt tired.

Not fatigue from hard work.

Another fatigue.

It's been a long time since something went wrong for him.

There are not many customers in the pet store. Not because there aren't many pets in Florentine, but because there are many pet stores. Between recommending a bag of vegan food and haggling over the price of a parrot cage, Dor spends most of the day staring at the aquarium.

The goldfish does not notice the artificial coral around it; He slides from one side of the aquarium to the other, from the other side to the first, and God forbid. The aquarium is his world. When Dor approaches the aquarium, he feels that the fish is looking at him. He wonders if the little fish really sees him, and if so, does he see him as a strange round object that is outside his world, or does it seem to the fish that Dor is right there with him in the aquarium. And sometimes he thinks what it would be like to explain to a fish that he is inside a rectangular aquarium, and the fish would ask him, what is an aquarium, and Dor

would say, it's a tank that has water in it, and the fish would ask, what is water? And Dor could not explain to him, and the fish would already forget what they were talking about.

When Dor returns home in the evening, not the fish, Dor, when Dor returns home in the evening, to the crumbling building, to the stairwell from which four pairs of bicycles have already been stolen, he goes straight out to the balcony and lights up a joint. At least it has a balcony. The building across the street is new and luxurious, a green-khaki conservation building with Belgian windows. A generation ponders, is it better to live in a crumbling building and see a Belgian building, or to live in a Belgian building and see a crumbling building. He turns off the joint, goes downstairs to eat chips, comes home, lights up another joint, puts on a movie on Netflix and falls asleep.

A year after the divorce, Professor Yehiel Fergman purchased a penthouse in a new building for preservation in the center of Florentine. A mid-life crisis, those close to

him feared. To be honest, he didn't feel close to anyone.

During the day he was engaged in writing articles. He had no choice; He had to finance, somehow, the four empty bedrooms, the designer living room, the bottles of wine, and of course the alimony. As for reading, he had already read everything; The mahogany library was filled with all the words ever written about science. Magazines were piled on the coffee table; On the cover of the new issue of the monthly, the headline appeared: 'New research proves: suicide is a survival mechanism'.

He was already skilled enough to know what was allowed and what was not allowed to be written in the article, in order to get the funding. But man is built this way, what to do, even if he smokes or drinks too much, he cannot tolerate the lie for long. Either unfortunately or fortunately, Professor Fergman poured himself a glass of wine, sat down in front of his desk, opened a new document, and wrote: "For thousands of years..."

It happens to him about fifty times a day; He waves his hand at his naked wife in a quick motion. When there are people around, he acts like he is scratching. Most of the time no one notices it; Most of the people Dor meets are stoned every waking hour.

It's easy to make friends when you're doing drugs. There is always something to talk about, about drugs, and there is always something to do. drugs. But Dor still has to remind himself not to bless foods before the chips. He still feels foreign, still afraid, and above all, still feels empty. He remembered the sentence that his father repeated over and over again, ever since he saw that his son was starting to take off his cap: the only thing more dangerous than a person who believes that life has no meaning, is a society that believes that life has no meaning.

Then the father turns to mincing some mitzvah, or cursing the Arabs.

A generation will find some meaning for it. There are many meanings, reach out your hand and touch a son. He will make money or

degrees or children or be vegan or fight global warming.

In the meantime, bring a boat.

When Professor Fergman entered the pet store, Dor was stunned, and even if he was sober, he would not have imagined that this golem customer created the entire universe in his laboratory.

Hello, said Professor Fergman, I want to buy a pet.

He toyed with the idea of a dog, also heard it was a great way to expand the social circle, but preferred to start small. Dor showed him a parrot that could say sky , and a hamster running on a plastic wheel, but finally, after properly considering all the scenarios, Professor Fergman decided to buy Ovadia.

Dor tried to dissuade the customer, gently. But the professor was adamant about the goldfish wandering around the aquarium, and Dor could barely hold back the tears. He explained to him how to feed the fish, too much food will kill him, he repeated it three times, it is also important to clean the

aquarium, and by the way, you can call him whatever you want, but here at the store we call him Ovadia.

Professor Fergman paid, and at the last minute a brilliant idea came up.

Do you want me to show you how to clean the aquarium, Dor asked, you provide this service, Professor Fergman asked, sure, for free with the aquarium, Dor answered, uh-ha, Professor Fergman growled.

Fergman (from now on we'll just call him Fergman, because to write professor so many times, when we all already know who it is, it feels a bit like a waste of ink and paper), left an address and a phone number, and left with Ovadia and his resurrection in his arms. When he got home he finished writing the article, and sent it.

When Fergman handed him the note with the address, Dor shoved it into his pocket distractedly, and he was also stoned. Only now did he notice that Fergman's building was the green-khaki building with the Belgian windows. He again remembered the leak in

the bathroom, which his building owner has been promising for two weeks that he will fix tomorrow. He rang the intercom, on a button next to the note that says 'Professor Fergman'. Wow, Dor thought to himself as he entered the apartment, and drank the coffee that was offered to him. He went out onto the balcony, and saw the crumbling building across the street. From here, it would seem like another universe. But the sky was the same sky.

When he saw Ovadia he ran to him, and on the way he checked that the cap he didn't have didn't fall off his head. He must be stoned, thought Pergman.

The green has already started to accumulate on the sides of the aquarium, but Ovadia seems healthy, and partly happy. He swam from one side of the tank to the other, back, and God forbid. Dor tapped on the glass, and Obadiah looked at him and waved his fin.

Dor moved Ovadia, carefully, to a bowl, emptied the aquarium, and together with Pergamon washed the sides.

You've been working in this store for a long time, no, just a few months, I'm new in the

neighborhood, me too, where do you live, right across the street, in that building over there, oh, what a coincidence, what do you work for, I'm a physicist, a physicist, yes, heard Like an interesting job, sometimes, but at some point we reach a dead end, what do you mean, it doesn't matter, you're a student, no, I'm quite new in this world, in this world, yes, I came out with a question, mm, and what about the parents, what about them, supporters, sort of , not really, you feed him as I explained to you, yes, two taps on the box, excellent, if I knew you were a physicist I would worry less, you really care about the animals in the store oh, yes, care, here, we're done, Ovadia's aquarium is clean.

Fergman offered Dor more coffee and cake, and Dor sat down on the spacious leather couch. On the coffee table rested a pile of magazines, on top of which was a copy of a magazine with the title: "What's going on with Professor Fergman?"

The face of Ovadia's proud owner appeared on the cover photo.

Is it you, Dor asked, or announced, he wasn't sure, Mm, Fergman said, I wrote an article, they didn't like it that much, their ridicule didn't surprise me, but at least they published it, maybe, Dor asked, Mm, Fergman said, Dor flipped through the plastic pages, until he found, next to the Rolex advertisement, the attached article, Religion and its name is science:

"For thousands of years, and in every human culture, different mythologies dominated the way humans perceived the world. The same mythologies shaped their actions, in all areas of social life.

Whether in a pagan aboriginal tribe, on Mount Olympus or under the eye of the Sanhedrin, human beings did not tend to question the truth of the mythology into which they were born. It was not just because those who did so, confessed, were put on the stake or crucified. To the Greek, the existence of Zeus and Hera was as certain as the existence of the sun. For the Christian, the resurrection of Jesus was a simple, routine

truth. For the Jew, the omnipotent God, or for the Hindu, the law of karma, were more obvious than gravity.

Due to the absolute certainty of that religion or mythology for its believers, there was no point in trying to disprove it with arguments; Every phenomenon could be explained through its internal logical system.

However, throughout history, there have been few who have tried to challenge the basic assumptions of the religion they were born into. There were historical-religious figures; Abraham who abandoned Chaldean mythology in favor of monotheism, Jesus who renounced the Torah of an eye for an eye and called to give the other cheek, Buddha left the palace and bypassed the Brahmins on the way to enlightenment. There were also political revolutionaries, such as the leaders of the French Revolution, who toppled the feudal and monarchical system in favor of the neoliberal economy, Karl Marx who renounced the foundations of that very economy, Che Guevara and the motorcycle, but also Stalin and Hitler. And of course,

there were the great pioneer scientists, such as Copernicus who revolved the world around the sun, Galileo Galilei, and Giordano Bruno - all of them were persecuted by the church because they replaced the grammar in the scriptures with the grammar of the senses.

On closer inspection, one can find quite a few similarities between mythologies and religions from different places and different times. There is the structural similarity; Every religion has a creation myth, and a promise of redemption, meaning a beginning and an end. There are stories about prophets, and there are temples with priests in them. There are invisible beings whose existence is only expressed in what they have created in the world; There is a belief system that cannot be refuted with arguments that come from outside that system; There is the use of abstract concepts that cannot be defined verbally; There are super-principles that go beyond the limit of mere sensory observation; There are customs and an entire

culture that develops around that belief system.

Most monotheistic religions wound in the consciousness of the individual who ascended to the heights of the spirit, and elaborated his insights into a Torah that could be grasped by the crowd. When that system is formed into an organized religion, it freezes on the leaven and becomes an example. In many cases, the authorities abuse the same distorted belief system, in favor of the interests of power and money.

In addition to the structural similarity, there is also a content similarity between The religions - especially the secret teachings of the various mythologies. I will only briefly describe the old pattern of the creation of the world out of some primordial chaos, using crude elements into the refined crystal that is our world; the male and female element, which may be called Shiva and Shakti or God and Shekinah; The different levels of consciousness, in Kabbalah are inanimate, growing, living, speaking, in Buddhism body, body-sensations,

consciousness-consciousness and consciousness, in anthroposophy physical, ethereal, astral and I. If you get into the thick of the beam, even the artificial separation into concepts of plurality or unity, polytheism or monotheism, dissolves, as for example in the concept of 'God', which expresses the two concepts, which are seemingly opposite, in one subordination.

However, all these religions and mythologies are not the concern of this article.'

Dor stopped for a moment, took a piece of cake with the spoon - banana, not bad - and continued reading.

"For years I can no longer ignore the prevailing mythology of our day, and the dangers it entails, from the moment it became dogmatic. Apparently, even being one of the high priests of that mythology, it took me several years to work up the courage to publicly point out the flaws. And although I

know that in writing this apology, I risk execution by the Inquisition, not by guillotine, just character assassination, I can no longer sit and be silent.

The creation myth of the religion that calls itself science - aka the Big Bang - is full of meaningless abstract concepts such as 'infinite compression' and 'infinite heat', 'gravitational singularity', 'quantum fluctuations', which would not put even a dull scripture to shame. No physicist can define these concepts; This does not prevent physicists from disagreeing on almost all important issues.

So why do we adopt these concepts so blindly? Well, we embrace this myth because we manage to make a mental picture of it. It aligns with some simple and immediate logic, instilled in us from infancy by previous generations. Just like any other religion. Then, suddenly, the big bang theory becomes something you can believe or not believe, when it is nothing and nothing to begin with, except a collection of gibberish.

Instead of God, we write 'uncertainty principle' or, later in the story, 'random

genetic mutation'. Isn't this the root of the difference between a purposeful world and a casual world; the randomness. Whereas from a probabilistic point of view, the word 'randomness' has no meaning, especially regarding the formation of the universe; Any probabilistic determination must presuppose a probability space. If something was created with a certain probability, the potential for its creation had to be inherent there in advance.

As far as the formation of matter, space and time is concerned, and the expansion of the visible universe, we do not stop for a moment to ask, within what space expands, what was before time, and what is matter made of.

However, don't worry - there is, of course, the promise of redemption. At the end of time, science will be able to explain all of existence through the theory of everything. Through the explanation, and there are scientists working on it as you read this article, we can eradicate the phenomenon of death, stay in the same body, and live in our aquarium forever. Moreover, the technological tools that will be opened under the auspices of our

theories, will guarantee us eternal freedom, slave machines and liberation from the curse 'by the sweat of your brow'.

If so, we have temples (universities), prophets (Darwin, Stephen Hawking), and priests who have created for them a hierarchical structure parallel to that of the archbishops in the Vatican (professors and doctors). Our churches receive funding from the state on the one hand and set policies for the state on the other. Through our midrash (schools), the churches instill the Torah from generation to generation, from infancy, in such an immanent way that every child knows that doubting those absolute truths is considered insanity.

Within the organizational structure there are countless biases of money and power. Wars and atrocities have been committed in the name of distorting our mythology, chief among them race theory, World War II and the Holocaust (in truth, if we remain faithful to the principle of natural selection and the selfish gene, there is no rational reason not to commit genocide for the purpose of

gathering resources and subjugating the weak).

The myth that dominates our understanding of man is natural selection and the selfish gene. We apply this story to all of our social, economic and cultural systems, causing unprecedented damage at all levels of human existence. By virtue of being a principle and not a mere sensory impression, natural selection can never be disproved. Everything can be explained in terms of natural selection. It is possible to explain why suicide is in the name of natural selection, or why cooperation is in the name of natural selection. Our religion insists on conforming every occurrence to that myth, with the same zeal with which the priest conforms every occurrence in the world to God's will. The principle of refutation, therefore, the highlight of 'science is allowed from religion', does not exist at all.

Science boasts that it is not a religion, thanks to the principle of refutation; However, as mentioned, our religion cannot be refuted. Science can never be completely empirical;

From the impressions of the senses a superprinciple must always be deduced, and it will always have a religious characteristic.

Simply put, when we see the lion devouring the antelope, what are we actually seeing there? If we were to stick to the senses, it would just be a night of colors, sounds and silhouettes. And even if we were to see these two struggling entities as separate entities, we must find a story to explain the phenomenon. Perhaps, like a cell in the body that sacrifices itself for the benefit of another cell, as part of an entire ecosystem, the antelope even wants to be eaten? Maybe they don't operate in competition, but in cooperation? Maybe they are dancing? And maybe, maybe they even constitute a metaphor for what happens inside each person?

Well, our Torah has an extensive literature, with a multitude of interpretations but a very clear and uniform second thread - such as the Gemara, the Mishnah, the Zohar. But it is important to remember that the first scientists, our prophets - including Galileo, Copernicus, Darwin - never gave up

reverence for creation, for what goes beyond the limits of nature; They never forgot to look in wonder at the divine splendor. Einstein mocked atheists. The materialistic and naturalistic religion is a new religion in the human landscape, and precisely its source is the fear of existence and death. In my opinion, she is the most dangerous of them all.

If so, We have tiny entities that create everything (electrons). You can't see them, but we have devices that measure them (a bit like in Scientology). They reveal their secrets to us, slowly. Everything started from one being, it was infinite but at the same time tiny. At the end of time, when we understand the entity completely, we will be able to live in peace and well-being.

In addition. To explain a phenomenon, any phenomenon - a leaf falling from a tree, for example - we determined that the information of the phenomenon is contained within the cell. To explain the intelligence of the cell, we said that the information of the cell is contained in the DNA. To explain the

phenomenon of DNA intelligence, we said that its information is contained in a molecule or an atom. To explain the intelligence of the atom we arrived at the standard model and the electron.

Well, suppose that inside the invisible electron is encoded all the information that creates all the mountains, and the seas, and also time and space, love and shame, cheetahs and rats and supernovae. All of these are pre-embedded in the electron, but not materially. That is, this intelligence exists in a pure spiritual form. It is impossible to dispute its existence; At the same time, it is impossible to claim that it is material, due to the simple fact that the electron is the smallest material unit. How does the electron know how to manifest itself in all forms of existence? Where exactly are the instructions for him?

Giving the phenomenon the name 'field' does not free us from the impasse. To frown upon the fact that we live in a spirit that crystallizes into matter is nothing less than ridiculous, at least as pagan as a flying spaghetti monster.

Towards the end, I will point out one more fallacy of many kinds (and I will not expand further on the tensions in the shallow and forced theories about the formation of life and the formation of language).

Bottom line, science claims to rely solely on the senses. Why does he give the senses a superior ontological status as a medium for finding truth? Because this is the most immediate experience, which, so to speak, cannot be doubted. But is this really the most primal experience?

If you are faithful to the way you perceive the world, you will easily discover that the senses are not the most primary experience, but the consciousness. Religion is believing in something you don't directly experience. Is there a person who experiences himself as a collection of neurons?

To say: "I am a collection of neurons," is a much more far-reaching distortion of reality than to look at the impressions of the senses and say, this is a divine creation.

We all experience ourselves as the nucleus of a human self, from before and after. Only

then do we experience the impressions of the senses, which the human self is witness to. To attach a detector to another person's brain, to take the vague sense-impressions, interpret them using our human nucleus, to conclude that the human nucleus is a product of what is absorbed in the sense-impressions and not the other way around, and therefore to dismiss an experience that is more primary than them - this would not embarrass the senior sorcerers of the Middle Ages.

In recent years I have been part of a large team and a huge amount of resources that were mobilized to find the smallest particle. And see how little was achieved by "finding him". The most desired result of the discovery will be another supercomputer, which will mainly sell children hidden advertisements in computer games - only at quantum speed. And if he helps to cure some disease, it will only be because he, indirectly, created it.

I look at the goldfish, swimming slowly in the aquarium in my living room. The aquarium

has always had the potential to contain the water, and the fish; If so, was the aquarium empty before the fish appeared, or was it full?

And in all honesty, beyond all the arguments, I just can't understand how you don't see it. How do you keep eating your roast with your peas, and selling your ads, while your time is running out and your nails are growing. How can you not see the sky?

You, yes, you, really you, I'm talking to you, you who are reading this now, look to the right, look to the left, do you see what's going on around you? You realize you get up in the morning and the world is just there? Not how it works, but its very being? How can I explain this to you, any more than I can explain to a born blind what the color green is? Tell me, tell you, are you reading this text for intellectual amusement only? Do you realize that you are living in a miracle?

If humanity wants to move towards a true understanding of this wondrous existence, we must abandon the superficial debate between religion and science. To use Hegel's words, which can also be found in Rambam - the religions were the thesis, and they had their shortcomings; Science was the anti-thesis, and I believe we have yet to see the last word on its shortcomings. We must therefore establish a synthesis, a spiritual science, that will draw from both paradigms together, in which the subjective teaches about the objective and not the other way around. What would an economy based on such spiritual science look like? What will agriculture, architecture, education, art, politics look like?

We must establish such a spiritual science.
how? Well, we have to create it out of nothing.'

Wow, Dor said, placing the magazine on the coffee table.

Thank you, said Fergman, you haven't read the opposite article yet, in which it says that

there is no chance that I will receive the Nobel.

It's always like that, Dor said, the majority always wants to maintain the ruling myth.

It's not easy to get out of your aquarium, Fergman said.

Tell me about it, Dor said.

Say, would you like to take care of the aquarium regularly? I can pay you, and you can also live here for free. I have a spare room, he grinned, actually, a lot of spare rooms.

Dor looked around again.

Anyway, if you're tired of that crumbling building over there, talk to me.

We found some arrangement.

Shit*

*Translated by a machine, soon to be translated by a human.

What would you do if you woke up in the morning and found out that the world had turned into one big pile of shit?

You wake up in a bed made of shit. Brush your teeth with shit, drink hot shit. You go out to the street through a shit door, enter into shit with shit wheels. The sidewalks are shit, the cars are shit, the buildings are shit. People wear shit and put shit on their faces; Crap in the showrooms.

It's hard to step on. You want to seal your nose to escape the stench, but clothespins are made of shit.

You arrive at a shitty office, sit down on a shitty chair in front of a shitty computer, and type shitty on a shitty keyboard. You sell shit to someone; On the other side, someone is buying shit.

During the lunch break you rush to eat shit, then shit, shit. You sit on a shitty toilet, and

test your shitty device. You press a square brown button, and the words inside are shit shit shit shit. We move on to play some kind of game, where you have to move jumping shit from one side of shit to the other side of shit. You end up screwing up; You have shit on your hands, shit on your ass. You try to wipe the shit, but the toilet paper is made of shit.

returning home. There is an episode of 'The Next Shit' on TV. Some shits compete among themselves who is the shittiest shit, and some other shits judge the competition. Deaf flash. One piece of shit is fighting against another piece of shit, and you have to decide which piece of shit to side with.

Click on a sign made of shit and go to a shit bar. Want to hear music, but hear only the sounds of shit that sucks on shit. You are served shit and in return you pay shit. If you talk to people you have to talk shit. If the shit went up or down, the global awakening, or how much shit anyone has. going to sleep Dreaming of shit.

On the weekend you are at the sea. full of shit
The water is shit, the sand is full of shit. You
want to clean, but you must be thinking, no
big enough toilet brush has been invented.
The rescuer shouts: Shit! Shit! Shit! People
are drowning in shit, and he saves them and
brings them back to shit safe. You go home,
and when you wake up tomorrow, it will be
shit. The shit will be there.

You want to ignore the shit. They want to
believe that there is no bullshit, that this is
chocolate ice cream. Unfortunately, there is a
limit to how much you can live in shit and say
it's chocolate ice cream. So what would you
do, then? Do you continue to wear shit, make
shit, buy shit, talk about shit, listen to shit,
wear shit, smoke shit, breathe shit, eat shit, or
finally decide to get your shit together and
start making compost?