

## Chapter 1

**...he unfolds and looks at himself.**

The camera captures the city at a height of one thousand feet; the buildings from the city of Guadalajara stand out over the urban spot. At three o'clock in the morning, they are few the lights in its interior, Manuel walks around over them looking at the view, as real as if he were awake, he locates Minerva arbor and Lázaro Cárdenas Avenue, the González Gallo, a slow turn and silently over the West side of the city passing through Tlaquepaque, many of the lights in the city twinkle like stars, others keep their constant glow, the sound of the wind is the only thing that can be heard in the back. It doesn't produce any collision when it flies, what he hears is the natural sound of the wind at those heights, only accompanied by the sound of the trucks that would seem to be produced with anonymous harmonic purposes. He can go up, go down, he could even pass through the buildings if he wanted to, he has been able to make these flights for several years now. To travel in that bizarre anonymity gives him a special pleasure and at the same time a constant fear. He can see with intense and shiny colors the simple life of those who work at that time in the morning, he appreciates the esthetic of a working person, of drinking a cup of coffee on the corner eating a tamale, the pleasure of existing, of being able to be somewhere, that he could not have imagined if he hadn't been in those circumstances in which in a certain way, he didn't exist.

Softly turning towards the sky he sees the stars, Orion and the other constellations he barely knew. Now, the stars seemed to be glued to an immense sealing, when traveling among them, it would seem as if they surrounded him. The moon seemed lonely to him, after seeing planets with many satellites that kept each other company in their daily orbit.

He starts to feel the strange cold, he knows he has to go back, he only takes an additional walk through his favorite places and returns home, this time without an effort, he went inside of him once again. Once asleep, inside his unconscious, he decides not to wake up; it wasn't like the first times when he got anxious, now he waited for the sound of his iphone.

He gets up the next morning, the camera captures a spacious room, a take from Bit, Manuel's wife sleeping on her left side. He puts on his hearing device, prepares a light breakfast, goes downstairs to the garage through a snail staircase with a modern design. He gets in his car and goes to the office. We can see his wife watching him from the window.

He moves forward on the avenue with a traffic island that takes him to Vallarta Avenue, he stops without knowing why and two seconds later a little kid appears from between the cars, after stopping the car roughly Manuel looks on the rear—view mirror, there are two cars behind him that can barely stop. The mother runs after the child very scared, she looks at Manuel with an expression that goes from shock to gratitude. A soft honk makes Manuel react and move forward slowly, he keeps the image of the little boy suddenly crossing the street, running as fast as his short age allowed him to, a mechanical premonition had saved him. Other times he could see flashes of what was about to happen, but this time the premonition was automatic, he stopped the car without being aware of what was going to happen, he kept the image of the mother that even scared and a little mad, held the child in her arms. Manuel moves forward and continues on his way to work.

He reaches a corner on Mexico Avenue, he sees the juice stand next to the newsstand and in front of the bus stop; he had been there a few hours earlier. The oranges, the atole and the tamales for the stand were taken by taxi to doña Mari, who carried all the stuff from the old little Nissan truck; the strength of doña Mari and her skills to unload the same things for so many years made her thin nice look like

a useless weakling, stepping aside continuously so she wouldn't get on the way.

Manuel arrives to his office, he sees some papers on his desk. They are some large offices,

—Lupita, please contact the accountant —, she arrives two minutes later when she's already taking a cup of coffee

— Yolanda, has the income statement been checked already?

— Yes, it has —

— They are not OK, go through them again—, he says looking the other way and giving her the documents. Yolanda walks away a little confused and a few moments later Manuel calls her on the phone, makes a comment on an income account that hasn't been affected. Suddenly we can see how she picks up a thick folder with a bill of exchange that was outside of it and in which we can read "account number 505—001—002 Sales Refunds". The camera captures the accountant as she examines the documents and corrects them.

Manuel laid down on his armchair contemplating the city of Guadalajara, we can see the images of the boy passing by when he had already stopped the car, the face of the mother, then the face of the nephew recently fired. The phone rings, it's the secretary. We can hear how she asks permission to leave, he says:

—Yes, Lupita. Please congratulate your parents for me...—.

—I'm sorry Sr. Thank you very much but how did you know about my parents? Today it's their 40<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary...—,

—You must have told me, otherwise how would I know? —, he laid down on his armchair again and fell asleep.

After a few minutes, he unfolds and looks at himself turning towards the window, he can't take the feeling and decides to go out flying. He feels cold and continues flying, he does it slowly and just let himself go. Not knowing how he arrives to a clean house on Americas Avenue, he stops; the camera makes close up, we can tell how with a conformist

attitude, without knowing why, he was going down into the house.

The house has the façade just one meter away from the sidewalk, only one floor and dimensions much more extensive than usual, even for that neighborhood. We can see how a huge door opens and a 38 year—old guy comes out from it dressed in a dark gray suit and a red tie. The guy greets Manuel calling him by his name and invites him in; Manuel accepts. The house is order, clean, with a spacious lobby. He goes into a living room which more than a living room seems like a dining room, very appropriate for drinking coffee.

Chema, who opened the door, shows him part of the house. Manuel walks around fascinated observing the good taste reflected on open spaces and more than enough for the furniture that were inside. Slowly, Chema shows him the whole house answering to Manuel's questions. When he finishes, he looks at him calmly as if he didn't have anything to do in the years to come. In a polite way he points at the door ending the visit. With the feeling that there are things that haven't been cleared out, Manuel says goodbye. When he walks out, he stares at the building, he sees the number, the street, some statues of pointer dogs that serve as ornament for the cornices; he wakes up in his armchair. Everything has happened in an instant despite his flight had lasted over an hour in conventional time.

## Chapter 2

**... every Thursday.**

His cell phone vibrates he has an appointment with his daughter at a café from Puerta de Hierro. He arrives, the camera focuses on them talking pleasantly, it goes near them until it can listen to their conversation. Manuel tells her about what has happened lately in his travels; even when she is paying attention, she doesn't take him seriously and prefers to tell him about her marital problems. Rebeca suggests to go home, to look for it, Manuel says he has already searched for it there and that there is nothing where it is supposed to be, — OK, come on, let's go, it's close, we won't be long—. They make up their minds and go looking for the house.

When they arrive to the place where the house was supposed to be, Manuel says:

—It's here, it's a very large house it can't disappear, is the number 65. We can see the house number 63 and the next house is on the other block. They move forward in the car and see it's number 67—.

—I'm telling you I checked carefully—, Rebeca gets out of the car, — OK, let me search for the famous 65, it's a good thing it isn't the 66 huh?, if it were I wouldn't look for it—, she said smiling. They got in the car and stopped at the drugstore.

Manuel leans against the car seat, he falls asleep. He unfolds himself and floats all the way to the house which is now there. He knocks the doorknocker, Chema opens the door without inviting him in, Manuel waits until Chema tells him that if he wants to come in, he will have to come every Thursday. That was the way it worked. He says: — We get together, a group of people, every Thursday like today—,

—Well, I'd like to meet them—,

—The problem is that if you decide to come, you will have to come every single Thursday—,

—Well OK, for how long? A year? A month?—,

—No, every Thursday—,

—Do you mean every month?—, changing unconsciously his way of addressing Chema, from informal to formal.

—Yes, every month—,

—And, what happens if I don't want to come a Thursday?—,

—No Manuel, thrust me, if you decide to come, you will come every Thursday, it's something you have to decide, but once you've decided there's no going back—,

—Hey, this doesn't have anything to do with the devil or anything like that, right?—,

—No, not at all—, said Chema smiling. – Let's say that this is an independent channel—,

—Think about it Manuel, and we'll be here when you decide...— He said in a sharp tone and kindly closed the door. Manuel walked away to the car, he could see Rebeca was already knocking on the car window where he was asleep, then he woke up..., the same way he always woke up after a trip, cold.

—Dad, you scare me!

—Come on Rebe, come with me. They went walking to the place where the house was supposed to be but there was nothing there; the same fence with climbing plants coming out on the top, — it was here or, it is, the way you want to look at it.

—Dad, I want to see it, but it's not here, well in it is in a certain way—,

—Dad, it is or it isn't, there is no answer in between—,

—My child, there may be no answer in between, but there can be parallel points—, Rebeca remained quiet for a moment, — Stop, Ok? – Dad, you have to stop, I'm even starting to believe you—.

## Chapter 3

**... it's still three o'clock in the morning.**

Thursday was here, it was three in the morning, he unfolded himself and went out calmly to fly over the city. He could see the people without sleeping by the González Gallo, those who began to work at the factories, the trucks arriving and parking on double yellow line, and of course, after flying in circles he could see the house on Americas Avenue. There was a window lighten up from the inside by a faint light coming from the a lamp that was on a table, it stayed on all night. The camera captures his face showing a lot of curiosity; he went round and round like a boy passing by the house of a beautiful girl without daring to knock on the door. To distract himself, he continued flying up to Puerto Vallarta, he goes high enough to travel following the highway. The speed doesn't matter, the cold he feels is normal in his travels, it has nothing to do with the height; the goes all around the cost, following its bright line of foam caused by the breaking of the waves with the sand. He returns home, his dog feels his presence and starts barking. The camera captures the dog's face and it seems as if it were blind, it can't focus its eyes on anything. Manuel wakes up and it's still three o'clock in the morning.

—Accountant, I have checked and yes indeed there were some credit notes missing from the refunds, but how did you know so quickly?—

—It wasn't quickly, if you remember correctly, you have to do a little operation with the calculator. Look, I have been trying to get the profit percentage to increase for months; if it changes five percent from one month to the next without a reason, it means that something wasn't entered in the books.

The camera captures the accountant's face thinking:

—Well, it makes sense...—, Yolanda was observing...

Rebe goes into his office, his secretary lets him know she is there:

—What are you doing here?, he asks.

—I was just passing by. Hey, can you give me a cup of coffee? So, What have you figured out? Are you going to accept your buddy Chema's the invitation?

—Well, I'm thinking about it, I really don't know but I don't think I can resist the temptation. The funny thing is that, honestly, I don't have much curiosity I could live in doubt for years. You know, what I'm curious about is meeting people in the same situation as me. It's like golf but without wasting so much time.

—Well, that is a good argument. Now I can't wait for you to tell them you accept, I am so curious about this, what will you talk about? Who are they? Why do they get together? It must be really entertaining...

—How is it going with your husband?

—Bad, now he stays at home watching movies, he says is to "practice" his English. The worst part is that he goes out at night, with his drunk and useless friends. What I hate the most is that he doesn't do anything, not for good nor worse. Now he says he is going to write a book, I can already imagine the title "The couch" or "How to seize opportunities without getting a job"—.

Manuel looked at her thinking: —The titles aren't that bad...—

—Dad, I know what you're thinking, I know you like him, maybe you understand him better than I do. I can't take it anymore. Well... at least he enjoys playing with my son.

—Rebeca, there are people like that, what do you expect? You knew he was like that, easy going, unworried...

—That's what you liked about him! And now that's exactly what you can't stand!

—Oh Dad! What do you expect? When one gets married nothing else matters, you don't even know what you really want.

—My child, you still don't know now!

—You're right. There are days that I don't even know what do I get out of bed for. If it wasn't for my son... Well no, actually I know why I do it; I go out to get distracted. Anyway, I just came to say Hi, Are you going to play on Saturday? I'm going with my friends. It's impressive, you are taking my life away Father, I'm starting to hate them all and you just adore them and they adore you as well. We should trade and you can live my life, I would certainly do it. Manuel just looks at her.

—I know Dad, You think I don't realize? I can't stand myself. I'm going to get a master's or learn something, painting or something like that, you know? – The most interesting thing in my life in this moment is your flying adventure, can you believe it? – I have to go Dad, if you want, you can buy me lunch on Thursday or whenever you want, I'm free for the next twenty years—.

Before walking out the door she turns around and changing the tone of her voice, she says to Manuel:

—I like you because you've never paid attention to me, I see it now. My friends give me all their attention and I get so confused because I can't even remember the lies I told them the last time I saw them. Seriously, that's what I missed in my life, to fight with my parents; having a nice childhood has caused me big problems in life. The way things are right now, I have been a child with many problems to adjust. My friends with their divorced or alcoholic parents are perfectly adapted to their environment, and it's just because the whole environment is like that. That's my problem, an unbalanced happy childhood. I don't know why everything has to end, why do we have to get married or work? You know what? Here's what I'm going to do, I'm going to work!

Manuel kept looking at her.

—I'm a lawyer after all, I'm going to work for a good firm, one of those with four last names written in golden letters. Or, I know, I will open a space travel agency, just imagine! Any part of the world for only two hundred dollars. – Dad, just tell me how you do it and we'll be rich!

## Chapter 4

**...inside the envelope is the date in which you'll die.**

Thursday arrives again, nothing happens. Another Thursday, nothing happens. He begins to study. They say taking a bath in salty water helps, sleeping alone also helps. After two Thursdays, it works out; he unfolds himself again, searches for the road which he knows will take him back to the house on the Americas Avenue, he finds it and calms down. He lets himself go. He arrives and without thinking too much about it, he knocks on the door. Chema comes out and stares at him kindly but quietly.

—It's OK, I'm ready to come here every Thursday—,

—No Manuel, I don't think you're entirely sure. Think about it again and we'll talk the next time...

Once again Thursday arrives, he goes out to eat with his friends to that Argentinian restaurant, he falls asleep on the chair outside the rest rooms, he goes back to the house and once again he's rejected by Chema.

All week he can't think about anything else but going to the "house of his dreams", finally on Thursday he takes a bath in salty water before going to bed. As soon as he reaches the bed the trip begins, he follows the road and arrives without a problem; Chema asks him, do you want to come in? He nods his head, Chema steps aside to let him in, he walks with him to the dining room, there he is also welcomed by Don Lupe and Gago.

The camera focuses on each one of those present while they have a calm and enjoyable talk. Don Lupe is seventy years old, has good health, he is tall, fairly bold, with white skin and he's wearing a dark gray suit with white stripes on it barely noticeable to the eye, a gray cashmere vest, the sleeves on his shirt are white and the cuff links are made of gold with a family emblem on them.

Gago is an old man of reserved character, very distrustful. Wearing a dark green suit, it was obvious he had used it two or three times before and hadn't taken it to the cleaners. Of medium height that with age has become short, he has a well cut mustache and wears round old fashioned glasses.

Luis is fifty and some years old, also bold he's six feet high, wears a gray suit with a red—diamond tie, good quality shoes even though they do seem a bit worn out and highly corrective glasses.

The camera focuses on Don Lupe, who welcomes Manuel and starts talking to him in a very friendly way, reading a yellow card and then talking about general issues:

—Dear Manuel, ... you will never find us in your life just as you'll never find the house while being awake.

The camera takes a close up of Manuel nodding his head to confirm what was said.

—It doesn't matter the time when everybody goes to sleep, they all arrive at the same time, 20:30. It's not necessary to dream for a long period, the shortest lost of conscience will do to take you all to the house of your dreams—.

—The envelope you have before you contains a paper with the month and year in which you will die, in which you change the center of your dependence. To make it clearer, you can either open it or keep it the way it is, that is your decision.

Manuel stares at the envelope,

—Inside of it, is the date in which I will die—, he thinks how long can I stay alive? Maybe I'll die tomorrow, maybe in ten or twenty or thirty years, but I am going to die anyway! The day of my death is in that envelope!—.

Everybody else's voice is heard only as background sound until a strong shout saying —Manuell!—, brings him back to the conversation.

—You need to take into account that it is you who decides whether or not to open it—, the others observed silently.

—One more thing, the time spent here does not pass for you. You unfold at nine o'clock and return at nine o'clock, to give an example.

It was in that moment that everything seemed insignificant for Manuel. After the envelope, things and people made no sense. They were countless the things going through his head in that moment.

## Chapter 5

**... What's twenty years? ... Nothing.**

Manuel can't sleep tonight, the image of the envelope before him is fixed in his mind. The words of Don Lupe: "Inside there is a paper with the month and year in which you will die..."

We can see the scene at the restaurant. Rebeca arrives greeting:

—How did it go?

Manuel told her.

—Listen, this is all so weird

—Come on! You tell someone something that you will never see in your real life, you remember everything, you have an envelope with the date of your death inside it... and that's not all, there's a group of people? (she jokes about it), you could even be telling the truth... What's the difference?—

—Darling, I don't really know at what point in your life did those ideas come into your head, but it will be very difficult for you to be happy, worse than that, you won't even notice it with all those bubbles in your head...—

—Let's see, says Rebeca—, the house, for practical purposes doesn't exist and neither do your friends, the time doesn't pass by, Hey that's wonderful, can't you go there to live and never die? Could it be something like the heavens? Or the nirvana or whatever you want to call it...

—Well I have thought about it actually, it could be a dream, but it's so real and has so many details that just like you said, for practical purposes is the same if it's real or not, after all, we don't know if we are real—,

—I imagine therefore I am—, said Rebeca laughing.

—My child, deep down you are a good person, but very deep down—. The camera captures Manuel showing an inquisitive gesture, — Oh Dad, it's just that I don't like good people, honestly, I prefer to be bad like Mae West. If I could, I would, but I can't. Anyways, even though I have my

flaws, don't think I'm that bad. She said in response to Manuel's gesture.

—And your husband?

—He's inventing excuses, you know him, now he says he is going into politics, he doesn't know what to do anymore...

—Hey, they don't admit women in your club? Changing the subject radically,

—Well, now that you mention it, I don't really know, I don't think there are, there's not even evidence of them having been there in the past...

—That's a shame, I bet I would join. It's getting better, and of course I would open my envelope at once, just imagine how my credit cards would be by the time of my death, totally maxed out...

—Again... and your husband? You only think about yourself

—You're right, I would also max out his credit cards...

—She said smiling. Manuel smiled as well shaking his head and said out loud, like addressing himself, — Anyway, what are going to do....

—Lupita, are there any unresolved business for today? Please call the accountant and the systems engineer. Is there anything to do in the afternoon? No, I won't be here—.

—He logs in to the internet, space travel and other things like that. He calls his daughter, — Hey, what are you doing in the afternoon?

—I have to take my son to take his swimming lesson, but Samuel can take him, what do you need?

—Nothing. Are you in the mood for a walk through Tlaque?

—Dad, you've a screw lose, huh? Anyway, I can't say no to you. Shall I pick you up at the office? Three o'clock is fine, we'll eat something out there...

—I'm going to open the envelope, I can't be at ease, I can't stop thinking about it. Imagine, knowing that you're actually going to die... it doesn't matter if it's in a year or in thirty years, that's the least important; the fact of knowing that it's there, on a piece of paper, a set date, any date, it freaks

me out. What am I going to do? If I had known, I wouldn't have joined the club; too late...

—Yeah, honestly, I thought I wasn't going to die or I don't what was I thinking, now I see things differently, everyone is like a candle melting away. I was counting on living forever, well at least too long so we wouldn't notice. It's just... think about it, if it's twenty years that's pretty normal, what's twenty years?... nothing, I could sell everything and dedicate my life to travel, what's the point in working anymore? Who's going to thank me for it?

—Hey, hey, hey I will. Me, your daughter. You have no idea how many stores I haven't visited, I still need many things—,

—Your mother doesn't care, says Manuel. Now, if your son becomes a musician, what am I supposed to do with a musician as my grandson? And anyways, my concern is to whom do I leave everything I own? It's no way to live, worrying about something as superficial as: who do I leave my possessions to? I guess in a way it's a good thing that happened to me—.

## Chapter 6

**... Is there a God?****... this world wasn't made just once...**

The camera captures Manuel sleeping next to his wife. He unfolds himself and goes through a blue transparent tube that begins as an enclosing circle. The tube reached the house on Americas Avenue. Manuel has no control over his flight, he arrives and goes in, he only sees Don Lupe and Chema:

—Come in Manuel, come in. You arrived a little earlier so we can tell you certain things so you can start to adjust, at least with the language. There are things that may seem odd, although you find some of them quite logical. They are general things from this “other world” in which we are, to call it that way. You probably noticed that when you traveled to get here, you did so through some kind of tube; well, what travels, your traveling side, is also formed by tubes of a different kind, color, brightness, etc., I would like to tell you some general information about these tubes...

While Don Lupe speaks, the image begins to transform itself and shows an IVI, a type of jellyfish with multiple tubes as hair, many of them are like optical fibers with sparkles on the tips, others are like solid tubes, Don Lupe continues talking.

—You can only see it as it really is when it's traveling, is her nature to travel and not being static. When it is static, is because it's out of its environment for whatever reason. In these trips, there are negative elements, some lighter and some heavier and there are some dense, really dense. Those beings have a very different and not very familiar nature, but it is a fact that we need to take care of ourselves. When you travel, you do it through a protected tube, you won't have any problems. Sometimes you will have the opportunity to travel alone, you have to take care of yourself, it's pleasant but dangerous for you travel

defenseless; they can easily attack you and you would get at minimum a very bad experience, very unpleasant; plus this would give you all kinds of confusion for you could change from one dimension to the next without knowing, those are the most dangerous moments, you would see things that are not real in your dimension, things shown so clearly that could cause you many different shocks and this would alter your conscience. There are many types of protection, every religion mentions them, most of them in the shape of “cloaks”, which is the figure closest to that cosmic protection that I’m telling you about. Your cosmic conscience is greater than average, there are some who have more, some who have less, but for the ones who are here, it’s enough to realize—.

—Now, to travel, your “traveler being”, we call it “IVI”, has certain characteristics that make it more adequate to travel and therefore, make it more beautiful, this IVI is formed by tubes from a different nature, they can be hollow or solid. The hollow ones are the “cool ones”, they are constantly removing the energy from your IVI, the energy is not bad nor good, but it must be circulating, if you keep it, the IVI becomes heavy and hard to handle. The solid tubes attract the energy; and it’s not just energy but also “dust”, which, although is also energy, it comes from a different place; is not a fluid which makes it more difficult to eliminate—.

—Let’s say this is a place where we learn more about the IVIS—.

While Don Lupe talks the images return to the cosmic room.

Manuel asks:

—Is there a God?

—Yes, definitely, he exists much more than any other think you believe to exist

—You mean... good?

—Of course, in different levels, but they are the same thing

—What is good?

—There are so many definitions that could sound very religious, but that doesn’t mean they are fake. To us, it’s

the ideal state to travel and also the ideal state to get to, the whole traveling while being static or being static while traveling, that's our good, let's say it is the best way to be and at the same time, it is the best way to travel.

—How do we do good? What's the best way to do it?

—We usually have a very short vision of what good is, but it's because we only know it through our own restrictions, which is still a very poor vision—.

—If you could see good from another point of view, from your higher power, without the usual restrictions like poverty, hunger, injustice... if you could see it in a simpler world where there's only beauty in different degrees, it would change your perception—.

—So... what is evil?

—That is a very complicated subject, just like good exists, evil does as well. Let's say it's some sort of balance, then somehow is also good, the bad thing about evil is that is evil, in a much profound way to the way in which you are used to think—.

—Is there a final order?

—Among this whole sea of dimensions there is a real fight that may be the way to be in a final order, from there we would fall again into the dualism of the static movement we had already discussed. It's like things can be and not be at the same time in order to reach a final order or balance.

—Then, is it worth it to be good?

—I repeat, you are used to a dimension filled with restrictions, in that limited dimension, very limited in a way, a main pleasure comes from the concupiscence and you think that the concupiscence comes from evil. In another level, let's say a superior one, evil is just evil and good is just good, pure. Everybody associates evil with sex and two or three senseless things..., and it's just because that is the only thing we have, is what we know, good is much more than not having sex with the secretary, much more than not stealing money, is a way of being and at the same time a way to get somewhere.

—The channel where the emotions from the concupiscence are given, is the same in which all the transition emotions travel, emotions like the love for your children—.

—These emotions are the ones that take us to perform the most violent temperamental actions, and they travel through the same channel, once again, a type of equilibrium.

—That temperament is for some people stronger than in others and it manifests through the most heroic actions, they are willing to do more for their children than the people with a weak temperament, but they are also prone to let themselves go by concupiscence. They are larger IVIS, more difficult to control.

Manuel kept thinking... What's the origin of everything? Where do we come from? Who are we?

Don Lupe was calmly talking, staring at the sealing, at a specific corner on the sealing to be more precise. He said between pauses:

—This world wasn't made only once, it was made many times changing the features of its origin...

—The first times, for example, there were two suns. One of the planets, the biggest one was a sun. What happened was that the temperature was too much and that didn't allow the survival of every primary being; as a consequence that variable was changed remaining only one sun, the one you know—.

—The first viable form wasn't the air as the one we breathe, it was some kind of gel, then, after several constant changes there was what we know now as water...—

—The body we have, is far from being the one from the first worlds, many times the dolphin was considered to be the best container for the IVIS—.

—The man was formed after many iterations and changes in the features of its origin—.

—The purpose of all of that was and is to give freedom to the IVIS, there are, let's say two types of freedom, one that is forbidden to us, only the IVIS from a superior level have it; that type of freedom is full knowledge, the ultimate

freedom because everything is reduced to the will of wanting or not wanting, accepting or not accepting, for there is a total knowledge.

The freedom this world brings to the IVIS is given mostly by its ignorance. But the understanding for superior decisions stays preserved. This combination between ignorance and wisdom is what makes the behavior of men so complex, given that they have a natural load of IVIS which, even when they don't know it, exists; at the same time that all animal loads remain alive in their containers, in this case from our primate base which is quite complex for it is social and excessively selfish at the same time.

Freedom for the IVI consists in being able to make a mistake, in acting out of balance or in acting inside a cosmic order, which could change its essence. There's no change on the IVI without freedom, and not all IVIS have had or will ever have that freedom.

A moment went by in silence.

The others arrived. The camera takes shots of them having an entertaining but quiet conversation.

—Don Lupe... Who did all this?

- You mean who did the Universe? For they are different things—.

Manuel nodded.

—Whoever did “all” clearly doesn't belong to this world, said Don Lupe, is a different being, a separate one, it cannot create itself—.

—Now, one thing is the universe, the earth we know, and another thing is the IVIS. The IVIS, evidently do not belong to this universe of rocks and space—.

—So the IVIS are aliens?

Don Lupe smiled :

—When you say « alien » you are like an ant talking about its little world. Imagine it's called Lugdunum, then the ant would ask you: Is it alielugdunum? In this way, anything, well almost anything would be alien. The term alien implies a high degree of vanity; Manuel, we are so small that for practical purposes, everything is alien—.

## Chapter 7

**... if we keep our tubes long and loose, we are easy to hold...**

They all go to the lobby, they go into the dining room, Don Lupe listens very serious.

Gago is afraid because he thinks his IVI is not ready for the trip and doesn't know what to do, his wife is sick, they don't know who will die sooner, he is in the hospital, his descendants fight for the inheritance, they don't want to let them die, the one who dies last keeps the biggest share, the only thing left to do is to distribute the money but his wife's relatives won't let him.

Gago complains and says nobody loves him, his grandchildren make fun of him, nobody worries about him, they only him to live long enough.

Don Lupe speaks:

—It is common for people who are very attached to their money to live longer, it is common to see old avaricious people, not because the elderly become avaricious but because every avaricious person is old since they are very young and it's difficult for them to leave this world without their money—.

—We must leave behind the least number of loose ends as possible, every unfinished action product of negligence or consequence of some basic act of treason must be healed so that it has the least number of consequences as possible; this creates discomfort for our IVI. You are going to make it travel in a very unstable and exposed way. When you leave this body, you go looking for another center of dependency which may or may not have physical correspondence in another dimension—.

—With an unfinished action, we leave in our IVI a large tube, solid, without light, capable only to receive energy, the larger, the most dangerous it is, for it is from there that they can pull us; if we have many large and loose tubes, we become a hank very easy to hold and very difficult to pass

through the protected tubes. A basic act of treason can generate plenty of solid spins with consequences each time more difficult to control, it can create knots in the healthy spins, and many of those consequences are already inside our IVI, we just don't realize because they haven't sprout yet, but we can feel their heaviness—.

—We have to do some things and we have to stop doing some other things so that this won't become complicated, this is not a situation we can fix with a heroic act, that would only make it less bad, and that is doing too much—.

The camera captures the face of each one of the persons present in the room, especially Luis' face, who was happy before, at the lobby and now he's so serious.

Don Lupe hits the table gently with his hand, Manuel wakes up with the sound, it's exactly three o'clock in the morning.

## Chapter 8

**... Who said I want to be happy?**

—My child—

—How are you, dad? You look changed, more serious, I liked you better before, now you remind me of the time when I was in elementary school—.

— My child, I don't know why you have never told me, but your life has been a mess since I can remember, I thought you'd change, but it hasn't been like that and I don't see you very happy, even worse, I don't see how you can be happy—

— Dad are you scolding me? Besides, who told you I want to be happy? I'm fine like this. This has something to do with your thing from Thursdays, right?

—Just tell me, go on, how are the meetings? She said putting quotation marks with her fingers and laughing.

—Rebeca listen to me—

—Dad, if I listen to you, we will end our relationship, we are getting along so nice, look, I don't even know what the problem with me is! Now, the fact that you tell me something or I already know which makes it unnecessary for you to tell me, or if I don't know, I don't like to have people telling me, any way Dad, your time for educating me is gone, besides, you have always said I inherited my character from your side of the family, I don't know which part of your family, though I imagine ha, ha..., so you better ask yourself what is wrong with me, and whatever it is, please don't tell me, right now I'm just not interested, she said smiling...

—OK, alright, let's change the topic. Do you want to hear about the cosmic tubes?

—Alright! Tell me...

## Chapter 9

**... A solid tube does not allow the energy to pass.**

Don Lupe:

—There are collective damages affecting what now we could call collective conscience, it would be a damage done to each one of the IVIS, this is for those who were wondering if an IVI could be affected even without its knowledge, the answer is yes and it is a serious damage. The tubes which are normally bright become opaque, they can even lose their ability to extract light, becoming solid tubes which require energy. A disappointment at the very least causes apathy, which is a clear form of social indifference with the individual affectation of its tubes—.

—One of the best things about this club, if not the best, is being aware of the fact that we can do something to change our IVI, either to develop new hollow tubes or eliminate the knots that may appear, and also to make the large tubes shrink so that they don't get in the way when we travel—.

—When I say hollow tubes it doesn't necessarily mean they don't have anything inside. It would be more appropriate to say that the nature of the matter from the tube in that moment allows it to transport energy without it coming out of its walls, let's say internally. A solid tube does not have that capacity—.

## Chapter 10

**... the future also affects the present...**

Don Lupe starts talking:

—There could be some doubt about how accurate the date in the envelope is, let me tell you something, that date is the date for which the tube is programmed, let's say for its flight to another dependence center, but we cannot anticipate anything if you come up with the idea of taking a trip on your own, and if something bad happens during your trip there's nothing we can do; somehow, the only thing we can say is that you won't get out of this immediately over some physical problem, no matter what happens you stay attached to your IVIS, and in the worst case scenario, your IVI cannot travel up to that date.—

—Manuel thought: So, from there the ghosts?

Don Lupe continued,

—It's not common for them to stay without traveling, if after abandoning your body, the IVIS for some special reason stay or simply don't know how to reach the tube, or are not interested on going back until something is solved or if they are just waiting for someone, the IVI can stay in that dependence center without being attached to body that carried them. If it can be manifested or not, it depends only on the strength of the IVI.—

—If your IVI has become deformed in a really messy way, the trip can be complicated, for any force can take advantage of your IVI for its own purposes, it empties it and the black charge appears to give it a name. This is not an open tube but a kind of doughnut spinning towards its center, it doesn't go anyway, way too dense and dark.—

—There are different types of trends, conducts, affection which control the affective conscience and the will of all individuals, and they affect the IVIS: their glow. One of the things that children never forgive is infidelity, specially on women and this is not without a good reason, women are "the" channel by excellence, a failure in the channel is

energetically much more serious than a failure on what's being transported; a well balanced man is the driver and also the passenger, a traveler through the channel, the woman is much more like a driver. The concupiscence is the main cause of the misplacement of the IVIS, not so much for the dark and negative action itself, which is also noticeable on people's faces, a balanced person has a glowing conduct, if not for its consequences, those produced loose spins are cause and effect of other disorders. There are situations that for many are unjust, these disorders are most of the times not originated inside the individual, but in the physical generators of the IVI, the biological antecessors, which we will see later..., the thing is that those disorders in the channels of the IVIS, that can be the dominant disorders, are not in fact responsibility of the affected IVI, and so, we are the consequence of the effects of a negative energy, developing not one but many of the previous consequences. These energies are hard to eradicate, there's a funny phenomenon: since it's so difficult to fight this concupiscence when we are affected by that inherited disorder, the individual has to develop heroic conducts with its descendents like a sort of compensation, I repeat, in the same channel.—

—On the other hand there are the not so concupiscence affected IVIS, in which it is easy to unite them to the channels of affection and serenity of feelings, paradoxically, these IVIS are so well balanced that they don't release energy to their followers, instead they remain static, almost unperturbed before the effects of the relationship.—

—The channel through which those emotions travel is the same, therefore, the light that comes from them and the one they absorb, cause conflicts of great importance very frequently—.

—One soul can be really balanced without glowing because it hasn't emanated light out of fear to have an imbalance, then an IVI becomes stable but opaque.

—There is a disconcerting element, we all know about the influence from the past on the present, which is

disconcerting, but we could understand it if we look at it from the perspectives of the dimensions; the future also affects the present. I know it's difficult to understand, but it's true. The dimensions are interconnected and in those types of connections there is a link between the times, so the future, no matter how weird it seems, affects the present. There is an example that can help us explain this: when you throw with an arch you can feel it inside if you hit the target or not. This is not really explainable but it's real in spite of the fact that logic indicates a reasoning error, for the arrow has left the arch and there is no way you can feel whether or not it hit the target. Now, if we take the arch example as a whole eliminating the time dimension, we can appreciate things in a different way, the past which is watching the arrow go and the impact of it can both happen in one single event. Being a step forward, we can imagine the impact could have happened even before the launching of the arrow, in that way, how we hold the arrow may be influenced by the fact that we actually hit the target. In this same way, our actual acts may be influenced by their results—.

## Chapter 11

**...conscience is like the free version of cosmic judgment.**

**...Do we have two souls?**

—To begin to order things is, in a certain way, to create disorder, says Don Lupe. Even being misplaced, it is already accommodated. This establishment expulses intruders and when it tries to set order after so long, it can be like a cake after not having breakfast for 30 days, the atmosphere of the situation already has a protective crust which rejects any novelty; the greater the changes, the greater the rejection, order is always painful, an order implies the lost of something, to order is to discriminate, to declare something as unimportant so that what remains is relevant—.

—An IVI is not improved with a simple intention, is not the same concept of good and bad that we have, even it resembles it a lot we have to understand that we don't have the capacity to judge at a cosmic level, our conscience is like the free version of that cosmic judgment, intuitively we can believe that it's good, but obviously there are times in which we act thinking we are doing good when we aren't and vice versa; I know it sounds unfair but there are things that even when they are well intentioned, they are not good. This has to do with the second level order structures, the ones from second level with the ones from third level and so on, we only have the capacity to know and with errors, the ones from our own level—.

—However, there is something that will break your schemes, you are used to talk from the soul as if it were the IVI and you are not so mistaken, but that's not everything, inside your body there is more than just the IVI, the soul as such, is the one that gives the animal weight to the body. The difference with the IVI is that this one reaches the body with a charge completely different from the biological one,

on the contrary the soul, to call it somehow, drags its genetic charge with all its biological weight, not just for one or two, but from its origins when they weren't human at all, always biological.

—So, do we have two souls? Interrupted Manuel.

Don Lupe keeps talking.

—Well yes, and not just that, the whole thing is much more complex, but let's go part by part. Here there is a random aspect which makes this more interesting and resides in the compatibility of the IVI and the soul. There are very developed IVIS that match with biological souls, really strong but not compatible, and instead of achieving an advance, it causes a crisis. On the contrary, there are IVIS that are on a medium flat but still coincide with a soul that is in the same frequency, and they achieve an emotional stability that allows them to control the energies easily.

—The expression "There's chemistry" between two people is not wrong, but it would be better to say "There's physics" between two people.

—Another issue; the soul and the IVI are in constant struggle over the emotional domain of the spirit, in stable situations, is easy for the IVI to maintain control, but when the situation is altered is easy for the biological soul to take control. It is also frequent that the biological soul "takes advantage" of certain circumstances, for example when the person is talking. Since the person does it using a superficial part of understanding, the biological part takes over the situation leaving the wise part, which is the natural part of the IVI completely aside. Let's not even mention if we add some excitement, the biological part with all its charge, takes control. The difference in behavior in a disturbance is minimum compared to a wild beast; it's completely biological.

## Chapter 12

**...the weight, the energy, they are necessary, but as everything else in excess, instead of helping, they damage.**

Don Lupe says: —When the IVI starts to take a new and more slender form, it becomes lighter; this can cause the individual to act in weird way, the IVI gives the body more impulse than usual, and in a certain way more time, real time, time and energy which are easier to use in order to do things that later can turn out to be negative. This a type of compensation, it would be normal if they felt more attracted to the opposite sex, it is also normal for them to become more intransigent particularly with those who are as they used to be.

—The ones who prepare themselves to part to another dependence center, must prepare for the trip..., they must have their catharsis.

—When all worries are displayed, the channels are cleaned from the inside, the knots are undone. Something important is that you can't let go of all that energy that stays as a burden. After each unfortunate act, a burden remains which is not eliminated, with side effects that appear continuously, that energy cannot be eliminated, it can only be compensated.

So the less the weight of the IVI, the better? Asks Manuel.

—As other many things, certain energy is necessary, only a bit of energy for without it, it cannot exist, an energy excess is damaging as many other things here, food, dreams, money. They are all necessary, but once you have passed that level, everything else becomes heavy and uncanny—.

—It can also happen that an IVI “changes color”, an energy that when is displayed can make the IVI change radically, in its essence, and a change in the essence affects the appearance of the IVI; let's say it just changes color. An

absorbed event is like a kind of implosion that makes that energy bigger when it's stored than when it's released.

—During the trip you can suffer attacks, these are real combats and can be very dangerous; they don't depend so much on how you behaved, is much more complex than that, most of the times they are not even your struggles, but have to fight them. It is possible that a tube is extended in order to travel directly, this is if you are called in the same way you are called here every Thursday; if that is the case, your trip is guaranteed. You travel well with your IVI without worrying of its condition because you are being called.

—You can take a trip to a dependence center of the same level, the dimension changes but the level is the same with the same restrictions, the shape doesn't change; to change the level you must lose the negative spins. The only way to lose those negative spins is by passing the changes from the dependence centers, the IVI suffers a type of erosion. To change to a superior level without negative spins, the channels must be even and then you must advance until having other characteristics which would be very difficult to explain with what you know; there are people who advance two stages on the same trip, they are exceptions and they are already predisposed with advantages since their previous generation—.

## Chapter 13

**...they die with the surprise of not having lived.**

—Dad, is there something in your life that you regret? —, after a few moments Manuel replies:

—Not take care of my family, look at you, — he said staring at her with a serious look. With jokes and consents I have stopped educating you. Your mother doesn't pay attention to me anymore for not being around, she doesn't even grant me the privilege of fighting with her, ha, ha... I had a rush for working, for proving something..., and look what it was worth—.

—Dad, you didn't raised me in a bad way, I did it myself, but look at me, I'm not that bad, I'm married, I have a son, a husband—.

—My child, what happens to everybody can happen to you too: they die with the surprise of not having lived—.

Gago unfold himself at night and passed by his wife's room.

—Honey! —, he heard from a corner. They sat down together, held hands. He leaned on her, they both looked at a corner on the upper part of the wall that was vanishing, becoming deep with the baby colors on the sealing; she left first, he stayed a little longer waiting in anguish. Susi came back for him a few moments later.

The camera captures both of their bodies. Many days passed by and for them it was only an instant.

Luis' financial situation is comfortable for the first time in a long time. He has money in the bank and doesn't have to worry about debt.

His daughter goes home, a friend said he would pick her up but never arrived, they called a cap, it was small, no suitcases fit. Luis offered to give her a ride on the Galaxie, he helped her carry the suitcases to the apartment. When they arrived, Manuel observed his friend's face when she saw how many suitcases his daughter had. He smiled. Their life together wouldn't last for long.

## Chapter 14

**...there's a part of the trip in which we are aware of other lives.**

They arrive, we notice Gago's absence. He never wanted to open his envelope. Don Lupe opens the one with his name on it and sees a cream-colored paper marking the month they were living in.

On the table there was a bottle of cognac with large champagne glasses over a plate made of stainless steel. — Well, let's toast for our friend Gago who went ahead of us on the journey. Said Don Lupe with a solemn tone.

Manuel thought: literally.

Don Lupe: — Everything went all right. He only had to wait for a couple of days. Once out of his body it was only three days to go with his wife. Yes, they travel together. It is frequent for older people to wait for their spouse.

—When they arrive to another dependence center, do they know each other? Manuel asked.

Don Lupe replied: — They can tell there's something special, they feel something but they are not aware of their past relationship.

—There's a part of the trip in which they are aware of other "lives" let's say. Don Lupe continues. — They can all see clearly the mistakes they made in the last dependence center, they make resolutions not to make them again on the next center, the worst part is that only a small part of that feeling is still there afterwards as a part of conscience. The more trips the IVI makes, the more mature conscience becomes and its relation to others is kinder, less chemical sort of speak.

—Let's make a toast for Gago's journey... Cheers!

Manuel reflects while looking at Gago's empty seat.

—Don Lupe—, says Manuel, —can you travel to other dimension through time? —,

—Yes, you can. Always ahead, the past cannot be affected or transformed or at least not in the levels in which we move—.

—The dimensions, despite having different layers just like we imagine, are all in one plane and this plane is at the same time another dimension. All these dimensions form a superior plane and so on, until they get somewhere, a specific point which we really don't understand and can't understand. We can understand some, the rest can't even imagine, we don't have the elements—.

—Manuel insisted: so can we travel to the future?

—As I was saying, we can do it in certain circumstances. The problem is that you can travel to a dimension that, even if it exists, it may not coincide with yours; then you “see” certain things that won't happen in your dimension, although many are very much alike, but the answer is yes, you can. But it's a future that can be parallel to the dimension you are in. Things will be similar but not the same—.

—What do we have to do? Manuel asked.

—You have to wait for the right circumstances, maybe they won't happen. In some way, that's the beauty of it, it's not written, even the date in the envelope is just a “formal” date, but there could be something that affects it, something not necessarily bad.

## Chapter 15

**...life is not a game you can win if you get certain points...**

From a corner on the sealing of the dining room, the camera captures Don Lupe:

—We can have a rush for flying and seize the opportunity to do good, there's nothing wrong with that. It's one of the things we count on to help certain people. It is possible that there is another IVI to put things on your way or not. That it happens under certain circumstances, well as far as it goes—.

—Do coincidences exist? Manuel interrupted.

—That's an interesting question, strictly no, they don't exist, period.

—Well what do you mean with strictly?

—Let's say everything is cause and effect and at the same time those effects are caused by other things, the way in which those things happen vary, they can happen in many different ways, but they only happen in one way; they are always related to another action or situation, but they happen in such a way that we cannot say, all of us in the same level, that they happen in a connected way, at least not an individual level and with what we see as fair—.

Manuel asks,

—Are the IVIS not individual?

—Individual is not the same as independent, everything affects us. The IVIS which created us, the ones closer, the ones we affect also affect us, and there are many that help us without being aware, there are also others that are always getting in our way, that's a fact and we don't even realize, there's nothing we can do. Individual yes, independent no.

—So someone can travel without being disturbed even if he is a sun of a b..., while someone else who's a good person can have a really bad time?

—That's right. At least this is how it is in our level, not everything depends on us, that's a fact—.

—Then what helps our IVI? Somebody who's grateful with us send us good vibes or something like that to help us in our journey?

—This is really important, — said Don Lupe. —The conscience from the other IVIS doesn't affect yours, do not try hard to get other people to feel grateful to you, it has no relevance. Manuel kept looking at him confused.

—What makes an IVI lighter is the action not the gratitude. If you search gratitude you won't accomplish anything, even more, it's possible that the other person prevents you from improving. This is common, benefits can bounce for many reasons when they are attached to emotions...

Manuel asks:

—Don Lupe, what's the point of living, who wins? —, disappointment was all over his face...

—You are used to win or lose, to feel good or bad; chemically the more immature an IVI is, the more chemical it is. A strong and mature IVI is much more physical. On the other hand, it is not as simple as winning or losing, as going to hell or heaven. Is much more complex, it's not a game that can be won if you get certain points, is a never—ending process; you will always be traveling, only in different ways which is what we have been discussing—.

—In their first trips, the IVIS are very emotional, choleric and explosive. As they change levels and with their cosmic experience, they are calm and physical.

—That physical—emotional character of the mature IVI could be cut like bread; on the contrary, the character of an IVI during its first trips would have to be treated chemically with inhibitors and catalytic converters—.

—What we are discussing here is the physical aspect of the soul, its structure is OK, its shape, its tubes, the shape of the tubes, the amount of light, let's say it's a point of view from the foundation, the emotions are temporary, they come and go, the conditions change and so do the emotions, but the foundation doesn't. You can change

every condition and the IVI stays unaltered; you are used to work only with emotions, what produces pleasure is good, pain is bad, period. The IVI moves differently, not just because it hurts is going to be good or bad, is the other strength, is something else what we are looking for, the pleasure or the pain are secondary. As the IVI matures with each trip, it gets less sensitive to those primary emotions. When the IVIS are making their first trips they get very emotional and hard to handle because they lose their serenity with the smallest stimuli. A mature IVI travels almost without emotions, you will see, the new IVIS are easy to alter, they cry without a reason, they get excited easily and they are bad tempered. A mature IVI is quiet, analytic.

—We are in a universe made of forces and types of forces, of movements and types of movement; the emotion depends on the conscience of the future, the physics of the present conditions—.

—We are now at a level, no matter which one, it is not important right now, I assure you though, there are many underneath it. Our capacity to know is limited, our emotional condition can be changed in a moment, when we travel, we do it physically even without matter. It may sound contradictory, when we stay remain static we are much more emotional, much more chemical—.

—Our condition as cosmic beings is a duality, we must always move, because we are still in the level of sequential time and dimensional space—.

—If you want to move ahead in the order, you must lose weight even if the diet doesn't really convince you, you don't agree with the instructor or with the conditions, the only thing that matters is having the physical willingness to travel, everything else is lost and changes, whatever we feel goes away and it's forgotten.

—At the moment of the journey, the moment of significance, it is the being that matters, not the feeling—.

—Actions, good or bad are not good or bad because of how we feel, much less because of what others feel. It's its

parallelism to the cosmic order what makes them significant, and that significance is physical not emotional at least in this level, which by the way, don't even think that this is an inferior level, there are many others under it. The fact that we are not aware of them doesn't mean they don't exist, obviously.

## Chapter 16

**Just what the taximeter marked in that moment.**

Manuel woke up in shock. It had been too much information.

Now things seemed trivial, talking was vain. He went downstairs to the kitchen to make coffee for his wife, he took the oatmeal buns that Bit liked; it had been years since the last time he gave her breakfast in bed, he placed them on her bedside table with the remote; she thanked him with a grateful look..

It was an ordinary day at the office, Manuel was talking on the phone when Rebeca walked in. She sat down with her cup of coffee already in her hand.

When he finished the call, Manuel whispers:

—Honey I need to talk to you...—, Manuel spoke to her seriously, he told her what he knew about her husband, good things by the way, he spoke about her responsibility as a mother. When he finished he got up, she stood there, she was serious.

Luis was on his way to see his daughter when once again somebody stopped him, it was a man who seemed familiar to him.

—Where are you going?

—To the cemetery of Belén, by the Alcalde street.

Luis fell asleep at the traffic light on Vallarta Avenue, he unfold himself, saw his passenger having a heart attack and asking him for help, telling him he had only one unresolved business. He came back from his unfolding and went fast to buy nitroglycerin pills, when he got back and moved ahead two blocks, the stroke began.

—Should I take you to the hospital?

—No, he said with profound understanding on his face.

—He took him to the cemetery and helped him reach a grave—, it was his father's. He had brought him flowers, painted in little mosaics that formed a franciscana leyend of Pax and Bonum. Luis took him to San Javier's hospital

afterwards. They didn't talk, he went straight to emergencies, he still had pulse when he left him there. Luis went back to help the doctors. When he got to his car, the board marked eighty—five pesos and fifty cents, just what the taximeter marked in that moment.

## Chapter 17

**...the ceremony is the best part of the feeling.**

Feeling happy Luis says to Don Lupe: —Don Lupe take out the bottle of cognac.

Don Lupe looks at him fondly and nods his head while he heads for the next room. There is Luis Armstrong music in the back.

Seizing the moment, Manuel tells Don Lupe:

—What happens when two people want to open the letter on the same day, you open two bottles?

—Of course, the ceremony is the best part of the feeling, before something so important the least we can do is give it solemnity—. He went back smiling peacefully.

Manuel had already decided to open the envelope, he wasn't thinking about opening it that Thursday, though. Once decided, he was burning in curiosity for knowing the date of his death.

It might as well be on the month they were living in, the circumstances coincided perfectly, he had taken care of what he had to take care, just like Luis, and he felt ready to leave.

Once seated in respectful silence, they turned around to look at Luis. He observes the cream—colored envelope, without glue, sealed with red wax and the figure of a sun and a moon combined. He knows it's time to open it and he was going to do it when suddenly, Don Lupe puts a beautiful mahogany box on the table, he opens it and a beautiful paperknife appears. Luis takes it and observes an inscription on the handle, it is the infinite symbol. He opens the envelope, printed in parchment and with Arabic numbers he sees the exact month and year they were living in, same he read out loud with a steady voice. Manuel was observing him, despite looking calmed a small vein in his low left eyelid was shaking, which happened whenever he was nervous. Manuel thought everything would end that day, somehow Chema and Don Lupe were the ones in the

house, Gago had already gone and with what had happened to Luis... Manuel felt that the normal thing was for him to close his own cycle and that the date in the envelope was the same.

Luis gave the envelope to Don Lupe, he was about to put it away when he saw Manuel had taken his, he cuts it with the paperknife. The expression on his face is sober.

Manuel puts the envelope against the light and opens it ceremoniously with the paperknife, the paper is unfolded and little by little he looks at the date. Like the poker player that uncovers his last cards, first he looks at the month: December; the month he was living in. His mouth was dry and he had a hole in his stomach. Finally he looks at the year, surprisingly he sees it's not the present one, it's ten years from now.

The feeling of relief could not compensate completely the excitement, tears fell from his eyes, the first thing he thought was that he would be able to see his grandson grow up, then his wife, in that critical moment the most important thing that came to his mind was that he could continue giving her coffee in bed every morning, without talking of course.

Manuel looks at Luis, Gago, Chema and finally Don Lupe; this last one said to him with a nice smile:

—It seems we will continue to see each other for a while...

Manuel thought: Ten years seem like a lot, but they are not. A feeling of self—sacrifice took over him, he wanted to join Luis and Gago in their journeys; somehow he was abandoning them, he wanted to stay in the group. He remained quiet and so did everyone else.

They took a glass and got up from their seats, there were no words. They just held the glasses in the air with a profound feeling. Manuel became aware of the importance of the toast, they always toasted for the past and for the future at the same time, but now he realized that what matter the most was the cosmic moment of being together.

The camera makes a wide take, we can see them talking holding their glasses in their hands, then the images of the

tunnel, the light, Luis' funeral, his wife and children by his side crying, the man who took him to the graveyard, the lady who helped in Tesistan.

Then we can see the image of Gago getting into the tunnel, the blurred images of his wife going with him, of his children, everything happening ethereally until it vanishes in the upper corner of the living—room.

Manuel wakes up in his bed at three fifteen in the morning.

The End.