



Alemán

GELD MACHT NICHT GLÜCKLICH

Tara Zielinski

Vor ein paar Jahren hat Oskar Wunderbar seine große Berliner Wohnung gegen eine kleine Hütte irgendwo in Bayern eingetauscht. Der Grund? Eine Reise nach Tibet, die er gemacht hatte. Das sollte nur eine Urlaubreise sein; das war viel mehr: eine Lebenslektion. Seit dieser Zeit ist er ein völlig anderer Mensch.

Oskar hat für eine lange Zeit gedacht, dass er alles hatte, um glücklich zu sein. Als Sohn einer begüterten Familie hatte er eine glückliche Kindheit, obwohl seine Eltern oft unterwegs waren. Sein Traum als Kind war, der reichste Mensch der Welt zu werden. Deshalb wurde er CEO eines Tech-Startups. Außerdem erwarb er im Laufe der Jahre weitere Anwesen in ganz Deutschland sowie eine beeindruckende Autosammlung, auch wenn er einen Chauffeur hatte. Dank seiner Arbeit hatte er auch die Möglichkeit, viele Reisen und internationale Aufenthalte zu machen. Er hatte das Gefühl, dass er sein Traumleben mit den Fingerspitzen berühren könne.

Eines Tages, nach einer stressigen Arbeitsphase, wollte Oskar Urlaub machen. Nur für 10 Tage, weil sein Team

ihn braucht. Da er keine Ahnung hatte, wohin er wollte, fragte er die KI. Er freute sich darauf, am Ende der Welt zu sein, für einen Moment der Trennung und des Loslassens. So landete er in Tibet, genauer, in Qamdo, nach einer 36-stündigen chaotischen Reise. Je weiter die Reise voranschritt, desto mehr fragte er sich, wo er landen würde. Zum Glück hatte er ein All-Inclusive-Urlaub im Club-Resort gebucht. Aber bei der Ankunft, gab es zwei Probleme: er hatte kein Mobilfunknetz und sein Koffer war verloren.

Oskar, von Natur aus organisiert und jemand, der keinen Raum für das Unerwartete lässt, geriet völlig in Panik. Wie wird er nach Qamdo fahren? Ein Taxi buchen? Denn er musste noch 100 Kilometer fahren, um in der Stadt anzukommen. Und wie würde er seine Resort Buchung finden? Er hatte sie online. Und seine Kleidungen und andere Sachen...

So lernte Oskar Amrita kennen. Amrita war an diesem Tag die einzige Flughafenangestellte. Oskar erzählte ihr, was ihm passiert war. Mit einem breiten Lächeln – er erinnerte sich noch daran – antwortete sie ihm, dass „jedes Pro-

blem seine Lösung hat!“. „Wie optimistisch!“ dachte er in diesem Moment, als ihm der Himmel auf den Kopf zu fallen schien. Amrita bot ihm an, sie zumindest für den Abend zu sich nach Hause einzuladen. Die Idee gefiel ihm nicht besonders, aber jetzt hatte er nichts mehr zu verlieren.

Oskar erlebte die 10 besten Tage seines Lebens, ohne Zweifel. Am Ende blieb er bei Amrita während des ganzen Urlaubs. Oskar lernte ihren Ehemann, Norbu, und ihre zwei Kindern kennen. Sie wohnten zusammen in einem kleinen Haus in den Bergen; es hatte nichts damit zu tun, dass seine Wohnung zu groß für ihn allein ist. Obwohl der Platz begrenzt war, reichte er ihnen. Tagsüber besuchte Oskar die Stadt, manchmal in Begleitung von Amrita, manchmal von Norbu, manchmal allein. Abends bereitete Amrita das Essen zu und, wenn die Kinder zu Bett gegangen waren, blieben sie gerne am Tisch und ließen den Abend mit einem Plausch ausklingen. Sie erzählten ihm alle Arten Anekdoten. Ihr Treffen, die Kinder, ihre Freunde, ihre Arbeit, ihr Studium, ihre Sorgen und ihre Freuden, ihr Bedauern und ihr Stolz. Ihr Leben war einfach, routine-

mäßig, sie hatten wenig Geld, aber sie beschwerten sich nicht darüber. „Wir haben vielleicht nicht die finanziellen Mittel, aber wir sind reich im Herzen“ sagten sie eines Abends beim Tee trinken. Diese Worte berührten Oskar. Es stimmt, er hatte alles, aber er hatte nichts. Es war lange her, dass er etwas von seinen Eltern gehört hatte. Er hatte keinen Freund, dem er seine Sorgen anvertrauen konnte. Als er von der Arbeit nach Hause kam, wartete niemand auf ihn. Tatsächlich war er verzweifelt allein. Wie war das möglich? Wann hatte er versagt? Wieso hatte er das vorher nicht bemerkt?

Dennoch tat er, was ihm immer gesagt wurde: Er arbeitete hart, um viel Geld zu verdienen und eines Tages glücklich zu sein. Was, wenn es nicht das Rezept für Glück war? Tatsächlich war er noch nie so glücklich wie jetzt, dort, mitten im Nirgendwo, an nichts

denkend, umgeben von Amrita und Norbu. Dieses Gefühl der Ruhe hatte er bis dahin noch nie gekannt. Was für ein gefährliches Gefühl, vielleicht würde er es von nun an jeden Tag spüren wollen! Wäre es am Ende so ernst?

Zurück in Berlin fühlt sich Oskar wie ein anderer Mann. Er fühlt sich mit neuer Energie erfüllt, die er bei der Arbeit auf keinen Fall mehr verlieren möchte. Zudem kann er nach zehn Tagen am Ende der Welt den Trubel der Hauptstadt nicht mehr ertragen. Deshalb entschied er sich, in den Bayerischen Wald zu ziehen. Sein einziges Kriterium: der Ausblick auf die Berge. Das erinnert ihn ein wenig an die Aussicht, die er aus dem Haus von Amrita und Norbu hatte.

Er beschließt außerdem, seine Arbeitszeit erheblich zu reduzieren, indem er viele seiner CEO-Aufgaben delegiert.

So bleibt ihm genügend Zeit, sich einem neuen Projekt zu widmen: der Schaffung eines Zuhörzentrums für Alleinstehende. Er möchte nicht, dass sich jemand so allein fühlt wie er vor dieser Reise. Schließlich hält er den Kontakt zu Amrita und ihrer Familie und lädt seine tibetischen Freunde sogar ein, ihn in Deutschland zu besuchen, und übernimmt dabei alle Kosten für sie. Es ist seine Art, ihnen für alles zu danken, was sie für ihn getan haben. Heute genießt Oskar nun die kleinen Freuden des Alltags und hat erkannt, dass der Wert der Sachen nicht unbedingt durch einen Preis bestimmt wird.



Francés

LA CONVENANCE DE VOYAGER "EN LIVRE"

M^a José Gutiérrez Irún

Dans le métro, les personnes qui lisent ont cette sérénité sur le visage, cette dignité propre à ceux qui pensent et se plaisent à voyager isolés dans leur propre monde...

Cette immense solitude

de le lire seul,

de le voir seul,

de l'apprécier seul.

Plus tard, à la maison, lors de ces jours où il ne cesse de pleuvoir, le voyage continue avec l'odeur du café qui percole lentement dans la cuisine, tandis que le téléphone semble être mort. En des jours comme ceux-ci, on entend les silences qui crient, on voit les absences qui inondent tout, on ressent des proximités très lointaines, mais aussi des douleurs intenses qui réconfortent...

En arrivant à une page inattendue, sans savoir pourquoi, nous nous arrêtons. On se verse le café et pendant qu'on le savoure, on se rend compte qu'on se souvient à peine des premières pages du livre, des premiers pas du voyage... À ce moment-là, mille questions nous envahissent.

Mais lorsque nous reprenons le chemin que nous dicte la lecture, la plupart du temps, le paragraphe est pavé de nos réponses, et nous pensons :

-Oui, voilà la convenance de voyager "en livre".



Inglés

WAVE

Marta Puchades Serrano

When the dead body rose from the water, no longer dead, Peter desperately wished it had come back wrong. Twisted beyond recognition, a beast with jagged teeth and empty eyes, something he could point to and call a monster. Let it drag them down. Let it prey on those who lived as its former self once had: not the greedy, violent Captain, but the deckhands. The ones who had no part in its brutal death.

But when the dead body rose from the water, no longer dead, it was exactly the same.

The same dark, tear-filled eyes lifted toward the crow's nest. Peter, hiding, locked eyes with him. With it. For it was not supposed to be a 'him' anymore.

Only a second of eye contact before the creature fled, more terrified by the panicked screams of its former crew than the thunder of cannons fired in its direction.

Peter knew then that he could no longer stomach life on that ship.

Because when the dead body rose from the water, no longer dead, Peter was the one who came back wrong.

For some time, he remained on land, posing as a merchant, selling off stolen goods from the pirate captain he had betrayed. A bitter taste in his mouth as he forced smiles that Thomas was better at faking. It had been their plan, after all, not his. The land was steady beneath his feet, but Peter never learned to trust it. It did not heave and sway, did not whisper with the groan of wooden planks or the sigh of rolling waves. It did not sing.

So naturally, the sea called.

And Peter answered.

Not as the young barrelman he had been, but as something hollowed out, something reshaped by grief. He carved his name into the tides, left shipwrecks in his wake, ensured that when men spoke of him, they did so in hushed, trembling voices.

His crew was a small, steadfast band—no more than ten, with a handful of young dreamers who came and went, eager to see the world beyond their parents' reach. Peter had been one of those boys once, so he wasn't too hard on them. That was what his First Mate was for.

Jaime. A charismatic Spanish sailor

with a blinding smile and eyes like tempered steel. He had arrived in a pack of two, bound at the hip to François, a quiet, enigmatic carpenter with a French name but no discernible accent. François, who spoke of her with reverence, who was utterly devoted to Aurora, Peter's ship.

The crew often whispered of Aurora's magic, how a vessel her size could be manned by so few, how she seemed to move with a will of her own. They spun tales of ghostly winds, of spirits in the wood, of a ship that listened. Peter usually played along, indulging their half-drunken conspiracies over tankards of rum.

But sometimes, something struck too close to home. Something that made Peter wonder if, perhaps, Aurora did listen.

And if she did, who, exactly, was she listening to?

Jaime noticed first.

"You're acting strange, capitán," he murmured one evening, leaning against the railing beside Peter.

Peter scoffed, but Jaime only smirked. "You're a bastard, but you're

our bastard. And lately, you're... somewhere else. Mentally."

Peter didn't answer. Because Jaime was right. The Aurora was stubbornly guiding them on a journey towards familiar waters.

And that terrified him more than anything.

One moment, the sky was bruised purple, the sea stretching calm and endless. The next, the wind howled through the rigging like a beast unchained, and the waves rose with a fury that sent even the most seasoned of Peter's men scrambling.

"Drop the sails!" he barked over the roar. "Jaime, take the wheel!"

Lightning split the sky. The ship heaved, groaning under the weight of the wind, and Peter felt Aurora fight against not just the tide, but something else. Like she was resisting him.

"Capitán!"

They were hauling the net up over the side, dripping with writhing silver shapes. A good catch, under normal circumstances. But the way his men stood frozen, hands slack on the ropes, told him this was anything but normal.

Then he saw it.

Caught between the twisting fish, tangled in thick ropes, was him.

Thomas.

Not Thomas.

Something else, something that should not have been Thomas.

Salt-crusted lashes. The scar beneath one eye. The same hands that once rolled dice on the mess table, now tipped with sharp, pearl-colored claws.

Peter felt his breath stop.

"Madre de Dios," Jaime whispered.

Someone spat, "That thing could make us all rich, Cap'n."

Peter's fingers twitched at his sides.

He should let them do it. Should let Jaime drive the blade in and be done with it.

"Stand down," he ordered instead. His voice cut through the chaos like a cannon shot.

Jaime turned to him, expression unreadable. "Peter..."

"That's an order."

A moment passed. Then, slowly, Jaime sheathed his knife. The others hesitated, but one by one, they backed away.

Peter stepped forward.

The siren, Thomas, stilled as he ap-

proached, lips struggling to part, as if trying to form a word he no longer remembered how to say.

Something cracked in Peter's chest.

He reached for his cutlass and, in one clean movement, sliced through the ropes.

The siren collapsed to the deck, gasping, too exhausted to move. The crew flinched, half-expecting it to lunge. But it didn't.

Peter knelt beside it.

Once, he had watched in horror as Thomas vanished beneath the waves. Now, he watched as he came back. And this time, Peter would not turn away. Perhaps, when the dead body rose from the water, no longer dead, they both had come back slightly wrong.

The sea had taken so much from them. But for the first time, it had given something back.

Peter reached out.

And it took his hand.



Español

CIRCUMNAVEGANDO CEFALÚ

Benjamin Mansell

Nuestra misión era ver Monte Pellegrino, en el extremo occidental de la isla, y luego regresar a Cefalú, una ciudad costera que nos llamó la atención incluso con esos cielos grises de principios de marzo.

Está a sólo dos horas. Una Vespa no bastará, aunque sea más divertida. Además, el viento ya nos perforó la nariz y los oídos como chicle de menta mezclado con agua cuando ayer por la mañana paseábamos a toda velocidad en las Vespas por las playas. Tendremos que alquilar un coche, aunque sea a la fuerza.

El sol siciliano besaba nuestras espaldas a través de nuestras camisetitas mientras esperábamos a que el empleado del concesionario anotara nuestros datos en su iPad. Ya afuera, tras solucionar un pequeño desacuerdo y presenciar un gran espectáculo gestual único de los italianos, nos metimos por fin en el Fiat Panda.

Federico, uno de mis amigos de los Estados Unidos, subió a la parte trasera con su camisa roja de botones manchada de vino. Dante, otro amigo de mi universidad

de los Estados Unidos, también se sentó detrás, aunque antes tomó dos bocadillos de patata y una bolsa de naranjas. JR, nuestro estimado chófer, se sentó a mi izquierda y me ayudó a conectar mi teléfono al Bluetooth.

Empezamos a subir la montaña sin parar después de recorrer las calles ruidosas y transitadas de Palermo. Decidimos poner una canción cada uno para mostrarnos mutuamente las joyas musicales que habíamos encontrado durante nuestros estudios en nuestros respectivos países europeos.

A veces, un vehículo puede llevarte a un lugar completamente diferente, espiritualmente hablando. En este caso, la música era nuestro vehículo y nuestro coche era sólo un coche. Dante puso una canción que había oído en un supermercado en Florencia, pero la letra era en inglés. JR puso otra que no tenía letra, pero los tambores parecían olas chocando contra nuestro cráneo. Después puse mi canción favorita, es de un nuevo artista flamenco, Borja Picó, mientras les contaba mi experiencia en Madrid. Al principio estábamos

nerviosos y queríamos compartir nuestras historias, ya que era la primera vez que estábamos juntos desde que nos embarcamos en vuelos distintos para vivir unos meses en distintas ciudades de Europa. Dante nos contaba sobre sus clases de fotografía y JR nos habló de sus clases de medicina en Valencia con todo detalle. Federico permaneció inusualmente callado mientras seleccionaba canciones sin dar explicaciones.

El campo y el mar nos calmaron. El tiempo se detuvo. No giramos ni a la izquierda ni a la derecha en sesenta kilómetros. Ya no importaba qué día era ni qué hora era. Nuestro viaje era echar un vistazo rápido a las vidas de los demás, a través de las palabras y el ambiente.

Llegamos a Cefalú, nos encontramos con el mar Mediterráneo por primera vez. Nuestra energía era rara en este lugar tan tranquilo. La mayoría de la gente de la playa llevaba bufandas y grandes abrigos. El agua del Mediterráneo caía por nuestras piernas mientras jugábamos al fútbol en la playa. Lo siguiente fue un bocadillo, y el atardecer nos señaló que el día estaba

acabando. De nuevo, nuestro vehículo se convirtió en una burbuja de reflexión. Estábamos entusiasmados, libres y sin responsabilidades. Sin embargo, había una nube en nuestras mentes, en menos de veinticuatro horas volveríamos a nuestras ciudades por separado.

Cuando giramos hacia la autopista A20 para regresar a Palermo, le llegó el turno a Federico. Cogió solemnemente el teléfono de mi mano aún húmeda, seleccionó una canción titulada "Rhythm Of The Falling Rain". Los agrídulces sonidos de la guitarra acariciaron nuestros oídos. Y la inquietante letra: "Lluvia, por favor, dime que no es justo que me robe el corazón cuando no le importa, no puedo amar a otro cuando mi corazón está lejos. Así que escucha el ritmo de la lluvia que cae."

Federico, de repente, decidió compartir una canción de una tribu kawaii que pone de relieve los retos de una relación distante, un espejo sonoro de su vida y su situación. Sus sentimientos agrídulces tenían sentido debido a su situación, explorando al otro lado del mundo. Estaba extasiado con el viaje, pero echaba mucho de menos a su novia.

Su humor nos contagió. Me prometí llamar a mi madre cuando aterrizara en Madrid. Dante dijo que se sentía solo de vez en cuando en Florencia. JR nos contó que su novia había roto con él durante el viaje. La valentía de Federico al elegir una canción bastante importante para él y su batalla silenciosa permitió abrir un diálogo completamente diferente durante nuestro viaje de regreso a Palermo. Se pronunciaron palabras sinceras.

Nos sinceramos más que nunca gracias al poder de la música, el viaje y la reconexión



Inglés

MY MOTHER'S UMBRELLA

Luciana Ferreira de Matos Broggi

I don't like travelling. No, I don't mean that I'm scared of heights or planes. I just don't like to travel... I kind of hate it, actually. I hate the feeling of being ignorant all the time... everywhere. Because everywhere I go there's a massive, intense and incredible story about the history of the city or the country I'm in but I just can't remember a single word the tour guide says. I get distracted all the time. Somehow, I get more amazed by the way people dress, the way houses match each other, and how many green areas the city has. So, when it's time to go back home and people ask me "What did you learn?" I stare at them like an idiot because the only thing that I can remember is that the plants in Milan remind me of my favorite videogame, the goats in Amsterdam are crazy and that the parisians are not refined... in fact they are very rude.

Anyway, I'm now waiting in line at a travel agency to ask about the umbrella my mother left behind when she came this morning. There are all kinds of people on the line, they all look more excited than I'll ever be about traveling. In fact, I had to lie to my mother and tell her that I will have to work on the dates she wanted to travel.

While I'm wondering about the destination of each of the people, a girl looks at me with an intrigued expression. It seems as if she knows I'm not in my natural habitat. She, on the other hand, is. She's carrying a huge backpack that seems to weigh much more than it should, wearing sneakers that are obviously extremely comfortable, her nails cut very short to adapt to any situation, and her hair shaved short so she doesn't have to waste time taking care of it and so it doesn't get in the way. She keeps looking at me... Why doesn't she stop looking at me?

"Hello? How can I help you?"

I notice the woman from the agency calling me repeatedly.

"Hello, did you happen to find an umbrella... maybe it's in the lost and found?"

The kind woman smiles sweetly and hands me my mother's red umbrella. I thank her with a smile and walk toward the exit with my head down, trying not to make eye contact with the girl with the shaved head. At eye level, I suddenly catch a glimpse of those comfortable slippers.

"London?" the shaved-headed girl asks, not caring that I'm still staring at the ground.

"Excuse me?"

"The umbrella... are you going to London? Galicia?"

I look at her with confused eyes; apparently, she hadn't noticed that I was breaking the pattern in that place.

"My mother lost it and I came for it. I don't travel. I'm the opposite of a nomad."

"A sedentary person?"

That word hit me like a punch in the stomach. The girl smiled at me with pity... she felt sorry for me. She approached me, put her hand on my shoulder, and whispered:

"Being brave isn't for everyone... tell your mother to have fun on her trip."

And she left, so carefree, so confident... so brazen.

The umbrella's fabric began to wrinkle in my fist, my feet urging me to run after

it, but my voice remained silent. That night, I brooded over the matter all day, listening to a choir singing "Sedentary." I felt lazy, old... incapable. How could a stranger feel so shamelessly empowered to label me? Eventually, I fell asleep, but I didn't rest....

The next day I went to work at the bank and spent the first few hours organizing folders on the computer. The next few hours I spent serving older people, and finally, with half an hour left until closing time, the bank was packed with people... no young person ever arrives at the bank at a decent hour.

The next shift passes by on the screen. I'm exhausted. I yawn in an exaggerated way, and when I open my eyes I see a very tall man in a suit next to the same shaved-headed girl.

"Good afternoon, my daughter would like to apply for a loan."

She keeps staring at her knees, embarrassed.

I smile subtly while inside I burst out laughing.

I assist them both gently and answer all their questions perfectly. They both thank me, get up and leave. My inner satisfaction is glorious.

After a few minutes, the girl comes back because she forgot her wallet (probably on purpose).

"Say it," she announces.

"What do you mean?" I respond with a mischievous face.

"I act tough and I don't know anything about life, right?"

My face changes completely. I don't want her to feel that way. Just because I feel good doesn't mean I want her to feel bad.

"I just think it's cute that we're all cowards"

I see her body language relax. She smiles at me genuinely.

"Galicia," she says. "If you come to Galicia with me, I won't let anyone be the adult for me ever again."

I thought she was crazy, that it was a joke, or that I was hallucinating. Until she wrote the meeting point on a Post-it and ran off.

I lay awake all night, afraid to prove to myself that I was the coward I thought I was. Then I thought I had nothing to lose, that if she could see more in me, I could too.

Dawn broke. 7 a.m. Train station. I showed up with my biggest backpack, my nails clipped, my most comfortable shoes, and... my hair just as long.

"Did you bring the umbrella?"

"My mom lent it to me."

We smiled.

We spent hours on that train; I slept wonderfully. I only woke up once, to check on her. When I saw her, I realized I shouldn't be afraid of being new to traveling; I'd traveled enough through her eyes.



Inglés

THE SCREAM THAT WASN'T HEARD

Cristian Roberto Hernández Figueroa

He didn't pack any bags. He didn't go anywhere. Still, he took a journey—one from which he would not return. That morning, like every other, he sat in front of his warm breakfast—a bowl of cereal and the noiseless world that is Twitter.

Even louder than the real world, the noise on Twitter happens in silence. You read the noise in your head, and yet, everything remains quiet.

He scrolled through the usual misery until a tweet stopped him cold:

"Dude, I just realized you can't scream in your head. That voice is always calm."

He read it again. Tried. Attempted a mental scream.

Nothing.

It was true. Only a quiet, obedient voice.

Below it, someone responded:

"To speak with your inner self, you first need to stop talking to the outer one. That's what the monks of eternal silence say, lol."

He didn't finish the cereal. Locked the phone. And decided to be quiet. Literally.

The following days were slow. At first, he just avoided speaking out loud. Then, he stopped thinking in full sentences. He stayed in gestures, in intuitions. Like an animal suspecting language was a mistake of evolution.

Weeks passed. His girlfriend eventually left. The unread messages piled up. Work stopped expecting him.

He, instead, got obsessed. With the silence. The real one. Not the one outside, but the one inside. The one that seemed empty at first... until it began to hum.

First came the fridge's buzz. Then the dripping sink.

Until one night, while writing down some notes, he heard an argument between the blender and the stove.

The Stove sounded a bit dumb, and The Blender was blaming it for something he couldn't quite understand. Then, The Blender suddenly stopped and said:

—Hey... you.

—Who...?

—It's me. Can you hear me?

—Since when do you talk?

—Since always. What happens is that now you are finally listening. Please, move The Stove far away from me.

He didn't scream. Didn't flinch. Just nodded. Like he had known all along.

They started talking. Not with words, but with codes, static, small pulses of deep understanding.

The old, rusty Blender confessed that humans couldn't see many things because of the noise. Everything has a soul. Matter talked to itself, but we were too loud, always interrupting the conversation of the universe.

She explained that heat is a form of love. That gravity is like nostalgia. That electric wires whisper stories when no one's watching.

—And how do you know all of this? — he asked.

—Because a part of me was there when everything began. I was a spark, I was copper, I was a broken star. And I heard it. I know it.

—Heard what?

—Why are we here.

Silence.

—And the answer?

The Blender took a while. Her blades shook. A burnt smell filled the air.

—They're not ready.

—But I am.

She hesitated. Looked at him with that kind of look only objects give, the ones that have seen generations making the same mistake.

She told him everything. And now he knew the secrets of the universe.

At the end, she said:

—Look... I like you. Really. You've been a good human. That's why I speak to you. But don't tell them. They're still chained. They're not ready for the silence.

—What if I try?

—It's your life. But remember this: "truth" doesn't fit in words. And those who try to scream it, always end up looking like crazy.

That day, he cleaned the blender carefully. Took off the dust. Made space on the table. Prepared a livestream. Turned on the camera.

His co-workers —the few who hadn't forgotten him— saw the notification.

—Hey, that guy is live —said one aloud.

—Seriously? I thought he was dead —said another.

—Looks like he's not.

They opened the stream.

He was there. In front of the camera. Tired eyes, messy hair, an abandoned beard.

Next to him, an old blender.

He didn't say anything.

He just stared.

The stream lasted ten minutes and twenty-three seconds.

Ten minutes and twenty-three seconds of thick silence, like the image was frozen —but it wasn't.

Sometimes he blinked. Sometimes The Blender trembled a little.

The co-workers looked at each other.

—I think he lost his mind —one finally said.

—I think he always had —another replied.

—Turn it off, it's kinda creepy.

They closed the stream.

No one noticed that, in the last few seconds, The Blender looked at him and whispered:

—Now it's too late.

And it wasn't a complaint. It was a sorrow.

Because that trip —the one he thought was inside— had already become his story. And stories, once told, don't let you come back.