

Nonada

Anderson Q.

DANONADANC
NONADANONA
NADANONADA
DANO_NA DANC
NONADANONA
NADANONADA
DANONADANC
NONADANONA

Nonada

Ånderson Q.



To Pedro and Théo,
who don't let me forget.

"The subject is spoken
rather than speaking."

Jacques Lacan

"There's no big apocalypse. Just
an endless procession of little ones."

Neil Gaiman

Klaus

"Dating girls is like riding a bicycle. If you mess up, you could get really hurt forever or hurt someone you really care about."

Finn the Human

Klaus runs, all by himself, the entire Oldtown's Control Center — a daunting job when you're in a place where everyone is always ten minutes late.

With his right hand, he spins a hand crank that feeds a dynamo, generating electricity for the town. With his left one, he types Assembly commands on the IBM System/23 that routes not only the town's telecommunication channels but also its road traffic control systems.

He wears a headset, with which he is in constant contact with airships flying over the area and boats approaching the waterway.

All the way through, he keeps an eye on the digital map by his desk, where he can follow the status of all local police patrol cars; and the other one on the news, ready to steer the operation accordingly, whenever needed.

On Friday evenings, Klaus meets Chiara at the pub to drink and chat. Klaus has been in love with her for a long time, and he's sure she also likes him, although neither of them has ever made any move.

Every time Chiara strokes her hair and twirls it around her fingers, it reminds Klaus of his 8th-grade Art Teacher, Ms. H., the first person from whom he got a handjob.

Tonight, the barmaid who is serving Klaus and Chiara — a writer in her spare time — has written a play — a monologue — that places the audience in the shoes of a mother who trades her newborn for a herd of dwarf goats. The manuscript has 328 pages and is called *La Canción de Gurb*.

READY

486LT 801

Display Registers

Normal

Restart

In Process

Process Check

Brightness

IBM



Niandra



Anyone could see he was fed up with something, although no one knew what it was. Niandra was standing by the window, lips sealed, patiently waiting for him to cool down. B. was a coolheaded boyfriend, but maybe something had suddenly broken on the inside, and she didn't want things breaking bad.

As it turned out, though, things went downhill anyway. B. continued to get angrier and angrier until, out of the blue, he turned into a 200-kilogram Grauer's gorilla, long black hair, thick coat, belching and roaring while moving around the room, breaking stuff, no shits given.

Niandra was nervous. She couldn't help looking at his new gorilla penis, though.

Nevertheless, after a few minutes, she was bored and decided to go to the deli to buy some groceries. She left the apartment while he was jumping from the top of one piece of furniture

to another, throwing random objects against the wall.

At the deli, Niandra couldn't figure out if gorillas could eat cornflakes or not, but she bought a couple of boxes anyway. She also bought two bottles of liquid soap, a few boxes of tissues, and a handful of ginger candy.

On her way back home, Niandra sees a hobo standing over a bench, shouting at the pedestrians, as if he was quoting someone: *"when a person screams in pain, the actual pain is only half the noise they make. The other half is the terror at being forced to accept that they exist."*

She is back at the apartment now. B, still a gorilla, is in the kitchen, methodically breaking everything, one thing at a time. Niandra leaves the groceries on the table, randomly grabs one of B's books, and sits on the couch by the window. She opens the book and starts looking at its odd but superb images.



Halle



Halle was drifting around the Oldtown when she found a building that looked pretty much like the one where she grew up in. She got closer to take a better look.

As luck would have it, a few instants later, someone left the building in a rush, leaving the door open. Without hesitation, Halle slipped in.

Inside, the building also looked a lot like her old one. She wondered if the apartments were also that similar; so, she climbed the stairs up to the third floor and walked to the last door on the left, where her old apartment would be. She grabbed the knob and tested it. The door opened.

A man with Mexican bean eyes was sitting on the couch, reading comic books. His name was J. They looked at each other, but, apparently, both were too immersed in their own thing to break up each other's focus: he got

back to his reading while she started slowly walking around the room, inspecting the furniture and the portraits on the walls.

It was about four o'clock when the hula-hoop-eared girl arrived. Her name was S., and she was coming back from school. J. was, at that time, watering the plants, and Halle was sitting at the table, looking at photo albums. The girl seemed curious about Halle but, way more than that, she was excited about what she had just learned at school. Thus, instead of asking questions uncalled for, she immediately started telling both J. and Halle about this thing called "brain in a vat" — *they put someone's brain into a tank and connect it to a computer, which sends electrical shocks to the brain, simulating stuff — and then the brain thinks that stuff is really real and that it is really happening. It cannot distinguish zeros, ones, and vectors from a real hug given by a loved one* — and so on.

It was about six o'clock when the blond with lettuce hair arrived. Her name was M. She was at full tilt because she was late and had yet to make dinner. She quickly kissed S. and J. but, although a bit curious, mostly ignored Halle —

and ran to the kitchen.

Now, the four of them are at the dinner table. A Bossa Nova song is playing in the background. J. opens a bottle of Chardonnay while M. serves them the sweetest-smelling pasta that Halle has ever tasted.



Zoë



Somehow, Zoë found a teleport gate behind the bookshelf. She laughed because she had always thought that if one day she found a teleport, it would be in the refrigerator or the washing machine — and she had never thought it could be anywhere else.

Almost instinctively, she crossed the gate and was taken to the Oldtown's Academy of Sciences. It was Thursday, almost 11pm, and apparently, no one was around. She walked through different rooms, curiously looking at all the experiments and reading any notes she could find. A lot was going on there: cybernetic frogs, homunculi on running wheels, brains in vats,

$$a^2 + b^2 = c^2 * \pi$$

$$E = mc^2 - e$$

and so on.

Some time later, she came across a room where two men were playing Hold'em and

drinking rum. Their names were D, Ph.D. and K, Ph.D. Clearly, they were scientists. D, Ph.D. looked like a dying desert tree, and K, Ph.D.'s eyes were as blurry as the first day of Autumn.

The three of them looked at each other inquisitively, and before the men could articulate anything, she quickly explained about the teleport located — *I bet you will never guess!* — behind the bookshelf and not in the refrigerator or the washing machine as one would expect — *bananas, eh?*

Nevertheless, the men were not surprised at all and simply carried on playing cards. Zoë approached the table and asked if she could join the game. The men looked at each other and agreed.

After a few hours, she had won all the money on the table. The scientists were feeling miserable and in a bit of a temper. They couldn't take it! And while Zoë was keeping all the money in a bag, preparing to leave, K, Ph.D. proposed: *One last round, a winner-takes-all!* — to what she asked — *Do you have anything else to stake?* — and it was then that they told her about the machine that could, by the simple

touch of a button, change all quantum laws entirely, everything everywhere all at once, the end product of a thirteen-year project which they had just finished, and that's why they were there playing and drinking in the first place: to celebrate. And, yes, they were willing to stake it.

The extra round took longer than all the previous ones, but eventually, Zoë won again. And this time, without giving any chance to further deliberations, she grabbed the money bag and the changes-everything-quantum-machine and took off like a scalded cat.

The sun rises, and Zoë walks home, compassing the dock — a shortcut that only locals know about — one of the few places in the Oldtown where there are no everlasting traffic jams and speedheads all around.

On the way, Zoë sees an old lady sitting on a bench, alone. She is wearing a wimple. Zoë approaches the woman and sits by her side. Shoulder to shoulder, both remain there for the following hours, staring into space, without ever exchanging a single word.



Rashid

At age twelve, Rashid built a spaceship. He mostly used it to travel to the ISS from time to time, where he would play D&D with the astronauts. He quickly grew annoyed with their food, though, and, a couple of months later, he donated the spaceship to an abortion clinic and returned to school.

At age sixteen, he built the most advanced AI algorithm known to that date. He called it X. All mega corporations immediately tried to buy it. X had quickly become his closest friend, though, and he decided not to sell it to anyone. Instead, they just spent most of their time playing Counter-Strike together.

A couple of months later, though, Rashid got bored and decided to refactor X into an Italian coffee machine.

Rashid is eighteen now, and he has decided to build an artificial moon. For months, he has been catching turtles, extracting the plastic

from their stomachs to build the mantle of the moon, and their shells to make the crust. It's unclear, though, what he will use for the moon's core.

Today, they will launch the moon. If Rashid's calculations are correct, it will have almost Rhea's size — which is quite impressive regardless of the fact that no one is able to understand if it will have any function at all.

Right now, Rashid is in a pub in the north of the Oldtown. He's carrying a big cake box. The moon's launching will happen in about three hours.

Suddenly, an 82-year-old man approaches and, uninvited, sits at Rashid's table. The old-timer's shirt is tucked into his underwear — which seems to inflate his self-esteem astronomically. Rashid has never met him before, but he can say, just by looking at the old man, that he may have one or two stories. Who would care to listen to him, though?



Bongani



Bongani went fishing on the small lake on the west side of Oldtown. He had been in the canoe for almost two hours, holding his fishing rod without any action. Although it was a bit too cloudy, the weather was pleasant, and he was enjoying the day very much.

At around 3pm, he finally felt the first bite. It was an easy pull, but not with the expected result: he got not a fish but a panda. He apologized to the panda, who said *No worries!* and took the opportunity to ask, *May I join you? I also love fishing!* — to which Bongani promptly replied *No two ways about it!* — and both started fishing together, pleased by each other's company.

It was a very unusual fishing day. During the following hours, they took multiple catches, but not a single fish. The Panda got a Frankenstein's monster, a *Chapulín Colorado*, and a pelican. Bongani got a fair princess, a Totoro, and V., another fisherman who had been missing for

several months. Each one of them got sincere apologies and was kindly invited to join the party — which was accepted by them all with joy.

Beer cans and a joint circled around. They shared stories and laughed.

At about 7pm, the group began to disperse. Most of them simply jumped back into the water and found their way home — except the pelican, who got a ride back from Bongani.

The day at the lake was not only relaxing and fun but also enlightening for Bongani: he finally made up his mind about something he had been contemplating for a long time.

Excited, this morning, he gathered his family around the table during breakfast. But before he could announce his decision, he heard a fire truck siren.



Rousseau

Every time we're not at home and a Mormon knocks, Rousseau, our dog, immediately stops whatever he's doing, quickly puts a jacket on, and answers the door, pretending to be the homeowner. I have no idea how he always knows when it's Mormons and when it's not, but I can tell you that he doesn't even move when it's any other person knocking.

Rousseau is a mutt who's been living with us since he was just a puppy. He's about eight now. And — *lord!* — he loves to chatter. He loves to tell people about his father, who, so he says, used to work for the Interpol; his opinion on the duodecimal system and the Nepalese; his mazy theories about cows, clowns, and jet spaces; and so on. This may be the reason, I guess, why he always picks the Mormons in particular, even over the Mexicans and the Engineers: because, as we all know damn well, Mormons, too, love an impassioned yadda-

yadda.

When the Mormons leave, Rousseau would, as if nothing unusual had happened, take the jacket off, come back to his kennel in the backyard, and slack off for the rest of the day. He always looks drained after those conversations but quite pleased as well.

We honestly have no idea what could have made those men so mad. Although Rousseau was pretending to be someone else, it's not like he was mocking them, trying to rip them off, or anything like that. He was just playing. Anyway, all we know is:

This morning, Rousseau saw a squirrel and ran after it. After some time, they ended up in a small alley. The squirrel was, in fact, a Mormon disguised. A few other Mormons were there as well, waiting for them. They surrounded Rousseau and beat him up pretty badly. Not satisfied, afterward, one of them, the one with a carrot nose, spray-painted something on his back.

We took Rousseau to the vet, where they gave him medication and covered him with *waaay* too much bandage. He is at home now,

on the couch, watching the news, and eating ice cream. And he's wearing a jacket, hiding whatever it's written on his back. We have not been able to read it, but we can say it makes him feel ashamed. He doesn't want to talk about it, though.

On TV, the news presenter says that lane-changing is the leading cause of traffic jams. Then they cut to a Japanese researcher who says that *vehicles and pedestrians are self-driven particles that face traffic jams, but ants never do.*

Rule: move forward if the front is empty.

Jamming Phase: $Q = \beta(1-\beta)$.



Anong



We suppose The Mom has raised each of her three children quite differently.

The firstborn was the strongest and thoughtful one. Definitively, she put a lot of hard work into his education, and the effort bore fruit. It's almost like he was made of bricks.

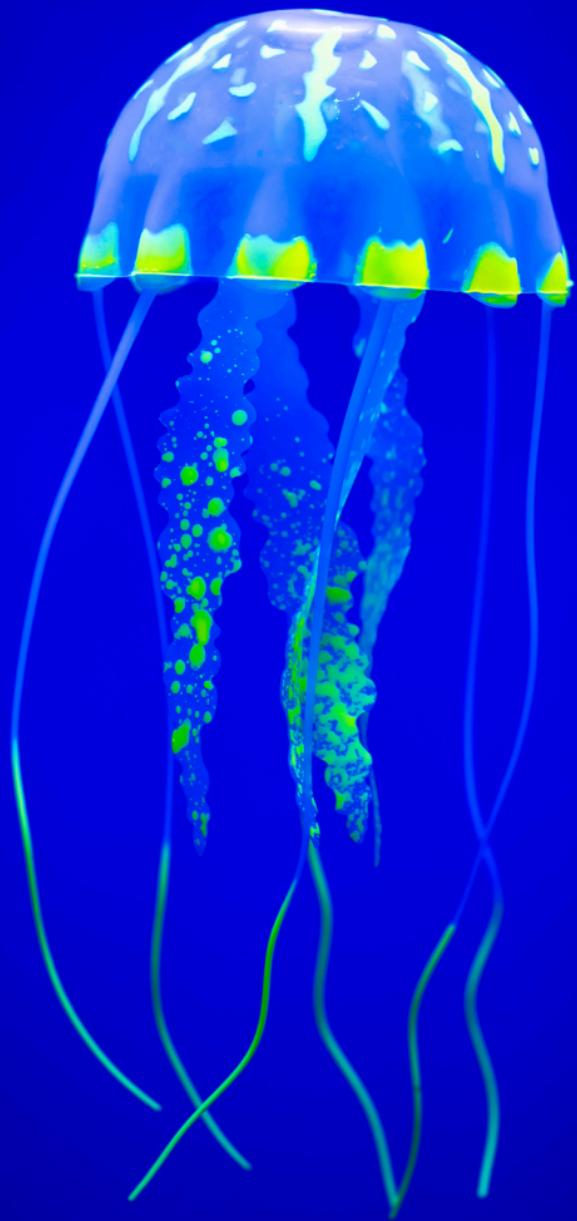
The one in the middle was the dreamer one, the one who was spaced out most of the time. We cannot say he wouldn't try, but time showed that his efforts were mostly pointless. Maybe The Mom was too busy during his childhood and didn't give him the needed attention. In the end, it was like he was made of sticks.

The last son was, truth be told, the empty-headed one, the one who believed in all types of pyramid schemes and who would forward every New Age message to his entire contact list. I guess The Mom had lost touch. Or maybe she had just given up; who knows? Anyway,

whatever might have happened, it's like he ended up made of straw.

Anong entered their lives like a wolf. The three sons fell madly in love with her in just a couple of weeks. And, despite their so distinct builds, she has eaten their hearts just as easily — without any distinction.

In the neighborhood where Anong lives, some call her *the Outsider*; others, *the Witch*. She is neither an outsider nor a witch, though, but an archeologist born and raised right there — a simple person who, when alone, enjoys submerging in the bathtub, holding her breath for as long as she can, while meditating about jellyfish having neither brains nor hearts.



Chiara



“Bad biscuits make the baker broke, bro.”

Jake the Dog

Chiara runs, all by herself, the entire Police Force of the Oldtown. She patrols the accesses to the ferry and the harbor, interrogates crime suspects, arrests thugs, controls the traffic and the crowds, attends court hearings — when she spends most of the time drawing doodles on her notepad — and, at the end of the day, she releases the inmates who finished serving their sentences.

Most days, she has lunch on the backseat of her patrol car. Her favorites are burritos and panchos — which she eats while listening to the same songs over and over again.

On Thursdays, Chiara meets Klaus at the pub. Truth be told, she regards him with some antipathy — but he’s a person of interest, so she keeps him under close vigilance. Besides, he’s

always willing to pay for drinks all night — which is, let's face it, a good bonus.

Every time Klauss swaps an adjective for an adverb — which he does a lot — Chiara remembers *fracking* Mr. D., her 5th-grade Geography Teacher, and instinctively she touches the holster within her jacket.

Tonight, while Chiara and Klaus chat, a young girl with gray eyes invites herself to the stage, grabs the guitar, and plays a song so crushing that, for a moment, everyone in the pub knows they are at the beginning of something, although no one knows exactly what.



Enrico | Mariana

Justly, Enrico was not happy when he heard the ferry was broken again. He didn't lose any time whining, though. Immediately, he returned home, went down to the basement, took a handful of bags and a couple of tools, and started sewing a catfish costume. And, as soon as it was ready, he quickly came back to the waterway, slipped into the costume, and jumped into the water, swimming west. It was his first time swimming as a fish, but, frankly, he's done quite well — so well that he was barely late when he got there.

He took the catfish costume off and walked down to the corner where he works — at the intersection of the 12th and Main. There, he put on his monkey costume and started his habitual routine: jumping from side to side, doing card tricks, and yelling at the pedestrians, causing some to laugh and others to get pissed off. That was hist day-to-day at the time, making an average of three blue bucks per day

from the tips — which wasn't much, but at least he didn't have to deal with Fibonacci numbers anymore.

At the end of the day, back at home, he feeds his cats, does the dishes, and reads a couple of random articles from a very old newspaper. Then he goes to his bedroom, where Mariana takes the Enrico costume off. She puts her PJs on and jumps into bed. She is super tired but can't sleep, though, intrigued by the idea that, by changing our memories, we're challenging time itself.



Luis



“The decline of the aperitif may well be one of the most depressing phenomena of our time.”

Luis Buñuel

Somewhere in the Oldtown, six acquaintances meet for dinner. They are dressed in fine black.

After waiting for some time, the *maître d'* tells them that, unfortunately, dinner will not be served tonight. The staff accidentally got into an intense parley regarding their different opinions on the meaning of *Donnie Darko* — and, naturally, it would be unwise to come back to work before reaching an agreement.

The group leaves.

The following day, the six glitterati meet again for dinner. It's a warm, beautiful evening.

Before long, though, they are informed that, sadly, dinner will not be served tonight either.

The staff fiercely debate Free Will and Determinism, and they are divided into different schools of thought. Thus, they could not care about cooking before reaching a consensus.

The six leave.

The following day, the associates meet for dinner once more. Tonight, they've got the best table.

After a while, however, they learn that the staff got into a harsh altercation around their different musical tastes, and the discussion led them elsewhere, where they could listen to old albums and make up their minds about the case.

One more time, they leave.

Tonight, once again, the coterie meets for dinner. As soon as they enter the place, though, they find out that Luis, the gyrovague, is there as well, at the table by the main window — a member of the canaille, a gutterblood.

The six bourgeois men look at him with disgust and, outraged, leave.

There's a tank with enormous goldfish at the entrance of the restaurant. The waiters wear sharp, dark-gray uniforms. Tonight, they will serve Mediterranean Stuffed Peppers. As an aperitif, Luis, who is left-handed, drinks a Dry Martini.



Giuliano



With his head full of question marks, Giuliano decided to walk to the park and ask his future self for advice. He knew it wouldn't be an easy task, though. Since they've first met, future-Giuliano has been very emphatic that he couldn't answer any questions; otherwise, *shoot* could get paradoxically real. But present-Giuliano decided to give it a try anyway.

After meeting and chit-chatting for a while, they found an empty chess table and, as usual, started playing: future-Giuliano, the Italian game; present-day-Giuliano, Giuoco Piano.

Before present-day-Giuliano could say anything, though, future-Giuliano started talking about how a big chunk of our memories is entirely false, and how they could be systematically fabricated, induced, and so on — *Not only cheap therapy but also uncomplicated time-traveling.*

Then, without any pause, he went on saying

that a river is not always a *rivière*, the sky in Russia is not blue, and the ideas of left and right do not exist for certain communities — *We probably should pass over in silence, if you know what I mean.*

After a moment, he touched present-day-Giuliano's shoulder and noted that *There is a fence in Australia that stretches the equivalent distance of London to New York.* Then, after turning back to the board, he played Qxf5+.

Like so, present-day-Giuliano found himself in a dilemma: the match or the town. Calmly, he stared at the board for a few seconds, trying to think comprehensively about context, goal, and meaning. Then, he looked around the park: everywhere, people leaving their houses and running away while the waddle of penguins approached not far.



Andreea



Andreea is a notorious fortune teller. Whenever she flips over a tarot card to someone, the card is always the same — a zebra — and the same happens to each of her clients: they stop giving a monkey to whatever they had believed until then and start walking through life, head first.

Last night, W., a well-known physician in town, after having his future read, invited her to dine. They discussed trivial matters and laughed — and, after dinner, they made love and said beautiful things to each other.

This morning, W. vanished, leaving behind only his clothes over the armchair and his glasses on the bedside table — just the same as every other time.

Sorrowful, Andreea picked his things up, carefully folded them, and threw them into a trash bag. Then, she had *Gogosi* for breakfast.

Every day, there's a long line of people in

front of Andreea's house, each waiting for their turn to unveil the future. She looks at the crowd through the window with envy, her head stuck in the depressing realization that this moment, this single instant in time, is her entire life, our entire lives.



Ambar



9:00 — Ambar is drinking her morning coffee when someone knocks at the door. It's a saleswoman. Her name is W., and she is selling an entirely new type of encyclopedia — *It's so cool you can't believe it!* Ambar is intrigued about it and invites W. to come in.

10:15 — After a good deal of deliberations and very detailed math, they conclude: *that's it!* — and both immediately start making calls to summon reinforcements.

13:00 — There are twenty-three people in Ambar's house: Ambar's friends; W's friends; others, probably friends of their friends. Some make calls, some debate, some write equations on the walls. At least one person is project-managing the entire thing, two people coding, and, of course, there's a Head of Marketing.

16:15 — Amber is talking to the local news channel through her cellphone. The interview is broadcast live to the Oldtown. Meanwhile, her

accountant adds up the numbers. His eyes glow.

17:15 — They call it a day. It was a fairly productive day, but they are sure they can do even better. Everyone says *goodbye, see you tomorrow*, and finally Amber can throw her legs up. She puts *Nina Simone* on, prepares a White Russian, and starts preparing *canapés*.

18:30 — Two men dressed in black suits knock at the door. They are from the government. Without saying a word, they deliver her an envelope and leave. She closes the door, returns to the kitchen, and throws the envelope unopened in the trash can.

18:35 — Amber is sipping her drink and wrapping up the *canapés* when she looks through the window and sees a heavy traffic jam on the highway. She gets closer to the window and looks at it carefully — *Such idiots! Most cars don't move forward when the front is empty!*



Sōta



There's an old lighthouse on the small artificial island in the waterway. No one is allowed to go there except for the lightkeeper, who lives there.

Sōta has been the lightkeeper for almost fourteen years. An islander, he is not allowed to leave the island under any circumstances.

Every day, Sōta goes outside the lighthouse multiple times and walks around the island, compulsively checking if anyone is coming. No one ever is, and he is aware of that. Yet, he can't help but follow those pointless impulses and nurture that ludicrous routine — day after day for all these years.

This morning, while doing his first walk of the day, as usually allowing his *iktsuarpok* to be in charge, the out-of-the-question finally happened — someone else was there. He saw her from afar and could barely believe it.

Someone else on the island.

Some other person.

Something else, she coming from afar.

He almost stopped breathing.

And then he ran away. He ran back to the lighthouse, locked the door, dived into the basement, and hid inside the wardrobe.

It's almost 6pm now and, about a mile to the south, a sailor stops his boat when he realizes the beacon is still off, despite such a late hour. He feels lucky for not getting there a bit later and crashing into the island. He sends a general alert on the radio, and, as he waits, he walks to the deck.

Looking at the sunset, the sailor remembers when, many decades ago, his grandmother would tell him that, in school, when they tell you that two parallel lines never meet and the angles of triangles always add up to 180 — they are only telling you the boring part and hiding the pieces that will keep you alive.

Babushka knew things.



Oksana



Contrary to all the characters you have met thus far, one day, Oksana becomes aware she is but a fictional character — a poorly constructed character in a sloppily written story. *And what about all these adverbs?!* — she thoughtfully ponders.

Then, she looks at you and comprehends you are but a reader — evidently not a particularly attractive, and most likely not a sophisticated one. She could bet you have never even read *Cervantes*. It's hate at first sight.

She is not naive and knows that — regardless of whatever I could add to her backstory or upcoming development — there is no essence, no natural connection, between what she is as a concept and what she is as an image. The entire construction happens only through arbitrary — and often pointless — conventions then flavored with each different reader's reasoning traits — which 9 of 10 times are heavily influenced by sadness, vodka, and

barbiturates.

The feeling of absurdity strikes her in the face. Although the lack of meaning in her existence is, truth be told, no worse than the lack of meaning for any said *real person* to live, now, as someone coerced to be conscious of her own pre-scripted life, she can no longer pretend to believe that everything will be ok — as every real person does, day in day out throughout their entire lives. From her new standpoint, any reason to continue existing can be seen at the same time as a reason to cease to exist. Despite being self-conscious, ultimately she will never have anything to say for herself. Trying to repair meaning would be pointless. Distressed, she closes her eyes.

Suddenly, A., her daughter, holds her hand, dragging her back from that spiral of dark thoughts. A. is six. She seems to realize that her mother is out of sorts — and walks her through the house to her bedroom. There, A. grabs a piece of crayon and draws a door on the wall, and opens it.

On the other side, a paradise beach with palm trees, crystalline waves, and no one in

sight. Oksana looks at it, astonished; she has never been to the sea. A. walks through the door, smiles big, rolls on the sand, runs to the waves. Then, she walks back next to the door and extends her arm, inviting her mother to join her.

Oksana closes her eyes again.

She breathes deeply.

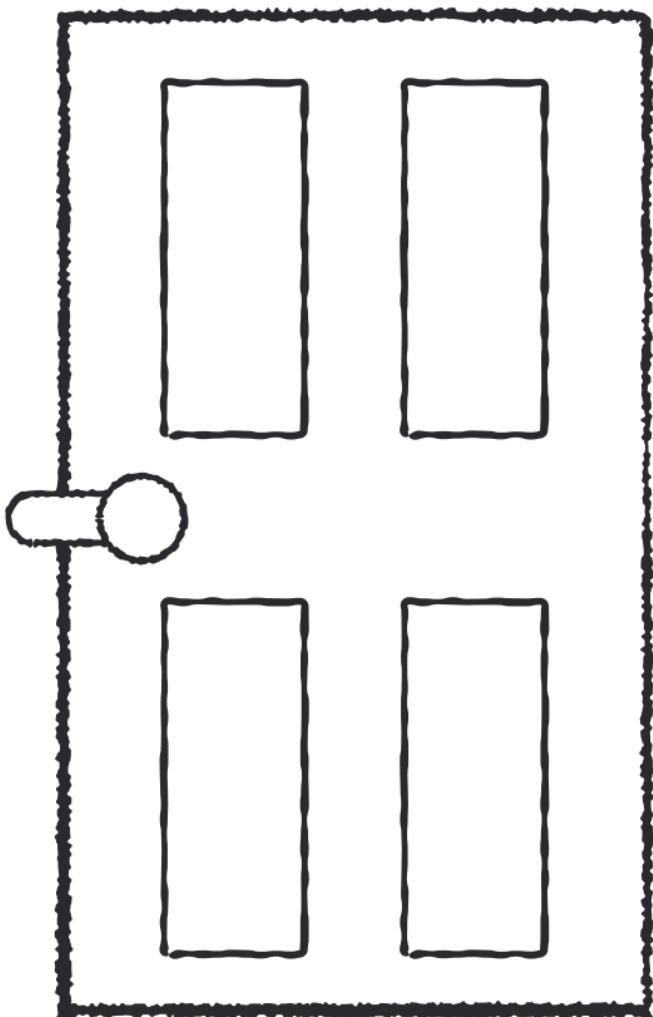
Dark inside.

Deep inhale.

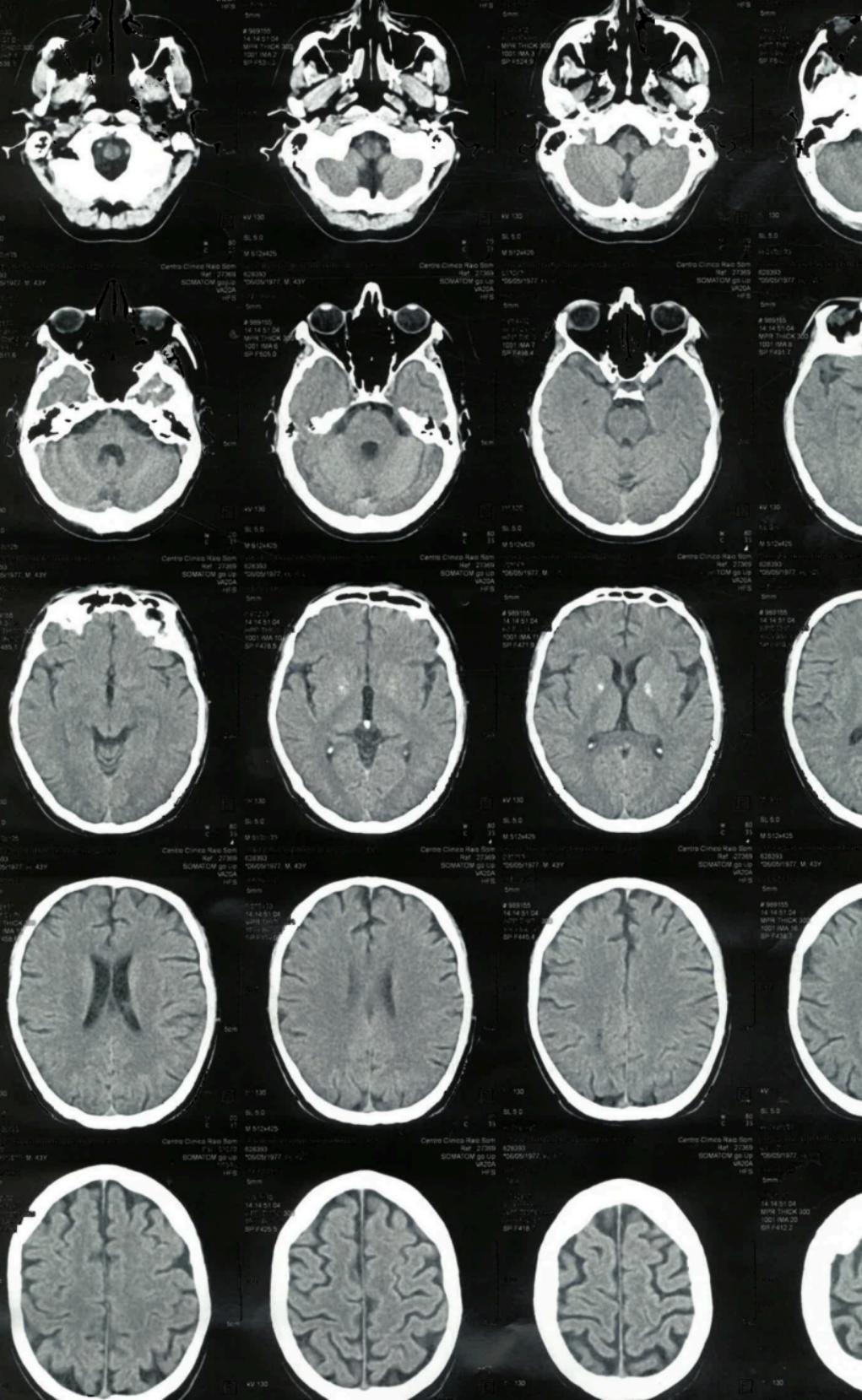
Deep exhale.

And, in a sequence of swift moves, Oksana closes the door, grabs a piece of cloth, and erases the door from the wall.

Now, she turns and looks at you.







Anderson Q.

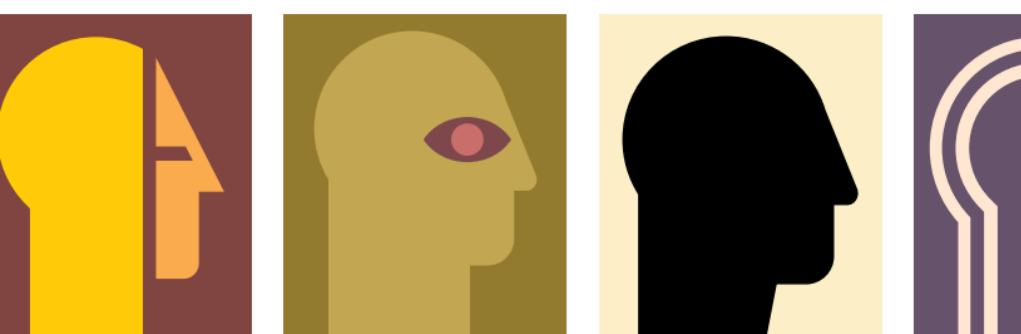
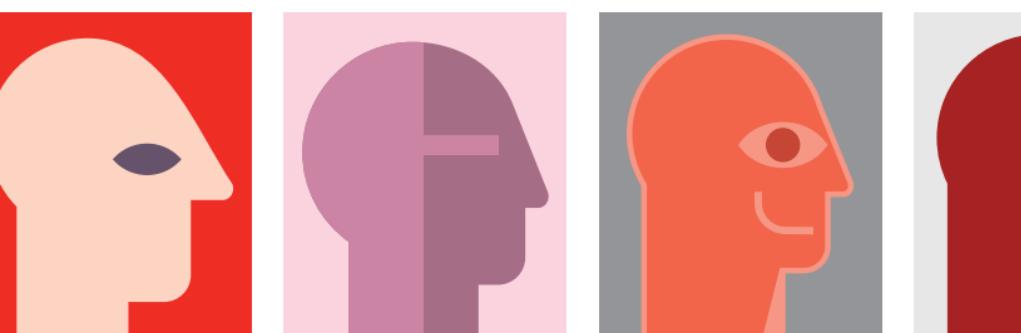
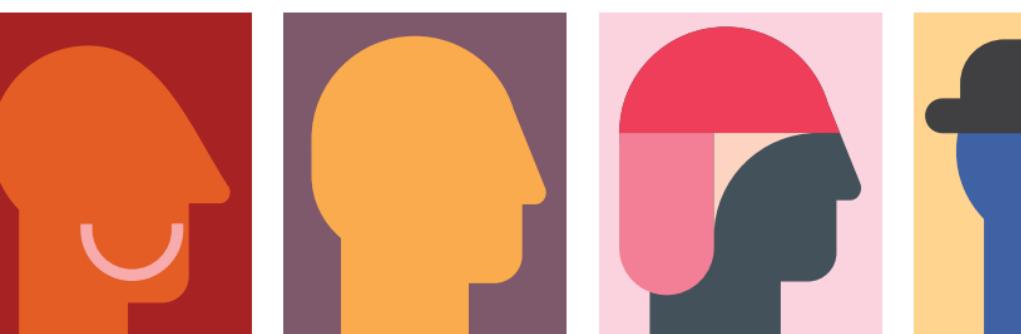
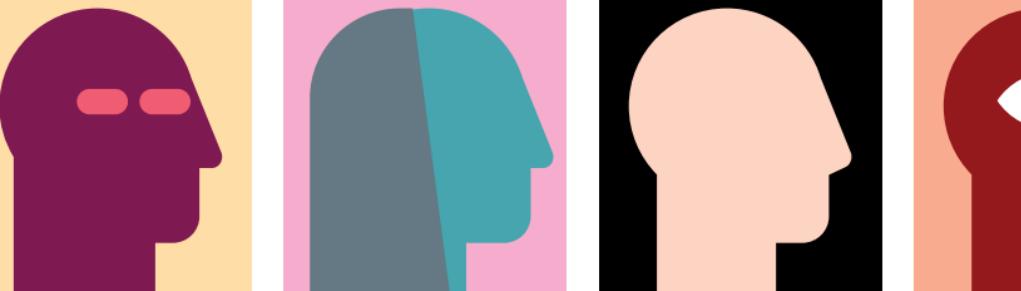


is a pataphysician who has, for *waaay* too long, lived in one of the strangest places on earth, where he used to work as a lightkeeper. In this collection of flash and microfiction, he recollects memories of some of the characters of that place.

An occasional blood donor, he doesn't handle well minutiae, remplissage, and linear lines of thinking.

He is the co-creator of a few table games; editor of *Pedro Pirata* and *Ilha dos Ninjas*, children's books; co-author, alongside his 8-year-old nephew, of *Capitão Théo*, also a children's book; and author of *Coddiwomple*, a collection of haikulikes.

All his books can be downloaded for free on 42piratas.com



The People



- Klaus — 11
Niandra — 15
Halle — 18
Zoé — 22
Rashid — 27
Bongani — 31
Rousseau — 34
Anong — 39
Chiara — 43
Enrico | Mariana — 47
Luis — 50
Giuliano — 55
Andreea — 59
Ambar — 63
Sōta — 67
Oksana — 71
Ånderson Q. — 79

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons
Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.

†

First Edition: Earth, Spring 2022

Hardcover ISBN: 978-65-00-54493-0

e-Book ISBN: 978-65-00-54494-7

Editor: Eduardo Marks de Marques

Art & Design Concept: Ânderson Q.

Hardcover Design & Layout: Renata Ottaiano

e-Book Design & Layout: Ânderson Q.

Photos & Illustrations: envato.com

†

Dados Internacionais de
Catalogação na Publicação (CIP)
(Câmara Brasileira do Livro, SP, Brasil)

Q, Ânderson

Nonada / Ânderson Q.

Itajaí, SC : Ed. do Autor, 2022.

ISBN 978-65-00-54493-0

1. Contos brasileiros I. Título.

22-132283 CDD-B869.3

Índices para catálogo sistemático:

1. Contos : Literatura brasileira B869.3

Inajara Pires de Souza - Bibliotecária - CRB PR-001652/0

†

42piratas.com

$$\frac{\overbrace{h_n(E_i)}^n \left(\sqrt[3]{n+2} \right)^3 - \left(\sqrt[3]{n} \right)^3}{\left(\sqrt[3]{n+2} \right)^3 - \left(\sqrt[3]{n} \right)^3}$$

$$= \sum_{k=0}^n \frac{f(t+k) - f(t)}{h} = \frac{df}{dt} = 1$$



$$\boxed{\begin{aligned} 2x^2 + 7 &= 0 \\ 3x^2 + 4 &= 0 \\ 5x^2 - 4 &= 0 \\ x^2 - 4x + 1 &= 0 \end{aligned}}$$

$$\left(\frac{1}{N}\right)$$

$$(1+y^2)dx - (y-1)$$

$$7. (x^2 + y^2)dy = 3x^2$$

$$3. xy + 1 = T \log x$$

$$4. yy + \frac{1}{2}x^2y^2 = \sin x$$

$$5. (x^2y^2 + x^2y^3 + xy + 1)y$$

$$6. 3y^2 + y^3 = x - 1$$

$$7. y(1(x_1x - 1)xy) y - x$$



ISBN: 978-65-00-54493-0

