Homem atleta que decide tornar-se um computador para farmar todas as possibilidades das odds da Eurovisão?

It was Summer when I saw your face. 🡪 dois rapazes atletas que um cai e o outro ajuda e apaixonam-se

História baseada no anime Shelter?

10 minutos de tempo de jogo

Sinopse:

Um rapaz que participa nos jogos olímpicos de atletismo ao fazer estafetas e acaba por tropeçar e cair enquanto corria, um elemento da equipa adversária vê que ele está aflito, olha para trás e para de correr, e vem ajudá-lo. Os dois entram numa ambulância e vão para o hospital e, apesar de primeiramente o diagnóstico ser apenas uma entorse, existe outro problema de saúde associado ao mesmo, não se sabe bem o quê, mas suspeita-se que esteja associado aos ossos: a sua perna fica imóvel como pedra, impossibilitando-o de continuar a competir.

O protagonista decide então desistir da sua breve carreira de atleta e, rapidamente, a sua saúde deteriora-se bastante – outras partes do seu corpo, nomeadamente os membros superiores, também endurecem com o tempo. O outro rapaz dá-lhe apoio e promete cuidar dele e os dois apaixonam-se.

Vendo que ao protagonista vai escasseando tempo útil em que vive independente de outrem, os dois aproveitam para aproveitar o pouco tempo que lhes resta para passarem o tempo juntos e procurarem um médico que impedirá o primeiro de ficar completamente paralisado.

Numa das viagens, o protagonista debilita-se ainda mais, e o namorado decide, em segredo, encaminhar ambos para um médico local que, supostamente, conserta todos os males e arranja tudo, porque há solução para tudo, exceto para a morte. Mas, lá está, a morte é o que lhe espera e não há nada que ele possa fazer. Todavia, e uma vez o mesmo, apesar de ser um homem da ciência, acreditar em fenómenos de carisma mais etéreo e sobrenatural, encaminha-o para um mágico do caos que mora bastante longe dali, num lugar afastado da civilização por ser considerado o mais perigoso dos bruxos de todos os tempos.

No fim, o protagonista acorda num mundo virtual, tendo o mesmo tornado-se num computador no qual a sua mente fora incorporada; ele continua a falar com o seu namorado por terminal e a história acaba com o outro rapaz a colocar no monitor um post-it a dizer “quando morrer, que alguém tire da ficha este computador”, ele morre e o computador também morre a seguir.

It was summer when I saw your face for the first time. We were both competing in the Olympics. I was so nervous about all of that. And that reflected in my poor performance. But you helped me. And I’m thankful for that. Forever and ever.

Today is the big day. A day that will be remembered by a lot of people. Forever.

The athletics track is already signposted, with crosses drawn in white chalk on a tarmac floor dyed red, demarcating the positions of each element from all four teams that will compete. There will be four of us in total, and I will be the last one on the route to receive the testimony. I just hope I won’t disappoint anyone. Anyway, there's no point in daydreaming, I have to go inside.

I saw no one at the entrance door. I arrived earlier than expected, it seems. It’s probably because of the anxiety I am feeling right now. I must not disappoint my coach or my family. They are all believing in me.

The shower room seems empty at first glance. I don’t hear anyone – only the wind that makes the window shake, and that is probably why it still keeps judging me, even though abused by another entity. Please, stop it, ok, I trained so hard for this, it can’t be that bad. And I’m not alone, right? So get the fuck out and cease your assumptions and appraisals.

But, inside – deep inside of me, I understood its point. It makes me feel nauseous that even a fucking primeval window, plenty of wounds that time made it possible to mask them a little bit, but not enough to forget the years of others that went by here, is mocking me. I’m surprised it still did not fell in cracks, due to all the scratches it possesses. And it fights and keeps fighting, against the breezy weather that is waiting for us all. It did not have knowledge of the verb give up. And it is mocking me – showing me that even an irrelevant piece of junk glass is still better than me. More useful than me.

You bitch! I’m gonna show you who is the junk when I and my team will win the race.

In my sight, and forgetting about the glass, I’m able to see the toilets, the urinals (finally!), the showers and a large room on the right.

* Walk to the urinal

My back teeth are floating, man! I’m so relieved! Now I can urinate in peace, without people noticing. I don’t understand how men may pee outside, it feels rude. What if a teenager girl passes by and then you are accused of child abuse? Don’t tell me I’m overdramatic! Unusual things can happen. They are unusual, so they might happen. At least once. And once is enough. So, now, the last part.

* Pee/urinate

Ah, that’s better. Imagine if I went straight to the sports track, my bladder would promote such a liquid diet for lots of blooders. Not that I care, to be honest.

Alright, now it’s time to get dressed – I’m not gonna run with these skinny jeans of mine.

* walk to toilet

Well, there are two – which one should I choose? 1 or 2?

but there are at least three bags displayed in this spacious room that fills completely the right side of it. The ground is still wet, which is understandable for a place where sportsmen take a shower. But I do not remember being warned that there was another competition before the athletics one.

I think it’s better to check what time is it.

I’m on the outside of the sports hall.