This history started long time ago, well, not that long actually, but I could say that it was like 8 or 9 , months ago. And it started with me, crying alone in my room. But, this time, being sure, that no body was watching me. I was talking to god, because yes, I told you, that I believe in god, but sometimes, I disappoint him. I think because I'm human, and thats what humans do. However, I was there, first of all , giving him thanks, because I think that I am very lucky. My family weren't a reach family. Although, we have our moments, I meant, moments when we looked like rich family; having lunches and dinners at good places, buying xbox, expensive games, iphones and so on. But, even with all that, we weren't happy and I realize, that money, isn't everything about life. But, I'm working since I was 9 years old, so, FUCK! I like the money. It's not everything, but almost.

I'm not a holy person. But, I'm not an evil one. Love for money it is something to take care. Well, actually, I think, that love for anything, it is something to take care. Because the things that we must love, are the things that destroy us. Yeah yeah, I know (The hunger games)

I was thinking about how cool it would be to feel a true feeling, and I meant, I feeling from someone different of your family, like mom, dad or siblings. So, I was telling god ummmm no, I was asking god why is so complicate to find it. It is wrong than trying to get a bank loan, wrong than create an startup. Ok, not that wrong. But the reality, almost impossible to get it. So, I was there, fighting with the creator of the universe, owner of life and death, telling him, that even with all his perfection, he forgot to do something, an special part of humans,a missed piece, the X on the map. Because I couldn't believe, how difficult was to find a true feeling. But, who am I to tell god, that he is doing something wrong. If at that time, I was doing everything wrong about my life. So, I concluded, that he was sick when he was assembled my pieces. So, I stopped there. But not before asking him one more thing; I told him: “man, let me feel it, at least for a while. Because, if it is a true one, that while, will meant a lot to me”.

After that. I have to say, that things weren't different at all, just the same, “kids” with big mouths, and people that I would love to give an special gift, a dictionary. Why, well, I think that you understand very well the why. So I had something very clear in my mind. I needed to improve my English, because god was having some problems trying to understand me. Because I speak with god in English.

Summarizing a little bid, because I really do not want to talk about few things or people, I just keep taking my English classes at praxis, actually I was doing it since last year (2013). But, lets say the true, No because I needed the classes, in fact my initial test said, that I was level 8 (b1). So, I could started at b2. But I didn't. Because I feel that my place was at b1, with the chusma. And like I have a big problem controlling my emotions and impulses, I did, I signed up for a b1 program. What happened, I'm gonna defined it with this phrase : God makes them, and they flock together. It was magic form the very first day, I could feel a really great energy with that people. And I knew that I was going to have a lot of fun there. Because it was a different feeling, different in a good way. But, I believe that everything in life is a process, everything requires time and a lot of effort. So, I just calmed down and let things went with the flow.

Right here, I'm gonna stop and make a long story short, because my future number one fan, is asking me to hurry up, and like I love to make my fans happy, I'm gonna do it. Specially with my number one fan, because she is an important part of these thing that I'm writing, that being honestly, I don't even know what is it. I just know, that I'm making a big effort trying to put a lot of commas on it. But, I thing that I'm doing pretty well.

So, lets finish this saying, that I was having a lot of fun, these guys (the chusma guys at praxis) were amazing, we had been sharing great memories, together, like true friends. And, as normal, I connected more with ones than others (close friends).

But the ghosts of the past, appeared again, and something is sure, they never come back alone, they come back with “friends”. So, I was in the praxis ceremony graduation, without mom, without dad, without brothers, sitting apart of the graduates group. But I wasn't alone, someone was there with me, my best friend. Seeing how I got my scholarship in front of everybody, listening how the director told a lot of amazing things about me and listening how it supposed that I have to say something to the audience. But in the moment that I took the microphone, my mind just got blank. And no because I was nervous. Because I was missing something.

I can't say that it was easy. But, I'd been learning a lot about this shit

teaser 2nd part;

after the graduation a couple of things happened. Lets say that I was losing faith in humanity, ok too much. But, a couple of events in my life, took me the think about that. And I was so scared of teenagers, especially girls older 16 and under 18. why. Well, if u wanna know, do not miss the extended version... I can say that in the deepest moments is when the best come from you. When your real you come out and shine and actually when u are expecting nothing, the things and people come to your life, without have to ask for it, so I wast there, hating the fact of taking another English course, and with no idea of what that course just bring to my life...

2ND PART

The best things of life, take time. I've listened it many times, and in a way, made me feel hope. Because I knew that at some point, the creator of the universe will allow me to feel it. The true feeling.

After a couple of months from the beginning, I was almost finishing another important moment in my life, my professional career. People will call me engineer or that's I thought. But first, I had to do something else. A requirement, a certificate, that proved that I could handle English stuff.

The problems, two. First, I only could do that at my university, and two, I hated my university, well, no the whole university. But, the English Department, they suck. They refused to do a placement test, and I was asking for it, I was screaming for my test, like a crazy one direction fan. Well, no that crazy, but, almost. So I did, but this time, no due to my impulses or my hope to find it , the true feeling. I was at that moment with hopeless, but wishing to finish it quickly. Because I supposed to be graduate on march and I said “at least, I'm gonna do this”.

And one more time, my karma appeared. Ouh, right, I said that I don't believe in such a thing. So, my ghosts, relativity or math were back in the game. Something went wrong with my certificate from praxis, what was it? As I said, they suck. Finally, when my problem with the certificate were fix it, classes had started 3 days ago. And they DID NOT allow me to join the god damn group. I don't know, maybe personal pronouns or the verb BE, was TOOO much to handle for me, ummm no, better, maybe their British accent will be something impossible for me, and I will not have another option than cry because I couldn't understand them, puffff. So, what ever the reason was, I couldn't join them, and I didn't have other option, than wait for the next group of brilliant, international and future British group. But, what I didn't realize at that moment, is that in fact, that group would be special to me, and even craziest, there was a British soul.

I was there, June 2nd 2014, wishing to kill the English department. But, I wouldn't do that, 'cause, come on. After all, they are humans too, a very special type of humans, really, I'm not kidding.

That week, before classes started, I was thinking about, why I had to do, whatever they wanna that i do. And considered the option to just drop out. But I didn't. Why, the relativity, math, destiny or the British soul (British soul, is the name that I'm gonna use to refer to the British soul). I don't know, I just know that I was there, waiting for “the big day”, for learn again about the verb BE and his friends, with people that just wanted to learn English, NOT, to love the English, which I think, it is the most important part of learning English or whatever you wanna learn. However, I had to go.

So, June 10th of 2014. The day that I never gonna forget, why, lets say, that, it was a mix of emotions, like a roller coaster, I was working on a company, that we are still trying to keep alive, by the way, and It was a long day, too much work and best of all (\*Irony injection), the past was calling me . God , you must be kidding me, I thought.

6:00 pm. I watched the clock. (Classes were from 6:30 pm to 9:30 pm. ). Sitting At Udi's cafeteria, next to my BF and telling him that I really did NOT want to go, I decided to go. But, I took my time to go. I went into the the classroom, my first impression. The teacher, what a creepy guy. I didn't even know what to think about him. Made me feel like, if we were in Halloween. I just thought, far from him, better I will. But then I remember that, we shouldn't judge a book by its cover. Really if we do this, judge books, we can change the whole history.

The 2nd thing that I could notice was that, there were a lot of people, I mean, we were a big group. It looked like a 1st semester engineering class room; kids dreaming with create the next facebook. So, I thought: “brand new chusma, lets shine and have fun with this kids”. But this chusma, was kind of different. Why, we get there, I promise. For now, it was time for the personal presentation and I knew that I would enjoy it a LOT. Because there were two friends of mine, and lets say that English, hate them. And best of all, remember the asshole who let me in the middle of a storm. Well, that son of A BITCH was there, and I was anxious to hear what the bastard was going to say, because my soul, will laugh for a while. Indeed, it happened what I said. When purunga(Creepy teacher) ask him to introduce himself, the magic just came out. I'm actually sure that with every single “word” that he was telling, Mr. William Shakespeare wanted to return from the land of deaths and kill him. God, how happy I was in that moment.

We listened to few of the new people (I was one of them, we were like 8) and others form the old class. And after that, listening the little Shakespeares, I thought “Scholarship, here we go again” and I said: “It's time to shine and show these boys, what's English”. I did, I introduce myself with my own style, which means that nobody could “handle me”, including purunga. Well, that's what I thought at that moment. But, writing this, I'm sure that, there was someone who actually could “handle me”. Yes, the British soul, and I bet that in that moment, the British soul wanted to stand up and correct me. She always does. But,she didn't. I don't know why, maybe because the British soul was a new one too. However, I think it was a big mistake form her. Because form that moment until the end of that course, I always was, one point up to her.

Sitting there, thinking that I was in my kingdom, it was the time to realize the 3rd thing of that night, time to realize my British soul,ok ok, I hadn't noticed yet, we were too many, remember?

And she did. What she did, she defeated me, and I was playing local or that's what I thought.

I'm not good at remember things, specially with clothes. But, I can remember how she looked that day, wearing a violet blouse and her typical blue jeans with an interesting boots. I liked, simple, but different at the same time. But she looked pretty young, no id and like the others. So, I did NOT trust, even when I was feeling, that, she had something different, something that I would like to know. But the fact of no id, scared me a lot. Don't ask me why, lets say, ghosts problems.

But then, she spoke and for a while, I have to say that I thought that I was in a dream or nightmare, because I saw my kingdom threatened. Actually, I saw many things threatened. And it was just the first day, the beginning of the class, the firsts words. My impulses just woke up, and started talking to me and I told them “shut the fuck up, and let me listen to her”. And that's what I did, my eyes were deeper on her with every single word, 'cause, damn, she did really well. And when she stopped talking, I had something very very clear in my mind and it was...

/\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

for blog

article

id

title

slug

img

teaser

content

category\_id

meta\_description

created\_at

updated\_at

3rd part

<p>This is the 3rd part, and I would like to say, that, it is the final one, but I don't think so. Maybe latter you will understand.</p>

<p>

Where were we ? Um Yeah, I was telling you that when she stopped talking, something was clear to me. And it was that, no fucking matter what happened or whatever I had to do (let's say that, at that time, I couldn't write my own story :) ), but, I had to met her, because, what I was seeing there, the British soul, was the perfect description of the true feeling. Ok ok, I felt something, something good.

</p>

<p>

But, I just needed to know, if it was the true one, because I was done about shooting stars. I really don't wanna give more details, but I know that my fans love them. So, here they are. I was nervous, But <strong>HEYY</strong>, it's <strong>NOT</strong> what you are thinking, ok. After all, the British soul did not have id. I shoulda handle the British soul, or that's what I thought, remember, never judge a book by its cover :) </p>

<p>

I don't like to talk too much, specially when I don't know the people around me, and I was one of the new ones. So, what I normally do is to listen to people, you can learn a lot from them, and you know what it says: the fish dies by its mouth. But “my fish” the British soul, did not want to say anything, pretty quiet, look on her cellphone and few shy smiles when purunga told his “things”. I wasn't obsess with her, as I said, I wanted to know her. But something inside of me was telling me, that, I couldn't deal with her like the others girls. Well I'm not saying that she was a monster or something, her soul was different, it's what I mean. (I need to clarify it, because, right now I'm feeling this look: <strong>-\_- </strong>)

If you ask me, she is very beautiful, in all aspects. Well, almost ;) and I still could not talk to her, <strong>PRETTY QUIET.</strong>

</p>

<p>

I can bet that the British soul didn't notice that I was Analyzing her, trying to find her weak point, and like she didn't want to show it me, it was my time. But, then we had to do an activity for the class, write an article about an specific topic. I wrote about public transportation. Then, purunga checked the articles. And he had 2 articles that were the best articles, of course I was there and if you are asking for who was the other one, yes, the British soul. What a surprise (sarcasm injection ).

</p>

<p>

And then purunga said that the people who made a lot of mistakes, shoulda ask for two partners and work in group. There was a lady, who had problems with English (I'm gonna call this lady : the bridge ). But her problems were something really good for me (I'm not evil, it's just that her problems were really helpful. You will figure it out ).</p>

<p>

So, purunga asked her(the bridge) for her first partner to work with. And yep, she choice me (smart girl), and here it comes what I like to call, a touch of destiny. Why, well, try to guess who was her second choice. YEEP, it was the British soul. God! I couldn't believe it, I finally would meet my British soul.</p>

<p>

I don't know if she noticed that I could not hide my happiness, I had a silly smile, and she, quiet, very quiet, but pretty interesting at the same <strong>DAMN</strong> time. It was the start of something new. I'm not gonna say that it was thanks to the bridge, because as I said, I was determinate to do, what ever I had to do to meet her. I may not an fallen angel, but I knew that I could meet her. However, the bridge gave us a little help, and in fact, the bridge kept helping us. Why. Well, we were doing that activity and finally I could look straight into her eyes, and listen to her, closer <a href=””>(\*\*SECRET : I loved her voice \*\*)</a> and that day , I could realize that my British soul has a “little”obsession with commas and punctuation in general. But, just a little one .<strong>(SOOOOOOOOOOO CRAZY ,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,).</strong></p>

<p>

And I was there, talking and laughing with my British soul, and the bridge too, of course. I was talking about, how much I love the English and the things that I do for practicing it etc.

And she started talking about her passions, hobbies and probably one the few things that we agree, she didn't know English, she <strong>LOVED </strong> English. So, the bridge suggested that we should interchange our phone numbers<strong> (I LOOOOVE U BRIDGE I FUCKING LOOOOVE U)</strong>, and I said, ok, go ahead, and I gave my phone to her. She took my phone, was typing her number and realized that my wallpaper was an image from NYC, and she told me, that, she had one from London. I told her that she was crazy, because USA was way better than London. It was our first contradiction and she loves to do that, but, she does with her own style.</p>

<p>

OK, this is the end of the 3rd part, and as I said at the beginning. It's not the final one. That's what happens when I have to give extra details...</p>

<strong>SEE YALL SOON </strong>

4TH PART

THE FEELING

TEASER:

wikipedia describes “feeling” like : “the physical sensation of touch through either experience or perception”. I think it is kind of acceptable, but either way, difficult to understand. And thats what this final part is about, that unexplainable sensation that someone makes you feel and take you into a deep and confused battle, and you just can't believe, how someone so young has such a power. Because you think that those abilities come with the years and experiences. Well, ladies and gentlemen, here is a big NOT.

This story is quite advanced and it most be clear enough, if isn't it, I want to highlight that it is about the only British Soul that I met.

The final article will come out soon

4TH PART

Ok people. I know that this story is taking me too much time to conclude it. But, thats what happens with the special things, take time, and it is how it suppose to be, otherwise we couldn't have story. So, here we are, taking place in the final part and I really wish that this one could be the final one, therefor I'm gonna cut some details. Sorry, I know you love them.

After that day (the day we met) I forgot all my hate for the English department, because in a way they help a little bit too. So, yeah thank you.

The course was really good, I had a lot of fun there, No just because of the British soul (ok ok, she was the main reason ). Many people there really wanted to learn English, and they put a lot of effort in every class. And purunga, even with all his creepy things, he was a great teacher too, different and original.

My interest for the British soul was growing like messi's goals (A LOT) and I have to say that things were easy, I mean, I never felt that I had to make a big effort for spend time with her, everything was perfect. Well, almost everything. We worked a lot together, in the free time we used to talk a lot about many topics that I'm very sure I found them interesting, just because of her. (/\*\*SECRET: I love the way she presents her arguments \*\*/) Because she has a particular way to “fight” and I love her arguments, always sounds great, even when she knows that she is wrong, she looks like she is right. I think it is thanks to her love for books, because a woman who loves to read, is just a lovely woman that always is interesting to talk with.

I'm gonna divide this in 3 parts, because for me, there were the key to clarify this. Here we go.

As I said I was spending a lot of time with her, contradicting each other, of course, knowing her better and we realized that we had some things in common, things about our childhood. That made me a little bit more interesting about her.

I just changed my buss route to spend more time with her, even if only were 15 minutes, there were 15 amazing minutes for me. And the price that I had to pay for it, pufff god. Let's say that my British soul lives in a very special neighborhood (REEEE CHUSMA ) the kind of people around there, GOD. Chorreras station is gonna be in my memory for ever.

And here comes the first thing, the first part, the first act... I did not take the usual buss to go with her, I took another one. In that buss I was talking with the bridge, about English stuff. And then, out of the blue, she just looked me with an evil eyes and asked me “How is going everything with the British soul so far?” I answered :”pretty well, she is a very nice girl”. And here comes again that evil look from her, and I said : “Whaat? Why that look?” and she said: “you like her right” and my answer : “WHAAAT, why you say that” and finally she told me “boy, don't lie yourself, your eyes talk for you.” and then she told me with a more serious aptitude: “Hey, watch out, she is a 17 years old girl, let her grow up”.

Honestly, I did not understand the last part. I think that she wanted to protected her, but what she didn't know, is that, I am the one who needs the protection, because as I said, this 17 years old girl, is NOT like the others, and I knew it from the first day I saw her. However, the bridge's words stuck in my head and that night when I got home, I took a mirror and started looking my eyes to see what the hell are they saying. I went to bed that night with two things in my head; First, Definitely I did not have the same eyes for the British soul. And second, I didn't know how to read eyes. (/\*\* SECRET: I was afraid about the first question, because it could be a yes\*\*/)

That week, the wind (I'm gonna use wind for refer the wind) told me that I should NOT waste my time with a 17 years old girl that even doesn't know what she wants and that actually has a boyfriend. I didn't know what to say. But something was sure: I was the only person who didn't know how to read eyes.

The second thing, the second part, the second act... I didn't know what to think about the wind, and why was telling me such a thing, but a word was in my head: “Boyfriend”. That week was special, the second act, and Colombia played an important match with Brazil for the FIFA World cup Brazil 2014. Then my British soul confirmed me that she actually had a boyfriend. That shoulda be just a data for me and nothing more. But I was worried, no because she had a boyfriend, she is a lovely and amazing girl, it's normal that she had one. I was worried about what that data, made me feel. What was it. Well, Let's be simple, I was jealous and I was confused, because you are jealous of something or someone you have and this time, I didn't have it, either way, I was feeling that. I'm not going into details, because this should ends right here, right now. OK OK I was a little dramatic, this part should ends here, because this book, has many pages to write yet.

I'm making a big effort trying to end this part here, because there are many nice things that I'm not going to include, thanks to you.

The last day at the course, we made an special activity, ceremony and bla bla bla.

Once again she was beautiful wearing a black dress and a silver high heels. My eyes were into her lips and only GOD knows HOW MUCH I wanted to kiss her that day, my impulses were killing me. But I just didn't. Why? Ummmm few will call me coward, but I think I'm not.

We kept in touch after the course, and thanks to her, once again I had problems with my cellphone (chatting problems) I was addicted to the phone or to HER. But I could deny how happy I was. She is really special and every second with her I just loved it.

Remember my ghost, she is special too, ghost knows exactly, when I'm forgetting about her, and back to do … I don't even know, I just want to ask why...

The third thing, the third part, the third act...

Well, at this point I've missed many things. However, we are in the third part and I did something no fair. But I needed to do it.

I was depressed, yeah I know, once again. Trying to listen to my heart. But I couldn't. So what I did was to keep away from everything (Including my British soul), for a while, I needed to listen the silence.

I don't remember exactly for how long I did not talk to her, but there were many days. She didn't like, of course. I know that it wasn't the right aptitude. But you can be sure about something, the British soul, my British soul always, was in my head.

I don't know what kind of terrible British SPELL she did on me, but she always was on my head, even in the most difficult moments (Problems with the company, the ghost, big problems with my family and bla bla bla) she was there. Because my mind knows that when I'm with her, I forget for a while of my problems, many times she has made me forget completely about my cellphone, lost the track of time, and wish that days were at least 1 hour longer (cause she has to be at home early, id problems )

Things like that make her special, at least for me. Because the wind was still blowing. However, I never was interesting in the wind (SORRY). And that made me really happy, that after a long time, I DID NOT FUCKING care about what the wind was blowing. This under age girl has made this DUDE really happy, and most important of all, just being her, and NOT trying to become.

I know that I should know a little more about her, because this is less than 5 moths, but I'm sure about something, this is special, because she could made do in less than 5 months, things that others couldn't do in years like for example, made me go into a library to look for books, BOOKS! Stop my job for listen her messages AND go to chorreras station, take T3, just for had 15 minutes more of her. I KNOW I KNOW I'm crazy.

Here I'm going to quote to Mr. osho, one of my favorites gurus of life and he said once “If you love a flower, don’t pick it up.  
Because if you pick it up it dies and it ceases to be what you love.  
So if you love a flower, let it be.  
Love is not about possession.  
Love is about appreciation.”

This is just beautiful, describes perfectly many things and Mr osho was an Indian [mystic](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mysticism), [guru](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Guru) and spiritual teacher, he most be right. Sooo, my British soul, I don't know if tell you that,I am in love with you, because as you can see with all my experience, I need to learn a lot about love yet. But there is something that I can tell you, and is that, What I feel when I am with you, I can't explain it, you just give me a bunch of happiness, even when you piss me off (because you know how to do it really well, but I've been learning too ) even when you hurt me (GOD, I NEED PROFFESIONAL HELP).

So, I'm letting this over here, because I really want that you remember this (if sometime you feel alone or depress ) “for the world you maybe one person, but for one person, you maybe the world” I don't know if I'm gonna see you grow up (I really wanna give you that privilege ) or if I'm reading new books... keep in your mine that whenever I be, you gonna be my world, you gonna be MY LITTLE PERFECTION, the flower that I'm gonna take to my garden ( SORRY Mr osho).

Because without asking him, GOD WANTED that you were MY TRUE FEELING. (the end) ?