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, 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.

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