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...