Dear Paula.

Wow, in this month my life has been, strange, amazing, and incredible. I think you won’t believe me. I don’t believe myself. It all looks like a big lie.

Do you remember when I told you about my trip by plane where there were strange drinks? Do you remember? Not only did we fall asleep, but they also did some things to us. Would you like that (me to) finish my story? I think you will want it. Ok, it will be your responsibility. Then look at this letter!

Let’s start with the beginning! It was a sunny and clear day in old Greece when …. Oh, It’s too much time ago. Sorry, my story is being written (writing) itself. We were sleeping when the plane arrived at its destination. Then the plane was emptied. They carried us to a bunker inside a mountain. Next, every one of us had an individual bedroom inside the bunker. My room~~’s~~ number was four, eight, seven and my profile~~’s~~ name was “subject 487-M-SP”, the room~~’s~~ number, sex, and nationality, I think. Afterward, when every one of us was in his room, ~~then~~ they put a lot of tubes inside our holes for eating and more dirty things. I am writing this right now, and I am scared.

Do you know what they did next? They put us ~~a~~ new glasses of the metaverse, an alternative reality. Can you believe me? I was inside a new reality. We were an experiment. Umm, I think I could still be an experiment. Well, the electrical system had broken (broke), so we were able to wake up, otherwise we would still be there. I was very lucky about that. Suddenly all the people including me got up and we started to run. We found the exit and we went out to freedom. A few hours later all the place was full with the police, CIA, FBI, and politicians. Anyway, the politicians were there because they wanted photos with us. You already know ~~the~~ politics is(are shitty) as shit without the shit. I hate the politicians. They are the worst in the world.

When all this finished, finally we could return to our home, each of us to his home. They gave ~~to~~ us a lot of money, but we must be quiet. Uhh. I must not speak about this. Sorry. I have to call the phone number that they gave us for these situations. I will miss you so much. I am going to do my bags and after I will run far await (away) again. I think you should do the same or you should not do it.

Furthermore, I am happy because the death of Maria is real. Something in my life is real. But when I returned home, I had many messages all over my home. The messages had been painted with blood. They said, “Be careful!”, “Don’t do it!”, “Run far away!”, “Don’t take calls!”. Those were the last messages from Maria. She knew something about my travel or my new job, and she tried to tell me about it. However, it was too late. I had just left when she arrived. Well, now we know why she died. Are you happy about that? Information is power. So, that is said.

Don’t close your eyes when you are sleeping, you must watch somebody (keep an eye on everybody/you mustn’t trust anybody), you shouldn’t leave home often, seriously! I wish I hadn’t applied ~~I did not have to apply~~ for that job offer in the newspaper. When I was younger, I could see these things much better. Finally, I don’t need to think about my last story ever again.

I have lived so much in a few months. Now I must relax. I might write another letter with new adventures.

I hope that your life is more normal than mine. By the way, what do you do now?

With love and a little scared, Jorge.

AMAZING and very creative!!!!!!!