

# Notebooks from the South

The 31<sup>st</sup> year

The Bulletin of the Spanish Association of Esperantist Workers

<http://www.gazetoteko.com/hale/ek100.html>

When was Spain born?  
Where is the Bank of Spain's gold?

Here's the  
President you  
never voted



On the 103<sup>rd</sup> UC

## Through Africa

N<sup>o</sup> 100<sup>th</sup>

July 2018

# Notebooks

## from the South

*The Bulletin of the Spanish Association of Esperantist  
Workers (HALE).*

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Unsigned  
articles were  
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From the Editor

## A hundred Notebooks

Readers have the 100<sup>th</sup> issue of *Notebooks from the South* in their hands. It has not been easy to come here, nor it was easy to write and rewrite the articles which you, reader, have read over the years. But here we are.

Probably the founders of this magazine, Antonio Marco Botella<sup>1</sup> and Miguel Fernández, could not foresee our long life, above all because there were problems in our association because of political reasons, which made almost the whole of our members leave us, and even if thousands of people read our bulletin, it is only because it can be read for free from any country in the world.

Yes, let's remember we are workers, but **not necessarily red**, or even leftwingers. We **workers** do have the **right** to have the political slant we want, and if left-winged ones cannot understand that you can be a worker and not a leftist, it is right for you to belong to an association like ours, the Spanish Association of Esperantist Workers. Hopefully the coming of our

hundredth issue can help change the attitude of esperantists and workers, and once again we come and cooperate in a friendly way in a cultured association and bulletin.

From the moment when our issue should have appeared before your eyes, reader, several important things happened in Spain and elsewhere. Firstly, there was the 103<sup>rd</sup> Universal Esperanto Congress in Lisbon. There many old friends of ours gathered

together, though many others could not come because they are no longer with us, unfortunately.

Another important thing is the tricky coming into office by the loser in the last ballots in Spain. We'll talk about both events in our pages.

And also there was a Book Fair in Murcia after disappearing it from us for a number of years. I helped in the stand of MCRC.

It is my intention that from the beginning of the second hundred of our magazine, *Notebooks from the South* becomes more literature and culture like, though literature can accept any field in human thought, even social and politics, which built up our issues all the time. In fact this one should have been written in Latin, but I lack the ability and capacity to do so for the time being, and therefore it is in my three languages.

<sup>1</sup>The hope we come punctually before

## The movement

UC 103<sup>rd</sup>:  
Old, Ladylike Lisbon!

At long last it came the day when our 103<sup>rd</sup> Congress took place. Not bad for those who say that Esperanto gets nowhere! In the Atlantic capital, where we enjoyed the warm weather and company of our Esperanto friends whom we met, even if we could no longer get those who unfortunately are not among us any more. Yet, Esperanto progresses.

Though I was already acquainted with the city, my previous visits were only short. However, I was acquainted with Amalia Rodrigues' song *Old, Ladylike Lisbon*:

Lisboa, velha cidade,  
Cheia de encanto e beleza!  
Sempre a sorrir tão formosa,  
E no vestir sempre airosa  
O branco véu da saudade  
Cobre o teu rosto linda princesa!

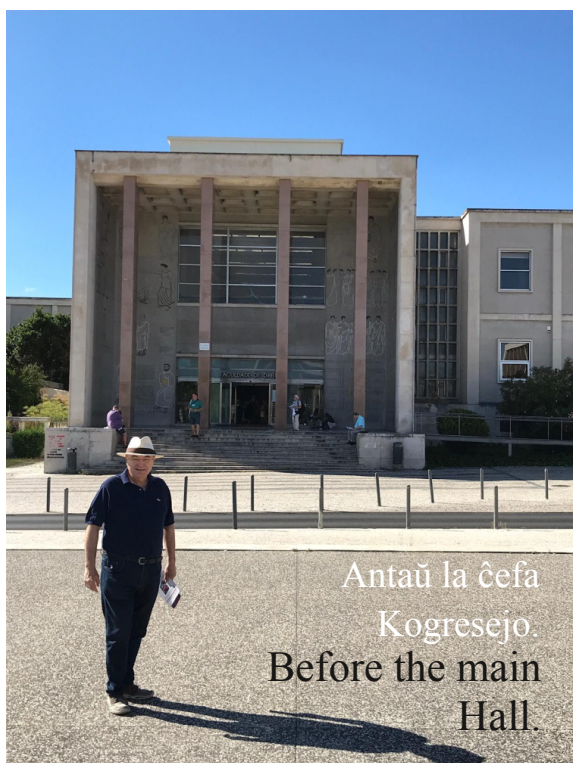
Lisbon, old city  
Full with charm and beauty!  
always smiling so beautifully  
and dressing always so elegant.  
Your nostalgic veil  
covers your princess' face!



So, on July 27<sup>th</sup> an Esperanto friend came with me into the capital city of Portugal, and after a little pilgrimage we managed to get out of the huge terminal and got a taxi, which took us to our Hotel, which was luxury enough, and yet cheap enough for us. The next day we learnt how to use the Lisbon underground, and we soon arrived at the Congress place, the Law Faculty. We missed the right place, but were not the only ones, as the President of the Universal Esperanto Association himself was there, sitting on the staircase, when we arrived. Suddenly he got a phone call and went away. We followed him and soon the three of us were at the real front desk, in the building where our driver was about to leave us when I stopped him at the wrong place as soon as I saw a huge Esperanto flag where it shouldn't be.

It was the first time I forgot my congress card, and so they had to look my name up in a long list, but before they could find me, I remembered I had joined together with my friend, so they looked for his number and then there I was, the following one. Once with my congress ID card on me, I started to meet my colleagues and miss those who couldn't make it. I missed some congresses in the recent times, too, and I may miss some in future, and that's why it was a pleasure to meet old friends. On the other hand, some of us complain sometimes on the commercial side of the *UEA firm*, but a real





Antaŭ la ĉefa  
Kongresejo.  
Before the main  
Hall.

W

Esperantist does not care about this money, as we understand that our contribution makes the thing take place, the greatest event about Esperanto in the whole world so that it is evident that Esperanto exists, to our profit, and also it is a way to be main characters in such an important event in the history of mankind, and certainly of the Esperanto Movement. We should take part if we have money, and shouldn't if we don't have it, but anyway we should support it and learn about it through magazines like *Notebooks from the South*. Evidently, taking part costs money, but so that happens it is necessary not only to have unpaid volunteers, but also professionals who must be paid.

A Universal Congress is something very dense to tell here in detail, but I can share here my personal impressions as a Congress member on the items which I attended. As you may know, some items take place at the same time, as many as seven, according to my calculations, so you must choose according to your preferences. In fact only the *International Fair* and the *National* and *International Evenings* stood alone, as independent events, so that everyone could attend them.

About the second last, *National Evening*, I can say that it was not the brightest one I ever saw in my Congress member's life. In fact I left before the end. Heavens, isn't there anything worth seeing in Portugal besides fado? But at least that was respectful to the audience. I cannot say that about the concert of someone called *Plátano* (banana): I left the hall when I heard nasty songs, like that by which he wished *Shit for Esperanto*. You can do some criticism to yourself or the Movement without insulting yourself or those who are listening to you. On the other side of that was Jomo's concert, always so respectful and friendly, who invited us going up onto the scene and dance with him and enjoy the artistic and family atmosphere he created with his



Jomo plays, sings and makes us dance

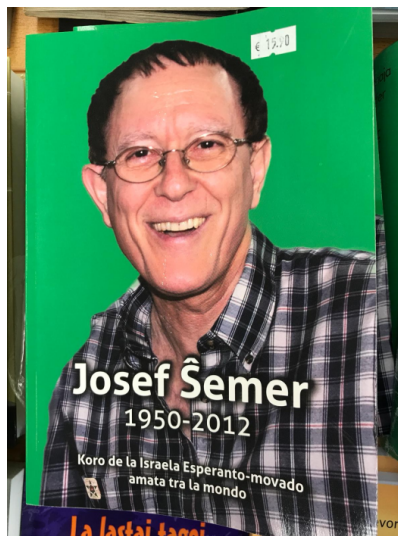


Michael talks on his books and CDs.

wonderful songs and guitar playing. Tens of us reacted to his invitation and ended up with a lot of sweat and happiness because of that magical moment.

I have not taken part in the International Choir for a few years, even if I understand it is a privilege singing in it, but my voice lost strength with age and also taking part means missing other items in the UC, and I always try to attend as many of them as I can. Like the ones at the *Book Service* room, at the upper floor of which writers presented their own books, like Michael Bronstein (at the left hand side photo). He also sang for us in a concert he produced together with Sergey the Terrible, and since then I can listen to them from the

CD I bought them there. However, that visit to the Book Shop was not for free: there I got the news that my almost friend and arguer Josef Šemer died six years ago, and I did not know till I saw his name, photo and his two dates on the cover of the book you can see on the right. Yes, it must be that the reason why he no longer comes to our Congresses... Let's pay homage to him and other people who can no longer come..., by buying this book which carefully collected details on him.



It is not possible to tell everything, yes, but I won't fail to mention some specialist meetings, like the one in the photo below, the one of the International Communist Esperanto Collective, led by Dieter Rook, or those by ATEO or MEL (the musicians), the company of which made me feel so well, and where I had the opportunity to contribute with my ideas more than once.



Interesting Communist Meeting, conducted by Dieter Rook'



## Successful Book Fair in Murcia

From September 21<sup>st</sup> up to the 23<sup>rd</sup> there was the book fair in Murcia which was missing for the last ten years. This one was the 16<sup>th</sup>, and Esperanto had no stand there, but I helped with MCRC Editions. This is the acronym for Citizens' Movement for Constitutional Republic, so in English it should be CMCR.

The relation of this stand, number 11, and even the fair itself, with Esperanto, was really only me.

On the photo you can see the member of CMCR German Beteta and I, who am showing the masterwork by Antonio García-Trevijano Forté, *A Pure Theory of Democracy*, which I advise you to read, on which I will publish a review in our next issue, and a short novel of mine, *Long Live the Republic!*, which you already read in our pages in Esperanto.



That writer, who died last February 28<sup>th</sup>, defends in his works that in Spain, and also in the rest of Europe, there is no democracy, but we could make it if we manage to create and adopt a really democratic constitution. From his books I got the ideas which I defend in the political articles here, because they are only logical.

Passers by asked us interesting questions on our books, curious at the poster which we set up on the right wall of our stand, quoting Plato: **Not caring for politics costs us to be ruled by the worst men.** And also our four questions: 1 *Why we have a president we did not chose?* 2 *What is the origin of corruption?* 3 *What's your representative called?*, and 4 *What is collective freedom?* And

## The world

## Through Africa

## Introduction.

HALEan Pedro Ruiz is now visiting Africa. He sent us his photos and comments on that wonderful continent. But let's let him tell us about it:

## Mass.

Today I attended mass in the Catholic Cathedral in Parakou. People were wearing their best clothes. Thirteen priests celebrated the mass in both English and French, as there were many people coming from neighbouring English speaking Niger. The preacher was the main priest, who acted like a real showman, moving in front of the altar and alleys, warming up the people, who answer hysterically in the way he apparently expected. I can remember his words: *I know you came here with more than a thousand franks in your pockets, but let's suppose they are just 1000:*

*how much will you give God? A hundred? Two hundred? Five hundred? Then some children on the first row said: Five hundred! The priest is fast to react, inviting everybody to give at least five hundred, because that is what the children said. There are a choir and an*



*orchestra there, and they sing songs which everybody sings while a man comes along the centre corridor to the desks and leaves the money noisily and with great ceremony. After that a glass of mineral water is auctioned. The orchestra encourages bidding by means of a loud drum roll. Everybody bidding comes along the alley with a bank note in his or her hand high up, under a hot clapping. They reached the amount of 259,725 franks. After that, the main priest summons the three greatest bidders and offers them drink from the glass of water. The remaining water is poured*



into two pails, which two priests take along the alleys watering the audience. Then the pious society Saint Joseph go along the central alley as far as the altar bearing hens, food, drinks and other things. A women's society does similarly, and also some families and groups do. Then I can see a woman using a cell



phone, so I defy the rule not to use it inside the cathedral, and get mine and take some photos. After the mass is over, everybody came into the cathedral yard and a they made a party with music, food and drinks. Also raffles were made.

## TOGO

I come to the Togo border. This picture on Africa is the only one I am allowed to take at the border. Policemen also tell me that my multiple visa,



which I bought in Benin to go into and from Togo, is not valid in their country, so I must buy a new visa there. The man next to me whispered *That money you paid is not for the State, but for those policemen's pockets.* I also realised that many voyagers have no identification cards, but they give money to the policemen to be allowed in and out of the country. Collective taxis go through the border without any formalities, and when they arrive at the first Togo town they *sell* their clients to local taxis so that they get to the destination they arranged in Benin.

*To be continued*

## History Don't be afraid to get our ancestors' inheritance: Imperiphobia and Black Legend

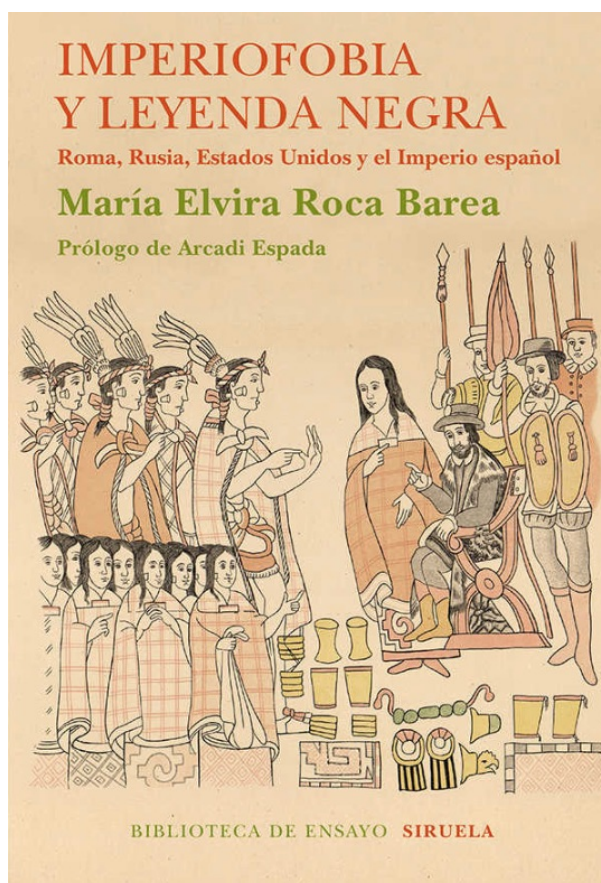
*Oyendo hablar a un hombre, fácil es  
saber dónde vio la luz del sol:  
Si alaba a Inglaterra, será inglés,  
si reniega de Prusia, es un francés,  
y si habla mal de España... es  
español.*

*Listening to a man's speech, it's easy  
to know where he first met the Sun's rays,  
if he praises England, he's English,  
if he hates Prusia, he's French,  
and if he talks badly of Spain,  
he's a Spaniard*

The above poem came from the pen of Joaquim Bartrina, a Spaniard from Barcelona from 1850 to 1880. I found it on Fernando Sánchez Dragón's novel, the title of which is exactly this: *And if he talks badly of Spain, he is a Spaniard* (2007), which we'll review next time here.

I mention them both, the poem and the novel, here because it is incredible that our Black Legend has many more believers in Spain than outside our boundaries. It was started in Italy when the Spanish Empire ruled there, and then it was promoted on by the English, Dutch and German because of the great fear at the only Empire in the world under Charles 1<sup>st</sup> and Philip 2<sup>nd</sup>'s.

It is revealing enough that today it is well spread in Spain the opinion that everything from abroad is better than what we have here. In Spain Europe is very well thought of, even if nothing good ever came from them to us. When I see those newspaper articles, and also posts on social nets, blaming Spaniards for genocide in present day Southamerica at the times of the Conquest, and also about the evil deeds of emperors Charles I, Philip II, and other Spanish rulers along our history, I can't help feeling sorry at the deep ignorance of those people, which is unforgivable in people born in Spain or different Southamerican countries. Probably they do not know, or keep a dishonest silence that in Britain Catholics had not full civil rights till the second part of the 20th century, whereas in the whole of the conquered American territory (from Alaska to Punta Arenas, South Chile), Indians had the same rights as men born in Castilla. In fact Indians lost those rights only at the moment when they stopped being Spanish, on the





independence of the countries where they had lived for thousands of years, or as a consequence of the American War with Mexico or because of different forced treaties. Yes, there was genocide in America, in which complete races were wiped out, but it was not the Spanish who perpetrated them, but the British, the French and, to a larger extent, the United States of America.

In fact Spain never had **colonies** in America or in any other country in the world, but **provinces** and **vicekingdoms**, the heads of which were taken responsible right before the King. Institutions like **Indian Council** and **Judgement of Residence** were alien to any non Spanish conquest. The latter prevented resigning high officers from leaving the town where they were in office till a trial was held on them because of their period in power, in which anybody could accuse him for whatever reason. Some of them went to jail or got heavy penalties if it was proven, that they had overdone their powers, or misused them (even the Discoverer himself, Christophorus Colombus, was taken to the presence of the Catholic King and Queen under chains for that reason); though most of them were declared innocent because they usually behaved within the limits of law and Christian virtues. Let's think what could have happened if French and British rulers in their American colonies had been forced to similar trials... So many treaties with the Indians treasoned by white men, so much genocide and unfair wars one or centuries ago on the ground of present day USA because of white man's greed. Even establishing Indian reservations was exile in their own country, a great shame and violation of human rights. That never happened in Spanish America.

The other institution I referred to, the **Indian Council**, took care that in the New Continent the King and Queen's justice was carried out in the same way as it was in European Spain. Among the first Spanish universities there are those in the capital cities of Santo Domingo, Peru and Mexico, on the 16th century, what makes them the first in the whole continent... Another different trait was that people born in America were entitled to become noble, what would be totally alien to the British and French North America. However, Simon Bolivar could not enter the Spanish nobility, and they say that was the origin of his hate for the Mother country.

When Independence came, taking advantage that Spain was helpless because of the French Invasion, there was great regression in the land. Indians lost their rights, and there was a lot of genocide in several places. Soon there were wars between the new states, which had enjoyed peace for more than three centuries, those of Spanish rule. According to a public confession by Simon Bolivar himself, *We traded independence for everything else*.

The ideas I am presenting in this article can be read and checked in the wonderful book by Elvira Roca Brea ***Imperiophobia and Black Legend***, which was published a few months ago. You can find it in any bookshop (only in Spanish to my knowledge),

but also in Amazon (<https://www.amazon.es/dp/B01M4L8IHE>). There are truths which hurt, and this book indeed hurts the wound of envy and falseness by which the Spanish Black Legend was invented, but it can prove things which I could not understand before I read this book, like, for example, how Francisco Pizarro could conquer a territory four times larger than Spain with only 284 men.

Of course, imperiophobia existed much earlier than Spain: people already hated and were afraid of Rome, and then the British Empire, and the present day American one, not to mention the Muslim one in the Middle Ages. But while in England nowadays you can find people who proudly talk about their British Empire, in Spain nobody dares mention the Spanish Empire. That is because up to now Spaniards believe the lies poured into this legend, because of ignorance or inferiority complex, while England, France, Turkey and other countries have much more to keep quiet for. Where are the millions of Indians who lived in present day USA? Let's remember the widely accepted idiom all over the 19th and part of the 20th: *The best Indian is the dead Indian*. And where are the Indians who lived in those times in present day Southamerica? Indeed in present day Southamerica. Because Spaniards did marry Indian girls, as Elvira Roca Brea proves in her book, because of strict orders from the Queen of Castilla herself. I cannot think of any British king or queen saying such a thing... Spain copied itself in every conquered country, unlike other countries, who only chanted and robbed thanks to their more powerful weapons and armies.

That's why Elvira Roca Brea's book should be read by every Spaniard, if he or she wants to know about our cultural heritage, so that we can defend it wherever we must with the knowledge we can gain from her book and any other one in the huge bibliography she includes in it. There was a tie when Europe shivered when the Spanish Corps moved. Nowadays Europe makes fun of Spain and Spaniards the whole time. That happens only because we are ignorant of our own history. Defending it demands knowing it. Books like this one are a must in our book shelves. I heartily recommend reading it, and thanks its author for the answers to important questions which I had always in my mind, unanswered. For example, why didn't the English send a fleet to punish us for the Invincible Armada. The answer was that they did send it..., but it was vanquished in front of Galicia. And, also, the English were defeated in that war, though that is kept aside by the arrogant owners of Trafalgar Square because of shame, and Spaniards because of ignorance.



Pizarro and Almagro started the first Civil War in Spain, on the territory of present day Peru.



## Politics & Law      The Moscow Gold

I don't understand people forgetting their most precious possession to the benefit of a minority's hurting ideology. Spain is not red, we know, as in 1936 the people supported the generals who gave a coup d'etat against the bolshevik dictatorship which appeared when they did not accept the result of the 1934 elections. That is when democracy died in Spain.

The benefits of the *Communist Paradise* started being suffered by the disappearance of citizens who did not agree with the Communist doctrine. General Franco himself warned his army colleagues against a putsch, till the leader of the political opposition, José Calvo Sotelo was murdered a few days after he had been threatened at the Parliament itself. That murder was the turning point, because it was soon known that one of the murderers was a policeman and member of PSOE, the socialist party, who was punished by neither his party nor the government. General Franco



José  
Calvo  
Sotelo

them reached the conclusion that it was more dangerous not rebelling than do so, and consequently, on July 14<sup>th</sup> he told the generals who were organising the putsch, Emilio Mola, Joseph Sanjurjo, Gonzalo Queipo de Llano, Manuel Goded, Joaquín Fanjul and the then head of the rebellion, Miguel Cabanellas, that he joined the putsch because of the dangerous situation in the fatherland.

Lenin used to say that a lie a million times told became a truth, but he was wrong, as truth always finds its way to the knowledge of those who search for it free from prejudice. Today neutral writers, such as the American Stanley Payne, say that such was the situation in Spain then. That's why even if the present day government in Spain tries to utter a law on history silence, they will not succeed because truth no longer is only Spanish, but it's already gone beyond our borders a long time ago, so this government risk to suffer mockery even more than Zapatero's, whose laws solved none of our problems, but created new ones, like the near bankruptcy of the nation, and if we can no longer rank among the richest countries in the world, the reason for that is in the evil measures taken by the self-defined left.

Yes, because Minister Negrín, from the Popular Front and a member of PSOE, sent the gold from the Bank of Spain to the Soviet Union so that the rebels could not profit it, should they win the war. But he forgot that the gold was not Franco's or his, the Popular Front's or even the Republic's, but it belonged to Spain and the Spaniards, no matter who ruled it. It is estimated that there were five hundred thousand kilograms in gold what was sent to Russia through the Alicante port. The Civil War finished in 1939, while this robbery by the government was perpetrated in 1936, only two months after it began. The reader draw his or her own conclusions.

## Mr. President

I am really bored at the notion a thousand times repeated in Internet pages that *Spanish nationalists* invaded and humiliated the *different nations* in Spain. Well, the fact is that in Spain there is only one nation, and even if coward politicians ceded in 1978 to regionalist pressure in order to include the words **nation** and **nationality** with similar yet different meanings, since the sixth century Spain has existed as an only one nation, which was transformed little by little because of historical and social events, but there was never any *provincial nation*, even if for some

time there were different kingdoms in the territory of nowadays Spain.

It would be really boring to repeat now a lesson on the history of our country, but the summary is that there is no Spanish nationalism, in the same way as there is no French, Italian, or USA nationalisms. There is no Basque or Catalanian nations, but the concerning nationalisms there. And what is the difference? Well, nationalists wish to have a different state to create their own nation, pushing non nationalists away from their homes. The Spanish nation was created by the the Visigothic State fifteen centuries ago, and now there are traitors who deny their own nationality to create a new one, thinking that in such a way they will be freer and will live much better. They are really ignorant, because they should know better about his own nation's history: Spain started to exist when the Visigoths rebelled and got the independence of our ground from the Roman Empire by force in the year 507. They were a small people who soon dissolved into the Roman Culture and people, who were living for centuries in the conquered land by adopting the local language and culture, and after some tens of years also their religion, which was the factor which unified the whole country.



Here's the first King of Spain



Religion made people whole all along the Islamic invasion, and together with language and other minor aspects of their culture, prevented the Spanish nation from disappearing under the Islamic catastrophe, unlike what happened in other places, like Egypt or Turkey. Glued by Christian religion, the different kingdoms of Spain survived and managed to expel Muslims from our land, and then Spaniards conquered a whole continent in so doing they invented America.

And there is this president whom the people accepted never before, as his deputy list was least voted in the history of his party, in the framework of the so called Spanish democracy, and through secret agreements with other minority parties he succeeded pushing away the most voted government in the same ballots and created a new one, which will not solve any problems of ours, but will create new ones, in the same way as President Zapatero's did in the past. Now it seems that the main problem in Spain is to exhumate Dictator Francisco Franco instead of fighting unemployment, diminishing the nation's debt, or negotiating a deduction, as the Greek did (they got a 70% deduction!), making corruption disappear at every level of the Spanish State,

improving the exemplarity of those in power, and so on... Yes, I understand that the inheritance he got from Mariano Rajoy is not to be proud of, because among other things, he got a State on the verge of breaking up, even if not to be unfair we should remember that the previous governments traded what was not theirs, that is to say, Spanish Sovereignty, such as competences on education or police, to the nationalist regions for parliamentary support. So power was



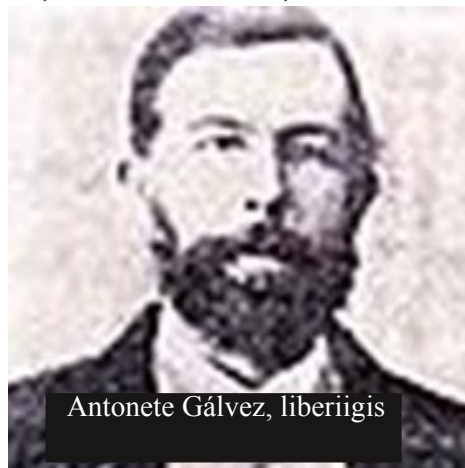
President Sánchez

much more important to them than the benefit for the good of the people or the country, but they serve only their ideologies (do I really need a plural here?)

Sanchez' election was possible only with the votes of PODEMOS and the independent parties, who even if they have few votes in our Parliament, all of them added up to a larger number than the Popular Party, who was left alone, as usual.

They could form government only when they had over 176 MPs or nationalist ones helped them, though never for free. Jordi Pujol, once leader of independence, made President Aznar cease controlling education in

Catalonia, and after twenty years there is a lot of young people who believe the lies poured on their minds by independentist teachers, mainly the one which says that evil Spaniards conquered their beloved fatherland Catalonia with blood shed, and now it is compulsory for them to push them out of their sacred ground. Unfortunately for those nationalist people, both Basque and Catalanian, none of those fatherlands was independent in the past, and that's why they must lie when demanding their independence, because it is now when they try to get it for the first time in history, as they always belonged to Castilla or Aragon in the past, respectively.



In fact, in modern times only Murcia was an independent nation, even if it lasted only for six months, since July 1873 till January 1874. Yes, if we dig out in the History of Spain and Murcia, that is, read the concerning newspapers

in those times, we find the details of that short lived rebellion. In that time they even declared war on Spain and Germany, and also asked the USA to become their 51<sup>st</sup> state, only twenty years before the Cuban War! Unfortunately for them, General Martínez Campos reached the *independent country* before the US President Ulysses Grant decided what to do about it, and the Murcia Independence finished and its independentist leaders flew away abroad, in the same way as Puigdemont did, because they were sentenced to death.

However, people in Murcia today don't care about that anecdote (a sad one because there was blood shed when they conquered neighbouring cities, like Hellín or Orihuela), and nobody in his or senses would consider asking for independence from Spain in the name of that item of history, as a historical autonomy or territory.



Nationalist lie all the time, because they say there is the Count of Barcelona, not mentioning that today the man who holds this title is King Philip 6<sup>th</sup> of Spain.

But I already said enough in the past on this topic. What matters now is that we Spaniards accepted a tricky law and then sanctified it under the unfit name of Constitution. Really nobody told us, ignorant and naïve people, what is that: What is a Constitution? According the the 16<sup>th</sup> article of the world known and widely accepted ***Declaration on the Rights of Man and of the Citizen***, proclaimed in 1789 in Paris, *Any society in which the guarantee of rights is not assured, nor the separation of powers determined, has no Constitution*. This is why you can call our 1978 Law our **Carta Magna**, or any other thing, but **not Constitution**. In addition, in article 99<sup>th</sup> you can read the King of Spain will appoint as President of the Government the candidate whom Parliament votes by majority, and this cerifies that the word **Constitution** is just a nickname to what we have: if law makers choose the Government, where is the independence of powers?

It is also remarkable that we Spaniards don't vote people, but lists of names. Party leaders

chooses who will be in their list, so citizens cannot choose them directly. That is demanding an act of faith on the honesty of these leaders, that they will choose the people best fit for the job. However, that has not happened for the last forty years, and many elected ones lied and took advantage in impunity, because punishing them requieres a jury, partially appointed by the parliament itself.

Can the people, that is we, take them out of office? No, of course not, because of the simple reason that it was not us who chose them. That was done by their party's leader. From this we can deduce that we **did not elect** President **Sánchez**, true, **neither** any other president in our so called democracy: the **people never elected Rajoy, Zapatero, Aznar, González, or even Adolfo Suárez himself!** So why grumble now because we never elected Sanchez? **You never, gullible ones, chose the president of Spain** in your whole history! And know that the reason is that **you are not democratic**, and **never defended democracy**. And that's why you will never have it, because having a democracy demands working to set it up and then working every day to keep it working, as nobody will give it to you graciously.

**Franco Regime's** last deed was **giving us individual**, but **not collective** freedom. The latter can't stand a referendum, a ballot on a Constitution which was not written in the name of the people. Because we did not elect the people in the parliament whose only task would be to create such a constitution in the name of the people who elected them, and then via referendum would be approved by a significantly great number of the country's citizens. Then it would be our constitution. However, that day is yet to come, because most people in Spain believe we do have a constitution!

Meanwhile we'll suffer presidents like these six, who took a country with 0% unemployment and ranking among the 8<sup>th</sup> richest countries in the world to the edge of bankruptcy. And politicians will just go on laughing at you all every time you go and vote, just because you think that is *the way to protect democracy*. As if you knew what democracy or defending your rights are...





## **The Taliban's Sin**

### **Third part: Reya**

#### **7 The defender.**

Suddenly the scenery changed. He was no more at the imam's house. Pro El Fu was no longer there. The place was near his town. There was an olive tree which a young girl was passing by, decently dressed. He knew her. It was Reya. He went to her, but before she saw him, a boy started talking to her. Reya tried to go away, but he captured her hand and two other men join in: while two of them hold her, the third one pulled her dress up. But he a stone hit his head suddenly.

«Leave ber alone, you Satan's sons!», Abdul Saleh shouted.

«You are one, and we are three!»

«God and I will vanquish you three!», he said as he jumped at one of them and felled him onto the floor and then covered him by violent fist blows. But the other two held his arms and legs while the third one hits him with a great stone several times, till he lost consciousness.

«You murderers!», Reya cried, «you murdered him!»

The three men got aware suddenly of what they had just done, and razn away. Reya stayed with him, covering him with kisses, as if that would give life back to him. But then she realised he could still breath, and after a few minutes, he came on his senses again, though still very weak. She helped him stand and they two stumbled to the doctor's little by little. There his wounds were cleaned and then the doctor himself helped him get home. Zulema got very nervous when she saw her son, and soon he was lying



comfortably in bed. Reya and the doctor went to the judge, who sent the police to arrest the three boys. The doctor said that the ill man would be much better after a week's rest, and thus the judge decided to leave the matter for a week, leaving the three unwise youths in jail so that they could meditate on their ill deeds.

Reya visited her defender every day, and while he was getting well, he taught her about the wisdom in *The Book*. He also told her about the need to dress and walk with modesty, and he even advised her to ask her father's permission to wear a burkha. But the good man refused:

«If he wants you to wear a burkha», he said, «he can marry you and then order you to do so».

When Abdul Saleh knew about it, he asked his mom:

«Mom, would you like me to marry Reya? Do you think we could convince dad to ask for her hand?»

Zulema was very surprised at the idea of her son wanting to have a family with a good girl, because everybody thought he would dedicate his life to the pious observance of the **Law of God**, perhaps as a dervish, faquir or imam. She ran to her husband's shop to tell him, and later they told their son that as soon as he is well again, they will ask for Reya's hand from her parents.

When he got well again the trial took place. The defendants pleaded that Reya incited them into sin, but the judge gave more credit to Abdul's testimony, for he was a reknown pious man, and he stated that the girl's behaviour was decent during the whole incident, and they three tried to rape her with an evil mind. The judge sentenced them to be hanged on the grounds of attempted rape and murder. But Abdul Saleh asked from the judge that instead of hanging them, they could be outlanded from the city into a far place so that they would never come back there, and the daughters of God could be free from their evil misdemonor. The boys' mothers were very glad to hear Reya say that God is compassionate and she would feel better if they didn't die, as death is so bad. Therefore the three young men were taken as far as three towns for and warned that they'd be hanged at first sight if they dared to come back.

The next day Ibrahim and Zulema visited Reya's father to ask for her hand. And a month later they got married.

Abdul Saleh started helping his father in the business, and left the mystical



life he was leading for so long. He was already twenty-five and now he intended to have a family. Reya's father made them see that in his opinion the courtship would be too short, but Abdul Saleh promised that his daughter would be the most pious woman in town and he himself would take care of her as long as he lived. The nuptials lasted three days, and the most remarkable guest was the richest man in town, Mr. Aben Abadalah.

«We don't know each other very well, Abdul Saleh, even if your father and I had common business in the past. But that is not friendship».

«Aben», said Abdul Saleh, «I have studied your methods, and I like them. I'd be delighted to be your friend and, in future, associates. And I would like to start our friendship by inviting you to the most important event in my life, my bridal. I think we'll become great friends, even if there are so many years between us two».

Those words shook the bachelor hermit, as he had no friends in town, and that made him accept his new friend's invitation.

Abdul Saleh suggested him to sit by his father, and along the celebrations a real friendship appeared between them. He also liked Abdul's young sister, Sania, and when the bridegroom realised that, he decided to teach her on the details he knew were dear to his new friend, as well as on the Divine Laws and the virtues which would make her prudent, modest and kindhearted.

When the guests were already away, three days after they said the expected, ritual words and were blessed by the imam, the new couple faced the moment to overcome.

«Wife», he said, «go to our room and make the arrangements for your husband, while I pray to God to be enlightened by Him for the most important moment in our lives».

She kissed his hand, bent at her new husband, and went to the bedroom they'd share for the rest of their lives.

When Abdul Saleh came into the bedroom, he found his wife in bed, but still in her dress.

«Woman, what are you doing inside your dress?»

«Husband, nobody ever saw me naked. I am ashamed to death».

«Reya, my sweet wife», said Abdul Saleh in a trembling voice, but at the same time sweet and caressing, «I..., I am your husband. Before me you will never feel shame, because you and I are but one flesh and one blood. And we both must generate good Good's children. Feel no shame because of your husband, in the same way that your breast does not feel it from your hand».

«Yes, husband. I know already that you are my owner. But shame vanquishes me».

«Come», he said pulling aside the blanket and sheet. He made her stand up and kissed tenderly and slowly. He caressed her face and back, and before she knew, he was caressing her belly and sex, and managed to make her feel her body. And soon, without her realising when or how, she saw herself totally nude before him. Then Abdul Saleh took the bed sheet and put it around Reya's body, hiding her totally; he then took her in his arms and left her lying on the bed. Then he undressed totally and opened the clothes where she was hiding.

«Hello, stranger», he said smiling. «I want to know you».

She hugged him and he took her. He was very gentle and patient, he caressed her whole body, so she did not feel pain because he dyed it so efficiently with pleasure. Still he took her three times more along the night, and every time she experienced an orgasm, which she did not shouted, like Zoraida, but she wept.

And Abdul Saleh started being deeply involved in the business his dad used to do, as he decided that dad was too old for that. In the course of one of those business trips he fell into a storm in the middle of the desert, and as he was sitting behind the protection of the camel circle from attacking sand specks, he heard a familiar voice:

«Great influence pious Zoraida made into your character, noble Abdul Saleh».

«Oh, pious Pro El Fu! Thanks for your visit. What do I owe the honor?»

«Do you still think that Reya is better dead?»

«Oh, no, Pro El Fu! She is a virtuous woman, who is expecting my baby within some months».

«Well, that can wait, Abdul Saleh, because beautiful Zoraida has still some



tasks to do».

And Abdul Saleh fell asleep and night ruled his eyes and soul. And he woke with the crowing of rooster beside her husband, the rich Aben Abadalah. She remembered that several years before she left him at Saint Imam Omar's to talk to Pro El Fu, and after he gave them some advice about their daughter Fatima, whom they married to a good man who treats her well and made her have a lot of grandchildren for them.

«Husband», she told her man, who was still sleeping beside her, «wait, I'll bring your breakfast».

She brought milk and porridge, and then got undressed and loved him to make his day better. They had been married for thirty years then, and she gave him three children, and she still carries their fourth one inside her bosom. But that does not prevent her from giving her husband what no other woman could give him, even the most professional lover.

Three months later she bore a daughter, whom they called Sania, after the Abdul Saleh's sister nobody knew.

Time goes by fast in a happy home, and when Aben was over eighty, he died. She paid homage to him even the previous day. At sunrise he did not feel very well, and she helped him with the care of a good wife. She called for the doctor, and he said that the old man's heart already found the end of its voyage. and at midday he died in the arms of his good wife while she was reciting some phragments of ***The Saint Book of All Believers***, by heart, to get him ready to live in the fields of Paradise together with good God and the good people who died before him.

«Thanks, Zoraida», he said as a farewell. «You were a good wife. God bless you..., God blesses you». And once he said that, he died.

Zoraida was already sixty, and had spent two thirds of her life together with that good man. And she cried. She cried sincerely and bitterly for hours. At last their first born, Ali, made the arrangements for his father's funeral, who was buried in the city cemetery.

As they were going home, when there was only she and Ali in the cemetery with their prayers, the undertaker came to them:

«Madam, I must close the place. Please, follow me».

To be continued...

*The Pharaoh***Chapter 49<sup>th</sup>**

**A**long the length of several months in which Rameses fulfilled the duties of viceroy in Low Egypt, his Holy Father fell ill little by little. And it came the moment when the Owner of Eternity, who wakes joy in the hearts, the monarch of Egypt and every country, who gives the Sun its light, was about to get his place among his respectable ancestors in the catacombs lying across the city of Thebes.

The Powerful One, who gave life to his subjects and had the right to take husbands from their wives, was not old yet. But the thirtieth year of his rule tired him so much that even he, himself, already wished to rest, spend his youth and beauty on the west land, where with no sorrow every pharaoh rules people so happy that none of them ever came back from there.

Still half a year ago the Holy Ruler himself fulfilled his duties from his royal position over which lack of danger and the happiness of the whole of the visible world are based.

In the morning, just after the first crowing of the rooster, priests woke the monarch by a hymn honouring the rising sun. The Pharaoh then

stood up from his bed and had a bath in a gold tube. Then he had his body rubbed with priceless oils as they whispered prayers which added the attribute to push evil spirits away.

In such a way cleaned and incensed, he went in the little chapel, broke the clay stamp on the door and went in alone in the holy room, where the miraculous statue of God Osiris was lying on an ivory bed. The god had an extraordinary peculiarity: every night his legs, arms, and head fell down, cut by the evil god Set; but after the Pharaoh's prayers every limb grew again without any help from others.

When His Holiness checked that Osiris was again flawless, he pulled the statue from the bed, gave a bath to it, dressed it in very expensive clothes and once he sat him on the malachite throne, and incensed it with perfume. That one was a very important ceremony: if Osiris' limbs were not whole, that would be a sign for great danger threatening Egypt, if not the whole world.

Once giving the god life and clothes again, His Holiness left the chapel door open so that blessings came from it to all over the country. At the same time he appointed the



priests who should guard the holy place for the day, against not so much ill will of men, but from their lack of seriousness. Often happened that some stupid mortal came too near the holy place and got an invisible strike which deprived him of consciousness if not his life.

After the service, the Lord, surrounded by singing priests went into the great dining room where there were an armchair and a little table for him, and also there were nineteen other tables in front of as many statues, representing the nineteen previous dynasties. When the monarch sat down, young boys and girls ran into the room with golden dishes with meat and chicken, and also jars of wine. The priest who looks after the food tasted from the first dish and jar, and then he knelt to offer them to the Pharaoh. The other dishes and jars were set before the statues of the predecessors. When the monarch, calmed his hunger, left the room, the ancestors' food and drink could be had by the princes and priests.

From the dining room, the Lord went into the audience room, not smaller. There the highest state officials and nearest relatives fell on their faces, then the Minister Herhor, the High Treasurer, the High Judge, and the High Police

Chief presented their reports on State Affairs. The reading was interrupted by religious music and dancing, while crowns and flower bouquets were thrown at the throne.

After the audience was over, His Holiness went to the side cabinet to have a nap. After that, he made offers to the gods with wine and incense, and told the priests his dreams, according to which the wise men wrote the highest orders on the business, which His Holiness must decide.

But other times, when he was not sleepy or when the explanations did not look fair to the Pharaoh, His Holiness smiled heartily and ordered to act in the matter in this or that way. The order was the law which nobody could change, only possible in certain details.

In the afternoon His Holiness, taken on a platform, was shown in the court to His faithful guard, and then went up to the terrace for him to see the four parts of Earth and send His blessings to them. Then on the high of the masts flags were hung and powerful trumpets were heard. Those who heard them both in the city and in the countryside, Egyptian or barbarian, fell on his face so that part of the highest favor fall on his or her head, too.

At that moment it was not

allowed to hit a man or a beast: the stick raised on the back would never come down on it. If a criminal sentenced to death could prove his verdict was read to him at the moment when the Lord of Heaven and Earth appeared, his punishment would be ameliorated. Because before Pharaoh steps strength, and after him forgiveness.

Once made His people happy, the Lord of everything under heaven walked into his gardens, among palm and fig trees; there he rested some more time, there honoured him his women and the children of the house played in front of him. If any of them attracted His attention because of his beauty or ability, he called him and asked:

—Who are you, my little one?

—I am Prince Binotris, son of His Holiness —answered the boy.

—And what is your mother's name?

—My mother is Lady Ames, a woman of His Holiness.

—What can you do?

—I can count as far as ten and write "May our father and god, Holy Pharaoh Rameses live eternally!"

The Lord of Eternity smiled heartily and touched the brave boy's head with his delicate, nearly translucent hand. At that moment

the child really became a prince, though His Holiness still smiled enigmatically.

But he who was touched by the divine hand could never find failure in life and should be raised over the others.

For lunch, His Holiness went into another dining room and shared his food with the gods in every Nomo in Egypt, the statues of which stood against the walls. What was not eaten by the gods was for the priests and high lords in the court.

Before the evening His Holiness accepted the visit of Queen Nikrotis, the mother of the Crown Prince, saw religious dances and listened to a concert. Afterwards, he went to have a bath, and once cleansed he went into Osiris' chapel to undress and put to bed the miraculous god. Once he did so, he sealed the chapel door and, surrounded by a priest procession, he went to his bedroom.

The priests prayed to the Pharaoh's health softly all night till sunrise, as He was among the gods while he was sleeping. Then the priests presented the petitions about the fulfillment of the actual state things on the protection of Egypt's borders and the royal tombs so that no robbers durst get into them and interrupt the eternal rest of the



glorious powerful ones. But the priest prayers, probably because of the night tiredness, not always were efficient: the embarrassment of the State grew, and people stole inside the holy tombs not only expensive things but even the Pharaoh's mummies.

That was the consequence of accepting so many different strangers and idol adorers into the land, and from them, the people learnt to despise Egyptian gods and the holiest places.

The Lord's rest was interrupted once at midnight. At that hour astrologists woke His Holiness to let Him know in which phase the Moon was, which planets glow over the horizon, which constellation goes through the meridian, in all, if there was something extraordinary. Because now and then there were clouds and the star number fell from the ordinary count, or fire globes flew over the land.

The Lord listened to the astrologers' reports and if there was any strange phenomenon, He appeased them on the safety of the world and ordered them to write down every observation in special tables which they sent the priests in the Sphynx temple every month, as they were the wisest men in Egypt. They drew conclusions from the

tables, but they told nobody the most important ones, except, probably, to their Chaldean colleagues in Babylon.

After midnight the Pharaoh could sleep till the rooster's morning crowing if he wished.

That was the pious and industrious life led still for another half-year by the Good God, spreader of protection, life, and health who protected the earth and Heaven, the visible and invisible world. But since half a year ago the soul of the Eternally Alive got tired of earthly affairs and His Body Shell. There were days when he ate nothing, and nights in which he did not sleep at all. Once there were signals of deep pain on his face in the course of an audience, and he often fainted.

Queen Nikotris was terrified, Noble Herhor and the priests asked the Lord many times what happened to him. But the Lord shrugged his shoulders and kept quiet, always fulfilling his tiring duties.

Then the court's doctors started giving him the strongest remedies to strengthen him. They mixed horse and ox ash to his wine, later those of lion, rhinoceros, and elephant; but the powerful remedies had no use. His Holiness fainted so

often, that they stopped reading him the reports.

One day Herhor, the Queen and the priests begged the Lord permission to explore his Divine Body. The Lord accepted, and the doctors examined and touched him, but they found no dangerous symptom, except His great weight loss.

—What does Your Holiness feel? — asked finally the wisest doctor.

The Pharaoh smiled.

—I feel —he answered —that it is time for me to come back to my Sunny Father.

—That Your Holiness cannot do without huge damage to your people —Herhor mediated quickly.

—I'll leave you my son, Rameses, who is a lion and an eagle in a single person —answered the Lord. —And truly, if you obey him, he will give Egypt such a fortune as nobody ever heard of from the beginning of the world.

The Holy Herhor and other priests trembled at that promise. They knew that the Crown Prince was a lion and an eagle in a single person, indeed, and that they will have to obey him. But they'd rather have this Favor Lord for longer years, as His Heart was filled with compassion and He was like the

north wind which brings rain onto the fields and refreshes people.

And that's why fell to the floor and moaning lied on their bellies everybody as if they were a single man till the Pharaoh agreed to undergo treatment.

Then the doctors took him to the garden for the whole day, among the sharp nice smelling trees, fed him with chunked meat, gave him strong broths, milk and old wine to drink. The feeding remedies strengthened His Holiness for around a week, but soon another weakening came, and to vanquish it they had to make the Lord drink fresh blood if calves coming from Apis.

But that blood was no good for long, and they had to ask for advice from Evil God Set's High Priest.

Within general scare, the somber priest came in, looked at His Holiness and advised a terrible solution.

—You have —he said —to give the Pharaoh the blood of innocent children, a cup every day...

The priest and high nobles who crowded the room were silent at this solution. Then they started whispering that to that purpose the fittest would be the peasant's children, as the priests' and noble



men's children were no longer innocent even from the cradle.

—It is not important whose children they are —answered the cruel priest —provided that His Holiness drinks fresh blood every day.

The Lord, lying down with his eyes closed, on his bed, heard the bloody solution and whispers from the courtiers. And when one of the doctors asked Herhor who could carry out the search of the best children, the Pharaoh regained consciousness. He fixed his wise eyes on those present and said:

—The crocodile doesn't eat his children, the jackal and hyena give their lives to save their offspring, and would I drink the blood of Egyptian children, who are my kids? Indeed, I'd never suppose anybody durst advice me such an ignoble solution!

The Evil God's Priest fell on his face, explaining that child blood was never drunk in Egypt, so far, but the hellish powers can give him back his health with this procedure. That solution at least was used in Phoenicia and Assyria.

—Shame on you —answered the Pharaoh —for speaking in the palace of the Egypt Powerful Ones about those abhorrent things. Don't you know that

Phoenicians and Assyrians are unwise barbarians? But among us, not even the most ignorant peasant would believe that blood unjustly poured can be of use to anyone.

So spoke the Equal to the Immortals. The courtiers covered their faces, red with shame, and the High Priest of Set quietly went out of the room.

Then Herhor, to save the monarch's extinguishing life, used the last remedy, and told the Pharaoh that in one of the Thebes temples hid a Chaldean, Beroes, the wisest priest in Babylon and powerful miracle maker.

—To Your Holiness—said Herhor—he is a foreigner and has no right to give so important advice to our Lord. But allow, King, to be seen by him, as I am sure that he will find a solution against your illness, and in no way he'll offend Your Piety with godless words.

Also this time the Pharaoh agreed to His faithful servant's wish. And after two days, summoned in a secret way, Beroes came to Memphis.

The wise Chaldean, after just a quick glance at the Pharaoh, gave this advice:

—You have to find a man in Egypt.

A man whose prayer gets the Highest One's throne. And when he says the most sincere prayer for the Pharaoh, the Monarch will get His health back and will live for long years.

Once he heard those words, the Lord looked at the crowd of priests surrounding him and said:

—I can see here so many Holy men that if some of them took care of me, I'd be healthy... —And he smiled slightly.

—We all are only men —said Holy Beroes —and our souls not always can arrive at the Eternal One's feet. But I'll give Your Holiness a trustworthy solution to find the man who prays most sincerely and efficiently.

—Well, you find him, so that he can become my friend in the last hour of my life.

After such favourable answer by the Lord, the Chaldean demanded a room where nobody lived and which had only one door. And on the same day, one hour before sunrise, he ordered His Holiness to be taken there.

At the desired time four of the highest priests dressed the Pharaoh in a new linen robe, they said a long prayer which certainly would put evil powers away, and once they sat him in a simple cedar platform, they took the Lord in the empty room where there

was only one small table.

There was Beroes already there, who was praying facing the East.

When the priests got out, the Chaldean closed the heavy chamber door, got a purple scarf on his shoulders, and he put a black glass balloon on the table, in front of the Pharaoh. In his left hand he held a sharp dagger of Babylon steel, in his right one he held a stick covered with mysterious signs, and with this stick, he drew a circle in the air, around both of them. Then, turning to the four corners of the world one after the other, he whispered:

*Amorul, Taneha, Latisten,  
Rabur, Adonai... Have pity  
and clean me, Heavenly  
Father, favour and pity me...  
On this unworthy servant  
pour your holy blessing and  
spread your omnipotent arm  
against the stubborn and  
rebellious spirits so that I can  
consider your holy works in  
peace...*

He stopped and turned to the Pharaoh:

—Mer-amen-Rameses, Amon's High Priest: can you see a spark in the balloon?

—I can see a white spark which seems to move like a bee on a flower...

—Mer-amen-Rameses, watch at the spark and never take your eyes away from it... Don't look sideways at anything which may appear at either side...

And he whispered again:

*Baralanensk, Baldahien-  
sis, by means of the  
powerful princes Genio,  
Lahidae, ministers of the  
Hellish Kingdom, I call you  
by the force of His Highest  
Majesty which is poured on  
me, I can ask and order...*

At that moment the Pharaoh trembled with horror.

—Mer-amen-Rameses, what can you see? —the Chaldean asked.

—From behind the balloon a horrible head is looking..., its yellow-reddish hairs stand straight, its face is green..., the pupils are turned down, I can see the white of the eyes..., the mouth is wide open, as if about to shout.

—That is Fear —said Beroes, and made the point of his dagger turn over the ballon

Suddenly the Pharaoh bent his body to the floor.

—Enough! —he shouted —why are you tormenting me? The tired body wants to rest, the soul..., fly to the land of eternal light... And you not only hinder me die but

invent new torments... Ah!, I don't want...

—What can you see?

—From the ceiling, they come down two spider-like feet, horrible... Thick like palm-trees, covered with hair, with a hook at the end. I feel that there is a huge spider hanging over my head, and it is weaving around me a net of naval stairs...

Beroes turned the dagger upwards.

—Mer-amen-Rameses —he said — don't stop watching the spark and don't turn your eyes sideways...

*There's the sign which I  
show in your presence —he  
murmured. —There's me  
powerfully armed by divine  
help, I foreseeing and  
fearless, who commands  
thee..., Aye, Saraye, Aye,  
Saraye..., in the name of the  
powerful and eternally  
living God...*

At that moment on the Pharaoh's face came a quiet smile.

—It seems to me —said the Lord — that I can see Egypt..., the whole of Egypt. Yes, that is the Nile the dessert. Here Memphis, there Thebes...

Truly he was seeing Egypt, the whole of it, but not any larger than



the alley of his palace garden. The strange picture had a peculiarity, that if the Pharaoh looked a given point with more attention, the point grew to almost is normal size.

The Sun was going down, pouring its gold-purple light on the earth. The day birds were getting ready to sleep, the night ones were waking up in their hiding places. In the desert hyenas and jackals were yawning and spreading their powerful limbs in preparation to hunt their preys.

Nile fishermen quickly pulled their nets, large barges were being docked. Weary peasants took off buckets from the crane, whereby he drew the water all day. In the cities the lights were lit, in the temples, the priests gathered for their evening prayers. Dust dropped on the roads, and the ridge of the wheels was silenced. From the top of the pyramids, there were loud voices calling the people to prayer.

After a while, the Pharaoh remarked with astonishment a set of a sort of silver birds which were flying over the ground. They flew from the temples, palaces, factories, ships, rural houses, even from mines. At first, they all rushed up as an arrow; but immediately there was another flying silver-winged bird that blocked their way up the sky, hit them with all

its force, and both fell dead to the ground.

Thence it was inconsistent prayers that prevented one another from rising to the throne of the Eternal...

The Pharaoh listened with care... At first, it reached Him only a flapping murmur of wings, but soon he could already distinguish the words causing it.

And he heard a sick man who prayed for his healing and at the same time a doctor who begged the patient to be sick. A master asked Amon to protect his barn and stall, a thief stretched out his hands to the sky so that he didn't have problems to lead out somebody else's cow and fill bags with stolen grain. Their prayers touched one another, like stones slung up.

A migrant in the desert fell on the sand begging the north wind to bring him a drop of water, a sailor hit the deck with his forehead, so that the east winds could blow one week longer. A farmer wanted the pools dry fast after the flood; a poor fisherman demanded that the holes would never dry.

Their prayers broke one another, never reaching Amon's divine ears.

The greatest noise dominated the quarries, where the criminals, bound by chains, burst out large stoves with

hooks, dipped in water. There the day group of the workers asked for the night to go to sleep; the workers of the night group, being waken up by the guards, beat their breasts, beseeching the sun would never go. There, merchants buying the cut and squared stones, prayed for having a greater number of criminals in the mines, and the food brokers lay on the belly, longing for an epidemic to destroy workers so that they could gain a greater benefit.

The prayers of those who were in the mines did not reach the sky either.

On the western border, the Pharaoh saw two armies, preparing themselves for the battle. Both lay on the sand, beseeching Amon that he would exterminate the enemy. Libyans wished shame and death to the Egyptians; the Egyptians sent curses on the Libyans.

The prayers of each other, like two hawthorn heads, fought over the ground and fell on the desert. Amon never noticed them.

And wherever the Pharaoh turned his tired pupil, he ever saw the same thing.

The farmers prayed for rest and diminution of taxes; the scribes so that the taxes grow and work will never end. The priests asked Amon for a long life for Rameses XII and

about the extermination of Phoenicians who made their financial operations worse, the nomarchs called on the God, so that he would keep Phoenicians and soon allow the throne to go to Rameses XIII, because he would put a bridle on the absolutism of the priests. The lions, jackals, and hyenas sparked with hunger and the desire of fresh blood; the deer, headaches, and hares with fear abandoned their hiding places, dreaming of keeping their miserable life still one day longer. However, the experience told them that in this night, several tens should be lost so that predators do not die.

And so there was a strife in the whole world. Everyone wanted what others feared; everyone asked for his own happiness, not wondering whether it would harm the neighbor.

Therefore their prayers, though they resembled silver birds flying to heaven never reached their goal. And the divine Amon, whom no voice of the earth arrived, leaning his hands on his knees pondered more and more deeply in the consideration of his own deity, whereas on earth, more and more often blind and random strength dominated.

Suddenly the Pharaoh heard a woman's voice.

—Naughty one! little devil! come home, it's time to pray.

—Ok, coming!—answered a child's voice.

The Monarch looked down there and saw a scribe's miserable clay house, one of those controlling cattle. The owner, at the brightness of the sunrise, was writing his registry, his wife was kneading wheat with a heavy stone to make a flat cake, and before the house, as if it were a young goat, a six-year-old boy was jumping and laughing, you'd never know at what.

Undoubtedly the smelly evening air enthralled him.

—Naughty one!, come to pray now!, — repeated the woman.

—Ok!, coming!

And again he ran and rejoiced like crazy.

Finally, the mother, seeing that the sun began to dump into the sands of the desert, put aside the stone and went out into the yard, seized the current boy as a colt. He fought her but finally yielded to the stronger force. The mother, having entered him into the house, immediately forced him down on the floor and held his hand, so that he did not run away.

—Do not move, —said she, —crush your legs and sit straight, put your hands together and get up to the sky ... Oh, bad child!

The boy knew he would not escape

the prayer, so to go running in the yard sooner, he turned his eyes and his hands to the sky with devotion, and with a soft and screaming voice he prayed breathlessly:

*I thank you, good god, Amon, that you have kept dad from unhappy events today, and to mom, you gave wheat for the plate cakes ... And what still? ... That you created the sky and the earth and sent it to it the Nile, which brings us the bread ... And what still? ... Oh, I know! ... I thank you so much that it is so beautiful that flowers grow, birds sing and palms give us sweet dates. And for all the good things you gave us, everyone should love you and praise better than I, for I am still small and I have not been taught the wisdom. Already enough ...*

*Bad boy!*, murmured the scribe leaning on his recording task.

—Bad boy, you carelessly honor Amon...

But the Pharaoh in the miraculous globe noticed something else. The prayer of the mischievous boy rose as a lark to heaven and flirting with its flapping wings rushed more and more unchallenged as far as the throne where Eternal Amon was sitting with



his hands on his knees, disappeared in the consideration of his own omnipotence.

Then it rose even higher, to the head of the God himself and sang to him in a child's voice:

*And for all the good things  
you gave us, everyone  
would love you, as I do.*

At these words, the God stopped drowning in himself and opened his eyes, and a ray of happiness was dropped out of them on the world. From the earth to the sky, unlimited silence began. Every pain, every fear, every injustice stopped. The sibling arrow froze in the air, the lion stopped in his jump on the deer, the raised stick did not fall on the slave's back. The sick man forgot about suffering, the vagabond in the desert forgot about hunger, the prisoner about his chains. The whirlwind was restrained and the wave ready to crush the ship halted. And so all over the earth, such a calm began that the sun, who had been hidden across the horizon, once again raised its radiant head ...

The Pharaoh regained consciousness again. He saw before him the little table, on it the black ball, and near it, the Chaldean Beroes.

—Mer-amen-Rameses —asked the priest— did you find the man whose prayers will reach the feet of the Eternal?

—Yes, —answered the Pharaoh.

—Is he a prince, Sir, a prophet, or

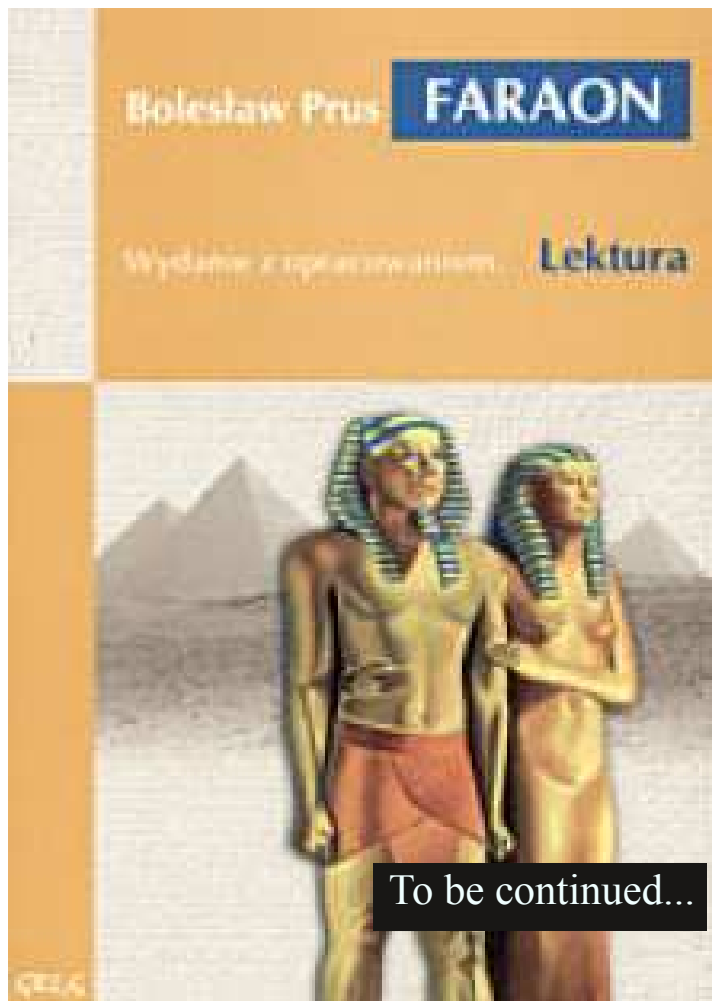
perhaps a simple hermit?

—He is a small, six-year-old boy who did not ask for anything from Amon, but he thanked Him for everything.

—Do you know where he lives?

—I do —answered the Pharaoh, — but I do not want to steal the power of his prayers, for me. The world, Beroes, is a huge whirl in which human beings are thrown in like sand grains and throws displeasure at them. And the child gives people what they could not give themselves: a brief moment of forgetting and calm. Forgetfulness and tranquility... Can you understand that, Chaldean?

Beroes kept quiet.





# Kajeroj el la Sudo

*Bulteno de Hispana Asocio  
de Laboristoj Esperantistaj*



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<http://www.gazetoteko.com/hale/ek100.pdf>

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## **Esperanto on the Open University!**

According to the Spanish Esperanto Federation's web, soon there will be a university course to get an A2 diploma. The course costs €230 and will be guided by Mr. Manuel Pancorbo, from Madrid. It is also possible to sit the examination only, the cost of which will be much cheaper.

I advice any Esperantist to join the course, if it is possible, or at least to sit the examination. At long last we have some official recognition in our country, since the courses taught by Dr. Régulo Pérez at the La Laguna University, Canary Islands, 40 years ago, which I had the honor to enrol.

Further information can be found here:  
**<http://www.esperanto.es/hef/index.php>**