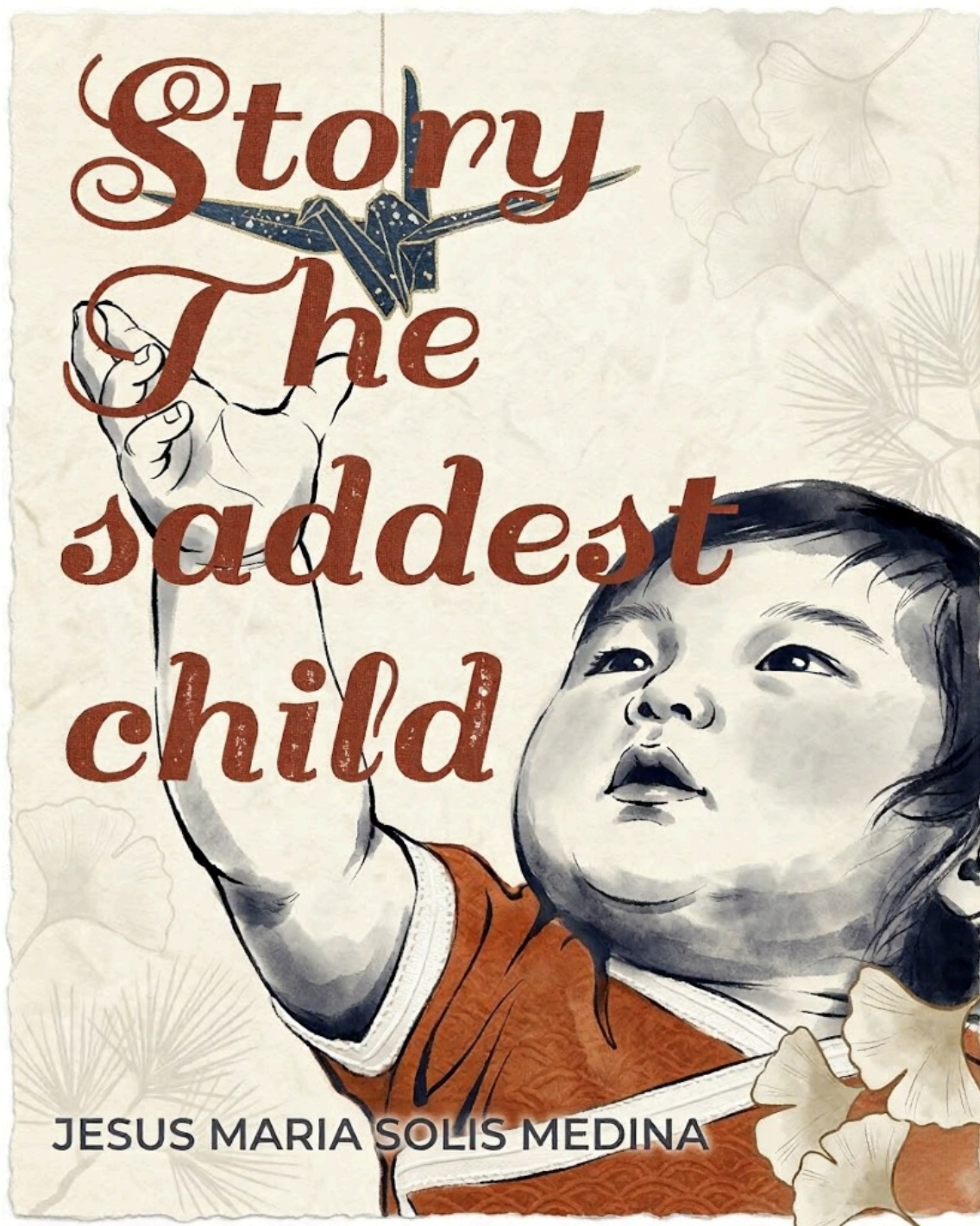




Story The Saddest Child

ISBN: 9945-035-00-2

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Evening was falling and a herd of clouds illuminated infinity with their scarlet; the sunset like theater, located a slope of charms, slapped by a row of flowers in a trance, shaking essences as a feast to welcome the tremulous night.

"My wandering pain begins," argued Jesus, the saddest child, "who rules my helpless, empty heart, eager for love, understanding and companionship."

At that moment, a chariot of fire descended from the celestial universes with rattling sounds, showing off eternal couplets in a feast of lights and lightning, moving from one extreme to the other within hundredths of seconds.

The carriage drawn by a slender horse, very white, almost golden, with blue eyes, whose roar was a trail of stars lit by comet fire. It was covered with finer gold than Ophir, such as there was never on earth. Adorned with pink and blue diamonds, and trimmed with anonymous gifts to this child; who once was precariously gratified with rubber balls or a pistol of water or arrows.

These replicas of the gods were donated to white children like heavenly glory, they were angelic creatures, and since heaven is not for people of color, they did not even notice the presence of this sad child.

Night was looming, when Carlos, a colored child, asked: "Why is it so strange for you, Jesus, to be like other people?" Why don't you abandon those dreams as high as the depths of heaven? Why don't you eat Brother, you are already weak from thinking and thinking! Be normal like one of us your age!

-I do not mind being weak to think, brood and reason in my broader ambition, Carlos. I only want to perfect it and be able to share it with other children like you. That they understand the essence of my project in favor

of poor and colored children like me! Nothing else. I just want you to understand and accept it.

An American boy who was listening to the conversation said: -Hello, Jesus! I'm Smith, -this boy with a certain tenderness began to speak to him-. The days come from bad to worse. In this country there will be little food, few job opportunities and if you don't have a sponsor, the doors of success will be closed for you. Everyone will have to adjust to the demand of the time, otherwise they will die.

"If you want to think," Smith continued, "do it, but for money and social status, in the shortest time and jobs possible." Do the same as my country, imitate it! When he gives you something, he takes ten times more from you and dominates you; he hypnotizes you and you serve him forever. We are the most powerful. We think and work only for and for our country.

-This thinking for others is very nice; But thinking about the poor you don't go to the store, the winery, the movies, you don't travel and you meet new horizons. You do not buy a house, a car or you deserve a beautiful, perfumed and exotic girl, thinking about the well-being of others.

-Think of you and the others who solve their problems however they can! You know? Do not forget, first you eat and then you think.

Jesus humbly nodded. The days, galleries where innocence wandered like fleeting travelers, where the prodigy of indifference played as a trace. Stupidity model. They patrolled concepts as if they were lies and nonsense, which in the crowd of their pain, argued with the infamous who distracted their waiting.

Imperative couldn't take it anymore. The rumor of La Gran Idea raised applause and certified it. "It's useless," he mused, "my ambition rules." I am standing. I would have already found my ideal. I must implement the first projects that arrive. There are so many to help! There was no more delay, Jesus started again. Hungry, barefoot, whimpering, sad, he tied his sore! Presto examined his goal: the unfathomable world of success, The Big

Idea. Working the news that appeared to the paradise of his mind, he learned more and more in the one destined to protect and favor children than in the artifice of their lives, gratitude was hidden from him.

People do not take risks, because they fear the failures of life. It is risky to risk it, but it is riskier to stop. Those who do, see how others go ahead of them; meanwhile, they remain in the sea of tears and laments. Then as time passes, when the agony of his strength diminishes, the complaint; they could do this or that thing if they had not stopped on the road of life.

Children who think like Jesus are not understood or applauded. But rejected, mocked, ashamed and abandoned. More than anything in the world, Jesus loved other children who, like him, did not have financial management or good last names, they mistreated them as if they were animals; his public education, since private schools were forbidden to his possibilities; instead of Corn Flakes, banana, sweet potato, yam or the traditional bread with chocolate.

Jesus practiced over and over again. But the same thing happened. Despite all his efforts, giving the maximum of his strength, he lost emotional support from his closest associates and fellow men. He was depressed.

He had to be careful when externalizing his ideas, so as not to crash into the wall of envy and the dishonest infamy of many who do not think, but reject the altruism of others.

He tried again and again and again. Effort, whole sleepless nights, shame; abandonment, hunger. Going to bed without dinner, a night scene of delicious and exotic delicacies that haunted the glory of those thoughts. How much punishment! How much pain! There were eternal delusional days. The sense of being or being was lost. He often sank into the mire of normality, and yearned to be like the vast majority. They live to eat and sleep. They lead lives of conformity.

The pressure increased, but he fought harder when he heard the voice of his God, who said to him: -Challenge failures! Fight! Sleep less! You only need a tiny idea, put it into practice until reason becomes a necessity.

He forgot his outbursts for a moment, and looked haughty with a north: find The Big Idea. He felt alive!

Now he walked straight. Thinking of the victory of freedom. He had discovered the greatest and most unique moment in history. "Opened its doors". His Big Idea was practical. He traveled to intellectuals and not proven. However, it was the preamble to the glimpse that would make the humblest hearts brush.