

Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> 12:09 a.m.

I was interrupted by a small glitch caused by a strange behavior in a program I have created on my computer (in Visual Basic, to be precise) with the objective of controlling my intake of medication (to the curious reader: I am taking an antihypertension pill, half a 20 mg pill twice a day, and an antidepressant, a daily 150mg pill; I began taking the antidepressant a month ago, not because I thought I needed it, but because it was amply published as an important aid to help quit smoking; I haven't quit smoking, at least not yet, but I have discovered that I did in fact need an antidepressant because I was depressed and I had not realized it.) The program closed, disappeared from sight, and uninstalled without completing its mission. And it's fine this time, because I was alert enough to realize the program needed revising. In the end I found the fault. The computer, in the end, was right for closing, and I wrong in programming it the way I did. I believe to have corrected the problem, but this I will find out tomorrow night because I don't want to go about modifying the clock on the computer.

But I would want, and do want, to tell the dream in which my friend Jorge made an appearance and which transpired in a place resembling that gazebo of my childhood, though it wasn't entire similar. I had said we were sitting and chatting about something. There was another character in the dream too: a mischievous child, a mix of infantile personalities, of whom suffered of infantilism, and who for moments reminded me of my old friend Ricardo, that tiny subject that inspired the "Tinker" in *Nick Carter* (my novel). What is certain is that the child in the dream, between other annoyances, had an unjustifiable and gratuitous air of rebellion, and had over his shoulder a keychain full of keys despite this being a place in my dream being of only sand and weeds. The most disagreeable part was that, upon meeting the kid, I had thrown away the keys. Later I became the adult who appears horrified before a bad child. Clearly, though, that child was a projection to dissimulate the infant side of myself. Later, in the dream, I figured I'd go find the keys, but I don't remember looking for them; I do remember laziness producing the certainty of not finding the keys with ease, between the sand and the weeds. Nevertheless, luckily, after a while I had the keys in my possession. When that little kid had thrown them, I had asked myself, "How will he leave the gazebo?" The thought formed part of my strategy of dissimulation, I suppose. Luckily I had been able to recuperate the keys because in them was a strong sex

symbol. When I recuperated them, I examined them. It caught my attention that they were many, many keys; and that the keychain had the keys divided into two groups, with one group like an extension of the other, joined to it by a chain. Also there was a green ribbon, dark, attached to the keychain with no apparent function. At least this is what I remember from the dream.

My friend Jorge's presence in the dream convinced me I needed to call him and I am glad to have done it, because truth be told it was one of those things I might have postponed indefinitely without a valid reason.

The other thing I have been postponing and continue to postpone, at least until now, is shaving. I have an overpopulated beard and my mouth fills with hairs every time I eat. But I don't want to simply trim my beard because it would look too polished, too on purpose, and it certainly isn't the case that I have the beard on purpose. Rather, I simply haven't gotten around to shaving in a really long time, longer than what's convenient. Now it is too difficult, too troublesome to get rid of the beard, and I know if I did it would only leave my face irritated, red and itchy for at least two days. But I must shave. And I will. Soon.