

Tuesday 8th 4:54 a.m.

I'll be brief: today (yesterday and so far today, I should say) was long and painful, it is now five, and I had turned off the computer when I remembered this diary and I went back to turn it on while I felt my hip start to hurt and my indigestion act up. Most of my time was spent playing the computer game Golf, believe it or not. I believe I've explained it before. It's a card game similar to solitaire. The worst part is that it's a pointless game, almost completely determined by chance. You win, one out of every hundred games. And moreover I did some other things on the computer I shouldn't like to mention here (among them, some programs on my visual Basic). I keep hiding the keys, so to speak, the keys to my unconscious; I keep putting off the confrontation with what will allow me to do what I want to do.

Today I worked against a kink, which is to say my insecurity and sense of instability. I called my doctor and she came by (she offered to visit on her own, almost spontaneously). After she arrived, she did not find my blood pressure scandalously high. She did run funny kind of neurological exam; for my part I added the test of the room, which one does to demonstrate they are not drunk. It could be the stuffy air, the stormy air; it could also be a sort of flu common this time of the year. Or it could be a problem with my right ear, which I have stuffed up. It could also be simple delusion. Or not so simple, damn it.

Later my daughter came by the apartment. In this "Diary of the Fellowship" I would like to say that I parted with a tiny bit of the money to give it to my daughter, and that's why she came by. To pick it up. Accompanying her was her current boyfriend. Whom I did not know previously. He seemed very strange. I don't mean especially bad or disagreeable, just strange. My daughter's pregnancy is almost at its conclusion. This will be my fifth grandson. Oh lord.

According to her, my cousin Pocho cured himself of high blood pressure by eating garlic. I started eating garlic a few months ago, a bit every day, and it has become for me a sort of vice or necessity. It is possible that my organism also intuits its need for garlic. Now I will continue eating them for their therapeutic attributes. Maybe I should eat even more: a whole clove a day. But my stomach has never tolerated that, which is why I've spent most of my lie avoiding garlic. Perhaps now it is too late.

I continue finding these strange coincidences with auntie Rosa. I don't know how she and I continue to coincide, given our personalities are completely distinct, sometimes even opposing. Maybe we only coincide in certain aspects about the mystical, or magical. In her diary, the one I am reading and that inspired me to write this diary, there are an enormous accounts of trivialities and

reflections that leave me stupefied. Between them, something that I myself began to write about and then interrupted, was the part about relationships, sex, eroticism and mysticism. Well, my waist is splitting open. I will go to bed. Tomorrow I have work. It is a week of workshops; workshop Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, live ones; and again Tuesday and Wednesday, virtual. Shit.