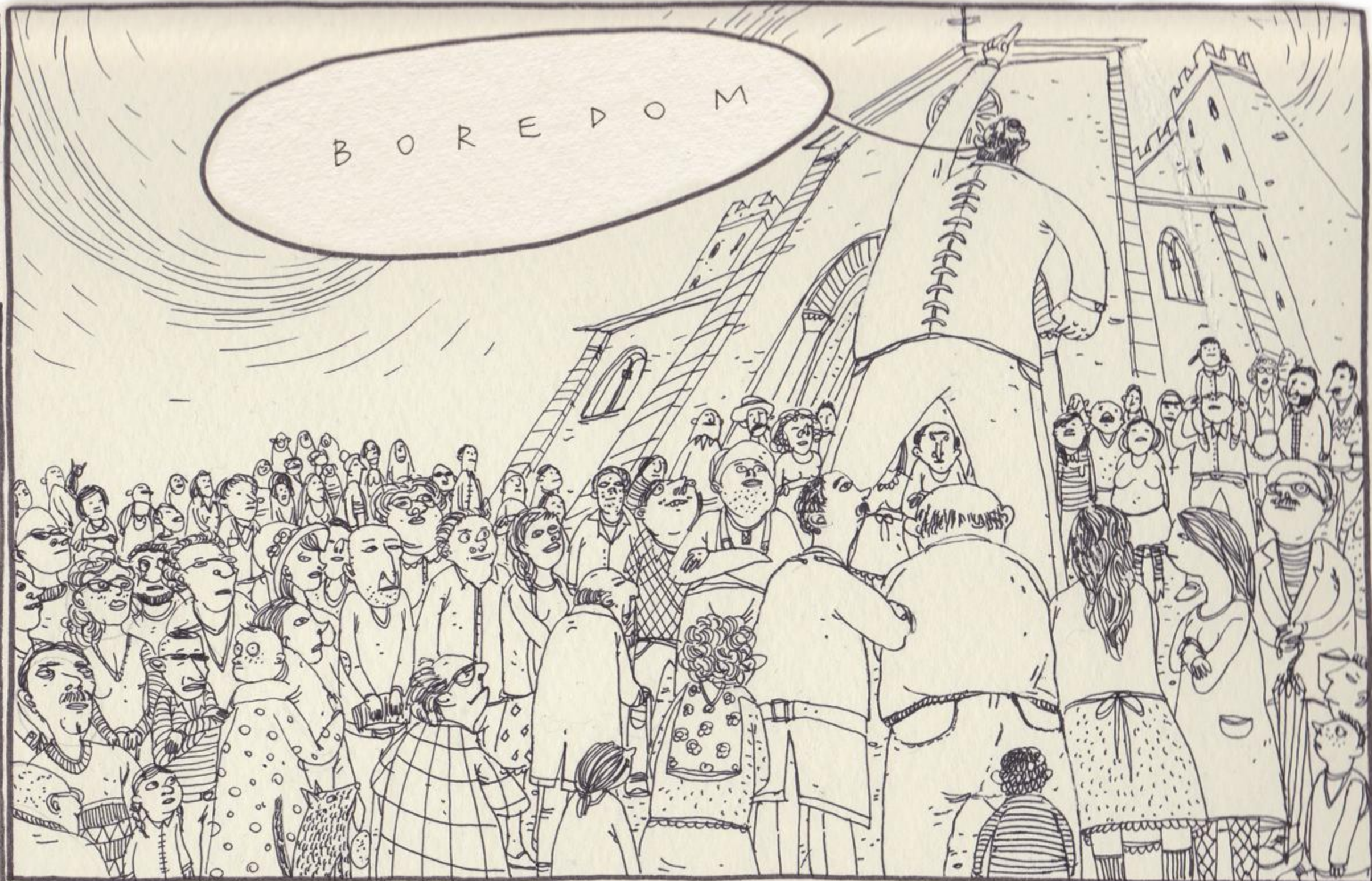


the country seeking for WAR

ON GEOGRAPHICAL MAPS, YOU CAN'T SEE THAT COUNTRY, BECAUSE IS DRAWN WITH A FINE POINT, BECAUSE MUST BE REMOVED DAY AFTER DAY, AND ONCE REMOVED, IT IS REWRITTEN ON ANOTHER PLACE, THEN FROM ANOTHER. THAT VILLAGE KEEPS MOVING BECAUSE ITS INHABITANTS ARE RESTLESS. THEY JUST CAN'T STAY ABSOLUTELY IN THEIR PLACE, WHERE THEY HAD BEEN PLACED SINCE THE BEGINNING. IT HAPPENED IN THIS WAY.

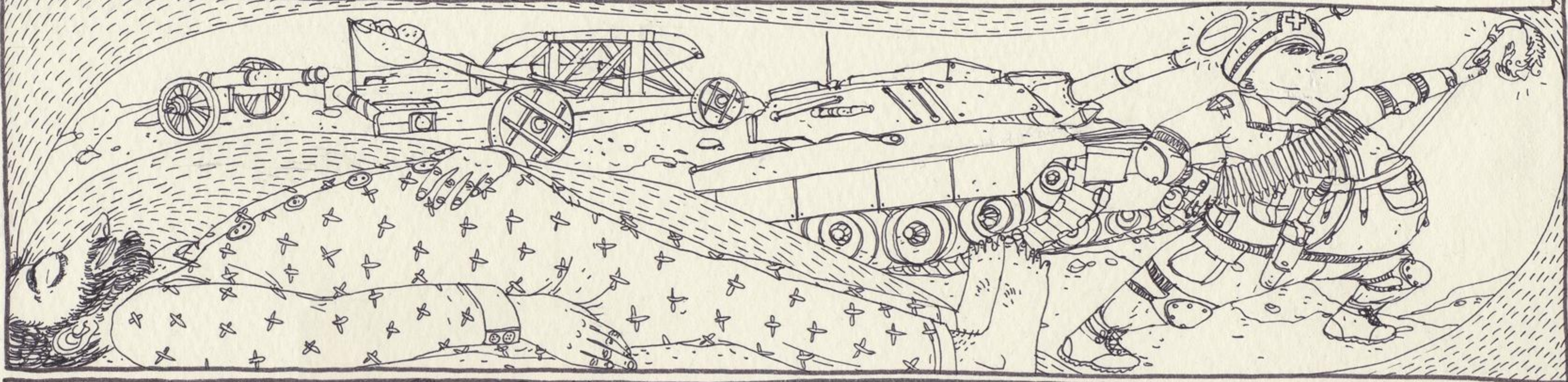
ONE DAY, IN THAT COUNTRY, A BEARDED MAN DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO CHANGE. HE WAS BORED, HE SAID. FOR YEARS, EVEN CENTURIES, NOTHING INTERESTING HAD EVER HAPPENED THERE. NO ONE HAD EVER DONE SOMETHING AMAZING, SOMETHING DIFFERENT FROM EVERYTHING THAT HAD ALREADY DONE BY OTHERS. NOBODY, FOR EXAMPLE, HAD GONE AWAY. PERHAPS, NO ONE HAD EVER THINK TO DO THAT BECAUSE NO ONE HAD EVER DONE THIS. THAT DAY, THE BEARDED MAN CALLS THE VILLAGERS AND TOLD THEM THEY WERE YEARS NOW THAT HE WAS BORED.



EVERYONE IN THE VILLAGE, LITTLE BY LITTLE, WAS STARTING TO REPEAT THE WORD BOREDOM IN THEIR MIND. THEY WEREN'T USED TO HEAR THAT WORD. SO IT WAS THAT THE WORD BEGAN TO GO THROUGH ALL THE BODIES AND THEN IT CAME OUT OF EVERY MOUTH OF EVERY INHABITANT OF THE COUNTRY.



HOW CAN YOU DO, THEN, NOT TO GET SICK OF BOREDOM? THE BEARDED MAN HAD A SOLUTION.
" APPARENTLY, THE PEOPLE WHO ALWAYS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO AND NEVER GET BORED, ARE THE ONES THAT ARE IN WAR. THEY ARE MUCH MORE ATTACHED TO LIFE, THEY KNOW ITS WORTH UNTIL THE END, BECAUSE THEY LIVE IN TERROR OF BEING ABLE TO DIE AT ANY MOMENT. THEY LIVE WITHOUT GETTING BORED TO SURVIVE. TO DEFEND LIFE."
SUFFICIED THE FEW WORD OF THE BEARDED MAN TO CONVINC EEVERY MAN AND EVERY WOMAN IN THE COUNTRY. NOW EVERYBODY WANTED WAR. BUT SINCE THAY HAD NEVER QUARRELED WITH ANYONE, THERE, WAR WAS JUST IMPOSSIBLE. SO, THE ONLY SOLUTION WAS TO LOOK FOR IT. THE DAY AFTER SOMEONE WAS CRUING, SOMEONE WORKED OUT, SOMEONE KISSED THEIR CHILDREN. AS IF IT WERE A PARTY, OR A SACRED CELEBRATION, THEY PREPARED THEMSELVES WITH WOODEN WEAPONS, MANUFACTURED FOR THE OCCASION, SUPPLIES OF FOOD, FRUITS, MEDICINES, CANDIES, TRUMPETS IN CASE OF VICTORY, WOODEN CRATES IN CASE OF DEATH. THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DEPARTURE, THE BEARDED MAN SAW IN A DREM SAINT WARRY, A PLUMPY SAINT REVERED BY THOSE PEOPLE WHO WIN WARS. IT WAS SAID THAT TO SEE HIM IN A DREAM IT WAS OF GOOD OMEN.



THEREFORE, IN THE MORNING, WHEN THE BEARDED MAN AWOKE, HE WAS IN GOOD SPIRITS. HE GATHERED ALL THE VILLAGERS AND TOOK COMMAND OF THE ARMY, WHICH SEEMED A VERITABLE ARMY. AND SO THE WHOLE COUNTRY SET OFF IN SEARCH OF WAR.



WHERE THERE HAD TO BE THE WAR, NOTHING WAS LEFT BUT SMOKE, BURNT GRASS, ONE-LEGGED WOMEN AND MEN CRYING. THE WAR WAS OVER THE DAY BEFORE.



THE NEXT DAY THEY MOVED TOWARDS EAST

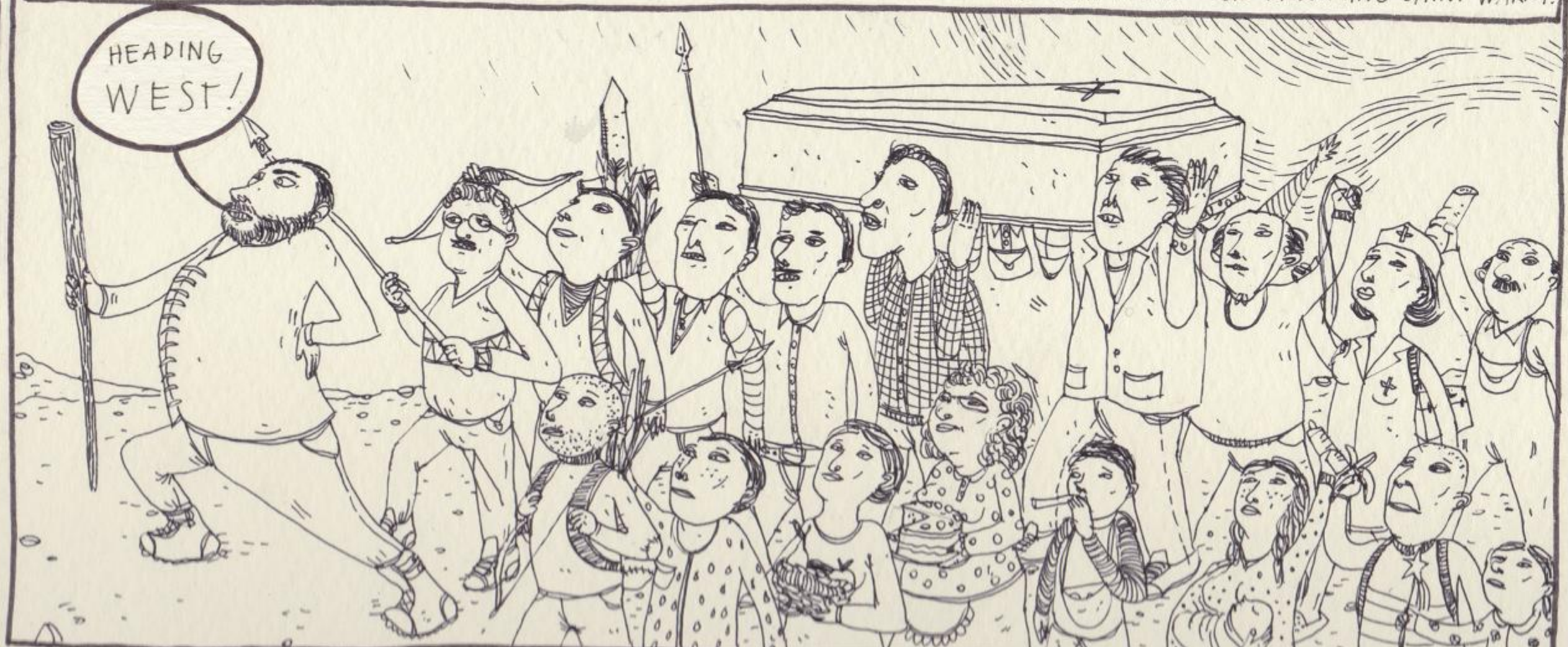


HEADING EAST!

THEY WENT THROUGH SEAS, LAKES, RIVERS, PONDS AND IN TEN DAYS THEY ARRIVED IN THE EAST. THE WAR WAS OVER TWO DAYS BEFORE. ALL IT WAS LEFT, WAS ONLY A FEW FINGERS ON THE HANDS OF CHILDREN, A FEW BRICKS, THE VEGETABLE WERE GONE.



NONE OF THE SURVIVORS HAD SEEN IN SAINT WARRY DREAM, AND SO THE BEARDED MAN COMFORTED HIMSELF. HE GATHERED THE ARMY AND PLANNED TO MOVE TOWARDS WEST, NOT BEFORE HE TOOK A NAP FOR DREAMING SAINT WARRY.



HEADING WEST!

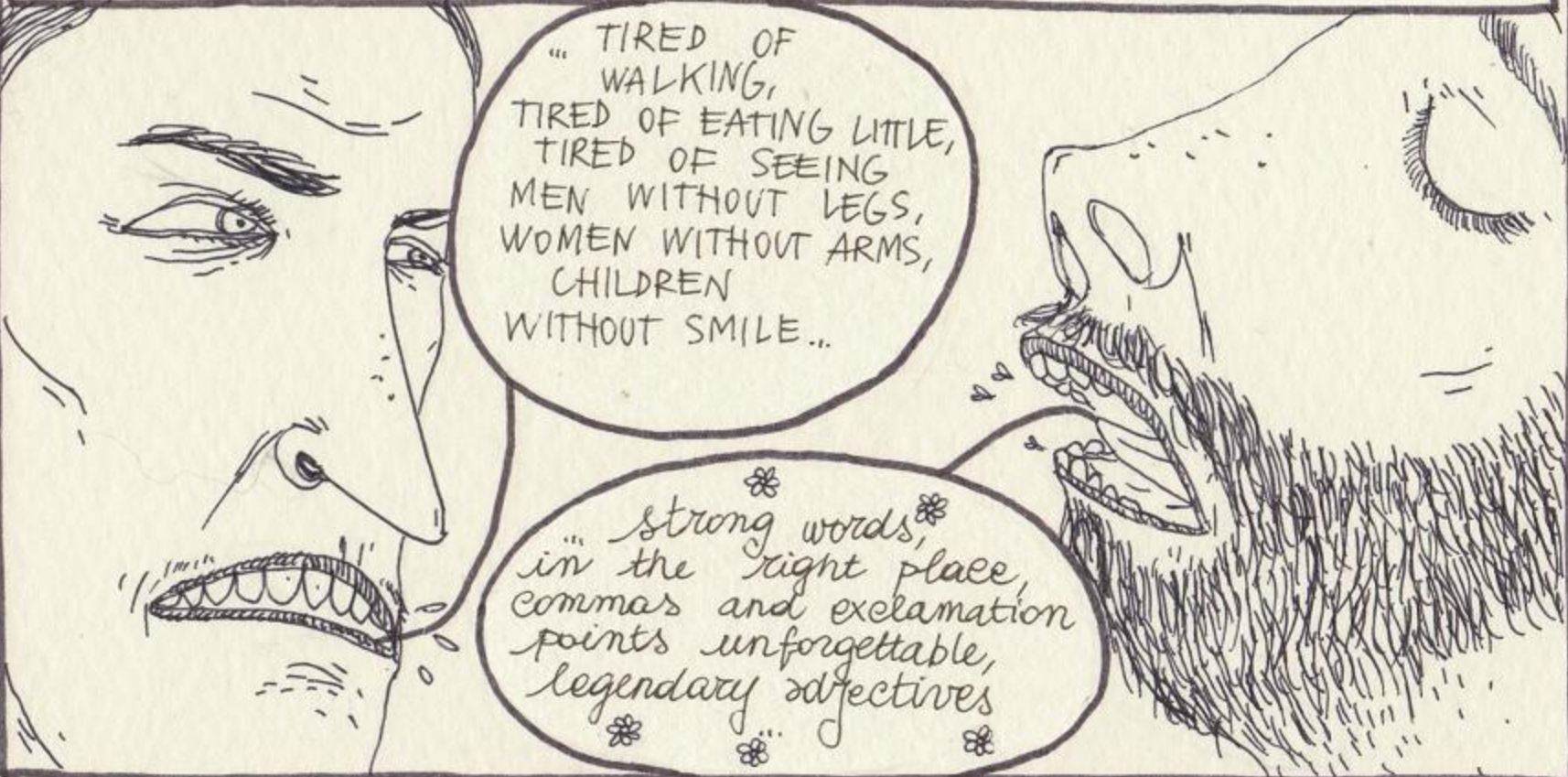
THEY PASSED HOUSES, CHURCHES, SHOPS, ROADS, ROCKS, AND IN FIVE DAYS THEY ARRIVED IN THE WEST. THE WAR WAS OVER BY THREE MINUTES. THERE WAS STILL A LOT OF BLOOD AROUND, A FEW MEN, WOMEN WITH NO HAIR OR WITHOUT FEET, CHILDREN CRAZY WITH FEAR.



AFTER WAITING FOR SAINT WARRY IN DREAM, THE BEARDED MAN DROVE OFF WITH HIS ARMY TO THE NORTH. THE WAR HAD JUST ENDED. THEY ONLY FOUND EMPTY HOUSES, BEATEN WOMEN, SAD AND TERRIFIED CHILDREN.



SOME FROM THE ARMY OF THE VILLAGE CRIED ALOUD THEY WERE TIRED, AFTER SO MUCH TRAVELLING AND ALL THAT MISERY. THE BEARDED MAN DID A GREAT SPEECH: AS A MATTER OF FACTS, EVERYBODY IN THE ARMY KNEW HE WAS GREAT AT SPEAKING, AND NO DOUBT HE WAS A GOOD LEADER. SO, THE COUNTRY MOVED TO THE EAST.



AGAIN, THE WAR HAD JUST FINISHED. THE JOURNEYS BECAME LONGER, MORE TIRING AND MORE DIFFICULT.

THEY SOUGHT WAR AND EVERY TIME THEY GOT SOMEWHERE, THE WAR HAD JUST ENDED, AND SAINT WARRY KEPT APPEARING IN THE BEARDED MAN'S DREAMS.

THEY TRAVELLED RESTLESSLY, EVERY BREAK WASN'T LONGER THAN ONE NIGHT. THEY WENT ON AND ON FOR WEEKS, YEARS, DECADES. THEY SPENT A CENTURY LOOKING FOR A WAR THEY WEREN'T ABLE TO FIND.

BUT SINCE NO CHILDREN WERE BORN, THE COUNTRY'S DESTINY WAS TO DISAPPEAR FROM HISTORY AND FROM GEOGRAPHY.

THE BEARDED MAN WAS VERY OLD WHEN HE DIED. BEFORE CLOSING HIS EYES FOREVER, HE WANTS A PROMISE BY HIS PEOPLE THAT THEY WOULD NEVER GIVE UP UNTIL THEY WOULD HAVE FOUND A WAR TO FIGHT.



THEN HE CLOSED HIS EYES, AND THIS WAS THE ONLY SLEEP IN WHICH HE DIDN'T SEE SAINT WARRY