

Marcos was sitting at his professor's desk. The students were speaking out loud, barely yelling.

It was the next to last lesson of Philosophy of Second of Bachiller. «Second of Bachiller» he couldn't stop thinking. «They are but savages, how did we get to this?»

«And me? How did I become this? I'm laughable».

As it was his last hour, the school ring broke the noise and his self compassion.

Marcos gathered the material they didn't let him use in his briefcase and run to the teacher's bathroom so he'd be the first.

He took out a tablet of Orfidal and took three at once, drinking directly from the tap water.

He felt shame as he looked his reflection in the mirror and looked away.

«We are ending the lessons and I couldn't even finish with Nietzsche...».

He walked to the bus stop and returned home on bus, as always..

«Nietzsche». He could only repeat that word to himself.

He stopped at the Chinese store to buy a single loaf of bread. As always, because he lived alone. «Nietzsche... Screw it, this one goes for you, let the Sun rise from south».

He put a bottle of Black Label on the vending bar.

—Oh, you party, that good —said the Chinese man.

—Hell yeah —replied Marcos, who was beginning to be blinded by rage.

He paid, picked up his stuff, and went on his flat.

He took a glass and put it, along with the whiskey, on his table.

Half the way through the bottle, the ethical meditation was good enough to pick 20 bucks from the place, and go up to see his neighbor, the one at 3-C, the one of the secret shared by all.

He stood before the dealer's door, set a photo on his phone and showed it to him along with the bill. There was no need to speak at all.

He went down to his flat on the first floor with his 20 bucks of weed and put it on a shelf. Then served himself another glass of pure whiskey and saw how it was running out. As he would need rolling paper anyways, he went to the Chinese store again, and bought another bottle, along with a lighter.

And he drank from that one as well. He passed out and woke up naturally, with more of a hangover than of a drunk.

He took the first piece of paperboard he saw and made a thick filter from it. Then, joined four rollings together maintaining the rectangular form.

He was determined. He was going to lock himself in the bathroom, smoke that joint to the filter and give another go to the liquor. Then, he would teach the class.

He so did. He remembered he kept sunglasses in his closet. But, his little voice, that little voice we all have and which isn't audible, unless you are hallucinating, whispered him – Today you are going to fuck it all up.

Luckily, the marijuana hadn't hit that deep. He took the mechanic stairs and headed to the bus stop. The walk felt brief as never, as well as the waiting.

He waived the driver, who clearly noticed the scene, as always, and took a seat on the furthest spot.

He was laughing all the ride long, until finally exploding when walking out of the bus.

Suddenly, he thought he had to play it off, and the world became his scenario.

He walked into the classroom. It was third hour and he was some minutes late, so for sure they were all screaming. Like if they didn't do that all the time...

He headed straight to the blackboard, wobbling and with blood-shot eyes. Those who saw him well went quiet instantly.

He took out his keys and made a terrible sound against the blackboard, repeatedly; until everyone shut up, paid attention, and got scared to some degree.

—Hi everybody, DJ Marcos is in da House!! —Were the words to come out from his mouth..

The class stood quiet. First time in 8 months.

—We were talking about Nietzsche, right? Who can sum him up? Perhaps you, Raúl? —He pointed at him physically.

—Nietzsche can go whack it —he laughed nervously. This time nobody took it over.

—It is curious that you say that, because Nietzsche thought people like you could blow his cock. —He intimidated Raúl with his head.

—You cannot say that, man. —He was scared.

—Of course I can't. And here's why: The charge of the proof. Someone better explain it or I am failing all of you.

A young lad raised his hand:

—Because it is you that would have to prove it and not him the opposite.

—Exactly, Ángel... *Angelito*... —he laughed—. You still want to study Philosophy at College? Here's some free advice. They won't understand you there as well. No one will. Ever. You are a genius and insane, deal with it.

There was a brief murmur, which fade quickly, because all of them were scared, mainly.

—Someone care to explain the Eternal Return?

There was a silence.

—Alright. *Übermensch*? Will to Power?

Same happened.

—In Socrates' words: "Fuck you. All of you". Someone can understand I am sacrificing my time here? My life? In vain!?

...

—I hope you don't mind it, misses principal.

—Of course not, Marcos, you never caused trouble, I take your word for this.

Marcos ended the call well passed the last day of lessons, after lying through his teeth and playing off his high as a professional actor would've.