

Your Regular Day

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I wake up in a jump. I usually do it like this. It's 8:50 am. I think again of that happy saying: Get up with the left foot. My bed is against a wall to my right. It's the only fucking way I have to get up.

I've already turned off the alarm clock, hardly a second has passed. I turn on the light and raise the blind. I live on a ground floor and a car stops at the traffic light outside my window. I'm naked, because that's how I sleep, and I can clearly see the driver staring, so I grab the pack and give him the heavy horns gesture in greeting. Half the days the same.

I have a glass of water and a tablet of thyroid pills ready on the counter. I take one. In theory you have to wait half an hour to have breakfast, but if I do that, Coco pees at home. I'm also one to wake up hungry.

I get dressed in a tracksuit that will last me all day and make myself a *Nesquick* in the kitchen. Then I go to the living room. In the compartment of the pillbox belonging to breakfast there are two valproics, a lithium and an antidepressant. I take them in hand.

Back in the kitchen, I put the four pills in my mouth and take them with the first swallow of the drink. The rest I take with a cigarette. While I'm smoking, I read the warning on the box I borrowed from my mother:

"Smoking increases the risk of impotence", which is accompanied by the image of a man who does not even bother to pretend that it is the first time he has happens. Then I look at the one on my package: "Smoking reduces fertility." I cover the first with the second and I finally enjoy the cigarette to taste.

My father's voice thunders: "Daniel! Get Coco out!". I enter my parents' room already with my coat on:

—What do you think I'm doing, Dad?— All days the same.

And indeed, every day is the same. This is a weekday, but I'm seriously ill and can't work, at least for now. To make matters worse, I am battling in court for a non-contributory payment of which I have no news at the moment, so that my life is paralyzed.

I say good morning to the dog and he hugs me in a gesture of affection. Then I go to put the chain on him and, as usual, he thrashes like hell until he finally lets up.

In the mornings I always take him out on the same street. Sometimes I greet a neighbor, but today there are four gypsies who are interested in Coco. It would be very unwise to believe that it could have something to do with the fact that Coco is a purebred spaniel, and therefore of a certain economic value. Much worse must one be, to think that the chain is 0.3" cm from the link by 4 ft in length of pure steel, and therefore it is perfectly feasible to use it as a weapon. I would never think anything of this.

One of them goes straight to touch him, and he jumps wide to the side.

—It's not because of you, all strangers scare him,— I explained.

He doesn't speak anymore and we continue walking. We winked at each other telepathically. The walk lasts about twenty minutes, as usual. We arrived home.

I get comfortable (no coat and shoes) and start listening to music on my mobile, in a pirated YouTube app without ads. My parents will wake up at 10, and until then I will only listen to music.

After a bit of Thrash, I put on *La Oreja de van Gogh* ear and leave it on automatic.

It sounds “You're No Better Than Me”, and it reminds me of her. To when I passed her “I am with you” with the hope that she would see the other in suggestions...

But you have to wake up, a little Rap and function on.

My parents wake up and my father scolds me for not even pretending to help at home.

—I'm very ill with depression, dad, this doesn't work right. —I point to my head.

And there begins the litany of every day. I know that no one can help me. The psychiatrist insists that the half-stay income will be able to, but the waiting list is very long.

I don't want to get bitter and go back to my music.

My father says goodbye with our greeting, so I leave the music. My mother is on the phone with my grandmother Manu. I've put on the TV and they're exaggerating I don't know what the hell about a new virus that will once again condemn humanity to extinction.

My mother passes me to my grandmother.

—I'm better, Grandma, at least not as bad as other days.

—Well, you know how it goes.

—Yes, grandma, I'm not here to put conditions on God, he doesn't like to negotiate.

She laughs.

We talked a few more minutes.

—You have to go shopping, son,— says my mother.

—Let's see, what?—+

I go right to *Mercadona* with the reusable bag. I know where everything is and the quickest way to go, so I'm in the box after grabbing eight items in two minutes. I take the first box I see, I have verified that the result is the same.

—I've seen them faster,— a man rebukes the cashier, perhaps oblivious to the nonsense that he is also a poor person at a Supermarket in Vallekas.

I ask a higher power to intercede and I am heard: when it comes to paying, this individual begins to count coins with great parsimony.

—I've seen them faster,— I snap. She goes to reply, but I intimidate her with a look. Perhaps it helps that I am 6 ft tall and weighs 230 lbs.

I pay for my stuff and the cashier winks at me as he thanks me. I get home and I start to place the purchase.

—Remember, we meet at the Physio's Burger at 1:30,— reminds me my mother.

—When are we on that?

—Yesterday, remember?

—Err... Sure.

She leaves and I take the dog out again. Sometimes I run into a neighbor or something interesting happens, but this time it was not the case. Why would I lie? Oh, am I making it all up? Well no. This is totally true. Or maybe not, we'll never know.

It's 12:30 pm and I'm bored, so I take the lithium from lunch and go out to catch the bus. I arrive at the stop when it is empty and after a while an old woman stands in the place from which the first passenger is supposed to get on. When the bus arrives, I “sneak in” in front of her, who recklessly seemed even ready to use physical force. —Mother of God, people don't even sense danger anymore,— I tell myself.

I stand with the physio that the “Mutua” has seen fit to pay my mother, who has been discharged for improvement of a chronic and degenerative disease.

A worker is smoking a rolling cigarette at the door, she tells me if I want to let my mother know, and I answer I'll wait for what's left.

My mother comes out and she greets me with a hug. We go down to the Burger and order. They don't give us mayonnaise because it's 35 cents. “Bunch of motherfuckers,” I say audibly as the worker turns around.

I finish eating before my mother and I go out to have a smoke. Two kids with the appearance of true criminals come down; the Chinese was dancing so calmly a butterfly knife. He stares at me and I wink at him; by me as if they were robbed.

I come back and my mother insists on filling out a survey so they can give her a coffee. I insist that I do it myself and mark the first option in absolutely all the questions.

—Already, son?

—You know I read very fast, Mom.

We went down with the coffee to the *Rayo* Stadium stop, she to take the postcard to the Post Office

and I to take my bus home.

Another bus is coming and mine is behind. I stand at the stop.

—That's not it!

—I know mom, I appreciate your trust...

»You have one of these too, don't you? —I say pointing my mother to a girl who was listening to the conversation.

—No, unfortunately, no.

—What a fuck-up, isn't it?

I get on the bus.

I sit in one of these seats that are two in front of another two, I do it out of habit because from time to time something interesting happens.

And, indeed, after a few stops three teenage girls got on, all three of them about 13 years old.

—How awful, man!... —one of them began to explain.

From what I could understand, the move was big, that is, you freak out, in the plan that the father of one of the class had an affair with the mother of another, and of course, they were stepbrothers, that is, imagine, as if they did not have places to hook up with someone, super bad.

Naturally, I had to hold in my laughter most of the way. When I was about to get off the bus I told the one on my left to let me out, to which she told me —okay, Mickey—, as well as in a hesitant tone and I was already laughing almost completely. When I went down the door they wondered what I was laughing at and I totally exploded.

But back home I had to deal with reality. This time I directly stayed in my underpants and T-shirt with the intention of taking a nap and I got into my parents' bed, which is where Coco has his blanket.

And there were hours of anxiety, chest pain. Sometimes images of my metal and rusty heart came to me, and other times, parasitized.

I finally reacted for once. “Call me whenever you want”. Those were her words.

I go to the living room and take the landline. I phone her.

—Hello cousin, can you talk?

—Sure, Danny, how are you?

—Well look Lourdes, I think I'm suffering an anxiety attack.

I can finally cry and let off some steam, then we talk about nicer things.

—Seriously, when I laughed on the bus, it reminded me of the Joker,— I laughed.

»By the way, cousin, if you had to write about something, what would you do it about?

—Oh, well, I don't know, I can't think of anything.

We talked for about half an hour.

—Call me tomorrow and tell me how your day was.

—Sure, my girl. Kisses, I love you.

I hang up. “Well, that's not a bad idea either,” I tell myself. Finally my father comes.

— Take the dog out.

—I don't know if I feel like it.

—Don't worry, I already counted on that; That's why I haven' asked you.

I get dressed and put the chain on him. I go up to the park. They have made a playpen that is very good for me: you let the dog loose and you start talking to people.

Paco appears. Paco is a hell of a guy, for my taste he has a rhetoric traced to that of the comedian Leo Harlem. On his day I asked those present and no one seemed to appreciate it, but I did, so I had a blast with him.

I come home after an hour and a half. When my father is right, he is.

He hasn't returned to work yet. He is a waiter and has split shifts. We spend a while watching politics on *LaSexta*, for me nothing that comes out of television has any value.

My father and I don't speak. In a month we exchange fewer words on average than this story has.

At last he leaves. We make our salute.

I'm still with *LaSexta*, because I'm fed up with music.

I think about my things, *LaSexta* is A3Media, A3Media is a company, and companies cannot go against their sponsors.

I also think about all my theories about social engineering, then about the few people with whom I have shared them.

Between all these ramblings I prepare a salad and finally *El Intermedio* comes in. I take the two lithiums and the two corresponding valproics and prepare the pillbox for the next day. It's a good left-wing program for left-wing people. Of course, all that glitters is not gold.

I think it's very simple, they don't have to do real criticism, if they did they wouldn't do it 4 hours a week, they would do it 24 hours a day.

It just has to look like it. It is a substitute, if not a placebo. It's not much better than saccharin for a hypoglycemic or a ridiculous dose of methadone for a heroin addict.

My mother arrives.

—You've dined?

—Yeah, mom, only that the dog out yourself the last time, okay? I want to sleep, I'm knackered. —I do not lie.

—Okay, but he calls the grandparents.

I phone with the landline, my grandfather Andrés answers.

—Hello son, what have you done today?

—Not much, Grandpa, take the dog out and watch TV.