

Rubik's Hangover

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WARNING: All the content of this story is fictitious and, therefore, it is up to each reader to judge how or to what degree it can

Correspond with reality. This story is directed solely and exclusively to an audience of legal age and emotionally mature.

1

6.30. A new day dawns. It dawns at night, because it is January. Start a new week.

The mobile alarm continues to sound loud. Lucia has it set to a beeping sound at maximum volume, and she leaves the terminal relatively far from the bed, for fear of falling asleep.

She has recently returned to classes after the Christmas holidays, which she spent alone. Well alone, with her dear flatmate.

That's it, she had already thought about her.

Still, she didn't need more than two seconds to jump out of bed and turn off the alarm. Later, ritually and perhaps somewhat compulsively, she checked what she already knew in the mobile notification bar.

These were the news of this day:

Monday, 12-Jan-2014, 06:30, no notification.

And, also in a ritual way, the usual thing was sensed: she didn't have *who*.

She took a shower, as always, in a matter of ten minutes, dressed in gray jeans, a beige T-shirt and sweatshirt, combed his straight long dark hair very slightly wavy without any adjustments, and painted the most basic part, the eyeliner.

She didn't care much for social conventions, and that was the only point on which she gave in. The rest of the girls in the Faculty were almost all wearing makeup and, those who didn't, it's not that they went unnoticed like her, it's that they were also looked at as freaks.

She then went to have breakfast in the dining room, there was Nuria:

—I'm short on cookies —she blurted out without greeting her.

Lucia once again repressed herself. If it wasn't one thing she was the other, but this time she might as well have told her that a cow of her caliber might as well have eaten a wildebeest sleepwalking.

And it is that, in effect, unlike Lucia, who was small and thin, Nuria was tall for her gender, and

corpulent on the verge of being fat. But she was strong. Lucia didn't worry about a possible physical fight with her, but for some reason this intimidated her a lot.

—Well, it wasn't me —Lucia limited herself to answering.

—Well, tell me who —continued the other in a hateful ton — because only you and I live here.

—Any of those guys you bring in? —Lucia dared to reply.

—Just because you're a frigid whore doesn't mean the rest of us don't have the right, and I'm telling you I know it was you.

When it's not one thing, it's another, Lucia thought again, she's doing it for the hell of it, they both knew, but that morning she disturbed her at breakfast again, making her day bitter from the start.

Lucia took the usual, milk with honey, and went to the AUM.

Lucia and Nuria's apartment was in the Childhood Square, in the *Chamartín* neighborhood.

She went out the door, put music on her cell phone and went to the University by public transport, more drowned out by routine and by that disgusting thing she had as a flatmate than by anything else.

2

Things in class were as usual. She only had it difficult on Electromagnetism, but like all the rest of the class except one who was well past nuts.

During lessons, she used to play with a *Tamagotchi* that an old friend she had lost contact with gave her for her eighteenth birthday.

The bastard had nailed it, the proof is that Mint was still alive, two years later. She didn't even know if he could imagine it.

She ate in the cafeteria of her Faculty, Physics. That day they served macaroons, which she liked. She ate by herself, she went unnoticed.

This on the one hand she liked, but on the other hand she felt a kind of emptiness or lack. Rather that was her comfort zone.

That day a man, in his mid-twenties, very tall, with jet-black hair and wearing a business coat sat with her in the other chair at their table without saying a word.

He had lime green eyes.

—Ask me anything you want —he said as an entrance. His voice was honeyed.

—Why does matter have mass? —Were the words that came out of her mouth.

—You don't bid small. I will answer you perhaps, and only perhaps, if you are able to define exactly

what “why”, “matter”, “mass”... “Having” means. And, why not, “what”, that is, “what is being?”.

—Okay, who are you?

—Rafael, Rafa for friends.

—Thanks for introducing yourself, Rafa, now tell me, who are you?

He smiled.

I am finishing my degree in Philosophy. Many times I come as a listener to Physics lessons and yes, I have been watching you from afar.

For some reason none of this surprised her.

—Are you doing something this afternoon? —he asked.

Lucia couldn't pass up an opportunity like this, she just couldn't.

—Nothing.

—Well. Finish eating, calmly, then we'll take a walk around here and see what happens.

3

Somehow Lucia had ended up hand in hand with Rafa in the cafeteria of the Faculty of Philosophy.

They were at the bar:

—Two *swimming pools* —Rafa said to the waiter.

He brewed two tank glasses of beer and two half-liter cans of *Voll-Damm*.

—I thought no bar on campus served anything larger than a third —she said.

—And so it is.

Rafa paid with a 5 euro note. But he didn't just do that. From under his coat sleeve he pulled out what looked like an empty pack of cigarettes and set it on the bar.

Lucia pretended that she hadn't seen anything and they sat at a table. They started drinking. Rafa had a good pace and she didn't want to be left behind.

—Don't you have anything else to ask me? —Rafa insisted again.

—You're fathomless, aren't you? Let's see, the Riemann hypothesis, is it true or false?

—I'll tell you if you tell me what Heraclitus thought about the human soul.

Lucia stopped for a second. That guy was a bit passed, it was virtually impossible for him to know

the answer, but she decided to play along.

—That it is so deep, it is unfathomable, its bottom cannot be known.

—What are you doing studying Physics? —Rafa said laughing. The Riemann Hypothesis is a conjecture, so perhaps the solution could be to consider both that it is true and that it is false at the same time and contrast the results...

»But be warned, you wouldn't be the first person, and probably not the last, to lose their minds over that particular puzzle, so think before you act.

They spent the afternoon together on this line. Finally, Rafa told Lucia that she had a mini-flat downtown and that they could go together.

Lucia accepted.

4

Rafa's mini-apartment was in Four Roads, they went by Train because Lucia didn't drive and neither did Rafa, the latter arguing that "it's for the poor".

—Fucking mini-flats —Lucia said out loud as soon as she entered.

There was only a small bed, an easy chair, and a door that she was supposed to lead to the kitchen and bathroom.

—Lie down —Rafa said.

—And you?

—I am good like this.

Lucia lay down.

—Are you comfortable?

-...Yes.

—I have something for you. Wait a sec.

Rafa came back with a metallic cup that contained what seemed to be an infusion.

—This, Lucia, is not a toy. It is called Ayahuasca. It is the most powerful psychoactive on the planet.

»It is not recreational. I took it back in the day and it helped me a lot. I think you really need it, but I can't decide for you.

Lucia didn't know what to do.

—By the way —Rafa continued—, if I were your heart, what Heraclitus said is unfathomable, what would you tell me?

—Talk to me.

—*What you can buy, I can buy cheaper.*

5

6.30. A new day dawns. Lucia looks at her cell phone, does her ritual.

Something upsets her, it's Tuesday the 13th. It should be Monday the 12th. She gives it a lot of importance, but she can't explain it to her.

Nuria rebukes her early in the morning:

—I'm short on eight milk rolls.

It's ridiculous. Even Nuria should have realized that there is no way to believe that accusation. But that's not what upsets her. It's something else.

Eight. That number, eight. It sticks in her mind. It's like it has meaning. It wants to tell her something.

They argue heatedly.

Lucia prepares her milk with honey. The label on the honey pot is *orange*.

She had never noticed it.

But it's the same feeling as with the eight, she gets stuck in it, torments her, it has meaning.

She suddenly remembers Rafa. She must have dreamed it. Of course it was also Tuesday, Tuesday the 13th. She was extremely confused.

That drug... Ayahuasca. The name stuck with her. She tried to search for information on the Internet with her cell phone about it, but everything was confusing, it was as if she couldn't find anything in her language... Or maybe it was her *lenguaje*.

6

Lucia arrived at the Faculty. The first hour she spent very tormented, seeing only numbers eight everywhere.

The thing had gone further, the letter ah was the eighth of her alphabet, and now it hurt her equally.

At the second hour, Rafa crossed through the door. The first thing that must have scared her was that she hadn't dreamed it, but freaking dude was dressed as a *judoka*.

He sat down next to her. She tried to speak to him, but then she remembered that he was listening, so she wasn't surprised that he didn't answer her.

What did surprise her is that the suit's belt was *orange*. It was very low for somebody his age.

For some reason, this orange hurt her more than any other. She got through the day in this tonic as best she could and returned to her apartment.

7

That afternoon, Lucia did not know what to do. Radio, TV, music, reading. It didn't matter what she did, everything screamed at her, but she didn't know what. And this hurt her even more.

Nuria entered through the door and Lucia went out to meet her. Nuria carried a large sack of *oranges* in her hand.

—I want you to eat them —Nuria said in a rude, hurtful, and for some reason *lascivious* tone.

Lucia was running out of options, she was having strong tachycardia. Her way out was to hit Nuria with an open hand.

Nuria lunged for her and this time Lucia punched her, hard enough to cow almost any rival.

But this was not the case with Nuria, who went to hit Lucia with all her might and at that moment Lucia decided to fight back with a hold.

8

Lucia was lying on Rafa's bed.

The walls were shaking, it seemed like the entire floor was going to collapse on them.

—What's this? For the love of God what have you given me? What is happening to me?

—This, Lucia, is your mind destroying itself. Now just tell me. Are you ready?

With tears in her eyes, not daring to open them, Lucia nodded. At that moment she heard a loud clap.

9

Lucia was on the divan in her psychologist's office.

“I was eight years old. My father had drunk too much even to be him. He was beating my mother. He was going to kill her. I offered myself as bait and led him to the edge of the pool. There I stood a hold on him and threw him into the water. Afterwards, I entertained my mother... I killed him.”

Lucia heard two claps.

—Tell me, Lucia —her psychologist's voice sounded firm and trustworthy, —how did you offer yourself as bait?

She opened her eyes.

—I touched his genitals —she finally said coldly and in a small voice. They let a reasonable time pass.

—I suppose you have many questions.

—That drug... Ayahuasca. Exists?

—You see, Lucia, you have to understand three things about what just happened here: it cost you a fortune, it worked, and it's not exactly within... Legality —she said, twisting her tone and her gesture.

—But that is not important.

—And what is?

—That you understand, that what has happened is only a new beginning, never an **end**.