

CHAPTER I : The Spawn

I woke up that day feeling absolutely vulnerable, after opening my eyes. I still have a clear picture of what I experienced that night in my dream.



A monster stared at me with its green monstrous eyes, and had the ability to speak, with a strong blow it caught my attention and after it knew that I had my eyes set on it began to speak to me strongly and ruthlessly: "You know that I am in front of you today because I have been sent to destroy you, I will be with you all this time and you will see and feel what I am capable of doing to you, with each of my arms I will do you a different damage and you will not be

able to defend yourself because now they gave you to me, you are mine now", after these words he brought his muzzle close and tried to swallow me, I held on tightly to two of his edges and prevented him for a while from swallowing me, But then he took out his many arms one by one, and with two of them he immobilized me, leaving me absolutely at his mercy. With one of his arms that had armor, he buried his hooks and tore my skin. Then with the other he strangled me until all the blood came out of my wounds. A third arm tried to suffocate me without success, while another spiked arm buried itself in my leg as it rolled up to start whipping me against whatever it found in the place. With a fifth arm that ended in a long and hard nail he tried to leave me without a heart, I buried it in my body looking for where it was to remove it. Another arm that came out of what seemed to me to be its back opened like a vacuum cleaner that swallowed me and then threw me far upwards, and at the moment of falling, a kind of tentacle opened that had no solid shape but like jelly that smelled horrible and burned as if it were lava. And it was waiting for me to burn my whole body as much as possible, leaving me without limbs or hair and my face was unrecognizable.

After this, and while I was shaking myself and trying to remove my arms and legs, I felt absolutely at his mercy and unable to stop him from doing what he wanted with me. I didn't know what to do or say, and there was nothing I could do against this monster. A voice that came from inside me reiterated: "I tell you this so that you will know when this happens to you, I was the one who did it. It is my work and my power." As I lay on the floor and dying I woke up with a broken stomach, a severe headache and a feeling of having visited hell.

Now I will relate a monstrous creation that came into my life, since I had to carry the weight of a monstrous animal, half wolf half lamb, it is the worst of its lineage. It was a burden that appeared in my life with deceptions and false proposals. It began to develop and grow during the time I had to carry it, growing in a morbid and monstrous way, for which it was fed with butter and sausages, and garbage, from which he strangely extracted its containers and recycled them without first washing them. Now he has a lot of both in equal parts, initially he was more lamb than wolf but the furro wolf came to encompass almost his entire morbid body. On the furro wolf's side, the head, its large snout, and its claws. On the lamb's side, he was able to climb and sneak away, with his vulnerable figure; From both the eyes, which started green with different gypsy shades full of light and brightness and ended up black and reddish and opaque, like wild beasts, the fur, which is soft and tight, the smooth movements jumping and dreamy. The sunlight hurt him, he was a strange being, the lamb part sometimes curled up, in the open field he was loving, paternal, protective, sensitive and rarely hunted in public, or without his pack to protect him. He flees from other wolves, intelligent, educated or well-blooded wolves, as he learned as a child the hard way when he was hunted by his father, by his mother's friends (sorry correction his mother's lovers), by his uncles, by his grandfather perhaps. He learned his lesson and that's how maybe this cross became. He therefore flees in the face of the wolves, but always wants to attack the innocent lambs. Thus this animal constantly takes revenge for the aberrations that were done to him as a puppy. That is why his beast instinct always guides him to the same victims, no matter if they are his own offspring or if they are alien to him, as long as they are lambs it does not matter their size or age. When the night of Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays arrives, he meets with his pack, to check his favorite herd and if there is nothing else to stalk his own young, without first having put some illicit substance that was in the place. They met behind closed doors, all with red and swollen eyes, talking incongruously, some dizzy, others sleeping on the ground while the sun often rose near the water, mingling with other herds, always well supplied, with banquets and celebrations of the hunts made during the week. They boasted, while the rest of the family slept exposed every day to the spirit of the furro wolf. He can't love or think intelligently because he can't be like what he admires, he just copies behaviors while dreaming of being like those beings. He can lie in wait for hours on the prowl, and has clearly taken the opportunity many times to attack his own daughters and has killed in the past and would kill if he could or if he were allowed to.

He feeds himself, eating sausages and butter, which is what suits his morbid body best. He drinks a lot of alcohol in excess, mixed with remedies like tramadol, which is very strange for a wolf, and along with long gulps of something like blood above his predatory teeth. Friday, Saturday and Sunday are visiting time and rest days for the daughters. The furro wolf was distracted by his pack while the daughters shared away from him with other children who were human. I have this animal on my lap and we even appear in pictures together, sometimes in costume, and daughters or other children nearby stand behind me to see it.

There are the most incredible questions, which are difficult to answer: why is there only one animal this monstrous?, why did the universe give it to me?, had there been an animal like his father or grandfather before him?, and what will the monster that emerges after his death be like

(which will be in the Hogar de Cristo when he dies in total abandonment as a beggar with AIDS infection and prostatitis, schizophrenia, Parkinson's and syphilis, as was the case with his father)? , Did he ever feel human?, why does he attack his own young?, what is the name of this monster without belonging or name?, etc.

Often the daughters bring their dogs Baltazar, Luna, Eva, Luky, or Capi, or Oscar Horacio the cat, even once they brought the rabbit Carrots, however, against their expectations, there was no scene of empathy or recognition between animals. The animals calmly contemplated each other, with their animal eyes, and, in a notorious way, rejected him for being a monstrous animal, not accepting his existence because he was not divine (animals do not accept money to be admired or accepted, as do monstrous people, people like lawyers, relatives, workers in the sex trade, etc.). transvestites, and others).

In my lap the animal doesn't experience any feeling of love or empathy, but neither does it want to escape. I like to think that this animal came to our house because it was an image for this society, where the furro wolf acted as the best husband, recognized in our environment as the best worker, the best father, the best friend, the best son, the most successful, the most empathetic, the one who showed the world that he was perfection. friends came to say "he has a brother so you can introduce him to me", and everyone in Chicureo commented that he was the best, that no one could love a woman more than him, they said that he was the most faithful, honest and brilliant, people admired him, and he fabricated for more than 20 years this image of himself while planning a parallel world, Thus and in silence he had several families apart, with separate goods bought from strangers. He had a parallel world going so far as to relate in a dream he had: "I see myself with two horses' heads with a piece of land burning in the background, where stones and thorns are burned" and he woke up sobbing that night, I turn to the animal saying "you have a double life and you will lose your job and your family and there will be a misfortune because of this". Certainly, dreaming is not an exceptional attribute, but it is the correct instinct of an animal that on earth has committed innumerable crimes and offenses, with no witnesses other than those who belong to its pack, perhaps also a relative like its sister who is an accomplice in the rape of daughters. He does not need the protection of a well-constituted family because he has found it in the one where wild beasts like himself dwell, in the midst of the herds of monsters and in the midst of his pack.

I often have to laugh when I saw him dressed up as a human, but I remember that he keeps an eye on me and my phone tapped, as well as my house with cameras and microphones everywhere, managing my social networks, gps in the car, causing me to slam doors when I wasn't nice to him. Not content with being a lamb and a furro wolf, he also wants to be a pig, even. "Once, as happened to some, I was in a very sorry state, drowsy, drowsy, lethargic, I was confused, and I was at the bottom of a black and dark pit, and I wanted to let it all fall apart and not keep fighting, and he was at home, locked in the billiard room or on the futon. in that mood and the animal lying at my feet, when I accidentally look down and see tears fall from his face.

Were they mine? Were they his? Did this monster with the soul of a lamb also have human ambitions? The universe sent me this burden instead of sending me a kind and loving husband, it sent me this monstrous and husky monster.

It has in it the wrath of both the wolf and the lamb, though they are of different kinds. That is why the body that was given to him is too small for him, which constantly feeds him with sausages, butter, mayonnaise and sausages.

He often leans on me with his morbid body, buries his claws in my shoulder and holds his stinking muzzle to my ear, trying to tell me something threatening. It's as if he wants to threaten me about something, and then he stands in front of me to find out if I succeed and to know if I'm afraid, looking me in the face to see the impression made. Sometimes I didn't make it and I didn't fall apart, other times I did and I couldn't speak, most of the time I begged him not to take my daughters away from me.

While I and the wolf furro-cordero are watching attentively the TV, an interview appears with the last psychopath executed in the USA (case in which 37 bodies of girls were found buried under the floor of his house), they asked the psychopath "if they spared your life you would rape again" he replied "better kill me", we watched this interview together on TV and then I stared trying to find out what I was thinking without discovering it, On the other hand, I do know what he had in mind.

Perhaps exposing the monster, forcing it to say its (demonic) name and recognize who it is and its crimes and aberrations, added to its death would be a liberation for this animal, which I must deny it until it pays for everything it has done, however, until justice is done. That is why he must wait until he takes his last breath, even if he continues to observe me from sympathetic eyes that even seem human, but that cry out for the reasonable act.